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THE
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No. CLXXXV—JULY 1892

THE CHOICE OF ENGLAND

ABOUT the time these lines appear in print we shall be on the eve of the general election. Before the appearance of the next number of this Review the contest will be over, the result known, the great issue which has been before the country for the last six years decided one way or the other. I am glad, therefore, of the opportunity afforded me, before the final choice has been made for good or evil, of reiterating in the pages of this Review the views I have so often expressed on the subject of the duty incumbent upon those who, like myself, were Liberals in politics until the time when the Liberal party, under Mr. Gladstone's guidance, consented to the repeal of the Union.

As to the issue of the impending elections I hesitate to express any opinion. I so hesitate for the simple reason that I have no opinion to give. I feel some consolation for my ignorance in the conviction that the prophets who, whether in Parliament or the Press, or at public meetings, are foretelling the victory of one side or the other, are, if possible, even more ignorant than I am myself. Calculations as to the result of the general election, based upon the outcome of recent by-elections, may form an interesting study, but are of no practical value. Arithmetical demonstrations that because Mr. Jones in contesting Stoke-in-the-Wold as a Conservative polled 15 per cent. fewer votes than his predecessor Mr. Brown in the representation of that important constituency, therefore the total Conservative vote will be lower in the same proportion, may satisfy the Gladstonian intelligence,

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but to ordinary apprehension they are worth about as much as the papers on which they are recorded. Ever since household suffrage became the law of the land every general election has been—and is likely for many years to be—a leap in the dark. All that can fairly be said is that there is nothing in the present aspect of affairs to justify the opinion that the result of the coming election is a foregone conclusion. Either party may win, and this being so, those who hold with me that the maintenance of a Unionist Government in power is a matter of vital importance to England have no excuse for relaxing their efforts till the contest is over.

It may, therefore be worth while to recall certain obvious considerations which tend to show that whatever the ultimate outcome may be, the conditions of the contest are more favourable to the Conservatives than to the Liberals. A stern chase is proverbially a long one, and the Gladstonians have a very long backway to make up before they can convert their minority into an actual majority. At the election of 1886 the Unionist majority was 113. In spite of losses at by-elections, the Government, as was shown the other day in the division on the second reading of the Irish Local Government Bill, can still command a united majority of ninety-two votes. From these facts two conclusions follow of themselves. For some reason or other there has been an unusual number of by-elections during the last six years. Indeed, if I am not mistaken, the number of vacancies caused by death or otherwise has been close upon a hundred and fifty. If this is so, it follows that though nearly a quarter of the whole House of Commons has been changed during Lord Salisbury's tenure of office, the Liberals have only gained twenty-one votes. I base no calculation on this as to the future; all I contend is that the smallness of the Opposition gain is clear proof that up to the present time there has been no evidence of such a Liberal reaction as is required to replace Mr. Gladstone in power. For the present I leave out of account the composition of the Gladstonian party. I am willing to assume for the sake of argument that the eighty odd Irish Nationalists are prepared to forego their internal dissensions and follow Mr. Gladstone as implicitly as the English Liberals. But even on this most improbable hypothesis Mr. Gladstone, in order to obtain a working majority of twenty, must win some fifty-five to sixty seats which in the late Parliament were held by Unionists. Now it is obvious these seats are not to be won in Ireland or Wales. In these outlying parts of the United Kingdom the Gladstonians won almost every seat they could possibly win. In 1892 they cannot hope to increase their majorities either in the Principality or across St. George's Channel. The probability, indeed, is that the Unionists will, from one cause or another, carry a small number of Scotch, Irish, and Welsh constituencies which at the last general election returned Gladstonians. If, therefore, Mr.

Gladstone is to return to office even with the help of the Irish Nationalists, his supporters must win some sixty seats in England. Where are those seats to be found? This is a question to which as yet I ask in vain for an answer.

It is all very well to talk about the flowing tide, but these metaphors, in which Mr. Gladstone delights, and which Sir William Harcourt and his fellow-items repeat *ad nauseam*, prove nothing whatever. Before I am asked to believe, as I am informed daily by the *Pall Mall Gazette*, that all is over except the shouting, I should like to know whether these threescore seats are to be won in London or in the provinces, in the manufacturing or in the agricultural districts. In default of any answer I must try to see what the facts show for myself. In respect of London there is no evidence of any such wholesale change of public opinion as would convert a Conservative majority into a Conservative minority. No rational being would contend that the metropolitan electorate has suddenly become enamoured of Home Rule. All that the Gladstonians can venture to assert is, that the London boroughs which returned Conservatives in 1886 are so anxious to see the Liberals in office, in order to carry out certain reforms which a Conservative Government would not support, that they are prepared to accept Home Rule as a necessary preliminary to the return of Mr. Gladstone. It may be so, but I can see no proof as yet that this is so. The only argument which can be adduced in favour of this hypothesis is the victory of the Progressives at the County Councils elections. Against this I must set the fact that during the last six years the Liberal gains in the metropolitan constituencies have been unimportant.

In London, at any rate, there is no indication of any enthusiasm for the Liberal cause, of such a kind as to secure a complete reversal of the choice of the constituencies as expressed in 1886. The real significance of the metropolitan elections at the above date has, I think, been very much overlooked. It is not, as the organs of the Opposition are fond of stating, that the London electorate were led by an unreasoning distrust of Home Rule to transfer their allegiance from the Liberal to the Conservative party. The cause of the secession lies far deeper. To any impartial observer one of the most striking facts in our recent political annals has been the growing conservatism of the middle classes—that is, of the classes which, roughly speaking, lie between the capitalist and the artisan. Within the memory of men who can hardly yet be called old, these classes were, as a body, not perhaps Liberals of any advanced type, but Liberals who would never have dreamed of voting for a Conservative. In those days London, as the centre of the middle classes, was a stronghold of Liberalism. Yet to-day, with an extended franchise and with a largely increased representation, London is as Conservative as it used to be Liberal. To say that this is due to Mr. Gladstone's conversion to

Home Rule is to mistake the effect for the cause. If this were so, Liberal Unionists would be the chosen candidates for the metropolitan boroughs, whereas, as a matter of fact, moderate Conservatives are the men for London. The plain truth is that, though these constituencies, as being the most intelligent, the most educated, and the most independent of the United Kingdom, were naturally opposed to the repeal of the Union, they had long ceased to be in sympathy with our latter-day Liberalism. Nor is it difficult to understand the causes of this change of front. The legislation of the last quarter of a century has given the middle class all the reforms they desired. They have got all they want, and they are afraid of losing what they have got. The list of great reforms compatible with our present institutions and our existing social fabric is now exhausted, and, in consequence, any further reform of first-class importance must necessarily be of a revolutionary character. In the opinion of the English middle classes we have gone quite far enough in the way of democracy. I am not asserting the correctness of this opinion. I am still less asserting the possibility of arresting our progress towards democracy. All I contend is that, rightly or wrongly, our middle classes are satisfied with the progress we have made, and have no wish to advance further for the present; and I think that this state of public feeling tends inevitably to Conservatism. The events of the last few years, the labour disputes, the Dock and other strikes, the Hyde Park demonstrations, the Anarchist movement, the increase of rates and the disposition of modern legislation to charge the taxpayers with all the cost of improvements for the benefit of the non-taxpaying classes, have accentuated the indisposition of the middle classes to favour any political changes which can only tend to increase the electoral power of the working classes to the detriment of their own. The artisan vote is numerically supreme in many of our metropolitan constituencies. But in the great majority of instances the middle-class vote still practically determines the election. This result is due partly to the fact that the skilled artisans, who approximate very closely in sentiment and ideas to the lower middle class, are subject, though in less degree, to the same influences which have converted the latter from Liberalism to Conservatism, still more to the fact that the superior intelligence, organisation, and homogeneity of the middle classes, more than make up in voting power for their numerical inferiority to the working-class electorate.

Thus, if my calculations are correct, the middle-class vote will dominate the coming election, in as far as London is concerned, and, though I do not venture to prophesy, I can see no adequate reason to conclude that this vote is likely to be given in an opposite direction to that in which it was given in 1886. If there were any probability of such a result I think it would have been foreshadowed by some change of tone in the metropolitan press. Newspaper pro-

prietors and editors are doubtless men with convictions of their own, but still they are, after all, traders in news, who have got to study the wishes and even the prejudices of their customers, and if the newspaper-reading public had changed their views about Mr. Gladstone and his policy, the newspapers which appeal to the great unknown public would, to some extent, have altered their attitude. Yet up to the present all the leading London popular newspapers, with few and insignificant exceptions, remain as they have been since Mr. Gladstone espoused Home Rule—staunchly Unionist in their politics.

It is a favourite theory of the Liberals that London does not represent the provinces, and that the true expression of the public opinion in the country is to be found in the provincial, not in the metropolitan press. I am old enough to remember when an exactly contrary view was held, and I cannot but think that the modern disparagement of London on the part of its former eulogists can best be explained on the principle that the grapes are sour. My own experience as a journalist of many years' standing has led me to the conclusion that London—by which I mean not so much the London of the Clubs and the West End, but London as the centre of professional and trading industry—leads the way in forming the public opinion of the provinces, and if I could be sure of the way in which London would vote, I should have very little doubt about the way in which the majority of our great cities would vote also. From a variety of causes into which I need not enter, our provincial centres are more amenable to local and personal considerations than the metropolis. Still the influences which have brought about the Conservative reaction in London operate in the same direction in the provinces, and there is not, I venture to say, a single important city in England where the Conservative party, whether it be a majority or a minority, is not more numerous, more energetic, and more powerful than it was ten years ago. The one fact which can be predicted with any certainty about the coming contest is that, at its close, the Conservatives will form the strongest *single* party, both numerically and politically, in the United Kingdom. This is the main factor which dominates our whole political situation, and must continue to dominate it for many years to come.

Thus I can see no ground to imagine the Liberals will gain the sixty seats they require to form a working majority, or any considerable portion of these seats, in London or in the great manufacturing boroughs. It is indeed to the counties that the Gladstonians profess to look for their expected gains. The calculation may, for aught I can tell, be correct. There are a considerable number of counties in which, under our new franchise, the labourers' vote is all-powerful. In the eastern and mid-southern counties the labourers, owing to the depression of agriculture and the absence of any com-

petition for labour by the proximity of manufactures, are badly off and poorly paid. About Home Rule or the advantages of the Union between Great Britain and Ireland, or indeed about any abstract question of politics, they are as ignorant and as indifferent as they are about the differential calculus or the binomial theorem. Their view of politics, in as far as they have any view at all, is bounded by their local and parochial interests; and in accordance with the laws of human nature their instinct as a newly enfranchised class is to vote against the class embodied in the bucolic mind by the parson and the squire. The mere fact that the farmers and the tradespeople are as a body Conservatives tends to make the labourers in the agricultural shires Liberals in name if not in sentiment. Of this fact the Opposition have taken a full—and according to the ordinary ethics of party warfare a not unfair—advantage. Everything has been done to impress the labourers with the conviction that the Liberal Codlin and not the Conservative Short is their friend and champion. In a sort of hazy way the labourers have probably a dim impression that the controversy as to Home Rule is in reality a struggle between landlord and tenant; and in such a struggle their sympathies are naturally with the latter. But what weighs with them far more is a belief that if the Liberals come back to office with Mr. Gladstone as their leader, they will do something in the way of allotments, increase of wages, or establishment of parish councils, to improve the lot of the agricultural labourer. The belief may be, and I think is, an utter delusion; but the belief has taken hold of the rural mind; and though it is extremely difficult to get any idea at all into the bucolic intellect, it is still more difficult to get it out when it is once implanted. If, therefore, the Liberals make any important gains in any particular district, I expect it will be in the eastern and south-western counties. But, though I—in common with all who are acquainted personally with English rural life—anticipate that the agricultural shires will, to use the stock phrase of the Opposition, ‘vote as in 1885, only better,’ I can discern no evidence of any such Liberal reaction as will enable them to sweep the board. The Opposition will, I have no doubt, gain seats in some counties, but they will lose seats in others. If you look at a very interesting electoral chart published recently, you will find that the very districts on which the Gladstonians count as the scene of their coming victories went almost solid for the Unionists at the last election. To turn the constituencies marked blue on this chart into yellow would imply an electoral revolution. I do not say that such a revolution is an impossibility. All I do say is that, in the absence as yet of any strong popular excitement, it is an utter improbability.

I am forced to the conclusion that if the Liberals are to reverse the verdict of the last election, they must do so by a series of isolated successes scattered over the country. Now, as a matter of fact, the

Unionist seats most likely to be captured are those held not by Conservatives, but by Liberal Unionists. At the close of the session the number of seats held by Liberal Unionists was about sixty; and it is, to say the least, a curious coincidence that this number should be exactly the amount required to be won by the Opposition in order to give the Home Rule party a working majority. It follows, if I am right in my anticipations, that the Conservatives, taken by themselves, will hold—if not more than hold—their own, and that the Gladstonian successes must be won, if at all, at the cost of the Liberal Unionists.

I am most anxious to say nothing which could in any way be regarded as throwing cold water on the Unionist cause. Confidence is the first requisite for success; and I should like to see the Unionists go to the poll throughout the still United Kingdom in the full confidence that they are about to win. Those who are familiar with what I have written on this subject ever since Home Rule was adopted as part of the Liberal programme are aware that in some respects my views are not identical with those which found favour with the seceding Liberals. From the time when it became clear to me that the maintenance of the Liberals in power involved the repeal of the Union, I felt it my duty to support the Conservatives by my vote and by such little influence as my pen may possess. My Liberal Unionist friends came to a like conclusion, but they were not prepared to carry this conclusion out to its logical result. From my point of view the attempt to maintain a separate Liberal Unionist organisation, distinct and apart from the Conservative, was a mistake in policy. The effect of the Liberal secession upon public opinion was marred by the morbid anxiety of the seceders to prove to their own satisfaction that they were only Conservatives in respect of the preservation of the Union, but that in all other respects it was they, and not the Gladstonians, who were the true Liberals. I predicted from the outset that the British public would never understand the position of a party which called itself Liberal, which insisted on having its seat on the Liberal benches and yet which always voted with the Conservatives. My advice to the Liberal Unionists was, in homely language, not to make two bites of a cherry. In other words, I recommended the leaders of the secession to take part in the Administration, and the rank and file to take their seats alongside the Conservatives. My advice was not followed. *Dis aliter visum*. Whether my counsels were wise or unwise will be shown by the impending appeal to the constituencies.

In Parliament, both Conservatives and Liberal Unionists have adhered to the terms of their compact with singular good faith. If the supporters of the two parties outside Parliament can work together as harmoniously, there need be no fear as to the result of the elections, provided the polls taken this year do not materially exceed those taken

six years ago. The actual defections from the Liberal Unionist ranks have so far been few and insignificant, nor do I anticipate that many of the electors who voted for Liberal Unionists in 1886 will vote for Liberals in 1892. What I am afraid of is that many Liberals who did not vote at all on the last occasion may be induced to vote on the present; and if so, a considerable number of Liberal Unionist seats will unquestionably be placed in jeopardy. Still, though I expect the Unionist losses, if there are losses, will be in the constituencies hitherto represented by Liberal Unionists, I can see no sign whatever of such an outburst of popular feeling in favour of Gladstone and Home Rule as would be required to replace threescore Liberal Unionists by as many Liberals. The probabilities, to take the most desponding view, are against the Gladstonians unseating such a proportion of the Liberal Unionists as would be required to convert their minority into a majority.

Thus, if I have made my meaning clear, the chances, on any reasonable computation, are such as to render a Unionist victory probable, and most assuredly possible. In more than half the constituencies the outcome of the elections is practically a foregone conclusion one way or the other. The result, therefore, will be decided by the vigour and energy with which some three hundred contests are fought out in different parts of the United Kingdom, and especially in England. It is in the latter, as I have said before, that the real fight for the Union has to be fought and won. According to the latest return, the House of Commons in the last days of its existence consisted—I am speaking now solely of England, leaving Wales out of count—of 144 Gladstonians and Nationalists, 278 Conservatives, and 42 Liberal Unionists. In other words, the Unionists had a majority in England of 320 votes to 145, or very considerably more than two to one. In Scotland the Gladstonians held 45 seats against 27 held by Unionists; in Wales 31 against 5. There is every reason to expect we shall increase our vote to a small extent in both Scotland and Wales. But even if we admit the utterly improbable hypothesis that the Liberals win every one of the thirty-two Welsh and Scotch seats which stood by the cause of the Empire, the safety of the Union is not endangered, provided England remains true to herself, and votes to-morrow as she voted six years ago.

I have dwelt somewhat at length upon this point, as on it hangs the advice I wish to tender on the eve of the elections. If defeat were a foregone conclusion, I should still urge those who held my views to fight on to the last in the forlorn hope that the constituencies might still at the eleventh hour be brought to a sense of the folly they were about to commit. But if my argument is correct, the chances, to say the very least, are against the Gladstonians securing any such increase of votes as would enable them to take

office; and therefore common sense, public duty, and private interest alike call on the Unionists to hold their ground. Success lies within the grasp of the Unionist party. If they fail to obtain success, it is with them will rest the fault. Personally I should feel confident of the result if it were not for a certain lassitude—a certain lack of 'go in and win' feeling—which I notice amongst the partisans of the Unionist cause, and especially amongst the Liberal Unionists. I am told frequently that if the Liberals obtain a small majority no great harm will be done, and that, on the contrary, such a contingency would be a gain to the cause of the Union, as Mr. Gladstone's inevitable failure to frame a Home Rule Bill which could be at once acceptable to Irish Nationalists and English Liberals must involve the collapse of the whole Separatist movement. From this view I dissent altogether. I believe myself the Home Rule problem to be practically insoluble, but if the Liberals once get back into office under Mr. Gladstone, they will stop at no sacrifice of principle or policy before they abandon the solution of the problem, and with its abandonment forfeit their hopes of office. I should object most strongly to putting my neck within a halter on the strength of any assurance that my would-be executioner was too feeble to pull the cord, and yet this is practically what the Unionists are invited to do when they are told that, even supposing Mr. Gladstone should come back to office with a mandate to repeal the Union, no serious danger could arise from their discomfiture.

I quite agree with the statement that the wit of man is unable to devise a scheme under which the Irish shall have a parliament of their own, and yet retain their representation in the British Parliament. I do not believe, therefore, that Mr. Gladstone can pass a Home Rule Bill that will work. But I give him the fullest credit for capacity to pass a Home Rule Bill that will not work. And the mischief that a Separatist policy might produce, even if it ended, as it certainly would end, in signal and disastrous failure, is utterly incalculable. My own belief is that if the Liberals get a majority at all, they will succeed in passing a bill of some kind by which Ireland will be placed under the rule of an Irish Parliament. I have very little faith in the No Surrender protests of the Nationalist party. Mr. Sexton, Mr. Healy, and their fellows are not fools, whatever else they may be, and they are too keenly alive to the advantage of having the administration of Ireland handed over to a legislature of their own, to offer an unflinching opposition to any theoretical restrictions on the authority of the proposed legislature which Mr. Gladstone may declare to be essential to the success of his Home Rule measure. The guarantees on which the Liberals will insist may be worth the paper on which they are written. But the fact that these guarantees have been given with the approval of Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues would have considerable effect upon the mass of the

English electorate, who know little, and care less, about the Home Rule controversy. Even therefore if the Lords should decline to pass the Bill, I am by no means confident that the constituencies would not return the Liberals again at a new election. In that case the Bill must pass. It is not needful for me to point out what the autotomy of Ireland means in reality. I am writing for those who believe with me that Home Rule involves ruin to the British Empire; and to argue this point now is only preaching to the converted.

In the coming contest we Unionists have cards in our hands which we are never likely to have again. In the first place we have enlisted on our side the religious bias of the British public. Individually I would sooner that theological considerations were kept apart from political controversies. But it would be madness to ignore the plain hard fact that the sympathies of nine Englishmen out of ten are—other things being equal—with the Protestant Englishry of the North, not with the Catholic Irishry of the South. The attitude of Ulster has made the ordinary commonplace English Liberal feel uncomfortable. English folk, whether they call themselves Liberals or Conservatives, are at one in their dislike of priest rule, and in their loyalty to England. It is all very well for Mr. Gladstone and his satellites to declare that Ulster does not mean what she says, and that her fears, even if genuine, are imaginary. But the common sense of Englishmen teaches them that the men of Ulster are likely to understand their own affairs better than even Mr. Morley or Sir William Harcourt. No sane person can doubt that Ulster honestly believes that Home Rule means ruin to her industry and peril to her civil and religious liberties. The belief may be true or false; but so long as it is honestly entertained by our Protestant fellow-countrymen and fellow-religionists in Ireland, the instinct of England is averse to adopting a policy which in their belief is calculated to place English loyalists in subjection to Irish patriots and English Protestants under the rule of Irish Catholics. Ulster is our trump card; and having got it in our hands we Unionists are bound to make the best use of it we can.

Again, we have the great advantage that if we can only win this time, our victory is not only decisive but final. I have been subjected to so much obloquy for having intimated, in a previous article in this Review, that Mr. Gladstone did not possess immortality as well as infallibility, that I feel a certain hesitation in even suggesting that this election will be the last in which the issues before the electorate are likely to be complicated by the personality of the Grand Old Man. Up to the present, Home Rule is the policy of Mr. Gladstone, and with his removal from the scene of active public life the whole Home Rule movement would collapse like a bladder that had been pricked. But if ever the Union is repealed, as it

would be by the concession of legislative independence to Ireland, no matter under what theoretical restrictions, then Home Rule becomes of necessity the policy of the Liberal party. If we can defeat the Liberals now, Home Rule is relegated to the Greek Calends. If we can only defeat them, after they are once definitely committed to Home Rule, the struggle for the Union will necessarily be long and embittered. From a party point of view, I can understand a Conservative contemplating without dismay the prospect of Mr. Gladstone's obtaining a majority, as he may reasonably argue that the discredit and disaster in which their Home Rule policy is certain to involve the Liberals could not fail to place power in the hands of the Conservatives for a long time to come. But I am not, and never have been, a strong party man. And seeing, as I do, how hard it will be to reconstruct the Union if it is once undermined, I view with absolute dismay the possibility of Mr. Gladstone's return to office. Prevention is better than cure; and if we can succeed in relegating Mr. Gladstone to the contemplation of the religious topics which, as he himself many years ago informed the public, were the most fitting occupation for a man of his then time of life, we have shaken off our 'old man of the mountain,' not only for once but for ever.

Again, we have in our favour the fact that, apart from Home Rule, the financial and trading country are enlisted on our side. There are two things called for even more urgently than usual by the requirements of our present position as the centre of the world's commerce. The first is the preservation of peace and tranquillity throughout Europe; the second is the development of the British Empire and the consequent opening up of fresh markets for British trade. Under the present Government both objects have been fulfilled. For six years, thanks to Lord Salisbury's able administration of foreign affairs, we have had peace with honour. If Mr. Gladstone comes back, we shall have again the old weary record of constant complications with foreign powers, of untenable pretensions, and of humiliating surrenders. The natural alliances of England will be discarded in favour of a so-called *entente cordiale* between this country and the French Republic on the one hand and the Russian Empire on the other. Our moral support will be withdrawn from the Triple Alliance; our virtual protectorate over Egypt will be abandoned. The progressive colonial policy of the existing Ministry will be exchanged for a retrograde policy under which all extension of our Empire will be discouraged; and the bonds uniting Great Britain to her colonies will be relaxed instead of being strengthened. That this is so is recognised by the world at large; and it may be said with truth, that there is no country hostile to England where the prospect of Mr. Gladstone's return to office is not viewed with satisfaction; no country friendly to England where it is not viewed with regret. Whatever the politics of their individual members may be, the financial, trading, and manu-

facturing classes of the community are well aware that Mr. Gladstone's reinstatement in power would prove disastrous to their interests; and, as things are, we Unionists can rely on the support of the interests which have made England prosperous and powerful.

Last, but not least, we have only to point to the spectacle presented by Ireland as the justification of our Unionist policy. Every prediction of our opponents has been falsified by the event. It has been proved by the evidence of facts that the restoration of order, tranquillity, and prosperity to Ireland can be effected without having resort to Home Rule. The delusion that the Nationalists were a band of patriotic, if mistaken, men has been dispelled by the disclosures resulting from the Parnellite schism. We see now for ourselves who and what are the adventurers to whose hands Mr. Gladstone was prepared with a light heart to entrust the destinies of Ireland, and for whose votes he is still ready to dismember the United Kingdom.

Thus, as it seems to me, we Unionists hold the winning cards. If we fail to win the game, I for one shall attribute the failure to no other cause but our own want of ability to make the best of our position. But for my own part I cannot think we shall fail. I have been called a cynic, though, as far as I am aware, the sole evidence I have ever given of cynicism is a constitutional inability to believe in Mr. Gladstone's claims to statesmanship. But I admit I am so far a cynic that I have considerable sympathy with the French saying that the only thing in mundane affairs on which one can rely with any certainty is the permanency of *la bêtise humaine*. There are, however, limits to the folly of mankind, and till the result shows me I am wrong, I must decline to believe that my English fellow-countrymen can be guilty of the folly of returning a Gladstonian majority.

EDWARD DICEY.

THE AMERICAN NEWSPAPER PRESS

'JUST everywhere you can go to in *this* land, sir,' a fellow-passenger observed to me 'on a train (I beg his pardon, 'cars') running from Denver to a place called Golden in the Rocky Mountains, 'just everywhere you happen to strike in this here U-nion, you will find a go-to-meetin' house, a free readin' room, a newspaper office, and a school.'

The school feature, no doubt, had been introduced too late for my interlocutor's benefit, and I reflected also that, to render more complete his enumeration of American civilising influences, he should have included the low 'variety' hall, the faro 'club,' the night house, and the whisky saloon. Still it is only fair to say that in America the journal is a social necessity. In 'down East' villages, in Western mining 'camps,' in 'rising' or 'rushing' or 'booming' townships of the centre, in little 'cities' on the gilded Californian slope, in stagnant Southern hamlets, even, where 'darkies' swarm and have the drollest knack of eating their way instantaneously to the heart of dark-green oval-shaped water-melons, price five cents apiece, size about as big as a horse's head: everywhere, everywhere in America papers are published, purchased and perused. A fearsome tome is the American Press Directory. The joint forces of a battalion might avail to master its contents; but the most conscientious chronicler of press characteristics in general could not think to cope with it single-handed. Just one stupendous fact, though, may be mentioned, which the briefest survey of this inordinate volume's pages will place beyond a doubt: the total number of newspaper publications in the Union is nearer twenty thousand than ten.

A sort of newspaper whirl or tornado is what the Americans live in. From the moment you set foot on the soil of the Great Republic you feel the blowing of the gale. In New York, on your way to (say) Wall Street from the upper part of the town, towards ten o'clock on a brilliant June morning, you pass before the open windows of countless 'offices' on the ground floor. Inside of them, a spectacle invariably and inevitably the same: in strange-shaped chairs, men lolling back with coats off, feet high above their heads, and faces buried in the columns

of *World*, *Herald*, *Sun*, *Tribune*, *Morning Journal*, *Independent*, *Recorder*, or *Times*. In the streets every second man reads and puffs as he goes; papers, cigars, and straw hats (broad-ribboned and worn carelessly with backward tilt) are features all but universal.

At luncheon the 'down-town' restaurants are filled and papers again are omnipresent. Later, fresh papers are scanned by men standing over gin-slugs or whisky cocktails in every fashionable bar.

About five sets in the homeward up-town ebb, strongly as did the morning down-town flow. And so huge is the consumption of printed sheets, that the pavement or 'side-walk' is soon bestrewn with them, as they fall idly from the hands, now untaring, which a moment before had eagerly snatched them up. In the tramways, crowded as excessively, and by almost as ill-mannered a crew, as a first-class English railway carriage on the morning of a great race, men stand holding on with one hand to leathern straps dependent from the roof, and read, read, read till the time comes for them to get out. In the rushing Elevated Railway, whose name the ingenious New Yorkers long ago whittled down to the single letter 'L,' papers outnumber passengers. For what person, on alighting at one of the stations by the way, would be penurious enough to take his exhausted news-sheet with him?

Before dinner, in the lobbies, smoking-rooms and billiard-rooms of all the great up-town hotels, papers are still to the fore. At dinner, papers possibly are not read, but at any rate their contents are made the subject of conversation. And in the evening, newsboys, vociferous shrilly with '*Evening Telegram*' and '*Lat'st Edishun*,' flock thickly about the theatre entrances like moths round the brightness of a flame.

With less than a quarter of London's population, New York maintains a considerably larger number of daily journals—their circulation varying from ten thousand all the way up to three hundred thousand and more. After witnessing as above the shifting scenes of the New York newspaper carnival, diurnal and nocturnal, you are not surprised at this information. But leave New York, and go to Philadelphia, Chicago, Washington, or Cincinnati. On the very train that takes you there, the paper fever burns as furiously as ever. Trainboys, errant imps, pass incessantly—voice strident and stony glare—with insistent proclamation of peanuts, oranges, bananas, popcorn, apples, reprints of pirated English fiction, red, white, and green covered copies of *Frank Leslie's Monthly*, and, finally, an incommensurable quantity and variety of papers.

You arrive at your destination, not unthankful to be liberated from the 'cars' and from the creatures which infest them. And at once you are in the thick of a new newspaper whirl fierce and insipid as before. Washington, Cincinnati, Philadelphia, Chicago ~~as~~ paper-ridden as wildly as was New York. The paper-dance in

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all these great American cities is a thing fatal and inevitable, like, the Dance of Death in mediæval art.

No American town of more than twenty thousand inhabitants—and how many there may be of these, statisticians only know—but keeps up its two or three or four important papers. The towns grow, and the papers grow apace. And then these papers build unto themselves enormous 'offices,' which become immediately the show-places of the whole surrounding State. 'Seen our *World* building?' . . . Well, you should. . . . I tell *you* it's just about the biggest thing ever e-rected.' Being the biggest, it of course—*more Americano*—must be deemed likewise the beautifullest and best.

'We have four hundred colleges in our country,' they will proclaim, under the influence, ever and again, of their strange childish superstition to the effect that mere size, mere quantity, mere force must mean essential greatness. 'Four hundred colleges, no one knows how many schools, and newspapers and all sorts of other publications by the ten and twenty thousand.' But who—save perhaps a 'patriotic' American citizen—can fail to perceive that it is not a question of newspapers, not a question of schools, not a question of colleges, but a question of national sentiment at large? The Americans have covered a great continent, and whithersoever they have gone, they have carried the printed letter with them. It is a 'big' thing, therefore, that they have done. But what if, up to the present, they have done that big thing rather badly—done it on essentially wrong lines? Exaggerating to the last extreme the two great weaknesses, the two great faults of the race whence originally they sprang, they have fostered the heavy appetite for mere material prosperity on the one hand, and the unenlightened contempt for most forms of true art on the other, into a growth still more portentous than in the mother-island—crude, conquering, colonising Carthage of the modern world.

Strange fruits may be expected from this twin-rooted American tree. Already one such product is extant in the typical, symbolic, 'mammoth' newspaper building, temple of Mammon and Tower of Babel in one, the coarse-grained husk which contains, for its still more coarse-grained kernel, the 'paper' that all the mechanical force and all the human toil and skill gathered up into a focus beneath the 'building's' iron roof go daily to prepare and to produce. What that 'paper' is like, we may now proceed more particularly to inquire.

The United States are unlike England and France in this respect (besides a good many others), that they cannot be said to have a metropolitan newspaper press. The New York papers? They are the papers of New York—nothing more. They can no more pretend to represent the country at large than can the Washington papers, or the Chicago papers, or the papers of Boston or San Francisco. The great Republic, inhabited now by sixty millions of people and with

ample room in its broad bosom for hundreds of millions besides, is essentially the land of decentralisation.

On the whole, however, the New York newspapers may be regarded as the most interesting and typical, if only for the reason that New York is so much richer in associations and wider, deeper, and more various in its life than any other of the large American cities. I propose, therefore, to select for description four or five of the best known and leading journals of New York, after which I must restrict myself to touching, rather at random, upon the respective characteristics of other more or less notable 'organs' and publications throughout the Union.

Everyone in Europe is acquainted with the name and history of the *New York Herald*. Towards the middle of the century a Scotchman named Gordon Bennett found himself seeking fortune in New York streets. Having a remarkable sense of the way the wind was destined to blow, it was not long before he managed to start a new—a very new—kind of newspaper. Bennett was not without his share of Caledonian caution, but he seems to have added thereunto a more than Caledonian audacity. For he dashed with his little organ, at first not much larger than a dinner-plate, at once into the briery paths of 'personality.' The results were immediate and peculiar. For some years it was no unusual thing to see the *New York Herald* appear with an article headed 'Horse-Whipped Again!!!' It was merely Mr. Bennett relating for the greater delectation of his public some little incident of the day before in which he had played the horse-whipped part.

From horse-whipping to horse-whipping, Mr. Gordon Bennett grew quickly into a power. The *Herald* was soon known as a 'real live paper.' It was read in every bar-room, and in the vestibule of every hotel. As a sensational newsmonger it was unrivalled. It would pay any price for 'news': if true, so much the better; if not true, then at least plausible and startling. It played tricks, too, upon its readers. There is a legend to the effect that the *Herald* one day came out with column upon column of minute description in the smallest type of the breaking loose of all the animals confined in the menagerie at the Central Park. A panic might have ensued, had it not been for a solitary paragraph of print at the tail end of the long narrative, stating in just so many words: 'The above is a faithful account of what *might* have happened, if the cages in the Central Park menagerie were not as carefully guarded as they are.'

At the elder Bennett's death the *Herald* passed into the hands of his son, destined to gain for the paper and for himself still greater fame. Mr. James Gordon Bennett, junior, was in his younger days renowned for the possession of variegated sporting tastes. His yacht—~~some~~ across the Atlantic with an English owner is inscribed in letters of gold in Anglo-American annals. His foot-races against other

gilded youths of New York, his pigeon-shooting matches, and even his duel, are still remembered. But the most brilliant sporting feat of Mr. James Gordon Bennett was the sending of Mr. Henry Stanley into Africa. The anecdote, as currently related, is picturesque, if possibly untrue. An enterprising, fearless, and untiring war reporter, full of devices and resource, Mr. Stanley had already gained his spurs during the American Civil War and, later, the Abyssinian campaign. One morning—thus the story runs—Mr. Stanley receives notice that Mr. Bennett would like to see him. Upon inquiry Mr. Bennett, according to his forenoon wont, is discovered lying in bed. ‘Stanley, I want you to go to Africa to discover Livingstone.’ ‘Very good, sir.’ ‘When can you go?’ ‘At once.’ ‘Very well—*carte blanche* for expenses. Good morning.’ ‘Good morning.’ Stanley went, Mr. James Gordon Bennett turned his face to the wall (literally, not figuratively), and the rest is known to the world.

A *New York Herald*—twelve pages, price three cents—lies before me. Greatly daring, let us venture to examine its contents.

Page 1—wholly devoted to advertisements, close-packed and printed in the very smallest type. Large and nauseous development of the department headed ‘Personal.’ ‘Will young lady, wearing blue jacket, who noticed young man in Leonard St. yesterday between 1.30 and 2 P.M., grant acquaintance? Address Leonard, *Herald* Office.’ Or again: ‘Effingham: The day gave tidings of you which compensated not for the absence of your own sweet self.’ Then the usual features of ‘Lost and Found,’ ‘Marriages and Deaths,’ ‘Religious Notices,’ ‘Horses and Carriages,’ ‘Furniture,’ besides one or two large ‘ads’ of European hotels thrown in here and there for variety.

Page 2, like page 1, a solid mass of advertisements, mostly of real estate and ‘flats.’ This confirms one, by the way, in the idea that the flat system has become a prominent feature of New York life. A little lower down ‘boarders’—O unfortunates!—are advertised for to the extent of a column and a half.

At page 3, one alights at length upon reading matter, and the first thing to strike the eye is a heading which spreads over not less than half a column. There are some seven ‘sub-heads’ to it, in capitals of varied dimensions, from the size of an infant’s foot down to that of an ordinary heading in an ordinary journal. The whole story is about a battle in Venezuela, and the line to which most glaring prominence is given is: ‘Full Confirmation of the *Herald*’s News!’ For the *Herald* to ‘fully confirm’ news given by the *Herald* is kind, if not necessarily convincing.

Three cuts of a truly awful aspect stare out at one from the body of this Venezuelan article like tigers at the edge of a jungle. One of these efforts of the graver’s art represents the ‘Halls of Congress’ in Caracas; another a group of Venezuelan soldiers; and the other the Dr. Casana who has been famous of late—in Venezuela. A common

saying in American journalistic circles is to the effect that the *Herald* is one of the worst written papers in the world. It is also one of the worst illustrated and worst printed.

'To Force a Final Vote on the Silver Bill,' followed by another half-column of 'sub-heads,' along with 'Piling up Indictments against the Boodlers,' concur to fill page 3, besides a few unconsidered trifles such as 'She Eloped with a Baker,' and more 'news' of a like description. This leaves us free to turn to page 4.

We here come across several columns (still with cuts) on the subject of 'Masked Burglars.' Fresh headings then inform us, effectively perhaps but rather abruptly, that 'She always Carried her Money,' that some one (name given beneath in the pin's-head print of the article itself) 'Robbed a Soda-Water Firm,' and moreover that 'Mrs. Waldo Wants her Satin or her Money.' 'Blew Up the Saloon,' 'Church with a Swelled Head,' 'His Wife's Caller Hit Him,' 'Mr. Dill Put together a Pretty Paper Bag,' 'O'Beirne Blunders Again,' 'Mrs. Bielenderg Will Recover,' 'Say Turner is a Bigamist,' 'Caught a Funeral Thief,' and 'Now the Grand Jury Turns to the Police' (to lodge a complaint, one hopes, against the headlines of the *Herald*?) are further titles adorning the expanse of page 4.

On page 5 we gather from headline letters a little over an inch long that—'Second Fox Published those Duel Letters.' The words 'Second Fox' might suggest a misleading idea. In reality, Mr. Fox is a gentleman who was second some time since in a proposed encounter, and principal, I believe, in another that actually took place. 'Bunco Business Is Brisk,' 'Party Complications Bring Hill to Albany,' 'No Increased Salaries for the Street Cleaners,' 'Flames under the Gilsey,' and 'Yale and Harvard Meet in Debate:' such are headings that meet the eye in passing; and now page 6, with its editorials, bursts in all its splendour upon our gaze.

They are mostly mere snippets, these editorials, each with its separate heading, such as 'Overdone,' 'Halt, Mr. Harrison,' 'Venezuela's Revolution,' 'Recorder Smythe's Slip,' 'The Welcome Warm Spell,' &c. They are written in a style so breathlessly paragraphic that Victor Hugo's during his later years would have seemed free and flowing by comparison. As a specimen of *Herald* methods in general and the *Herald* editorial tone in particular, it may be well to quote the following, which speaks loudly and unmistakably for itself:—

THE STREET CLEANING BILL.

Strike out that pernicious Senate amendment to the Street Cleaning Bill.

The increase of salaries it calls for is unnecessary and unwarranted.

The amendment threatens the success of the measure, as Governor Flower will not sign the bill in its present shape.

As introduced this bill was carefully drawn by persons who know what New York needs. In that form it should be passed.

This is a matter of vital concern to this city.

New York now looks to Albany for legislation that will secure the metropolis clean streets.

Give us the law indorsed by the Citizens' Committee and the municipal authorities.

On page 7 we learn from a headline that somebody or other 'Will not Back Salisbury in his Behring Sea Plans.' Lord Salisbury, the English Premier, is apparently the person meant, though 'from the tone of the allusion one might imagine the *Herald* to be speaking of one of its own contributors. A little further on, 'Daisy Loses her Suit' is the phrase employed to announce by special wire from London the termination of the recent case at Cambridge in which Miss 'Daisy' Hopkins was concerned.

Page 8 asks 'Is Allan McDermott really an Infidel?' and then, taking a plunge into matters of sport, announces that 'Manhattan Bowlers Are in Fine Form.' 'Practice for the Giants,' a little further on, means simply that a 'baseball' club of that name has been playing with success.

Page 9 is entirely financial and commercial. It is a 'clotted heap,' not necessarily of 'nonsense,' but at all events of facts and figures. Consequently the material it provides is less exciting, though perhaps more precious, than that given on page 10, which reveals to us with a greater profusion of headlines than ever how 'One More Mystery of New Jersey's Coal Combination Shaine' has been 'Cleared up by a Senator who Voted for the Trust.' Immediately beneath we are told that 'If the Governor doesn't sign the Bill now, he will be in a more awkward fix than those he got to vote for it:' palpitating no less than painful. Turning now to pages 11 and 12, we find them to consist of advertisements only, and the *Herald* is dropped with a sigh of relief from our grasp.

Of late years a serious rival to the *Herald* has started up in the shape of a certain egregious *World*. This sheet, if any credence is to be attached to its own shouts of joy and triumph, has actually succeeded in surpassing Mr. Gordon Bennett's journal in the struggle for sensational success. The *World's* daily circulation, the *World's* great new 'building' (represented on highly coloured posters as towering many stories above all the other distinguishing and characteristic monuments of New York), are subjects upon which the *World* itself is continually descanting. That the *World* should, within the space of a few years, have thus contrived to gain the premier place in New York 'sidewalk' journalism is no great matter for wonderment. For it has solved the problem, which appeared insoluble before, of being more tawdry, more coarse, more vulgar, more provincial and foolish than all its New York compeers.

The sudden change in the *World's* fortunes was wrought by a Mr. Joseph Pulitzer, who, on arriving in America from Europe, first embarked upon journalism at St. Louis, and after once getting his

hand in with a local journal there, came to play a bigger, bolder game along the same lines in New York.

No such protracted description will be necessary of the contents of the *World* as was essayed above in the case of the *New York Herald*. One paper, to begin with, is always more or less similar to another paper, even in the States, where originality reigns supreme. It will be sufficient if points of difference be indicated, points of resemblance being taken for granted.

The *World* does not, like the *Herald*, devote its first page solely to 'ads.' Only pages 12 and 13 are all advertisements. But on every other page of the fourteen, including the editorial, appear sporadic insertions and notices, or else announcements in type almost brutally huge of the *World's* circulation and receipts. From beginning to end cuts are scattered which in point of grimy atrocity almost equal those of the *Herald* and of the *New York Morning Journal*. If this same *Morning Journal* has many Redskins among its readers, they must approve highly of the graphic representations with which it bedecks itself daily from top to toe. A fondness for crude pictorial presentments is understood to be one of the marks of an undeveloped civilisation. Are the Americans of this *fin de siècle* sinking to the level of Bosjesmen or Maoris? One might suppose so on glancing at the columns of the *Morning Journal* or those of the *Recorder*, 'that most enterprising' New York daily of recent foundation. Really, cuts such as these of the *World*, *Recorder*, and *Morning Journal* must be seen to be believed in. Description could but faintly suggest their horrors.

In divers respects it is plain that the *World* has striven to be as little as possible like the *Herald*. Yet it must be confessed that, as regards their editorials, the two journals present a singular resemblance. To the style, tone, and language in all other departments of the paper, justice can only be done by means of quotation. First, under the apt heading 'Personal and Pertinent: 'Jerry Simpson used in his early days to be an expert in sawing logs.' Again, under the too flattering title 'The Humorous Club: 'A running account at a store soon gets ahead of a man's pocket in a go-as-you-please race.' Under 'Chit-chat from the Capital: 'He is one of the handsomest men in the House, though a little bald for an Adonis. He is nearly six feet tall, with broad shoulders and a chest which *he says he can inflate eight inches* (!??). He goes to bed at night because there is nothing else to do.' To inquire more closely into the identity of this 'he' might under the circumstances be indiscreet. Elsewhere, a correspondent says, 'Look out for Chicago. She is a hurricane city.' Another is very anxious the *World* should see to it that 'they don't take the prettiest part of Central Park for a race-track.' Then the *Oshkosh Times* is quoted as saying that the last Sunday edition of the *New York World* contained 'a lengthy write-up of Gov. Boies'—

whose name suggests, perhaps erroneously, a misprint for Boles. 'Boies' is a name, by the way, that may eventually have a place in American annals; for another journal quoted, the *Omaha Herald*, informs us that 'Boies of Iowa was a presidential possibility a month ago.'

The other pages of the *World* (of New York) show that, as in the majority of American papers, the headline here is monarch of all it surveys. The 'news,' home and foreign, is conveyed mostly through the medium of brief paragraphs with each a separate head. 'Shot Himself in his Bedroom,' 'And now the Tenderloin Club,' 'Sworn to by Nurses,' 'Neither Smoked nor Chewed,' 'Pledged in Advance,' 'Winds on a High Old Jag,' 'Kissed Jury and Lawyer in Court,' 'Tupper Back of Salisbury,' 'College Loves Him,' 'Sails for Russia To-day,' 'What it really is,' 'The Old Bank will Move:' this sort of thing might be quoted *ad infinitum*, and there are fourteen closely printed pages.

The *Sun*, I believe, has been always identified with its present editor, Mr. Dana. His ability is generally recognised in the States. But is not excessive modesty a characteristic of the *Sun*? For at the top of page 1, on either side of the title, appears this sentence circumscribed within a species of *cartouche*: 'If you see it in the *Sun* it's so.'

The *Sun's* ten pages are close printed and thickly packed. They seem to contain, on the whole, articles rather sounder than those of the *World* and *Herald*. But the tone of the paper is much the same. . . . 'Luff go, the man cried, 'luff go, you—you Tammany heeler!' This is a phrase giving the keynote of a long article on the first page of the *Sun* describing a political meeting. . . . And the Homeric strain continues: 'The first one starts a fight,' says he, 'I'll open his skull. I don't care who he is.' 'Four more policemen came into the room and began poking ribs.' Lower down, 'Sudden and Startling' is a good heading for a paragraph; but the most 'startling' feature is to find when you get to the end of the column that it is all a mere *réclame* in disguise. 'New York's First Game' simply means that a New York 'baseball' club has been measuring itself against some rival association. 'On Fire with Eczema' seems a painful state of affairs, but this again is simply an advertisement under false pretences.

In the matter of its editorials the *Sun* is perhaps a trifle less explosive than either the *Herald* or the *World*. The articles are longer, and, though still very crude in expression, are at least not intentionally vulgar. With regard to its advertisements, at the end of the paper on pages 9 and 10, the *Sun* is particularly—blazing. It goes in very largely for 'display,' and wears altogether, from its first line to its last, a marked air of commercial prosperity if not always of the very highest literary distinction.

New York newspaper No. 4 on our little list bears the name of the

New York Times. The *New York Times* has ten broad and closely printed pages, and its cost price is no more than three cents. Every single column of the reading matter on page 1 begins with a 'headline.' We are informed by means of seven 'heads' all in a row immediately underneath the paper's own title that 'The Senators Hesitate,' that some one or somebody is 'United on Cleveland,' that there has been a 'Bad Blow for Ed. Murphy,' that 'Pattison Holds the Reins,' that news has been received of 'Tokio's Great Loss by Fire,' that 'Wanser Has Been Elected Mayor,' and that 'Everything Looks Like Harrison.' 'Prince George to Visit Us,' 'The Whites Controlled It,' and 'A Powder Mill Blow (*sic*) to Atoms,' are other headings scattered here and there, after which we turn to page 2 and are apprised that 'Women Enjoy the Sports.' What sports and what women it is perhaps not necessary to inquire. 'Nine Itching Children' is not at all a nice heading. Nor is it a nice article that follows.

The *Times'* editorials appear in most respects superior to those of any other paper yet examined. They are at once longer and better written, and treat of subjects less trivial and unworthy of editorial note. Here it may be remarked that the *New York Times*, under the exceedingly able (albeit alien) editorship of Mr. L. J. Jennings, not very many years ago engaged single-handed in a conflict with the municipal tyranny of 'Tammany Hall' and struck down successively all the heads of the hydra, effecting thus the greatest feat yet recorded in American political journalism. It would, no doubt, appear invidious to dwell on the fact that the author of the exploit was an Englishman and not an American.

One more typical New York journal remains to be examined, *i.e.* the *New York Tribune*. Of it, fortunately, very little need be said that is not in its favour. The *Tribune* undoubtedly is the best of American journals. In general tone, tenour, and appearance it approaches an English daily of the highest class. The eccentric but gifted and earnest Horace Greeley conducted the *Tribune* for many years with conspicuous ability and success. His successor in the present generation has been Mr. Whitelaw Reid, late American Minister to Paris, who has now resumed the direction of the organ. With his remarkable gifts of tact, dexterity, and penetration, he has brought it to an even higher point than under the régime of Greeley. Personalities of the offensive American description are eschewed in the *New York Tribune*, save perhaps in the throes of some particularly violent political campaign. An excellent feature is the London correspondence of Mr. Smalley.

Any analysis of the *Tribune's* contents would perforce be rather meagre, if only because the journal is distinguished by so few American peculiarities. In the matter of headlines, for example, it is most moderate and unobtrusive. Never more than two 'sub-heads,'

in clear unassuming type, and rarely more than one: the relief to the eye after a course of *Heralds*, *Suns*, and *Worlds* may be better imagined than described. Advertisements are abundant, but decorous; editorials are editorials, and not mere squibs and snippets. Throughout, the ordinary decencies of cultivated thought and speech are observed. The *New York Tribune* is decidedly the white blackbird of American journalism.

The papers of New York are typical in so far as they represent the mould or moulds upon which most other American papers are modelled. But their prestige or power does not extend beyond the limits of New York City or at most of New York State. With the enormous and extraordinary development of telegraphic communications from one end of the Union to the other, and with the establishment of News Agencies which distribute their information systematically to the four points of the compass, a paper in Sacramento obtains its exterior material—as distinguished, of course, from its local—almost at the same time as a paper in Washington, in Boston, in Philadelphia, in Cincinnati or New York. The sole question for the provincial organ therefore is, How much of this outside matter need it give, or how much can it afford to give, to the more or less restricted circle of its readers? Through the channel of Press, News, and Telegraphic Agencies and Associations it has a vast general reservoir to draw upon, and draw it does according to its requirements. In America, vulgarly speaking, the whole telegraphic news of the world is always on tap. Just as you will find in the very smallest Western village a billiard table of newest metropolitan pattern, if there be a billiard table at all, so will you find in *Arizona Shriekers* and *Dacotah Graveyards* telegrams from Europe of as fresh a date as any in the *New York World* or *Sun*. Were the Czar Alexander to be dynamited, or President Carnot suddenly proclaimed Emperor under the title of 'Sadi I^{er},' all America would become acquainted with the fact at almost exactly the same hour as Russia or as France. So perhaps that hideous jungle of telegraph poles studding American civilisation from the Lakes to Texas and from the Sound to the Golden Gate, and—typically enough—with their coarse network of wires shutting out one's view of the turquoise heavens overhead, are not without their uses after all?

One would fain attempt some slight survey of the *ensemble* of this vast American press—this forest of *Arenas*, *Clippers*, *Horse-mans*, *New Orleans Picayunes*, *Pittsburg Despatches*, *Troy Budgets*, *Waves*, *e'tutti quanti*. But one despairs. Out of the thousands and thousands of journals published daily or weekly in the States, the great majority present no essentially characteristic feature. The *Herald-World-Sun-Times* type described above is what might be called the type of the American newspaper proper: dealing mainly in news, universal, national and local, with a superabundance of mere

skirts of civilised habitation, where the only two things to read were a very ancient copy of one of Ouida's novels and the very latest number of the New York *Police Gazette*.

Of course every American weekly is not a *Police Gazette* or a *Sunday World*. There is in New York a literary organ named the *Nation*, rather heavy perhaps in tone and colourless as to contents, but dignified, sound, and packed closely with the expression of varied thought and culture. It would be ludicrous, though, and suggestive, to compare the number of readers of the *Police Gazette* with the number of readers of the *Nation*.

Another critical and literary organ is the *Critic*. With these two journals the list of literary publications in the States is exhausted, or very nearly.

Distinctly the States are not as yet a literary nation. One of the most noticeable features in the wilderness of printed matter which crops up daily throughout the country is the absence of anything like literary thought or writing. To the best of my belief there has never been in America any greatly influential and representative literary organ. In every land under the sun, no doubt, there will be found somewhere or other the saving handful of just men. In America, during the middle years of the century, this small proportion of shining lights among the darkness, this tiny pinch of salt whereby the mass was leavened, was represented by Ralph Waldo Emerson and his Concord compeers and disciples.

But has this little American school of plain living and high thinking ever set its mark upon even the corner or margin of the American press at large? One is reluctantly inclined to doubt it when one looks through these hundreds and thousands of daily, weekly, and other publications, each more than the other trivial, vulgar, ignorant, braggart, and void of everything which constitutes true sense or thought. Not even one halfpenny-worth of the American bread of life to this intolerable deal of rancid and nauseous Yankee sack!

Then with regard to the side-issue of theatrical criticism, which, however, is not disconnected with the degree of artistic civilisation in a country. By the English press in general the subject of theatricals is 'handled' decorously, if rather densely and dully. In the French press small masterpieces of criticism, in certain cases almost good enough to live, are called forth weekly and daily by the performances at the principal theatres. In America, speaking generally, only the most unlettered stuff is written about players and plays. The chief object seems to be to call ladies, like Lord Salisbury, by their family name *tout court*: as 'Bernhardt,' 'Anderson,' 'Kendall.' Theatrical journals, mostly weekly, abound; in particular the *Dramatic Mirror*, *Dramatic News* and *Dramatic Times*. They abound and flourish—rankly. But why cavil at their foibles? The players are pleased;

the public is pleased, and of course the proprietors also. Than this, what more could be desired?

Sporting journals in America are much to the fore, and on the whole are good representatives of their class. *The Spirit of the Times*, the *Clipper*, the *Horseman*, *Forest and Stream*, and others may be mentioned.

A word of particular praise must be uttered regarding some of the illustrated weeklies. *Harper's Weekly*, though rather insipid, is decent, almost dignified. *Frank Leslie's Weekly* is vulgar, and consequently pre-eminently successful. The 'coloured comics,' *Puck* and *Judge*, are of more recent foundation. There is about these newcomers a touch of German humour not unwelcome; for the experience and reflection of a lifetime tend to convince one that of all national 'humours,' the American variety is most to be dreaded. Mr. Henry James was perhaps unduly optimistic when he remarked a little while ago that 'a fondness for American humour is not necessarily a bar to future intellectual development.' And: 'American humour is a national calamity' was the dictum of Matthew Arnold.

In this brief excursion through the fields of American political, commercial, literary, sporting, dramatic, illustrated, humorous, and satirical journalism, one not uninteresting name, I perceive, has been omitted—that of the *Home Journal* of New York. This is a favourite organ of society and literature founded forty or fifty years ago by the poet and essayist N. P. Willis, and now conducted by Mr. Morris Phillips most carefully and unassumingly on sound and pleasant lines. The *Home Journal* has for motto: 'We should do our utmost to encourage the beautiful, for the useful encourages itself.' Would that the same could be adopted and applied by the nation!

If one seek by way of conclusion to disengage the more general distinctive traits of the American press, one cannot fail to discern divers points that differentiate it from the other newspaper presses of the world. Thus the American press was the first to develop what it calls 'enterprise' in the daily pursuit and publication of what it describes as 'news.' About the time of the American Civil War, when in all parts of the country feeling ran so high and excitement was on tiptoe from moment to moment, the daily papers executed positive *tours de force* in the way of providing early and abundant information concerning all the important engagements whereon the country's fate depended as did Damocles' sword from its doubtful thread. Reporters, by special order of the journals they represented, spent money, time, energy, and even blood in the ceaseless untiring effort to—as they themselves would have expressed it—'get there every time.' 'Get there' they did, and it cannot be denied that the knack or habit of 'getting there' is an American characteristic. A great deal of bold and admirable war reporting has been accomplished by representatives of the British press since the days to which I refer.

But the fact should be borne in mind that America, in this respect, distinctly showed the rest of the world the way. Money is never an object with American newspaper proprietors when it is a question of gratifying what they feel to be a prevailing desire or taste among their readers. And this makes it all the more to be regretted that the desires and tastes of American readers in general should be what they evidently are.

The American press, likewise, first introduced and developed the present system of world-wide telegraphic communications. Here again the English press—to say nothing of any other—has merely followed in the American wake. There is, after all, something rather imposing in the reflection that the death of Mr. Gladstone, for example, would be known very nearly as soon and with almost as full details in Los Angeles, California, as in London or in Leeds.

In the matter of editorial authority and tone, the American press might, however, with all benefit sit long and humbly at the feet of the English or even the French. Barring a very few exceptions, in the whole American press there is no editorial writing at all. The description of the most trivial metropolitan event would be more to the taste of the average American reader than the most chastened and lofty 'leader' ever penned. The *cheville ouvrière* or lynchpin of every 'live' American newspaper is the reporter, who was, no doubt, the first to sow and gather that exquisite flower of Transatlantic 'humour,' which, among a million other similar blooms, can blossom into the words 'Jerked to Jesus,' printed in huge letters at the top of a column devoted to a murderer's execution.

The American press is not artistic, not literary, not didactic, not even political, save in the sense of partisanship according to personal interest. If it may justly be qualified as 'national,' then nothing remains but to present one's compliments of condolence to the nation. As for its more particular tendencies and characteristics, it is restless, feverish, mutable, unsettled, unbalanced, and unformed. Its example is not only bad, but contagious; for, as all who run may read, of late years, in no inconsiderable degree, European newspaper presses have become infected thereby. But to be hidebound is a worse state still for any press than to be American. Where there exists so much of fluctuation, there is at least some cause to hope for favourable change. 'L'homme absurde est celui qui ne change jamais,' and yet more absurd the paper.

'Let us keep our minds open' has long been the advice of sages. 'Let us keep our papers open' is a no less desirable principle—in some countries more honoured in the breach than the observance. The undeniable 'openness' of American sheets constitutes, perhaps, the only truly hopeful element to be discovered in a newspaper press that in other respects is rather a portent than a subject for just boast.

EDWARD DELILLE.

THE ASTRONOMY AND MYTHOLOGY OF THE ANCIENT EGYPTIANS.

It is impossible to approach such a subject as the astronomy of the ancient Egyptians without being struck with surprise that any knowledge is available to help us in our inquiries. A century ago, the man to whom we owe more than to all others in this matter; the man who read the riddle of those strange hieroglyphs, which, after having been buried in oblivion for nearly two thousand years, were then again occupying the learned, was not yet born. I refer to Champollion, who was born in 1796 and died in the prime of his manhood, and in the middle of his work, in 1831.

Again, a century ago the French scientific expedition, planned by the great Napoleon, which collected for the use of all the world facts of importance connected with the sites, the buildings, the inscriptions, and everything which could be got at relating to the life and language of the ancient Egyptians, had not ever been thought of; indeed, it only commenced its labours in 1798, and the intellectual world will for ever be a debtor to the man who planned it.

I know of no more striking proof of the wit of man than the gradual unravelling of the strange hieroglyphic signs in which the learning of the ancient Egyptians was enshrined, and there are few things more remarkable in the history of scientific investigation than the way in which a literature has been already brought together which is appalling in its extent; and yet it may well be that, vast as this literature is at present, it is but the vanguard of a much more stupendous one to follow; for we are dealing with a nation which we now know existed completely equipped in many ways at least six or seven thousand years ago.

Let us, to approach the subject-matter of the present article, go back to the year 1820. It was about then that were gathered some of the first-fruits of the investigations carried on by the Commission to which I have referred; that some translations of the inscriptions had been attempted, and that some of the new results were discussed by the members of the French Academy, while at the same time they astounded and delighted the outside world.

From my point of view it may be said that the new discoveries might be arranged into three different groups. First of all the land had been found full of temples, vast and majestic beyond imagination; among these the temples at Karnak were supreme, but there were others on a par with them in points of architectural detail. But besides these, then as now, above ground and inviting inspection, there were many others which were then—as undoubtedly many are still—more or less buried in the sand; some of these have since been unearthed to reveal the striking features of their structure.

The second revelation was that the walls of these temples, and of many funereal buildings, were, for the most part, covered with inscriptions in the language which was then but gradually emerging from the unknown, its very alphabet and syllabary being still incomplete. Hence there was not only a great wealth of temple buildings, but a still more wonderful wealth of temple inscriptions.

There was even more than this, and something more germane to our present purpose. In several temples which were examined, zodiacs—undoubted zodiacs, representing the third group of finds—were discovered; these, also, were accompanied by inscriptions of an obviously astronomical nature.

At the first blush, then, it seemed to be perfectly certain that we had to deal with a people of an astronomical turn of mind, and here was the opportunity for the astronomer, which the French astronomers did not fail to make use of. Where the philologist was for the moment dumb, it seemed as if the astronomer could be of use, giving explanations, fixing probable dates on the one hand; while, on the other, he would certainly be gaining a fresh insight, and possibly filling a tremendous gap, in the history of his science.

The first bit of explanation specially bearing upon ancient Egyptian astronomy was gained at the temple of Denderah, a place which the traveller up the Nile reaches before he arrives so far as Thebes. Perhaps among the reasons why so great attention was given to the so-called zodiac of Denderah was the fact that one of them, having been rudely wrenched from its resting-place in the platform of one of the temples, had been carried to the museum in Paris, so that the thing itself was *en évidence* and capable of being examined by experts whose opinions were of value, and by all the world besides.

The chief temple, when explored by the French expedition, was deeply buried in the sand. In the front part of it, covering the ceiling, before one enters the temple itself, there is displayed the square zodiac, so called, to which I shall have to refer briefly. The temple was pointed within a few degrees of north; at the north-east corner of the zodiac is a device, since found to represent the sunlight falling upon a statue of the Goddess of the Shrine. Investigations have shown that the zodiac includes a reference to a great many celestial phenomena of the utmost importance. There is no

difficulty in recognising some of the zodiacal signs, but there the resemblance to the modern zodiac ends, for the reason that each of the strange processions of mythological personages represents not only constellations, with some of which we may be familiar, but a great deal more. It is noteworthy that the illustration of the very first astronomical point which we have to consider brings out the fact that it is impossible to disconnect Egyptian mythology from astronomy.

In the southern half of the zodiac, the lower part is occupied by the southern stars, represented as different mythological personages, sailing along in boats; and above them we get the southern half of the zodiac with the signs of the Fish, the Ram, the Bull and the Twins. In the middle section the sun's course in different parts of the day, and different parts of the year, is given; whilst, outermost of all, we get the twelve solar positions, occupied by the sun each hour from rising to setting, represented by twelve boats. It may be here mentioned that in ancient Egypt, as in the modern Eastern world, both day and night always consisted of twelve hours; unequal, of course, the length of the hours varying according to the time of the year.

Now, if we take the opposite side, that is the north-west corner, we find that we have to do chiefly with the opposite part of the sky, including the signs of the Lion, the Scales, and Sagittarius, and below them the northern stars are represented as mythological personages in boats. The courses of the sun and moon are next given, and some of the lunar mythology is revealed to us. We see Osiris represented by the moon, and by an eye at the top of fourteen steps, which symbolise the fourteen days of the waxing moon.

In the square zodiac, then, there is an immense amount of astronomy. In the round zodiac, found in another temple, there are two or three points which at once claim our attention. There is, first, a mythological figure of a cow in a boat, and, near it, another mythological figure, which the reading of subsequent inscriptions has proved to represent the constellation Orion. In the centre of the zodiac we have a jackal, and there is very little doubt that it represents the constellation which we now call the Little Bear, which then, as now, was near the pole. Not far away, we get the leg of an animal; this, we now know, was a constellation called the Thigh, and there seems to be absolutely no question that it represents the constellation which we now call the Great Bear. Again, close by is another mythological form, which we know represents the Hippopotamus. This was made up out of some of the group of stars which forms the present constellation Draco. There are also two hieroglyphics which subsequent research has proved to represent setting stars and rising stars, so that, whatever might have been the date of this round zodiac of Denderah, it is clear that we are dealing with a

time when the stars had been classed in constellations, one of which, the constellation Orion, even survives to our own day.

It is little to be wondered at that, when these revelations first burst upon the scientific world, great excitement was produced. It was obvious that we had to do with a nation which had very definite ideas of astronomy, and that the astronomy was very closely connected with worship. It was also certainly suggested by so many animal forms, that we also had to do with a people whose condition was not unlike that of the American Indians at the beginning of this century—to take a well-known instance—one in which each tribe, or clan, or locality had chosen a special animal totem.

It so happened that, while these things were revealing themselves, the discussions concerning them, which took place among the scientific world of France, were partly influenced by the writings of a man of very brilliant imagination and of great erudition. I refer to Dupuis, according to whose views an almost fabulous antiquity might be assigned to ancient traditions in general and astronomical traditions in particular. It is needless to say, however, that there were others to take the extreme opposite view, and who held the opinion that his imagination had run away with his learning.

With all this new work before them, and with a genius like Champollion's among them, it was not long before the French savants compelled the hieroglyphics to give up some of their secrets. First one word gave two or three letters, then another two or three more, and finally an alphabet and syllabary were constructed. So it was not long before some of the inscriptions at Denderah were read. Then it was found that the temple, as it then stood, had certainly been, partly at all events, embellished so late as the time of the Roman Emperors. Naturally, there was then a tremendous reaction from the idea of fabulous antiquity which had been urged by the school of Dupuis. There were two radically opposed camps led by Letronne, a distinguished archæologist, and Biot, one of the most eminent astronomers of his day, and both of these savants brought papers before the Academy of Inscriptions. Biot's first paper was read in 1822, and was replied to by Letronne in 1824; Biot wrote his next paper in 1844, in which he held to everything that he had stated in his first memoir, and this was replied to, the next year, by Letronne.

Biot had no difficulty whatever in arriving at the conclusion that, precisely as in the case of the sphere of Eudoxus, a prior bone of contention, however true it might be that the zodiacs had been sculptured in the time of the Roman emperors, still they certainly referred to a time far anterior; and he suggested that we have in them sculptures reproducing very old drawings, which had been made long before on parchment or on stone.

As an argument for this, he pointed out that in the condition of astronomy which one would expect to be extant in ancient times, it

was far easier to reproduce old drawings than to calculate back what the positions of the stars had been at some prior date, so that in his magnificent summing-up of the case in his last paper, he rested his scientific reputation on the statement that the sculptures of Denderah represent the celestial sphere on a plane round the north pole of the equator at a year not far removed from 700 B.C. More than this, he stated that the time of the year was the time of the summer solstice, and the hour was midnight. He also showed that, calculating back what the position of the stars would have been at midnight on the 20th of June (Gregorian), 700 B.C., the constellations, and even many of the separate stars shown in the medallion, would occupy exactly the places they did occupy in the projection employed.

Let us then, for the moment, assume this to be true. What does it tell us? That 700 years B.C. in Egypt the solstice was recognised; a means of determining the instant of midnight with more or less precision was known; observations of the stars were regularly made; the risings of some of them were associated with the rising of the sun, and many of them had been collected into groups or constellations.

This is a wonderful result. I suppose that Biot is now universally held to have proved his case; in fact Brugsch, who is now regarded as one of the highest authorities in Egyptian history, has shown that almost every detail seen in the zodiac of Denderah reproduces inscriptions or astronomical figures unearthed since the date of Biot's memoir, which, without doubt, must be referred to the time of the Eighteenth Dynasty—that is, 1700 B.C., or thereabouts—so that practically the Egyptologist has now chapter and verse for many things in the zodiac of Denderah dating 1,000 years before the period assigned to it by Biot.

The next point to notice is connected with the astronomical drawings which have been found in the Ramesseum at Thebes—drawings which also have very obvious connections with the zodiac of Denderah. On these we find the hieroglyphics for the different months; the constellations Orion, Hippopotamus, and Jackal, as we saw them at Denderah, and another form of the constellation of the Thigh. There is obviously the closest connection between the two sets of delineations.

Biot set himself to investigate what was the probable date to which the inscriptions in the Ramesseum referred. When we have the months arranged in a certain relationship to certain constellations we have an opening for the discussion of the precessional movements, in other words, for the consideration of the various changes brought about by the swinging of the pole of the equator round the pole of the ecliptic. Here, again, there was no uncertain sound given out by the research. Biot pointed out that we are here in presence of

records, no longer of a summer solstice, as in the case of Denderah, but of a spring equinox, the date being 3285 B.C. He further suggested that, in all probability, one of the mythological figures might be a representation of the intersection of the ecliptic and the equator in the constellation Taurus at the date mentioned.

His idea was that the figure of the Bull in the middle of the month-table represented actually the figure of the constellation setting at the time of the spring equinox. Were this so, it would undoubtedly, to a large extent, justify what Dupuis had long before pointed out, that the perpetual reference to the Bull found in ancient records and mythologies arose from the fact that this constellation occupied an important position at a critical time in the year, a condition which precession only could have brought about, and which would indicate a very considerable lapse of time. This idea was justified by the researches of Biot, because we are driven back by them to a date preceding 3,000 years B.C. We find in the table at the Ramesseum distinct references to the Bull, the Lion, and the Scorpion, and it is also clearly indicated that at that time the star Sirius rose heliacally at the beginning of the rise of the Nile.

This word heliacally requires a little explanation. The ancients, who had no telescopes, and had to use their horizon as the only scientific instrument which they possessed, were very careful in determining the various conditions in which a star could rise. For instance, if a star were rising at the same time as the sun was rising, it was said to rise *cosmically*, but unless certain very obvious precautions were taken, the rising star would not be seen in consequence of the presence of daylight. It is quite clear that if we observe a star rising in the dawn, it will get more and more difficult to observe the nearer the time of sunrise is approached. Therefore, what the ancients did was to determine a time before sunrise in the early dawn at which the star could be very obviously and clearly seen to rise. The term 'heliacal rising' was coined to represent a star rising visibly in the dawn, therefore, before the sun. Generally throughout Egypt the sun was supposed to be something like 10° below the horizon when a star was stated to rise *heliacally*.

We find, then, that more than 5,000 years ago the Egyptians were perfectly familiar with these facts, and the difference between a cosmical and heliacal rising was perfectly clear to them. But the table at Thebes tells us, moreover, that the sun's journey in relation to some of the zodiacal constellations was perfectly familiar 5,000 years ago.

These, then, are some of the more general statements which may be made with regard to the most important points so far discussed by those who have dealt with Egyptian astronomy, and it may be added that all this information has come to us in mythologic guise.

But we must now go somewhat further into detail. We may

first deal with the diurnal movement of the earth. The various apparent movements of the heavenly bodies which are produced by the rotation and the revolution of the earth, and the effects of precession, were familiar to the Egyptians, however ignorant they may have been of the causes; they carefully studied what they saw and attempted to put their knowledge together in the most convenient fashion, associating it with their strange imaginings and with their system of worship.

Dealing with the earth's rotation, how did the Egyptians picture it? How was this interaction, so to speak, between the earth and the sky mythologically represented? They naturally would be familiar with the phenomena of dawn and sunset, more familiar certainly with the phenomenon of dawn than we are, because they had a climate much better suited for its study than ours. There can be no doubt that the wonderful scenes which they saw every morning and evening were the first things which impressed them, and they came to consider the earth as a god, surrounded by the sky—another god. The earth, Seb, is represented by a recumbent figure, while the sky, represented by the goddess Nut, is stretched over the earth, the sky being separated from the earth by Shu, the god of air or sunlight. The daily journey of the sun is represented by a god in a boat traversing the sky from east to west. The goddess Nut is variously symbolised. Sometimes there is a line of stars along her back, which clearly defines her nature, but she is sometimes represented by a figure in which the band of stars is accompanied by a band of water. This suggests the Jewish idea of the firmament. We read of the firmament in the midst of the waters, which divided the waters from the waters, the waters above being separated from the waters below the firmament.

It would seem that it was not very long before the Egyptians saw that the paths of the sun and stars above the horizon were extremely unequal: in the case of the sun, at different times of the year; in the case of the stars, depending upon their position near the equator or either pole. In this way, perhaps, we may explain a curious variant of the drawing of the goddess Nut, in which she is represented double, a larger one stretching over a smaller one. We have already seen from the square zodiac of Denderah how all the sun- and star-boats were supposed to perform their various courses along the heavenly waters.

I have next to point out that the sun being very generally worshipped in Egypt, there were various forms of the sun-god, depending upon the places occupied in its daily course. We have the form of Harpocrates at its rising, the child sun-god being generally represented by the figure of a hawk. When in human form, we notice the presence of a side lock of hair. The god Rā symbolises, it is said, the sun in his noontide strength, while for the time of

sunset we have various names, chiefly Osiris, Tum, or Atmu, the dying sun represented by a mummy and typifying old age. The hours of the day were also personified, the twelve changes during the twelve hours being mythically connected with the sun's daily movement across the sky.

We know several points regarding Egyptian customs quite independently of the astronomical inscriptions, properly so called, to which I have called attention. We know that there were sacrifices at daybreak; we know that stars were watched rising heliacally, that is, before sunrise, and heralding the dawn; we know that such observations were among the chief duties of the sacrificial priests, and it is obvious that a knowledge of star-places, as well as star-names, must have been imperative to these morning watchers, who eventually compiled lists of decans, that is, lists of belts of stars extending round the heavens, the risings of which followed each other by ten days or so. These are the exact equivalents of the moon-stations which the Indians, Arabians, and other peoples invented for the same purpose. We also find, more or less indeterminately from inscriptions in some graves at Thebes, that the daily risings of the chief stars were observed very carefully throughout the year. Unfortunately the inscriptions in question are very difficult indeed to co-ordinate. There have been various efforts made to connect them with certain stars, but so far, I am afraid, they have resisted all efforts to get a complete story out of them, though certain very important points have been made out.

We next come to the complex phenomenon of day and night. There was to all early peoples all the difference in the world, of course, between day and night, while we, with our firm knowledge, closely associate them. There was no artificial illumination such as we have, and the dark night did not so much typify rest as death; so that the coming of the glorious morning of tropical or sub-tropical climates seemed to be a reawakening to all the joys and delights and activities of life; thus the difference between night and day was to the ancient Egyptians almost the difference between death and life. We can imagine that darkness thus considered by a mythologically-thinking people was regarded as the work of an enemy, and hence, in time, their natural enemies were represented as being the friends of darkness.

Here a very interesting astronomical point comes in. Having these views, there must have been a very considerable difference in the way the Egyptians regarded those stars which were always visible and those which rose and set.

The region occupied by the stars always visible depends of course upon the latitude of the place. Taking Thebes, with its latitude of 25° , as representing Egypt, the area of stars always visible was less than one-fourth of that visible to us, so that there would be a very sharp distinction between the stars constantly seen at night, and

those which rose and set, the rising stars being regarded as heralds of the sunrise. It seems very probable that quite early the circumpolar stars were regarded as representing the powers of darkness, because they were there, visible in the dark, always disappearing and never appearing at sunrise. If that were so, no doubt prayers would be as necessary to propitiate them as those powers or gods which were more beneficent, and, as a matter of fact, one finds that the god Set—called also Typhon, Apepi, and Tebha—was among the greatest gods of ancient Egypt.

If we return for a moment to the zodiac of Denderah, we find that the constellations which I indicated—the Thigh, the Hippopotamus, and the Jackal—represent our present constellations of the Great Bear, Draco, and the Little Bear, which were all of them circumpolar, that is, they neither rose nor set at the time of the inscription of the zodiac of Denderah. It therefore will not surprise us, with the above-suggested explanation in mind, to hear that the Hippopotamus was called the wife of Set, the Thigh the Thigh of Set, and the Jackal the Jackal of Set.

In the Book of the Dead, chap. xvii., we read the following reference to some of the northern stars and constellations :

The gods Amset, Hapi, Duamatep, and Qebhsenuh are those, namely, which find themselves behind the constellation of the Thigh in the northern heavens.

Again, in some inscriptions in the kings' graves at Thebes we read—

The four Northern Genii are the four gods of the follower [some constellation]. They keep back the conflict of the terrible one [Typhon]. He is a great quarreller. They trim the foresail and look after the mizen in the bark of Râ, in company with the sailors, who are the four constellations [axemu-sek], which are found in the Northern heavens. The constellation of the Thigh appears at the late rising. When this constellation is in the middle of the heavens, having come to the South, where Orion lies [Orion typifying the Southern part of the skies], the other stars are wending their way to the western horizon. Regarding the Thigh: it is the thigh of Set; so long as it is seen in the Northern heavens there is a band [of stars?] to the two [sword handles?] in the shape of a great bronze chain. It is the place of Isis in the shape of a hippopotamus to guard.

In the square zodiac at Denderah we find an illustration of the Hippopotamus and the Thigh, and the chain referred to in the inscription is there also. It will be quite worth while to see whether this chain is not justified by some line of stars between the chief stars in Draco and those in the Great Bear.

Let us now turn to the associated mythology. We see that the astronomical ideas have a most definite character; we learn also, from the inscriptions dating from the eighteenth dynasty, that the Egyptians at that time recognised three different risings. There was the rising at sunset, the rising at midnight, and the rising at dawn. Plutarch says that the Hippopotamus was certainly one of the forms of Typhon, and a reference to the myth of Horus so

beautifully told twenty years ago, and illustrated by Naville by the help of inscriptions at Edfu, will show how important this identification is.

Naville rightly pointed out how very important the study of mythology becomes with regard to the advancement of any kind of knowledge of the thoughts and actions of the ancient Egyptians. Mythology, as Bunsen said, is one of the poles of the existence of every nation.

The reason why Naville went to the temple of Edfu for his facts is that in the later-time temples—and this is one of them—the inscriptions on the walls have chiefly to do with myth and ritual, whereas in the times of the earlier dynasties the temple inscriptions related chiefly to the doings of the kings. When we come to read the story which Naville brings before us, it looks as though the greatest antiquity must be conceded to it, from the fact that the god Horus—the rising sun—is accompanied by the Hor-shesu, the followers or worshippers of Horus. These people are almost prehistoric even in Egyptian history. De Rougé says of them, ‘*C’est le type de l’antiquité la plus reculée.*’ They represent, no doubt, the old sun-worshippers at a time when, as yet, there was no temple of the sun. Now, in this famous myth of Horus, Horus, accompanied and aided by the Hor-shesu, does battle with Typhon, the god of darkness, who had killed his father Osiris, and Horus avenges his father in the manner indicated in the various inscriptions and illustrative drawings given in the temple of Edfu. How does he do it? We find that in this conflict to revenge his father Osiris, he is represented in a boat killing a hippopotamus with ten darts, the beast being ultimately cut up into eight pieces. In some drawings it is a hippopotamus that he is slaying; in others, possibly for some totemic reason, a crocodile has been selected, but we can only see that it has been a crocodile by the fact that a little piece of the tail remains. Doubtless the reference had been found objectionable by some crocodile-worshipping people.

In very many inscriptions the constellation which, as I have stated, represents the hippopotamus, is really represented as a crocodile, or as a crocodile resting on the shoulders of a hippopotamus, so that there is no doubt that the crocodile and the hippopotamus were variants, and we can quite understand, further, that the hippopotamus must have been brought into Egypt by a tribe with that totem, who must have come from a very long way up the Nile, since the hippopotamus was never indigenous in the lower reaches of the river; so that we have in the myth to do with a hippopotamus-worshipping tribe, which, for that reason, probably came from a region very far to the south. There is evidence of local tribes in Egypt among which the crocodile was sacred.

The astronomical explanation of this myth is, I think, very clear.

The inscriptions relating to one of the very earliest of the illustrations refer to Horus, 'the great god, the light of the heavens, the lord of Edfu, *the bright ray which appears on the horizon.*' The myth, therefore, I take it, simply means that *the rising sun destroys the circumpolar stars*. These stars are represented in the earliest forms of the myth either by the crocodile or the hippopotamus; of course they disappeared (or were killed) at sunrise. Horus, the bright ray on the horizon, is victorious by destroying the crocodile and the hippopotamus, which represent the powers of darkness.

This is a general statement. I should not make it if I could not go a little further. There is an astronomical test of its validity to which I must call attention. The effect of precession is extremely striking on the constellations near the pole, for the reason that the pole is constantly changing, and the changes in the apparent position of the stars there soon become very obvious. The stars in Draco were circumpolar, and could, therefore, have been destroyed (or rendered invisible), as the hippopotami were destroyed in the myth by the rising sun, about 5,000 years B.C.; and be it noted that at that time there was only one star in the Great Bear (or the Thigh) which was circumpolar. But at 2,000 years B.C. the stars in Ursa Major were the circumpolar ones, and the chief stars in the constellation Draco, which formed the ancient constellation of the Hippopotamus, rose and set; so that, if there is anything at all in the explanation of the myth which I have given, and if there is anything at all in the idea that the myth is very ancient and refers to the time when the constellation of the hippopotamus was really circumpolar, a time 7,000 years ago, we ought to find that as the myth existed in more recent times, we should no longer be dealing with Draco or the Hippopotamus, because Draco was no longer circumpolar.

As a matter of fact, in later times we get Horus destroying no longer the hippopotamus or the crocodile, but *the Thigh of Set*, and, as I have said, 2,000 years B.C. the Thigh occupied exactly the same position in the heavens with regard to the pole as the Hippopotamus or the Crocodile did 3,000 years before.

Thus, I think, we may claim that this myth is astronomical from top to bottom; it is as old, and probably rather older, than Naville thought, because it must certainly have originated in a period somewhere about 5,000 years B.C.; otherwise the constellation of the Hippopotamus would not have figured in it.

Here we may conclude our reference to the stars, which, in the latitude of Egypt, do not rise and set, or rather did not rise and set at the epochs of time we have been considering.

I have now to pass from the circumpolar stars to those which both rise and set. The difference between the two groups—those that do not rise and set and those which do—was fully recognised by the Egyptians, and many references are made to the fact in the inscriptions.

In order to keep the inquiry as simple as possible, let us consider the information that has come down to us regarding the rising of a star at the summer solstice, that is, the 20th of June, the longest day of the year. It is well known that this really was the most important time of the Egyptian year; as it marked the rise of the all-fertilising Nile. It was really New Year's day. It has been pointed out times without number that the inscriptions indicate that by far the most important astronomical event in Egyptian history was the rising of the star Sirius, which was called Sothis, at this precise time.

The astronomical conditions of the rising of this star have, fortunately for us, been most minutely studied both by Biot and, in much more recent times, by Oppolzer, and from their labours it seems to be abundantly clear that the rising of Sirius at the solstice was carefully watched certainly as early as 3,285 years B.C., according to Biot's calculations; and, further, that the rising of the same star was still studied in a relatively modern time—700 years B.C.—and even later still. At the earlier date its heliacal rising was observed, but in later times means had been secured of noticing its cosmical rising, because although it rose long before the sun on the longest day 3000 B.C., it rose *with* the sun on the same day in the later times referred to. This 'cosmical rising' observation was doubtless secured by the construction of their temples, as I shall show subsequently. We are, then, astronomically on very firm ground indeed. Let us, then, turn to the mythology.

In the inscriptions at Denderah we find the star Sirius represented by a cow in a boat. In the circular zodiac we have the cow in the boat, the point of the beginning of the year, and the constellation Orion so located as to indicate clearly that, at that time, the beginning of the year fell between the heliacal rising of Sirius and of the stars in Orion. Sirius was Isis-Sothis.

If we go to Thebes we pass, there, from the cow Isis-Sothis to Isis-Hathor, and there we find the mythology retains the idea of the cow, the cow gradually appearing from behind the western hills. There is not a doubt, I think, that the basis of this mythological representation was, that the temple which was built to observe the rising of the star at a time perhaps somewhat later than that given by Biot (3285 B.C.) was situated in the western hills of Thebes, so that Hathor, the goddess on which the light was to fall in the sanctuary, was imaged as dwelling in the western hills. At Philae we get no longer either Isis-Sothis or Isis-Hathor, but Isis-Sati. Here we get a first glimpse at the personification of a star.

If we study the inscriptions—and this, thanks chiefly to Mariette's magnificent book on Denderah, we can do—we find that they give out a very certain sound. Here is one of them:

She [*i.e.* her Majesty Isis] shines into her temple on New Year's Day, and she mingles her light with that of her father Rā on the horizon.

Here we have nothing more or less than a distinct and perfectly accurate statement relating to the cosmical rising of a star—*i.e.*, as I have before explained, of the sun and the star both rising at the same instant of time. Further, in the inscriptions the '*rising of Hathor*' is referred to quite distinctly. Everybody knows that 'Rā' means the sun, and therefore the rising of Rā is at once accepted by everybody as obviously meaning sunrise. But if we find 'Hathor' treated in the same way as the sun, then Hathor must be a celestial body rising like the sun. I consider this a very important conclusion to arrive at for many reasons. We must inquire somewhat further into the matter, and this brings us to consider the structure of an Egyptian temple. Let us take as a normal case one of the most majestic of them, that of Amen-Rā at Thebes. The point which I wish to make is, that we have in the main part of the temple, from one end right away to the other, where it is blocked, a passage which is gradually restricted by doors and so-called pylons—there are something like eighteen of them in this temple—so that the light from sun or star towards the rising or setting of which the temple may be directed falls through these apertures, to say nothing of the halls of magnificent columns, right into the sanctuary. The end of the temple which contains the sanctuary was always covered, so that the sanctuary itself was dark. In this way the Egyptians had, if they chose to use it, a most admirable arrangement for observing, with considerable accuracy, either the rising or the setting of any celestial body, whether it be sun or star, and especially one gets in that way a possibility of observing a cosmical rising, as the eye is shielded from the sunrise light, and the place of rising is completely indicated.

Since we are discussing the inscriptions at Denderah, let us see the relation of them to the actual facts at the time, studied from the temple point of view. We find a general plan of Denderah among the magnificent drawings which we owe to the French expedition of 1798. This shows the wall round the temple-space containing the temple of Hathor, the great temple; and the smaller temple of Isis at right angles to it. We find, roughly, that the great temple points to the north-east; the smaller temple of Isis points to the south-east. If, then, these temples were used for astronomical purposes, in the large temple of Hathor the rising of a star would be observed which rose pretty far up in the north-east, and in the temple of Isis a star might be observed which rose in the south-east.

These, then, are the main conditions of the temples at Denderah. But we can go a little more closely into them by referring to the map which accompanies Biot's memoir to which I have previously referred. He gives the axis of the temple pointing, not merely to

the north-east, but to 18° E. of N. Since the other temple lies at right angles to the great one, its direction is 18° S. of E.

Now, it is stated distinctly in the inscriptions that 'the place of the birth of Isis is to the north-west of the temple of Hathor; its portal is turned to the east.' We learn from this that the Isis temple was locally celebrated as the birthplace of Isis. We know its orientation exactly— 18° S. of E.—so that any celestial body which rose at that amplitude would shine upon any object enshrined in the sanctuary. The use of this idea of orientation depends of course upon the possibility of being able to determine the positions which the heavenly bodies occupied in past times. They are perpetually changing their places, the chief factor which we have to consider being precession, so that a star which rises due east now will not rise due east at some subsequent time, and did not rise due east at some previous time. If by any means it were possible to determine the distance of any star from the equator in bygone times we could, of course, quite easily determine the amplitude, or distance in degrees from the east point, at which it would appear to rise at any place on the earth's surface. If extreme accuracy is sought we must bear in mind that it is very rare that one gets a pure sea horizon; there may be hills here and there, and under those circumstances the rising would not be absolutely in the same amplitude as it would be if we were dealing with a sea horizon; refraction, too, has to be taken into account. Now, as a matter of fact it is practicable and easy to determine the declinations of the stars in past times, and therefore the point at which they rose at any place. In the case of Sirius, to take an instance, the conditions are such that, owing to the precessional movement, the distance of the star from the equator has been gradually lessening from the earliest times. Its declination in 8000 B.C. was 50° S., and it became something less than 18° S. in A.D. 1000.

Taking that condition of change in the case of Sirius, given its declination—from which it is easy to determine the amplitude—and given the conditions at Denderah, viz. that we are not dealing with a sea horizon, the hills being practically between 1° and 2° high, we find that the temple of Isis at Denderah really pointed to Sirius at the date of 700 B.C., which is the date Biot found for the construction of the zodiac in the temple of Osiris.

That is an absolute astronomical demonstration of the fact that the 'rising of Hathor,' which is referred to mythologically in the inscriptions given by Mariette, was the rising of Sirius; that the star which 'shone into the temple and which mingled her light with the light of her father Rā,' was really the star Sirius. We get the most absolute demonstration of the fact that mythologically the star Sirius was Hathor.

(Now, the curious thing is that when one goes to Denderah one

JAMAICA RESURGENS

It is difficult to describe tropical nature in its luxuriance of wanton growth—knowing no period of rest in its untiring production—and to bring home to the dwellers in a temperate zone, a vegetation the leaves of which are more brilliant than their flowers, and plants which perpetuate throughout the whole year the passing tints of their autumn.

The forests in Jamaica clothe the hill sides with enormous leaves of strange forms, and mighty cotton trees, and trees flowering in their due seasons, relieve the monotony of foliage, while Nature, seemingly jealous of her own handiwork, chokes the whole with a tangled mass of intertwining creepers, and a species of *figus* called 'the Scotch attorney' strangles in its embrace many a stately tree. Nature feeds on nature overhead in many kinds of parasitical vegetable life. Various forms of ferns and the beautiful weeds of the tropics cover the ground, and above the sylvan mass rise graceful palms, their leaves swayed by every breeze.

Perhaps, as at the 'Bog Walk' (a vile Anglicism of the Spanish 'Boca del Agua'), a river of clearest water winds its way, now broken into silvery spray in its rocky bed, now resting in some pool of azure blue, and completes the picture with that loveliness which water can alone give to landscape. Scarcely discernible from the 'bush' are the cultivated patches of coffee and chocolate plants, shaded by bananas and the beautiful bread-fruit trees, while the weeds in their unchecked growth seem to deny the truth in this climate that by the sweat of his brow shall man till the soil. But why should man toil when by the curse or blessing of Providence (let philosophers decide) existence is possible without the necessity of labour, and fruits for his support are everywhere, and at all seasons, for the picking?

Certainly we must acknowledge the wisdom, goodness, and beneficence of creation in the adaptation of God's works to the requirements of circumstances, when we look at the 'whistling bean' and the 'gwango.' The foliage of these trees affords the grass an impenetrable shade and shelter by day from the scorching sun, and at night the trees close their leaves, appearing leafless, and allow the dew to fall with its lifegiving and refreshing nourishment. I do not know in what spirit we must accept the fact, that the same land which gives

dates of the festivals which were kept in Greece from periods ranging from 1,300 years B.C. to times more recent.

With regard to the change of cult. On this point there should be no difficulty. We go to Constantinople and see Mahomedans worshipping in St. Sophia; we go to Greece or Sicily and find Christian worship in a good many of the old temples. Thus the change of cult in Egypt, which I claim to have demonstrated on astronomical grounds at Denderah, is a thing with which we are perfectly familiar nowadays. The great point, however, is that in Egypt the change of cult depended upon astronomical change, depended purely and simply upon the precession of the equinoxes. We gather from this an idea of the wonderfully continuous observations which were made by the Egyptians of the risings and settings of stars, because, if the work had not been absolutely continuous, they would certainly never have got the very sharp idea of the facts of precession which they undoubtedly possessed, and it is also, I think, pretty clear that future astronomical study will enable us to write the history of those changes which are now hidden by that tremendous mythological difficulty, which has not yet been faced. That, of course, is not the only difficulty, because the question is clouded by the absence of authentic dates and the perpetual reference to the past which is met with in all the monuments. The Egyptians were much more anxious to bring back to knowledge what happened 1,000 years before than to give an idea of the current history of the country.

We may, therefore, now consider that we have astronomically determined the fact that 'her Majesty of Denderah' was really the star Sirius, and we can pass from Denderah to the temple of Hathor at Thebes. The general plan of Thebes prepared by Lepsius indicates the orientation of the temple of Dir el Bahari to which I refer, the temple in the western hills of Thebes. There is also another temple annexed to the temple of Amen-Rā which received the light of Sirius in former years. These temples were, in all probability, intended to observe the same star which was subsequently observed in the temple of Isis at Denderah. Some of the most beautiful temples at Philæ were really temples oriented to Sirius, which star there, instead of being called Hathor, was called Sati.

The study of orientation supplies us with other rising stars besides Sirius, and indeed, although the date given by Biot for the first heliacal rising of Sirius at the solstices—3285 B.C.—seems a very remote one, there is a very great probability that another star was previously used, because before that time it was conveniently situated to give warning of the sunrise at the solstices, as Sirius was subsequently. The worship would be kept up after the utility had gone.

It will be generally understood that in an inquiry of this kind there are very many difficulties, chiefly depending upon the un-

certainty of the building dates, and also upon the fact that in the case of many of the temples in Egypt we have no knowledge of the tutelary divinity. Nor is this all; for a great many temples no observational data exist; they have not been properly measured—that is, we do not know exactly in what direction they point or what their amplitudes are, and further, we do not know anything of the horizon at the temple building, so as to be able to make the necessary corrections due to heights of hills. But, in any case, enough has certainly been done already to show that, in all probability, we have here an astronomical basis for much of the mythology, so that students in the future will be able to do for other goddesses what the researches relating to the temple of Denderah have, I think, allowed us to do for Hathor.

Next, to attempt to get a step further in the domain of mythology, I assume that it is agreed that we have arrived at the certain conclusion that the goddess Hathor personified a star, Sirius, rising at the dawn.

I will begin by taking a certain group of goddesses.

1. *There is evidence that many of the goddesses under discussion personified stars in exactly the same way that Hathor personified Sirius.*

There is a well-known temple at Thebes, the temple of Mut, from the orientation of which we know that Sirius was not in question. We do not know exactly, but it looks very much as if the temple of Mut was really aligned to the same star that the old temple of Hathor at Denderah was pointed to.

If we leave Thebes for the moment and consider the pyramid region of Ghizeh, we find that the temples there, which are associated with each of the pyramids, are also not oriented to Sirius; but yet they are temples of Isis, pointing due east; therefore they could not have pointed to the same Isis worshipped at Denderah. Quite recently there has been excavated near the sphinx a temple undoubtedly of Osiris, pointed due west, and built just as strictly in relation to the second pyramid as the temple of Isis. The temple of Isis is in an exact line running through the centre of the pyramid. The temple of Osiris is built so that its axis prolonged passes along the face of the pyramid, so that the sunset could be seen without being interfered with by the pyramid. Of course the sunrise could be seen from the temple of Isis, because the temple was built on the east side of the pyramid. There has been a covered way found connecting the temple of Isis with the temple of Osiris. Thus, in the case of the temple of Mut at Thebes, and the temple of Isis at the pyramids, obviously different stars were in question, whatever the mythology may be.

2. *There is evidence that many of the names of these goddesses are pure synonyms.* That is to say, we have the same goddess (or

the same star) called by different names in different places, and associated with different animal emblems, in consequence of the existence of different totems in different nomes. For instance, let us take the goddess Mut and note how she was symbolised. In one form she is a hippopotamus; in another she has a cow's horns and disc. The temple of Hathor at Denderah was probably associated with the crocodile, or the hippopotamus, so that, from the symbolism referred to, we get the suggestion that the goddess Mut was really the Theban form of the goddess Hathor at Denderah. There is another delineation which shows that even more clearly. It is a drawing of the goddess with both the lion's and crocodile's head. One of the most wonderful things to be seen at Thebes is that marvellous collection of the statues of Sekhet in the temple of Mut, all of them lion-headed. From all the evidence of this kind we get a clear indication of the fact that Apet, Mut, Taurt, Sekhet, were the same goddesses under different names, and I may add that they, in all probability, symbolised the star γ Draconis.

3. *All these goddesses have a special symbol.* Hathor wears the cow's head and the horns with the disc. Taurt, the hippopotamus goddess, is also represented with horns and disc. The horns and disc are also worn by Sati and Rā-t, the wife of the sun-god Rā, and other goddesses might be added to the list.

The suggestion is that Isis is, *par excellence*, the goddess represented in this way, and that she symbolised generically a rising star; therefore all the goddesses so symbolised are either different forms of Isis or represent goddesses who personify or bring before us mythologically other stars, the rising of which was observed at the dawn at some time of the year or another.

4. *Many of the goddesses are represented as Isis nursing Horus.* It is very important not to forget that stars were chiefly observed rising in the dawn, and that mythologically such an event was represented by the Egyptians as Isis, the rising star, nursing Horus, the rising sun. The sun was supposed to be a youth in the morning; to be very young, therefore, at the moment of rising, and the goddess Isis was supposed to be then nursing him. Many of the goddesses are thus portrayed. I may mention Renent, Selk, Rā-t, Amen-t, as instances. Thus I hold that we get in this series of goddesses the statement put mythologically that certain stars to which the goddesses were sacred rose heliacally at some time of the year or another. Of course the record is far from complete, and probably it will be made more complete when inquiries are made from this point of view. The original symbolism is that Isis is a star rising in the dawn, watching over the sun or taking him from his cradle, and the young Horus, the rising sun, is, of course, the son of Isis. We have here a very early edition of the Virgin and Child.

These and other facts may be brought together in a diagrammatical form, to show what apparently the complete mythology of Isis meant.

ISIS = ANYTHING LUMINOUS TO THE EASTWARD HERALDING SUNRISE

DAWN	MOON	SIRIUS (After 3000 B.C.)	γ DRACONIS (Before 3000 B.C.)	α COLUMBÆ (Before 3000 B.C.)	DOUBTFUL (Probably late)
Isis	Isis	Isis	Isis	Tekhi	Anouqa
		Hathor (cow)	Hathor (hawk and hippopotamus)	Amen-t	Selk
		Sati	Maut (vulture)		Hak
		Rā-t	Sekhet } Lion or Bast } cat		Hak-t
			Menkh		Heguet
			Tafnet		Maloul
			Apet		
			Neith		
			Nebun		

It will be seen that we are not dealing merely with a rising star. Let us take the general statement that Isis meant anything to the eastward heralding sunrise. We know that Isis in some cases symbolises the dawn, in other cases the noon. We have now to deal with evidence to show that Isis certainly represented Sirius at Denderah, and that the synonyms of Isis are Hathor, Seti, and Rā-t. We know also from what has been stated that another Isis represents γ Draconis, probably some time before 3000 B.C., as Sirius was in question after that time, and synonymous with that Isis are the Hathor with the hippopotamus (not the cow), Mut with a vulture, and others.

Then, also, we get another form of Isis (referring, it is possible, to the star α Columbæ) before even Sirius was used, so that we have a northern star and a southern star observed at the same time—the two eyes of Rā. The other goddesses, which have not yet been worked out, probably refer to one or other of these stars, or to others which lie more to the south. These are represented rather in the temples above the First Cataract than in those below.

Lanzoni, in his admirable volumes on Egyptian mythology, gives us, not dealing with the matter from this point of view at all, *no less than twenty-four variants for Hathor!*

Now a word about the mythology of Horus. We begin with the statement generally made that Horus meant the young (or rising) sun. But the next table shows that Horus was something more than this. There is a remarkable figure which has set Egyptologists thinking a great deal. It is the combination of Horus and Set—a body of Horus with two heads, those of the hawk and jackal. If we put these facts into diagrammatic form we find that the condition of things is something like the following :—

HORUS - SUN, PLANET, OR CONSTELLATION RISING

SUN	PLANETS	CONSTELLATIONS	
Horus	Mars as • Hor-χuti (Laughing Horus) (Red Horus)	Orion Sah-Horus	Northern constellations Set-Horus.

The table shows that, although the Egyptians undoubtedly called the rising sun Horus, the planets and constellations rising were in certain cases called Horus too. Since the northern constellations were symbolised by the name of Set, the god of darkness, we should take Set-Horus to mean that the stars in the Dragon were rising at sunrise; if so, this symbolism must have been late. We do not get any individual star rising referred to as Horus; they were always considered as goddesses. Hence, Horus seems to include constellations, that is, groups of stars rising, but not single stars.

I have next to show that some of the gods symbolised setting stars. We already know that the setting sun became Osiris, Tmu, or Atmu, and that, whatever the names, they were all represented as mummies.

I have already pointed out that the temples of Osiris at the pyramids invariably point to the westward. But our special reference now is to stars. When we come to look for this mummy symbolism among the gods other than sun-gods (it is entirely and remarkably absent among the goddesses), we find Khons, Ptah, and Khem pictured as mummies, that is, they became a sort of Osiris. Supposing that these gods were worshipped, there would probably be temples dedicated to them; still, the absence of such temples would not be decisive, since they might have been destroyed. However, very fortunately for this inquiry, there are two temples still extant at Thebes known as the temples of Khons and Ptah. If there is anything, then, in the idea that there must be some relation with the western horizon in the case of these gods represented as mummies, these temples should point to the west. *They do point to the west.* Very fortunately, also, these temples have a pretty good history: that is, one knows, within some hundreds of years at all events, when they were founded. Therefore, by help of those astronomical methods to which I have previously referred, it is not difficult to get at the stars. They turn out to be a southern star—Canopus—in the case of the temple of Khons, and Capella in the case of the temple of Ptah. Now, there is another very important temple at Thebes. It is a temple without a name, at right angles to the temple of Mut. This also points to the west. Although the evidence is not complete it is extremely suggestive that this temple was dedicated to the god ~~Min~~ or Khem, and was oriented to the star Spica, so that at Thebes alone it looks as if the three gods represented by mummies, different

stellar forms of Osiris, Khons, Ptah, and Min, have all been run to earth in the three stars Canopus, Capella, and Spica.

Provisionally, then, we may hazard the assertion that the mummy form marks a setting star, as the horns and disc mark a rising one. We get the antithesis between Osiris and Isis. •

If my space were not exhausted I could show that the wonderful old-world myth of Isis and Osiris is astronomical from beginning to end, although Osiris in this case is not the sun but the moon. But I have not yet finished with the mummy form. The waning moon is also Osiris. It is supposed to be dying from the time of full moon to new moon. The Egyptians in their mythology were nothing if not consistent; the moon was called Osiris from the moment it began to wane, as the sun was Osiris so soon as it began to set. A constellation paling at sunrise was also Osiris!

I have previously noted the symbolism of Sirius-Hathor as a cow in a boat associated with the constellation of Orion. There is a point connected with this which I did not then refer to, but which is of extreme importance for a complete discussion of the question now occupying us. We get associated with the cow in the boat Orion as Horus, but in later inscriptions we get Orion as a mummy, that is to say, in the course of Egyptian history the same constellation is symbolised as a rising sun at one time and a setting sun at another. Now, that must have been so if the Egyptian mythology were consistent and rested on an astronomical basis. The next table gives a generalised statement with regard to Osiris, similar to those we have already considered for Isis and Horus, and it looks as if the mythology connected with Osiris is simply the mythology connected with any celestial body becoming invisible. We have the sun setting, the moon waning, a planet setting, stars setting, constellations fading at dawn. We see, therefore, that the Egyptian mythology was absolutely and completely consistent with the astronomical conditions by which they were surrounded; that, although it is wonderfully poetical, in no case is the poetry allowed to interfere with the strictest and most accurate reference to the astronomical phenomena with which they had to deal.

OSIRIS = ANY CELESTIAL BODY BECOMING INVISIBLE

SUN SETTING	MOON WANING	PLANET SETTING	STARS SETTING	BODIES PALING AT DAWN	
				Stars	Planets
Osiris :	Osiris	Venus as Osiris	Khons-Osiris	Sah-Osiris	Venus
			Ptah-Osiris		Star of Osiris
			Min-Osiris		

I can only, in conclusion, refer in the briefest way to the mythology relating to the yearly movement of the sun, in order to show that when this question is considered at all, if it helps us with regard to the mythology connected with the rising and setting of

bodies, it will as assuredly help us with regard to the mythology of the various changes which occur throughout the year.

We have in the Egyptian year really the prototype of our own. The Egyptians, thousands of years ago, had an almost perfect year containing twelve months, but instead of four seasons they had three, the time of the sowing, the time of the harvest, and the time of the inundation. Unfortunately, at one time in Egyptian history, the symbols seem to have got changed, so that what at one time were called the inundation months had the symbol attached to them, not of the water but of the sowing months.

Inscriptions at the temple of Edfu and elsewhere show that they had a distinct symbolism for each of the months. Gods or goddesses are given for ten months out of the twelve, and where we have not these, we have the hippopotamus (or the pig) and the jackal, two circumpolar constellations. I think there is no question that we are dealing here with these constellations, though the figures have been supposed to represent something quite different. The first month is dedicated, as we should have expected, to Sirius (Isis Sothis or Isis Hathor).

We have seen that with the daily motion of the sun are connected the myths of the twelve changes during the twelve hours of the day; the sun being figured as a child at rising, as an old man when setting in the evening. These ideas were also transferred to the annual motion of the sun. In Macrobius, as quoted by Krall, we find the statement that the Egyptians compared the yearly course of the sun also with the phases of human life.

Little child	=	Winter solstice
Young man	=	Spring equinox
Bearded man	=	Summer solstice
Old man	=	Autumnal equinox

With the day of the summer solstice the sun reaches the greatest northern rising amplitude, and at the winter solstice its greatest southern amplitude. By the solstices the year is divided into two approximately equal parts; during the one the points of rising move southwards, during the other northwards.

This phenomenon was symbolised by the two eyes of Râ, the so-called Uchats, which look in different directions. They appear as representing the sun in the two halves of the year.

I trust that I have shown so far as I can in a short article that there is, in all probability, a close connection between the mythology of the ancient Egyptians and the observations of bodies rising and setting, which they, like all the other early nations, had to make for the uses of their daily life. It will also, I think, have been perfectly clear that space has only permitted me to make two or three suggestions; I have by no means attempted to exhaust even any one of

the small number of subjects which I have brought forward, but if I have succeeded so far as I have gone, it will be abundantly evident that, if these inquiries are worth continuing, a very considerable amount of work has to be done. On the one hand, the astronomer must produce a table of the rising and setting conditions of the stars for periods far beyond those which have already been considered. The Germans have compiled a table of the places of a great many stars up to 2000 B.C., but to carry on this investigation we must certainly go back to 5000 B.C.; and while the astronomer is doing this, the Egyptologist on his part must look through the inscriptions with reference to the suggestions which lie on the surface of the inquiry. A very important part of that work will, I think, consist in arranging tables of synonyms like those to which I have referred in the case of the goddesses. My own impression is that this work will not really be so laborious as the statement of it might seem to imply. I have attempted to go over the ground during the last two years as well as my ignorance would allow me, and I have arrived at the impression that the number both of gods and goddesses will be found to be extremely small; that the apparent wealth of the mythology depends upon the totemism of the inhabitants in the Nile valley, by which I mean that each district had its own special animal as the emblem of the tribe dwelling in that locality, and that every mythological personage had to be connected in some way with these local cults.

After this work is done, it will be possible to begin to answer some of the questions very definitely, which I have only ventured to suggest in this article, and only from the astronomical side. It is important to insist upon this, as the gods of the Egyptian pantheon may have been many-sided in their origin and may have possessed earthly as well as heavenly relations. Thus, for instance, the inundation was Osiris, the black earth Isis; but whichever was the first idea, the terrestrial one or that I have discussed in this article, there is no disagreement between them. We have the land appearing from the earthly waters in one case, the sun and stars appearing from the celestial waters in the other; Isis still represents the idea of rising or becoming visible, Osiris of disappearing; we still have perfect consistency.

J. NORMAN LOCKYER.

*A JOURNEY TO ENGLAND IN
THE YEAR 1663*

I. THE TRAVELLER INTRODUCED.

AMONG the familiars of the French Embassy in the year 1663, when the Comte de Cominges represented the Grand Monarch at the British Court, was a thin, lean person, who belonged partly to the Church and partly to the world, a Protestant by birth and a Catholic by trade, named Samuel Sorbières, or de Sorbières as he preferred to be called. He was travelling in England to see the sights, to improve his knowledge, and to become better acquainted with the famous philosopher Thomas Hobbes, of Malmesbury.

Sorbières was then between forty and forty-five years of age. He was born at St. Ambroix in the diocese of Uzes; his father, his uncle (the then well-known Petit), all his family, were staunch Protestants, and so was Sorbières himself, to all appearance, during many years. He lived for a while at Paris, then in Holland, then at Orange, where he was appointed principal of the local college. His easy manners, easy speech, easy style in writing made him an agreeable correspondent and companion, and he became early in life acquainted with several of the best men of the day, exchanging letters with Gassendi, Father Mersenne, Hobbes, Saumaize. A number of epistles addressed to Saumaize are preserved in the National Library, Paris (MS. Fr. 3930); they treat of learned questions; they contain copies of recently discovered inscriptions; they are full of friendly assurances and respectful compliments to both M. and Madame de Saumaize.

Sorbières had, while young, studied theology, then medicine; then he had devoted himself wholly to the making of his fortune, for the improvement of which he allowed himself to be converted in good time to the Catholic faith.

I have heard (Guy Patin writes in 1653), that our old friend M. Sorbières, master of the college at Orange, has proved a turncoat, and has become a Roman Catholic. He was requested to do so by the Bishop of Vaison and by the Cardinals de Richi and Barberin. . . . Here are miracles such as are witnessed to-day; miracles, I say, of the political and economical, rather than the metaphysical,

order. He is a widower¹ and a clever fellow, but, sharp as he is, I wonder whether, with that new shirt of his, he will succeed in making his fortune at Rome, for the place swarms with hungry and thirsty people.

The thirst and hunger of Sorbières were of the keenest, and he took immense pains to assuage both. He journeyed to Rome, appealed to the King, wrote against the Protestants; but his want of character was against him; he only got temporary favours, small allowances, and unimportant livings. He did his best from year to year to ingratiate himself with Cardinal, King, and Pope; he neither failed nor succeeded entirely: from Mazarin he got little; from Louis XIV. he received the empty title of Historiographer Royal (1660) and, what was more to the purpose, a pension of a thousand livres; from Clement IX. he obtained a trifling gratuity, given once for all, and many kind words. His *déboire* on this last occasion was great. 'They give lace cuffs,' he said, 'to a man without a shirt!' As his disappointment lasted long he had time to circulate this consolatory witticism, to improve it and remodel it; several of the *variantes* such as, 'I wish they would send me bread for the butter they kindly provided me with,' have been preserved by his friend Graverol.²

Before his journey to England, Sorbières was known to literary men principally by his translations. He had turned from Latin into French Sir Thomas More's 'Utopia,' Hobbes's 'De Cive,' Bates's 'Elenchus motuum nuperorum in Anglia.'³ He had also written a few essays, letters, and discourses, on philosophical, medical, theological, and other subjects. Hobbes had been greatly pleased with Sorbières's translation. 'The book' (i.e. the 'De Cive'), he said, in his *Five Lessons to the Professors of the Mathematics*, 1656, 'translated into French, hath not only a great testimony from the translator Sorberius, but also from Gassendus and Mersennus.' He began with Sorbières a correspondence in Latin, in which he apostrophises him as '*clarissime charissimæque, amicissime, eruditissime*' &c. And he went even farther, as he dedicated '*viro clarissimo et amicissimo Samueli Sorberio*,' his '*Dialogus physicus de natura aeris*,' addressing to him a very characteristic and pungent letter in which, according to his wont, he loudly complains of everything and everybody, but concludes with the kindest appeal to his correspondent, saying: 'Let us live as long and as well as we can, and let us love each other—Vale.'

The desire of having some talk with Hobbes was among the main

¹ Sorbières had married, while in Holland, a Frenchwoman called Judith Renaud; they had a son, Henry, who, after the death of his father, caused a part of his papers to be published.

² In the biography he published as a preface to the *Sorberiana*, Toulouse, 1691.

³ *Les vraies causes des derniers troubles d'Angleterre, abrégé d'Histoire, où les droits du Roy et ceux du Parlement et du peuple sont naïvement représentés*. Orange, 1653. 8vo. This is often given as an original work of Sorbières, though in his dedication he himself states that he translated it at the request of the Count de Dhona.

motives which induced Sorbières to undertake the journey that was to make him for a short while famous all over Europe in the literary and diplomatic world, and to give him his *minute d'immortalité*.

II. SORBIÈRES'S JOURNEY

Sorbières spent the summer of 1663 in England. He had long conversations with Hobbes; he went to the play, dined at the French Embassy, was presented at Court, visited Oxford, drove to Hatfield, was present at a sitting of the Royal Society, and, when he had come back, wrote at the request of the Marquis de Vaubrun Nogent an account of all he had seen. The book appeared in 1664^{*} and raised a storm; the author was refuted, confuted, and exiled; diplomatic despatches were exchanged on his account and apologies offered; the English Court and the Danish Court and the French Court were in a state of commotion; the *litterati* on the three sides of the North Sea flew to their pens and made a stand against the invader; even gentlemen belonging to the Church wrote in unchristian language on the subject.

The book and man which created so much uproar have fallen since into oblivion. Whenever by any chance they are alluded to, it is always with a remembrance of the quarrel, and the *Relation d'un voyage en Angleterre* is usually mentioned as being a book of slander on the English nation, and nothing more. But it is something more.

Sorbières's first impressions on landing had not been very good; his companions' luggage had been stormed, it seems, by intrusive porters, and street arabs had pestered them with uncomplimentary apostrophes. The same thing, he philosophically observes, happens in all countries; in England it happens thus: As soon as Frenchmen land, 'boys run after them, shrieking: "A mounser, a mounser!" i.e. au monsieur! by way of insult. Little by little, as travellers excite the boys by their very efforts to push them away or to stop their noise, the said boys rise to: "French dogs, French dogs!" Such is the honourable name by which we are known in England—in the same way as we go by the name of *mouchérons* (gnats) in Holland; both being less hard than the *matto Francese* (mad French) with which the rabble favours us in Italy.' For such inconveniences Sorbières considers that the travellers themselves are in a great measure responsible. 'We make too much noise,' he says; 'our agitation is considered indiscreet; they deem it ridiculous and they show it as I have said. Our behaviour is the very reverse of theirs; they are phlegmatic and quietly suffer everybody to do exactly as they like.' This being once understood, no unpleasantness need

^{*} *Relation d'un voyage en Angleterre, où sont touchées plusieurs choses qui regardent l'estat des sciences, et de la Religion et autres matières curieuses, Paris, 1664, in 8vo.*

be expected if no notice be taken. Sorbières himself met with a better treatment at Dover than it had been his fortune to find anywhere else. But his companions were greatly 'déconcertés.' For 'as soon as they appeared on the wharf, the noise they made with their servants drew a mob, which accompanied them to their lodgings with strange howls.' They took it unkindly; dogs took part in the fray; stones were thrown, and the militia had to interfere.'

From Dover to London, by way of Canterbury and Rochester, Sorbières is constantly on the look-out, and writes 'in praise of the English landscape, and especially on the beauty of the English grass, words which ought to have mollified the heart of his censors.'

The country is undulating, and rises and falls into hills and little valleys covered with an evergreen mantle. It even seemed to me that the grass had a finer hue than elsewhere, and was thinner. For this cause it is well fitted for the making of those parterres and sheets of grass so even that people play bowls on them as comfortably as they would on the cloth of some great billiard-table. As this is the usual amusement of gentlemen in the country, they have large stone cylinders which they cause to be rolled on the grass to keep it down. All the country is full of parks, very pleasant to see, with large herds of deer pacing them. . . . There are so many trees that even the cultivated land has the appearance of a forest when seen from some height, on account of the orchards and hedges with which the meadows and the fields are surrounded.

This will surely be considered an appreciative account, though of course a British-born subject—such a subject, for example, as Thackeray—might have spoken more warmly, as the author of 'Vanity Fair' did in his famous description of Dobbin's return from India: when the soldier passed 'by pretty roadside inns, where the signs hung on the elms, and horses and waggoners were drinking under the chequered shadow of the trees; by old halls and parks, rustic hamlets clustered round ancient grey churches, and through the charming friendly English landscape. Is there any in the world like it? To a traveller returning home it looks so kind—it seems to shake hands with you as you pass through it.'

Sorbières and his companions go through villages and towns. They notice that the windows are low and without shutters, 'which shows that the inhabitants do not fear insults nor revenge.' The build of the windows is peculiar: at Canterbury, and indeed

all over England they protrude and shape themselves into a sort of balcony, either polygonal or semicircular; they appear as so many little towers, and they give elegance to the outside of the houses when the eye has once become accustomed to them. The rooms are the more commodious for it and better lighted, and you can without being seen see what goes on in the street. With us, people see only what is just opposite them.

Analogous to the differences in the national windows, Sorbières might have observed, were the literatures of the two countries: windows to see just opposite, with logical straightness, in Racine;

polygonal or circular bay windows to see forward and backward, and all round, and attract attention this way and that way, and to let the mind wander along with comers and goers ('that living flood pouring . . . from eternity onwards to eternity,' says Teufelsdröckh) in Shakespeare. Not until the time of Victor Hugo and the romantic school was the use of bay windows fairly re-established in French literature.

From Gravesend to London 'dockyards are discovered on both sides of the road, and there is a swarm of carpenters who build ships. Ships of all sorts and of all ages are to be seen everywhere; their number is surprising.'

III. LONDON TOWN

Reaching town, Sorbières took lodgings in the Common Garden, and began his rambles in the capital, visiting it carefully, and, so to speak, street by street. Frenchmen, he considers, speak too disparagingly of it, the cause being that they do not know it well. The fact is (and he notes it with regret) that it is a larger town than Paris, but Paris possesses some other advantages, such as having a more numerous population. London has more houses and Paris more inhabitants, for in London there is only one family in each house. Furnished lodgings are, however, to be found, and they are not expensive, the cost being one crown (*écu*) per week.

I chose mine not far from Salisbury House, because I liked to be able to visit at any time Mr. Hobbes, who was living there with his patron, the Earl of Devonshire, two very rare persons, of whom more hereafter.

London town is adorned with a number of grand buildings, such as the new Exchange in the 'Strangh' (Strand). This is the place for mercers, 'and I need not say whether fine wares are to be found there, as well as pretty girls at the counters.' Lincoln's Inn Fields is pleasant to look at. Whitehall is a sorry medley of constructions of all epochs, but with a splendid banqueting hall (Inigo Jones's Banqueting Hall, with pictures by Rubens, now the Chapel Royal). The palace is beautifully situated near the river and the park. Two churches are to be noticed: one is Westminster Abbey, with its chapel of Henry VII. handsomely carved (*un ouvrage à roses*) and its royal tombs, 'which equal if they do not overmatch ours at St. Denis.' The other church is 'Paul's, for such is the unceremonious fashion in which this Saint's church is called.' The rest of the religious buildings consist of Protestant temples, very plain and without interest.

At Westminster, as well as on London Bridge, a remarkable sight is afforded by the heads of the late rebels stuck on the towers.

It is to be hoped that this sight will do as much to overawe evil-minded persons as the benedictions which have rained on the head of General Monk will encourage peace-loving, honourable, and loyal citizens.

The parks are large and fine. In St. James's Park the King has caused telescopes to be erected and Sorbières is allowed to use them and to contemplate Saturn with its ring and Jupiter with its moons. As for 'Eyparc' (*i.e.* Hyde Park), it has too many '*fiacres*,' and people who have their drive there turn round and round in endless gyrations, '*de sorte que cela se passe avec peu de galanterie.*'

Little '*galanterie*' is to be discovered, either, in the cooking practices of the nation.

The English are not appreciative of cooking, and the table of the greatest lord is covered only with large pieces of meat. Bisques and pottages are as good as unknown. . . . Pastry is heavy and ill-baked; compotes and japs are scarcely eatable; forks and ewers are not in common use; the washing of the hands is performed by a dipping of them in a basin full of water that is brought round to all the guests. Towards the end of the meal it is customary to smoke tobacco (*prendre du tabac en fumée*), and while so doing people continue their talk very long. Men of quality do not practice smoking so assiduously as men of the people, for a workman scarcely allows a day to pass without going to the tavern, there to smoke with some friend of his. For which reason taverns abound, and work progresses but slowly in the shops; a tailor, or a shoemaker, will leave his board, whatever be the pressure of work, and stroll to the public house of evenings. And as he comes home late and somewhat dizzy, he opens his shutters and begins work again scarcely before seven the following morning. Manufactured goods are the dearer for it, and a strange jealousy grows out of this towards French workmen, who are usually more diligent.

In their dining-rooms as well as in their taverns, British citizens indulge in political talk of a very free description. They are proud of their Parliament, which is a '*corps bigearre*'; and during the long hours they spend in smoking, they discuss public affairs, the new taxes, 'the chimney tax,' the state of the trade. Then they allow their fancy to carry them back to the time

when Oliver was there, and their fleets were so powerful, and they won glory on all the seas, and all the earth wanted their alliance, and the Republic flourished and received ambassadors from all countries.

Then they consider the present state of the country and they make, between the past and the present, comparisons which are nothing short of odious. They do not forbear saying what they think of the King himself; they are not unwilling to have one, but his rule must not press too heavily upon them. . . .

The theatres are well worth a visit; they are splendidly fitted up; the actors are excellent; the pity is that English dramatists have such contempt for the holy and mighty rule 'of the twenty-four hours.' Many characteristics are peculiar to England.

The best places are in the pit, where men and women sit together, each with their friends. The theatre is very fine and covered with green cloth; the stage is

all left to the actors;⁵ there are many perspectives and scene-shiftings. An orchestra plays and allows the audience to await without *ennui* the beginning of the performance; people go there early in order to hear the music. Actors and actresses are admirable, I am told, and so far as I could guess from their attitudes and pronunciation. But the plays would not meet with the same applause in France as they obtain in England. The poets despise uniformity of place and the rule of the twenty-four hours. They write comedies that are supposed to last twenty-five years; and when they have shown you the marriage of a prince in the first act, they exhibit without any interval the fine deeds of his son, and they lead him far away to many lands. They pride themselves above all upon their good rendering of the various passions, vices, and virtues, and in this they succeed rather well. . . . Their comedies are in *prose mesurée* (i.e. blank verse), which is nearer the ordinary language than our verses. They cannot conceive that it is not a teasing trouble to have the same cadence constantly striking on one's ear. They pretend that to hear for two or three hours Alexandrine verses, with the regular *cæsura* stop, cannot be considered either very natural or pleasant. It must be confessed that this way of speech is as far from real life, and by consequence from what is to be represented, as the Italian custom of acting comedies in music (i.e. operas) outdoes the extravagance of our own habits. But it is better not to discuss tastes, and we must leave everybody to follow his own bent.

So great, indeed, is the difference between English and French plays that Sorbières would bring home some samples of the former to show to his friends at Paris as travelling curiosities. What he chose to take with him was neither the first folio of Shakespeare, nor old Ben's works, nor Davenant's romantic plays; but of all works and of all dramatists a volume lately published by 'dear Margaret Newcastle,' as Charles Lamb was fond of calling her, 'un volume que la marquise de Nieucastel a composé.' He took at the same time with him three volumes of the poetical, political, and philosophical works of this lady, and his friends in France could not but admire the '*bel esprit*, good sense and eloquence' of which, he says, they are full.

Other sights attract crowds in London; foremost among them the fights of what Sorbières calls 'Gladiateurs'; but we shall pass them over, for, as he says, they have '*quelque chose de bien furoushe*,' and we must go back and mix with polite society and learned men.

London town is not famous only for its buildings, but also for its *men*; it is pre-eminently '*magna virum*.' Towering above all the rest in the estimation of Sorbières and of many others, the great Mr. Hobbes, of Malmesbury, was there to be seen.

The first thing I did when I reached London was to go and visit Mr. Hobbes. . . . I had not seen him for fourteen years; I found him little altered. He was sitting in his room in the same posture which he always took in the afternoon when he lived in Paris; for he spent that time of the day in studying after he had been walking all the morning. He acted thus for the benefit of his health, which

⁵ The French stage had not been reformed yet in this respect: 'Il y a à cette heure une incommodité épouvantable à la comédie; c'est que les deux côtés du théâtre sont tout pleins de jeunes gens assis sur des chaises de paille' (Talleyrand, *Historiette CDXXXVI*). Cf. Molière, 'J'étais sur le théâtre, en humeur d'écouter,' *ibid.* (*Les Fâcheux*, 1.1 (1661)).

he rightly deemed the first thing to be considered. For the same cause, and though he is now seventy-eight, he has altered his rules in one only item, adding each week a game at tennis, which he continues until he has to stop out of sheer exhaustion. He is little altered in his face, and not at all in what concerns the vigour of his mind, the strength of his memory, and the mirthfulness of his temper, which he has preserved in their entirety.

The King favours him greatly :

His Majesty showed me his portrait by the hand of Coper in his cabinet of natural and mechanical curiosities. He asked me whether I knew that person and what I thought of him. I answered as I should, and we agreed that if he had been a little less dogmatical, he would have been very useful as a member of the Royal Society. . . . He has frightened, I do not know how, the clergy of his country and the mathematicians of Oxford and their followers. For which reason, his Majesty told me, that he looked very much like a bear baited by dogs.

Many other philosophers, thinkers, and inventors are to be met in London ; and, indeed,

in all times England has produced excellent minds, who have addicted themselves to an earnest study of natural sciences. Had the country produced in this line but Gilbert, Harvey, and Bacon, it would be enough for her to compete with France and Italy, who had Galileo, Descartes, and Gassendi. But to speak truth, Bacon the Chancellor rose above all the others by the vastness of his ideas.

No one did so much for physical science and so powerfully incited people to make experiments. Private persons, however, do nothing but ruin themselves in such attempts, and, before success could be reached, it was necessary to wait until princes and lords had acquired a taste for things of this sort. The Commonwealth, Sorbières observes, came in good time to give leisure to princes ; they began studying sciences ; 'even the King did not neglect them, and he has acquired a knowledge at which I was surprised when I was received by his Majesty.' The proof Sorbières gives of Charles's scientific tastes show, however, as might have been surmised, that the monarch was fond of curiosities and *lusus naturæ*, but did not trouble himself very gravely about the solution of higher problems.

Of a more serious nature were Sorbières's conversations with another friend of his, M. de Montconis, the well-known traveller and savant, who made him *au fait* with all the more recent discoveries. Sorbières is thus shown an instrument which marks 'the changes in the atmosphere' and registers them with a pencil. He receives an account of a deaf and dumb person whom Mr. Wallis, of Oxford, has taught to read. He is let into the secret of a new plan to *pétarder*, i.e. blow up ships at sea. He sees a machine newly invented by the Marquis of Worcester 'which, being set in motion by one single man, will raise to a height of forty feet, in one minute, four great buckets full of water.' He becomes acquainted with members of the Royal Society ; he is admitted to one of their sittings and he is filled with admiration by their learning as well as

by their modesty. 'These excellent men are full of high thoughts, and they put in practice with great cleverness what they have conceived in their mind.'

The Royal Society, or, as Sorbières calls it, the Académie Royale, was then in its early youth, having received its charter only the year before. It held its sittings in Gresham College every Wednesday, in a street which our traveller is pleased to call 'la Rue Biscop Getstriidt.'⁶ 'The hall of assembly is a large one, all wainscoted. There is a long table before the chimney, with seven or eight chairs covered with grey cloth and two rows of wood benches, all bare, with a *dossier*; they are arranged so as to rise amphitheatre-wise. . . . The President sits in the middle of the table in an arm chair, with his back to the chimney; the secretary sits at one end, on the left; they have an inkstand and some paper before them. I saw nobody on the chairs. I suppose they were reserved for men of high rank or for those who have to come and speak to the President on certain occasions. All the other academicians sit anywhere and without ceremony; and when one of them comes in when the sitting has begun, no one moves; the President nods to him and he sits down quickly on the first seat, in order not to interrupt the speaker. The President has a little wooden mace in his hand with which he knocks on the table when he wants silence. . . . Speakers are never interrupted, and those who disagree do not carry the discussion to a point, nor use a tone, that might be considered disobliging. Nothing more civil, more decent, and better conducted than this assembly as I saw it can well be conceived.'

Of all this Sorbières judged as best he could by the tone of the speeches and the manner of the speakers, and by hints which friends gave him as to the purport of the discussion. For we need not say that he did not understand a word of English; nobody did in his time. His main resource, when his learned acquaintances did not speak French, was Latin, but even this did not prove very satisfactory, for 'the English pronounce Latin with a peculiar accent which renders it no less difficult to understand than their own language.'

IV. OUT OF TOWN

Before leaving England Sorbières resolved to see two very characteristic sights: namely, one of the Universities and a *château*. He accordingly took a '*carrosse*' and drove to Oxford. The drive was performed in two days.

We were warned against highwaymen; I thought at first that they mentioned them out of pride, to show that London was nothing behind Paris in this respect. But I heard that there was some truth in the statement, and that highwaymen do make their appearance from time to time.

⁶ By which he means 'Bishopgate Street.'

They live, however, under difficulties, and country people chase and destroy them mercilessly.

At Oxford, Sorbières is shown all over the place by Mr. 'Lockey,' a 'sharp and learned professor,' who lives at 'Christ College.' He visits, with the help of this guide, college after college, 'the meanest of which is scarcely inferior to the Sorbonne.' He greatly admires the Bodleian Library, St. John's College, and Brasenose.

There is one college where I saw a big bronze nose above the door, similar to a mask of *Polichinelle*. I was told that the place was called on this account the College of the nose, and that within its walls John Duns Scot had lectured in his time, to commemorate which event a reproduction of his nose had been stuck above the door.

In his rambles about Oxford Sorbières meets Dr. Wallis, who, being the adversary of Hobbes, is very severely handled by the traveller. Wallis is confessed to be very learned indeed, but his manners are rough and uncivil; he has '*bien moins que M. Hobbes du galant homme*.' He wears on his head a not unknown sort of coiffure, by which, however, M. Sorbières seems to have been deeply struck.

You should see him (he says), with his flat cap on his head, as if he had covered his portfolio with black cloth and sewed it to his *calotte*. Such a sight would have inclined you to laughter as much as the appearance and courtesy of my friend Mr. Hobbes would have bred in you esteem and affection for him.

The *château* which Sorbières visited is called by him 'Achtfields' (Hatfield). He is taken there by the Earl of Devonshire, the pupil of Hobbes; 'the distance from London is eighteen miles'; they go and dine there and come back in the same day, performing the journey *à toute bride*.

Hatfield is a delightful place:

The eye meets on all sides woods, meadows, and hills and vales. . . . I rarely ever saw a more agreeable solitude. The castle is built in brick, with several turrets covered with lead and slates. There are three base courts, in the first of which are the stables and the menagerie. When you reach the place from the main avenue on the park side, and when all the gates of the courts are open, you discover beyond the architectural foreground endless alleys cut straight to the other extremity of the park. The castle looks prodigiously gay, and the inside is magnificent. I numbered fifteen rooms on the same floor very well furnished, also a gallery and a chapel. We dined in a hall which overlooks a grass *parterre* with two fountains and espaliers on the sides, and a balustrade opposite with flower-pots and statues on it. From this *parterre* you are led down to another by two flights of twelve or fifteen steps each, and then to a third.

There is a large *parterre d'eau*; then a meadow with troops of deer, and then hills covered with a wood, which close the horizon. There are a variety of kiosks and bowers, so pretty, so fine, overlooking such a clear and pure course of water that, suddenly growing lyrical, Sorbières goes on to describe

the little fishes which come in their thousands to enjoy so many delights; they try to leave their own element, and they jump out of the water as if wanting to contemplate all I have just described.

Hatfield, in a word, is an 'enchanted place.'

V. SORBIÈRES'S 'IMPRESSION D'ENSEMBLE'

Taken altogether Sorbières's conclusions are rather fair and modest. If we except some very unlucky *boutades*, his general impression is greatly in favour of the nation he had been visiting. He honestly acknowledges that many things are against him for giving a reliable judgment. He has seen, it is true, the King and the Court; he has moved about as much as he could, paid visits in the country, spoken with people of all sorts, and kept his eyes well open. But his stay has been too short; his ignorance of the language has been very much against him, so that some of his strictures are, he confesses, only from hearsay. 'Though I took all possible trouble, I do not persuade myself that I have gone to the bottom of affairs nor understood a nation whose temper is very singular and uneven. I report things as they *appeared* to me; not, it may be, as they are in the *vérité des choses*.'

In his summary of the defects and qualities of the nation (among the former of which he notices a tendency to idleness, presumption, and 'quelque sorte d'extravagance de pensée qui se remarque même dans leurs plus excellents écrits') the part allotted to praise is no small one.

I find in them a something that is great and reminds one of ancient Rome. . . . They have a deep love for their country; they are strongly united against foreigners; they are intrepid in danger.

They have, indeed, a propensity to scorn all the rest of the world; this blameable tendency is mainly caused by the extraordinary resources afforded by their own country, which

lacks neither iron, nor stone, lead, tin, coal, plaster, wood, corn, vegetables, meadows, oxen, sheep, horses, game, pasture land, springs, and rivers, nor plenty of fine sights, nor industry to turn all these into use. . . . with the ocean round them to prevent other nations from coming to trouble their felicity.

Thinking thus of the nation at large, and considering that some *boutades* here and there would be counted as nothing, Sorbières when he had come back to his country did not hesitate to write and publish an account of what he had seen, with results which were not long in following and which surprised him not a little.

VI. SORBIÈRES PUBLISHES HIS BOOK. THE CONSEQUENCES OF THE DEED

Sorbières's book was printed at Paris in 1664; the dedication to the King is dated December 12, 1663; the *achevé d'imprimer* is of

May 16, 1664. A storm, extraordinary in its violence was at once raised by the work.

The jealousy between France and England was then keener than ever; there was, as the phrase is, no love lost between the two countries, which phrase plain Mr. Pepys plainly wrote in different words, thus, 'we do naturally hate the French.' Of that hate the Sun-King, for reasons of his own, would have none. The thing he wanted then above all others, the plan nearest and dearest to his heart, was a close alliance and union with the British kingdom. A number of sacrifices which, under different circumstances, he would have never dreamed of making counted for nothing if only he could reach his most cherished goal. In such a cause to give up some Sorbières or other was for him no sacrifice, and his decision would depend, not on what was in the book, but on what would be thought of it in England.

It was unlucky for Sorbières that his performance was very badly received in London. In the jealous mood of the nation, the nearest excuse was wanted for recriminations, and Sorbières afforded many. All he had said of the Roman temper of the English and of their manifold virtues and glories was as nothing; his *boutades* and some slanderous remarks—not even always his own—but mostly reported, were alone regarded. The outcry was especially loud because of his language concerning the Chancellor. What he had said was nothing more nor less than this:

My lord Hidde is a man of the law, an advocate by profession; he understands the legal procedure well, but he knows little of other things; he is ignorant of the *belles lettres*. He is said to be Presbyterian in his character, and to want distinction in his mind (*il a l'esprit populaire*). He is a good-looking man, with an agreeable presence; he is about sixty; he has the honour to be father-in-law to the Duke of York, which is, may be, one of his crimes in the eyes of the Earl of Bristol and of the people.

This picture of the Prime Minister was declared to constitute in itself an unbearable and unpardonable offence. King and Court and Chancellor rose against Sorbières. To add to the author's misfortunes, he had, towards the end of his volume, without any object, introduced a story of the Danish King and the Count Ulefeld, which made him obnoxious to the Danish as well as the English Court.

His fate was soon settled. On the 9th of July, 1664, the King being at Fontainebleau, an edict of the Council of State was issued 'against a book entitled *Relation* (&c.) written by the Sieur de Sorbières, to the disadvantage of the English nation and of the King of Denmark.'

The edict itself condemns in no measured terms a work

in which the author, under the pretence of recounting with complete simplicity what he has seen, takes the liberty to put forth a variety of things which are contrary to truth and detrimental to the English nation. He is so bold as to express himself calumniously concerning the personal qualities and the behaviour of one of

the principal ministers of the King of Great Britain, the said minister being deeply esteemed, considered, and beloved by his Majesty. . . .

The author is also guilty of some inconsiderate judgments bearing upon the conduct of the King of Denmark; and for all these

his said Majesty in his council, with the intent of showing publicly the displeasure he felt for this audacious and imprudent satire—the author of which has already been sentenced to banishment—has ordered and orders the said book . . . to be suppressed in all his kingdom and lands belonging to him, forbids all printers and booksellers to sell and publish the same under a penalty of five hundred livres, wills that all his subjects of whatsoever rank bring the copies they may possess to the office of their respective baillages and sénéchaussées, to be, as above said, suppressed. . . . Signed Louis, and lower, de Lionne, and sealed with the great seal of yellow wax, *sur simple queue*.

Very mournfully did Sorbières undertake his journey to Brittany, vainly protesting his innocence and good intentions. He stopped at Nantes and from thence wrote the most pressing letters to his friends in Paris to exculpate himself and to ask for their interference in his favour. Some are still extant; one directed to the famous Abbé de Pure, the *bête noire* of Boileau, is preserved in the original, at the National Library, Paris. In it Sorbières throws himself on his knees, beseeching the abbé to protect him and to set his numerous patrons in motion to procure the repeal of the decree; the said patrons being '*les plus honnêtes gens de la cour, du palais et des académies*.' A special appeal to '*les marquises*' is not forgotten. (Nantes, the 9th of August, 1664.)

While Sorbières was thus eating the bread of adversity, his book, though suppressed, continued to live, and as it was prohibited in France, foreign booksellers were not slow to seize their opportunity. A variety of editions was published, in French, in Italian, in English. Replies and imitations increased its repute, and, in most cases, increased also the ill-humour on both sides. Some of the replies were in French, such as the '*Observations d'un gentil-homme anglois sur le voyage d'Angleterre du Sieur Sorbières*' which has all the appearance of a work *de commande*. The author is loud in his praise of 'the Solomon of our century, the august King Louis XIV' and of Lionne, a minister without peer. The drift of the answer is that if Sorbières has discovered vices (as well as qualities) in the English nation, his opinion is an isolated one, and a number of authors are quoted to show that the French have never discovered, at any time, anything but virtue in their neighbours.

¹ Paris, 1664, 12mo. See also *Réponse aux faussetés et invectives qui se lisent dans la Relation du voyage de Sorbières en Angleterre*, Amsterdam, 1675, 12mo. It is an adaptation of Sprat's *Observations*. Also *A Journey to London in the year 1698 . . . written . . . by Monsieur Sorbières, and newly translated*, London, 1698, 8vo. The real author of this last work was William King: Sorbières at that date had been dead for twenty-eight years.

There were English answers, too, and these were couched in less measured language. For a while, owing to the interference of the French Ambassador, the Comte de Cominges, no replies were allowed to be printed, and Charles ordered the materials collected with this object to be brought to him and set aside. But at length the monarch's will was altered or overruled, and Thomas Sprat printed his *Observations on Monsieur de Sorbières's voyage into England*.—*Sed poterat tutior esse domi*, 1665 (another edition 1668). It is a wild, rambling pamphlet, written *ab irato*, the lapse of time having in no way cooled the anger of the author. Sprat is blinded by his passion; his answers in more cases than one defeat his own intentions, so much so that more actual praise of the English nation will be found in Sorbières's book than in Sprat's wild reply. Sprat acknowledges the fairness of Louis the Fourteenth; his treatment of Sorbières 'became the justice of so great a monarch,' and befitted the sins of the traveller. These sins are manifold; he is a man of an obscure birth, a turncoat (Sprat was forgetting his own 'Poem on the Death of Oliver, late Lord Protector,' 1659), a pedant, and an ass; his descriptions of the country are grotesque; the account (quoted above) he gives of Kent is worthy of 'the authors of *Clelia* or *Astrea*.' His pretence that the King and Court have a propensity to spend too much money, and that this causes discontent in the country, is monstrous; for everybody knows that Charles has greatly reduced the expenses of the Crown, and dismissed all useless persons that were wont to hang about Court, 'and those bloodsuckers have parted with their very food.' Sorbières's attack on Clarendon is a scandal; he pretends that the Chancellor is merely a 'man of the law.' This, surely, is bad enough, 'but the worst is still behind: *my lord Chancellor is utterly ignorant of the Belles-Lettres*.' Four pages are dedicated to a vindication of Clarendon's character in this respect. The description of Dr. Wallis's cap is considered a gross insult to the University and the nation at large. So blinded, indeed, had Sprat been by his anger that he makes the most curious mistakes in reading the French text of his opponent. When Sorbières complains that the Dutch irreverently call the French 'mouchérons,' Sprat declares that the French are nicknamed 'mushrooms.'

What Sorbières advanced concerning the English stage touched Sprat to the quick; the English not to know and properly revere the unities! This showed the man Sorbières was. . . . And not caring in the least what great men he was throwing overboard, and how detrimental, if true, his own strictures would have been to England, Sprat thus vindicates the drama of his country, That Frenchman, he says,

has confounded the reign of Charles the Second with that of Queen Elizabeth. 'Tis true, about an hundred years ago, the English poets were not very exact in such decencies; but no more than were the dramatists of any other countries.

The English themselves did laugh away such absurdities as soon as any, and for these last fifty years our stage has been as regular in those circumstances as the best of Europe. Seeing he thinks fit to upbraid our present poets with the errors of which their predecessors were guilty so long since, I might as justly impute the vile absurdities that are to be found in *Amadis de Gaul*, to Monsieur de Corneille, de Scudéry, de Chapelain, de Voiture, and the rest of the famous modern French wits.

Having thus dealt equal, if summary, justice to *Amadis* and to Shakespeare—Sprat goes on to remind his friend Dr. Wren that, discussing together, some day long before, what time they would have preferred to live in, they had agreed the time of Augustus would have been the best :

This, sir, was then our opinion ; but it was before the King's return. For, since that blessed time, the condition of our own country appears to me to be such that we need not search into ancient history for a real idea of happiness. . . .

Sprat was appointed canon of Windsor in 1680, dean of Westminster in 1683, and bishop of Rochester in 1684.

Long before this, however, Charles, who had not the defect of a sour temper, considered that poor Sorbières had paid enough for his insufficient appreciation of Clarendon's *Belles-Lettres*. He requested the French Ambassador to interfere in favour of the culprit, who was accordingly amnestied. Sorbières came back to Paris, went to Rome in 1667, where a portrait of him was made by the famous Audran, and continued, as vainly as before, his exertions to establish his fortune. Having become dropsical, with no hope of recovery (1670), he took laudanum, in order to 'stun himself' and not to suffer the pangs of agony ; and thus he died,—'too much as a philosopher,' says Moreri.

J. J. JUSSERAND.

MUSIC FOR THE MASSES

I know that the Past was great, and the Future will be great,
And I know that both curiously conjoint in the present time.

WALT WHITMAN.

TWELVE years have all but elapsed since the appearance in this review¹ of an article by the present writer, entitled 'Music and the People,' a subject on which many subsequent writers have found much to say. It is impossible to look back on the condition of things briefly glanced at in that article without a feeling of wonder at the rapid advance—one might almost say the entire transformation—which those ten years have brought about. People's concerts, popular singing-classes, choral performances, violin classes, the *nuclei* of orchestras to come in London, in the Provinces, in Scotland, in Wales—some of these were beginning in 1880; a few had already made considerable progress; more (and especially as far as London was concerned) were mere wild ideas. Since that time they have spread like prairie fire.

This great advance in musical culture is typified (in London again) by the rise or the development of the musical section of the People's Palace, of Institutes like the Bow and Bromley, and the Polytechnic, of some half-a-dozen really good and promising amateur orchestral and choral societies, and of innumerable smaller undertakings of a similar kind.

In short, if it cannot yet be said that every man is a musician, it still seems as if almost every coming man or woman was bound to be more or less of one. Important changes come about, for the most part, gradually, and to some extent unconsciously, but this one has been rapid, and so violent as to suggest the possibility of a reaction, while in the minds of some of its most active and ardent promoters certain obstinate questionings arise as to the ultimate results of the movement, the state of things which shall survive when the present passionate wave has spent itself and the flood has reached its height.

Into all the land the message of good tidings has been carried.

¹ *Nineteenth Century*, December 1880.

Music is its keynote and its theme. Music, the universal benefactress, knowing no respect of persons in the bestowal of her gifts; ignoring all restrictions of birth, of wealth, of sex, of nationality;—music, the true central language, the tie of freemasonry between strangers and aliens, fit type of the ideal commonwealth where individuals the most diverse work harmoniously together towards one glorious end!—music, the latest born of the arts, Heaven's especial gift to this town-ridden age, to the masses of mankind doomed by the march of civilisation to toil in cities, to people for whom the sights and sounds of Nature and the very feeling of God's fresh air are for ever to be luxuries, peeped at or guessed at for rare, brief intervals in a lifetime, no part of life itself!—Music, bless her! is not killed by crowds nor stifled by smoke. Subtle, impalpable, an element rather than an art, she is not to be holden of these things; she may suggest or recall Nature's visible beauties, but she herself is none of them, she is a soul to whose existence a body is not necessary.

To be apprehended of men, however, the spirit must assume a body, and this definite incarnation is musical art. As speech to thought, as pictorial Art to external Nature, is practical music to music the element. And for this outward and audible art-form music is dependent on human mediums, and those human mediums require a certain preparation to fit them for the reception and the transmission of their message. To some people, in whose natures musical sympathy is strong, this preparation comes easily, and almost unconsciously. But the great majority need a kind of acclimatisation before they can breathe and move freely in an element more or less strange to them, and this acclimatisation is what we know as 'musical culture.'

That in England—and in London especially—the last ten or fifteen years have made in the matter of musical culture a greater difference than did all the fifty years which preceded them seems undeniable. Perhaps it would be truer to say that many seeds sown in those preceding years, and little noticed while they germinated, have suddenly and simultaneously burst into blossom. Among the agencies which have been at work to bring about this result two stand out with special prominence. First and foremost, the great spread in this country of what is known as 'Tonic Sol-fa.' This statement implies no forgetfulness of what popular music owes to the late Mr. Hullah, who did for the cause all that could be done by a thorough enthusiast and born musician, gifted with a singular power of inspiring others.

The Tonic Sol-faists, however, have over him the vast advantage, first, of their system itself; secondly, of their practical methods of applying it. The best ways of imparting it are being constantly evolved, systematised, and improved by thoughtful men of eminent ability; men, too, who, looking at the subject from a high standpoint,

bring to bear on musical teaching all the most enlightened modern ideas in education generally, and do all they can to train their pupils in this art of instructing others.

In the Board Schools the great mass of British children are receiving such a thorough grounding in the elements of music as must remain with them through life. A good Tonic Sol-faist is a good theoretical and practical musician, and although a school-child's time of instruction may end before he has got beyond the earlier stages, still, what he does know is sound and sure, containing in itself, too, the principle of development. On the foundation thus laid he may build up what superstructure he will. There is no branch, no method of musical study but must be helped and facilitated by a preliminary knowledge of Sol-fa, because the system elicits and develops the student's intellectual faculties. It combines scientific accuracy and consistency with modes of expression the most direct and simple.

No wonder it has taken hold of the people! Indeed, this very simplicity in its appliances set some folk against it for a long time: it was thought that anything so cheap must also be nasty. But popular good sense has prevailed, and has been powerfully backed up by practical results wherever trial has been made. Few now would stand out against it, save certain of the ignorant among the upper classes, and professional musicians of a conservative type who, having arrived at the desired goal by other methods, think that these methods must be best for every one. These last have, as a rule, not mastered the system they oppose, having themselves no need for doing so, and fearing the unknown. The other people will come round when everyone else has done so, and they cannot help themselves. They will follow fashion. And this brings us to the second influence which has been at work. It is the kind of craze which, among the upper classes, has set in for music during the last twelve or fifteen years. Like many fashions, it has a good and a bad side; like all fashions it must be to some extent transient; but it is itself a result of deep, underlying causes, a hyperbolical expression of a half-felt truth, and it cannot but leave behind it some permanent results. It has brought to light much talent. It has given freedom and a new life to many who were debarred by social conventionalities from expansion or serious culture. On the other hand, it often confers on its favourites an undeserved if a passing celebrity, and has pitchforked into a career of concert-going and practice—painful practice—no small number of persons whom Nature never intended for it, and who will drop out of the ranks when the first rush is over. Most people have, however, some latent musical faculty, and this is capable of development. The notion has, at any rate, died out that it was effeminate for a man to play the piano, and impossible for a woman to play the violin. It is not so long since, in the upper

classes, no girl's education was considered even approximately complete without a large amount of pianoforte drill—music it shall not be called—while a certain proficiency in this respect was too often held to atone for the absence of all other culture. The violin, on the other hand, was held to be good only for men; perhaps we should restrict the term, and say, for fiddlers. Boys now and then learned a little of the instrument at school, a knowledge soon to be dropped and forgotten. The difference now scarcely needs to be pointed out. Boys and girls in numbers, and not a few who are no longer boys or girls, are learning to play on the violin and other stringed instruments. The discovery has been made that, though a *virtuoso* must certainly begin early, it is not necessary to practise half the day at four or five years old in order to be a good useful player at twenty. *Ensemble* classes and school orchestras show that on our amateurs the truth is at last dawning that unlimited solo-performance is not the ultimate aim of all musical training, that while only a gifted few can attain to high individual excellence and finish, the combination of many atoms of good, too small to be of any use singly, may result in an effect which is not only good but great, so long as music, not self-display, is the object sought after.

These two movements have had outwardly little to do with each other. To say exactly when and how these changes began would be difficult, but to exaggerate the importance of the new life open to all who care for it is impossible.

This is looking at the matter in its broad, general aspect. Looking at it closely in its present stage, and with attention to details, the picture has a shady side, and one it is useless as well as hopeless to ignore.

It has been already said that two out of every three people nowadays are actual or would-be musicians in their various degrees, and it shall be granted that they are one and all inspired by a noble ambition towards a worthy object. But this high end cannot be attained without long and patient study. The ladder leading to the heights of achievement has many steps, and it may well be that the ascent of every one of them is a privilege and joy to the enthusiast, whose eye is fixed on the goal ahead. There are, however, rights and privileges which in practice are limited by the fact that their free exercise interferes with the similar rights of others, and it is a peculiarity of musical study that it cannot be carried on in private, unless, indeed, the student can surround himself with a desert or immure himself in a prison, privileges only within the reach of a favoured few. It may be roundly stated as a general truth that musical study proclaims itself on the housetops, without ceasing for an instant to assert itself in the garret, in the basement, and at sundry intermediate points. The student's friends assist at every stage of his progress; they are involuntary and, mostly, unwilling partici-

tors in his difficulties, his perseverance, his triumph, and his despair. Well for them if two or three such dramas are not going on in the house at once, to say nothing of probable puffs of melody and harmony from next door or over the way. That the character of musical practice is far superior to what it used to be avails these helpless ones but little. To them it is an insignificant fact, compared with the fact that for every victim of coercion who formerly pounded a wiry piano for a couple of hours a day there are now a dozen students of various instruments and singers galore, all practising away for dear life. The day (including the night) is unfortunately no longer than it was, and the waking hours, extended to their utmost limit, are divided among these musical-claimants. There are few moments, few places, not so bespoken. The working day is appropriated by those who, intending to make music their profession or serious business, must give up to it most of their life, and by those who, having plenty of leisure, can choose for it the best of their time. The evening hours are greedily competed for by those who, having other work in the day, must do their music after it, or never. Tenacious souls these, not to be baffled or easily outdone, nor diverted from the object they have in view. Spare moments, leisure moments, moments of rest, these are the times singled out by them or pointed out to them by Fate's ironic finger for hard work.

Should any link be missing in the continuous chain of sound, it is filled up by barrel-organs, street-bands, wandering ballad-singers, solos on the whistle and other peripatetic instruments. As the school song runs :

Music in the valley,
Music on the hill,
Music in the woodland,
Music in the rill.
Music by the fireside,
Music in the hall,
Music in the schoolroom,
Music for us all,
Music on the mountain,
Music in the air,
Music in the true heart,
Music everywhere.

Good, very good, no doubt. The musical crusader looks on the work and congratulates himself. There must be means to all end. Music requires machinery, and the machinery for music is being brought into a most forward state of efficiency. But the music itself, whence in the future is that to come? The 'enraged composer' and his troubles have long been a favourite theme for the efforts of humourists. Yet the fact thus comically represented is no joke, and in the present condition of things it threatens to assume ugly proportions. Music is homicidal, suicidal; it devours its own

children and slays itself. Silence, the absence or cessation of musical sound, is an absolute necessity for musical thought. How, in distraction's name, can a theme shape and develop itself in the composer's brain (supposing it ever to have made its way in there) if his ears are ceaselessly assailed by other themes—themes he knows too well, which take forcible possession of his memory—strange themes, exciting reluctant curiosity and constraining him to hear them out in spite of himself—themes which start in his mind some train of association connecting itself with his own idea and persistently recurring when it recurs, often disgusting him with what had seemed at first a heavenly inspiration? His only refuge is in playing out his ideas on the piano as they occur, and thereby, it may be, drying them up at their very source, for it is a way of deafening himself when he ought to be listening.

But, putting on one side the troubles of composers, who, after all, are comparatively few and far between, and born, poor things! to be Ishmaels, their hand against every man, and every man's hand against them, what on the rest of the world is the effect of this unceasing, often incongruous sound? How often have the executants themselves time or opportunity to listen, not to what they are doing, but to what they should be doing? Agility, power, note-correctness, prescribed and calculated effects, so much the student may ensure by paying attention to his own performances as he goes along; and for exercises and studies this may be enough, but directly exercises and studies assume to themselves any other importance than that of means to an end, they tend to become dangerous or even baneful. In musical practice nothing is so often overlooked as this stopping to think, this mental realisation of the composer's idea, not piecemeal, but as a whole. If the executant, or, for that matter, the teacher, have in his mind no image of the work he wishes to present, how can he direct his efforts with intelligence? If the imaginative powers be stifled or never exerted, practical music becomes a purely mechanical achievement.

It is easier to complain than to cure, and far easier to point out these evils than to suggest any effective remedy for them. If architects and builders would take into consideration the diffusion of noise, and would do something to make walls and partitions music-proof, it would be much. There are Continental towns, both in France and Germany, where practising is prohibited by law except at certain stated hours. We English probably prefer reserving to ourselves the privilege of suffering and of grumbling in our own way to having our freedom interfered with to that extent, even on our own behalf.

For a large and enviable portion of mankind the remedy against the evil lies in getting used to musical sound, and so unconscious of it. But no one can reasonably complain if this hard-won uncon-

sciousness should now and then manifest itself in its subjects on occasions of performance when they are intended to listen.

There remain, however, a large minority both of musical and unmusical people who never do get accustomed to the sound, whose nerves are jarred, tempers curtailed, abilities handicapped, and lives stunted, if not absolutely shortened, by lack of silence. In some it may breed indifference, in the more susceptible it breeds antipathy. They echo the indignant protest of poor Berlioz: 'Sonate! que me veux-tu?' And among these are not a few whose innate musical susceptibility is the rarest, most valuable constituent of their stock-in-trade. To them the process of becoming inured to ceaseless sound is one of torture beyond what it can be to other folk. And, should they succeed in hardening themselves, their nerves must undergo some kind of paralysis, some positive alteration of texture; insensibility to pain must be purchased at the expense of the keen, precious edge of feeling. It is the sacrifice of part of a sense, that sense as necessary to joy as to pain, and without which no musician (though he may inflict pain) can impart real delight to others. Such acuteness of sense secures, in any case, suffering enough for its possessor. But to grate on it perpetually is either to keep it in a state of abnormal, irritated activity, or to render it callous; the choice lies between torture and death. There are, no doubt, cases of abstraction so deep as to render even musicians unconscious for the time of musical sounds; but this state is rare, and seldom lasts for long together, least of all can it be counted on in nervous temperaments, in cases of overwork, or of work at high pressure.

This is the reverse of the medal, the seamy side of the universal orchestra, the choir visible and audible. Our crusader's hopes are dashed, and he may well retort that, to a composer in these days, the advantages of being *deaf*, as Beethoven was, would more than counterbalance the drawbacks.

But, although some truth undoubtedly lies that way, this is not the last word. Give a composer all the silence in the world, he would not be contented nor even glad. He cannot do without the executants, for a composition, however sublime, is a dead letter till it is realised and heard. He depends for his triumph on his tormentors, on those who stop his being for his very existence and for its recognition. Unlike every other art, music has to be reincarnated on every occasion of its presentment. Imagine the feelings of a painter whose work should be subject to such conditions! If, for instance, the 'Legend of the Briar Rose' had, in order to be seen, to be copied and recopied during the whole period of its exhibition, in full view of the public, by an assembly of other painters under the artist's or very likely under some one else's direction. What would be Mr. Burne-Jones's attitude towards those art-amanuenses at whose mercy his work would lie? That is the composer's eternal predicament.

From his work, as from the etcher's plate, an impression must be taken before any eye but that of an adept can see or understand the composition; only, in the case of music, each impression can be shown only *once*; if the work is to be seen again a fresh impression must be taken. Perhaps the written composition would be better compared to the finished statue, enduring, perfect in outline, but dead, immovable, imprisoned in marble. The composer cannot release it, make it live; it is the singer, lyric or dramatic, the soaring voices of the chorus, the violins and tenors, the divine 'cellos, the exquisite *timbre* of contrasting wind instruments that do it for him. Then, when he sees his statue lean from its pedestal, breathe, smile, flush with life, it is joy and fresh inspiration to him indeed. The conception is all his; is it not strange that this breath of life must be breathed into it by others?

But so it is. It is at once the disadvantage and the greatest advantage of music over other arts that it has room in its service for all its followers; the humblest among them may feel that it partly lives by them. Yet in all gain there is some corresponding loss, and the present case is no exception. It follows, from this universal diffusion of music, that in every department the small individual scale is being replaced by the large collective scale. Monster audiences—one first-fruit of universal culture—require monster halls, hence the necessity for giant music.

'Une femme est jolie sur sa causeuse, près de son feu; mettez-la parmi quatre-vingt toilettes au bal, vous ne la verrez plus;' so, and truly, says M. Taine by the mouth of his M. Graindorge.

The little clavichord of past times needs that a present-day pianist should put his ear to it in order to hear it. Its delicate, miniature gradations of tone would be lost indeed on a modern audience. Yet Bach's forty-eight preludes and fugues were written for it. Were they intended for a single hearer? String quartets still hold their own, but the day is not far off when they, too, must disappear from public life before the myriad-headed audiences of the immediate future. They will retire into private circles, and become again what they were originally intended to be—chamber-music. Some day—may it be a distant one!—they may be revived by the curious in those things, as specimens of a charming but obsolete form of art.

In opera this change is identified with the name of Wagner, for though others before him had written 'grand opera,' the lyric drama does not assume epic proportions by the mere bringing of crowds on to a stage, nor by additional richness and fulness in the harmonies and orchestration. The difference lies deeper. The revolution has been as violent as it is complete, and there is no cause for wonder if its career is marked by a few excesses. The old moorings are cut away, and in England at least we have not yet established enduring new ones. Good work has been done, on Wagnerian lines;

but, apart from Wagner, we have in this country found no new point of departure. Indeed, it has been left for a foreigner—Verdi, in his *Otello*—to treat an English play after something of the modern manner, thereby producing an opera more nearly akin to the English dramatic spirit than is ever likely to be done by the more-reflective and lengthy methods of Germany. But the metamorphosis is an accomplished fact, and, whether we approve of it or not, there is no harking back.

An opera was formerly a personal affair, the recital in song, with dramatic action, of individual loves and hates, joys, woes, and fears. The melodies, in which these were conveyed received the necessary musical support from a strictly subservient orchestral accompaniment. This entirely personal interest gave a magnificent opportunity to dramatic singers of genius, and, in their hands, constituted opera's supreme attraction and charm.

In modern opera 'all the world' is the stage, but the part of the world is played by the orchestra. This orchestra 'plys,' like the *Welt-Geist*, 'at the roaring loom of Time,' weaving the garment by which, for the moment, the world's inner life of thought, action, perpetual onward movement, is revealed to the audience, while on the actual stage the drama of action is played out, very much as on the human stage life-dramas are played out, in seeming independence of the ceaselessly rushing undercurrent, by actors who, while moving in inevitable harmony with it, are apparently unconscious of it and of their own relation to it.

If audiences accustomed to the older school find it hard suddenly to transfer their standard of admiration, it is no great wonder. Yet would it have been believed in twenty years ago, or would it have been treated as a 'looking backward' kind of dream—that sea of heads, of rapturous faces, eager eyes, and parted lips, that seemed to drink in every note of *Die Meistersinger* at a performance of it in London, and that, too, although the opera was presented in a language utterly unsuited to the spirit of its drama?

No doubt in this *en masse*, as Walt Whitman would call it, many charming pocket-talents are swamped and lost, perhaps sometimes even spoiled, in the effort to adapt themselves to altered and impossible conditions.

On the other hand, fifty people who never could be fifty effective solo-performers (and of whom there would be too many if they could) may, by combination under capable direction, produce an effect beyond the reach of any solo-performer in the world. This is the triumphant and only answer to those who, weary of sound, ask ever and anon; 'To what purpose all this music?' Music in masses is the modern art.

This does not imply—far from it!—that the day of Individuals is past. The One is needed to inspire the Many. But the multi-

tude does, now and then, in its way, as much for the leader of men as he does for them. Not seldom does he derive from them that inspiration which returns with hundredfold force from him to them. But the more vast the background the more heroic must be the proportions of those single figures that are to stand out against it. Personality has lost none of its power, but it must be of commensurate magnitude with its *entourage*.

'Produce great persons; the rest follows,' says the singer of Democracy, Walt Whitman. But great persons are the flower of noble races of people. Democracies have often been the nurseries of Captains and Despots, and the future Heroes, the Siegfrieds of Music, will arise from the Musical Demos. •

FLORENCE A. MARSHALL.

*THE TERCENTENARY OF TRINITY .
COLLEGE, DUBLIN .*

THIS generation has probably been favoured with more foundation celebrations of universities than were vouchsafed to our fathers or will be vouchsafed to our children. Nor is it owing to the mere fashion of the thing ; the closing quarter of the sixteenth century was a great time for establishing these seats of learning. Seventeen years ago Leyden began the series with a splendid tercentenary feast (1875). Now comes the year when Dublin celebrates the attainment of the same respectable age. Universities, like wine, seem to require keeping, and though there may be some whose spirit has evaporated with age, like Bologna, there is no doubt that, quite apart from the sentimental associations with antiquity, there is no greater quality in a seat of learning than to be long established, to have old and consistent traditions, to have a great heritage of acquired habits. Even the Americans boast of old seats of learning, and not even the millions lavished by their citizens upon new foundations can displace the primacy which Harvard and Yale hold in the sentiment of the Western Republic. Among the performances which neither despot nor doctrinaire can accomplish without the aid of time is the creation of a great university. No amount of endowment can secure this kind of intellectual pre-eminence. No statutes can prescribe it. It is the slow outcome of age and circumstance, and depends, at least in English-speaking countries, upon the combination of a long series of famous teachers, a supply of ample appointments, and the loyalty of a great army of children. This combination has made Trinity College, with its university, in Ireland as pre-eminent as Oxford and Cambridge are in England. The series of its great men begins with the very first elected scholar, James Ussher, and reaches down to the present Provost, George Salmon, each of whom has been an intellectual power in England and on the Continent, as well as in Ireland. Its site and buildings have made it the great feature in the capital of Ireland. Its property is the most extensive in the country. The loyalty of its many children is shown in the long roll of bequests in its book of benefactions, to which the Graduates'

Memorial on the present occasion will add a notable gift. The men of Trinity College all over the world will join in the present celebration with pride and with sympathy.

These are the causes which have made Trinity College, Dublin, so distinctive a name among the ancient colleges of the civilised world; and now delegates are assembling, not only from all Europe, but from India, Australia, Canada, the United States, to congratulate the University of Dublin, and do her honour. As might be expected, the most ancient seats of learning are the most zealous in their courtesy. Paris alone sends seven delegates. Oxford and Cambridge, besides those personally invited, send formal deputations with the Vice-Chancellors at their head, and the citizens of Dublin will witness a sight without parallel in the history of ceremonies—the official heads of the great English universities, preceded by their bedells with the mace, walking in the streets of Dublin, 300 miles from their venerable homes. Well may Trinity College, Dublin, be proud of these extraordinary honours.

These things will come upon many Englishmen with a great surprise. With that curious incuriousness which marks the Anglo-Saxon race, as regards everything beyond the limits of sacred England, there will be many to ask how it comes that there is such a fuss in Dublin, even though a general election has been pending, and how Trinity College, Dublin, which they only know as a name, or perhaps as the college which confers blue hoods on some curates in England, can claim such importance—in Ireland, too, the land of poverty, of ignorance, and of idleness. To such English readers, if they be serious enough to care about the answer to their question, the following sketch will not be without interest. It will also serve to record many curious facts, which the researches of the last few months, made in connection with this tercentenary festival, have rediscovered and brought into the light of to-day.

To write the history of this intellectual heart of Ireland from the days of Elizabeth to our own, will be a task requiring no ordinary research, judgment, and literary power; and it is a subject quite attractive enough to enlist such powers, from its unity, its variety, and its novelty. In the College, in the Dublin Record Office, in the rolls of the Corporation, in the Birmingham Tower, in Lord Ormonde's castle, are lying stores of original documents, never yet ordered and used, for this purpose. In the old newspapers, the journals, the correspondence of the last 300 years, are countless allusions to the doings of the College in Dublin. From these such an alumnus of Dublin as Mr. Lecky could produce a history of far more than merely educational interest. Hitherto there have only been attempts and partial treatments of this history. The memorial volume, which now appears as a gift-book for the delegates, contains much new matter, and many interesting pictures of the place and its treasures, but it is written

by various hands, it has been prepared in a hurry, and can only serve, like the extant histories of the College, as material for a complete and artistic treatment.

The antiquarians tell us of various attempts to found a university in Ireland during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, but they all failed so completely that we may regard the post-Reformation attempts, which resulted in the establishing of Trinity College, as no revival of the older schemes, promoted by the Church, but as the rise of a new policy. There seems to have been no continuity whatever between the attempts of Popes and Dominican friars, and the efforts of Queen Elizabeth's advisers to promote piety and learning as an antidote to the teaching of the Roman Church. We may therefore begin with her reign as a new departure.

Her royal foundation in Ireland has its real and rational history; it has also its legend; and, strange to say, even in this critical nineteenth century the legend has displaced or obscured the history. According to the popular account, though two successive Lords Deputies, Henry Sidney and Perrott, had proposed schemes, nothing would have been done had it not entered into the heart of Loftus, then Archbishop of Dublin, to address the citizens of Dublin in an oration (still extant), and persuade them to grant a site for a college near Dublin. The citizens were so delighted with this new idea, that they at once voted the site, and, Loftus having meanwhile secured the favour of the Queen, the College was founded, and he was the first Provost. During the building or rebuilding of the ancient monastery which was to receive the students, it never rained, except at night. Such was the wonderful work done by this great man. The various speeches which he delivered are either printed in Camden's *Annals* or in a pamphlet recently published from a MS. preserved at Armagh, to which the anonymous copyist, who lived at least a century later, appends a note that these speeches were the chief instrument in the founding of the college. And as such, no doubt, the wily adventurer who made them intended them to be understood. He had come over from Yorkshire as chaplain to the Earl of Sussex, had been made Archbishop of Armagh at the age of twenty-eight, had increased his income by obtaining in addition the Deanery of St. Patrick's, and lastly had been transferred to the See of Dublin, as more lucrative, in 1567. He had strong pecuniary interests in the property of St. Patrick's Cathedral, and hence had opposed violently the scheme of Perrott, who advocated the disendowment of the Cathedral, and the establishing of colleges at Armagh and Limerick to civilise the natives.

But though Loftus posed and imposed as the founder of Trinity College, it can easily be proved that other and deeper influences were at work. There is a whole series of extant documents suggesting to Queen Elizabeth, to her ministers, to the Chancellors of Oxford and Cambridge, the expediency of founding a college in Ireland for the

purpose of civilising the natives, and also of obviating the danger to the English Crown of their going abroad to Popish places of education ; and of learning, or being confirmed in, disloyalty. There are suggestions, such as that of Perrott, to found colleges at Armagh and at Limerick ; others to found one at Trim in the county Meath, where great castles and ecclesiastical buildings were then lying idle and not yet gone to ruin. The energy and pertinacity of the wealthy citizens of Dublin at last prevailed. Two families especially, the Usshers and the Challoners, persuaded the Corporation to offer a site. An Ussher had brought out the first book printed in Irish (a catechism) in 1571. The same man, who farmed from the State the Customs of Dublin, had offered (to Burghley) to leave his fortune to found a college. Usshers and Challoners had been Mayors and Sheriffs, and had rented lands from the Corporation for generations. They were therefore people of great consequence in the city, and in this generation of which we are speaking an Ussher had been educated at Oxford, and a Challoner at Cambridge. These were not the first or the last who enjoyed this privilege, but Henry Ussher and Luke Challoner were the real founders of the University of Dublin, and it is therefore important to show what acquaintance they had with older colleges. It was Henry Ussher who went in person to solicit the Queen ; it was Luke Challoner who superintended the collecting of subscriptions and the building. They employed Loftus as a figure-head and for the purpose of making speeches. But it was the Mayor of Dublin who laid the foundation stone, on the site granted by the Corporation of Dublin. The university is the creation of the city. Neither in the royal warrant nor in the city records is there any notice taken of Archbishop Loftus and his speeches. He was nominated the first Provost, but only till a suitable successor could be brought from Cambridge. He never governed the College.

It requires a considerable effort of imagination to picture to ourselves the appearance of the site granted for the College, and to understand Elizabethan Dublin, the parent of this remarkable foundation. The fortified city of Dublin did not occupy more than one-eighth of its present area, and embraced a circuit round the hill of Christ Church, reaching down to the river and to the Castle, but not including St. Patrick's, which was a separate Liberty under the jurisdiction of the archbishop. Close by the Castle gate, on which were still exposed the heads of rebel chieftains, which grinned down upon the many visitors who came to seek favours at the Lord Deputy's hands, was the eastern gate of the city, Dame's gate, leading to a common called Hoggen Green—one of the three grazing commons¹ of the citizens, over which roamed pigs, cows, and sheep, and where much of the refuse of the city was cast out. But within half a mile

¹ The other two were St. Stephen's Green, and Oxmantown Green on the north side of the river, near the Royal Barracks.

of the gate this common was bounded by the old gate and inclosure of All Hallows Monastery, an Augustinian Priory endowed three centuries before with large estates, which Henry VIII. had seized when he abolished the religious houses, but had granted to the city of Dublin in recognition of its loyal support. The buildings were falling out of repair, and the ground had been let for orchards and paddocks to various citizens. The old belfry was still there, and no doubt the general plan of a building was suited for a college, with its chapel, refectory, and modest lodgings.

The port and custom house being close to the Castle, the old monastery was, so to speak, down the river from Dublin, lying on marshy ground partly invaded by the tide, and all the ships that came to Dublin passed along its northern boundary. Still further seaward were some fishing villages, from two of which, Irishtown and Ringsend, embarkations were usual, in order to avoid the shoals and banks at the mouth of the river. When the Lord Deputy chose this way of leaving Ireland, he and his retinue would ride along the southern limits of the Priory (now Nassau Street), passing St. Patrick's well—whither the whole lower population flocked out during the third week of March, to obtain cures from that holy water, or to see them effected. If there were the usual accompaniments of an Irish Pattern, we may conclude that such a week must have greatly disturbed the order of the College, when young men were assembled there. We must, however, remember that the Elizabethan idea of a college for the promotion of piety and learning was very far different from that of a college in our day. The majority, if not all, of the students were to be supported by the Foundation; their diet and appointments were as frugal as possible; no time or opportunity was allowed for games or recreations. The elaborate statutes drawn up for a college at Ripon, to be founded by Queen Anne (of Denmark), which are preserved in the collection entitled *Desiderata Curiosa*, exhibit the minuteness of a prison discipline, without any allowance even for exercise. The Caroline Statutes of Trinity College, drawn up by Laud and Ussher, specially forbid all games, unless it be playing cards in the public hall of the College on Christmas day: '*Nulli lusus Discipulis in area vel hortis Collegii permittantur; nec Discipulorum ulla fiant in area conventicula, nec ibi colloquendi causa moram faciant, neque in Aula nisi tempore merendæ, dum simul bibunt.*' So that even conversation in the courts was forbidden, and that to Irish students!*

On the other hand, this College was distinctly to include lay elements, and was in no sense a mere training school for Irish parsons. Among the first Fellows and early Provosts were laymen. There are

* When I was inspecting Irish schools in 1881, I remember commenting on the absence of playgrounds in a large Catholic college. The holy father in charge replied to me: 'What do they want with recreation? Haven't they come here to learn their business!'

even early complaints that theology was becoming predominant, and in any case the Puritan character of the men imported from Cambridge was opposed to ecclesiastical exclusiveness. Even Roman Catholics who would take the Declaration of formal acquiescence in the Queen's authority and that of the Reformed Church, were encouraged to enter, and allowed to hold scholarships, and this indulgence lasted for two centuries. The early Puritan Provosts, though strongly opposed to Popery, were themselves in danger of persecution from the Church party; they were therefore not disposed to be severe as regards chapels, surplices, and other Prelatical forms of worship. The hope of Elizabeth and her advisers was to tempt Roman Catholics to be educated under Protestant influences, and so wean them from the influence of the Pope and his Irish priests. The Jesuits evidently appreciated the danger. While the negotiations for the charter of Trinity College were pending, they were founding college after college, at Salamanca, Seville, Lisbon, Douay, for the exclusive benefit of Irish students.

The early Provosts were all Cambridge men, and as the making of statutes was entrusted in the charter to the Corporation itself, these men naturally copied from the laws of the colleges with which they were familiar—Trinity, Emmanuel, King's. There are still extant MSS. of the two most remarkable, Temple and Bedell, with drafts of these regulations. But from almost the very foundation Provost and Fellows began to quarrel concerning these laws. There was added the fact that James I. had endowed the College with the head rents of large estates in Ulster, which people with interest among the Fellows sought to obtain by means of perpetual leases for small rent. All the Ulster property of the College, now worth at least 12,000*l.* per annum, had been actually surrendered to Lord Clandeboy for a perpetual 600*l.* per annum, by the Provost, Ussher, and Challoner, when the Junior Fellows stoutly resisted and stopped the bargain before it was completed.

This quarrel brings before us the distinction of Senior and Junior Fellows which then (about 1610) arose. Senior Fellows, however, were people of only three or four years' standing, for the fellowships were terminable, and there were more ecclesiastical promotions for the Fellows than they could take. This was still the case when Laud and Ussher, in framing what are known as the Caroline Statutes of 1637, put the whole control of the College into the hands of the Provost and Senior Fellows, so that, although the official title of the Corporation is still 'the Provost, Fellows, and Scholars,' we henceforth only hear of the 'Provost and Senior Fellows,' as if the Junior Fellows and Scholars were mere inferior classes, like the cook or the butler. If Temple, or if Ussher, had foreseen that when fellowships became offices for life, when ecclesiastical promotion ceased, when the celibacy statute was repealed, there would be a governing board of men of

seventy, and that men of sixty who had grown grey in the service of the College had no more voice in the policy or management of the Society than an undergraduate, they would probably have recoiled with amazement from their own scheme. This by way of anticipation.

The other constitutional point which Temple raised, and which has been solved by practice against his theory, was the distinction of College and University. Trinity College had been expressly founded by Queen Elizabeth as a *mater universitatis*, by which was intended a college with the powers and privileges of a university, in which other colleges might hereafter participate. This led to a confusion or combination of college and university officers, which has lasted to the present day. Temple and the other Cambridge and Oxford men imported to Dublin regarded, as all Englishmen do, what they knew at home to be the proper model for the world.

It so happens that out of England no universities in the world are framed on this model. On the Continent there were divisions into nations, as there are now at the University of Cairo, or there were central bodies, like the University of France constructed by Napoleon, or in England the so-called University of London, which examines and gives credentials to widely separated and contrasted colleges, having no unity of traditions or of culture. In all the recent foundations created with gigantic liberality by American citizens, not one has followed the idea of Oxford or Cambridge, and added to the American Cambridge a new college beside Harvard, or a second college at Yale. Temple, however, and his successors were always thinking of this separation of college and university; the idea was constantly taken up, either in Acts of Parliament which contemplate it, or schemes which propose it. Two halls were established in the city, which Sir William Brereton, visiting Dublin in 1634, saw in actual working order. They were Jesuit and Dominican buildings, which had recently been taken from the Orders, and still showed their intention in the ornaments of their chapels. There was also a Trinity Hall, much nearer the college gate on Hoggen Green, which had been originally granted by the Corporation to Luke Challoner for a bridewell, with the alternative of making it a residence house for students of the university. This hall was abandoned in the troubles of 1641, and was in ruins when Stearne obtained it to found the College of Physicians. The Act of Settlement in 1660 gives the Lord-Lieutenant and Council powers to found a second college under the University, to be called King's College, and endowed with 2,000*l.* per annum from the Crown estate. These powers were never exercised, and the failure of the older Halls left the single college with its undivided privileges. Nor was any such scheme ever broached in the eighteenth century. Trinity College, on the contrary, becomes so confused with the University that men begin to speak of the Fellows of the University,

and the Provost of the University, as well as of the Professors of Trinity College—a confusion made official by the titles of the new Royal University of Ireland, whose framers had probably never read a word of university history.

Recent schemes such as Mr. Gladstone's in 1873 have revived the notion of separate colleges under the University of Dublin, which is now really the University of Trinity College. But the reasons which urged Mr. Gladstone to this proposal were probably the very reasons which deterred the seventeenth century legislators from adopting it. They desired above all things to induce the Roman Catholic natives to come in and be educated with Protestants. They must have apprehended that a second college would inevitably bring about a separation of the students. The Roman Catholics would prefer, and collect in, one; and so we should have had anticipated long ago the modern scheme of making two opposed and even hostile colleges, associated in the common government of the same university. If such divided interests and hostile councils had invaded the University of Dublin, we may feel tolerably certain that the world would not now be gathering to celebrate this tercentenary feast. It is the homogeneity and consistency of Oxford and of Cambridge with all their colleges which have made their greatness. This homogeneity has made Dublin great. It certainly could never have been maintained in Ireland with a plurality of colleges in a deeply divided population.

We now resume our narrative. Temple and his Fellows were not only occupied with these constitutional questions, but with the practical duty of letting the recently granted estates to the best advantage. Temple himself is not without suspicion of having attempted to create for himself a family estate by means of perpetual leases at a small rent. But these disputes, concerning which many stray papers in his handwriting still survive, are now of no import. From his day dates the oldest known college seal with arms, and dated April 1612. That the Corporation had a common seal previously is certain. The date probably marks the granting of arms, and may have been in connection with the proposed establishment of a university with a separate seal, or else appropriating the older common seal. But all our researches have failed to settle this point with certainty. The seal of 1612 is reproduced in the memorial *Book of Trinity College* just issuing from the press.

At the death of Temple arose a new constitutional dispute—how far statutes made by the Corporation could override the original charter. The Senior Fellows, under a statute, claimed the election of the new Provost. The Junior Fellows, under their charter, insisted upon their share in this right, which no statute could abrogate. Though the Chancellor (Archbishop Abbot) decided against the latter, they were certainly in the right. Meanwhile, two Provosts

had been appointed, and the quarrel was only compromised by the selection of Bedell, afterwards the famous philo-Hibernian bishop, whom even rebels in arms honoured and protected for his piety and his benevolence.

Bedell spent a few years trying to govern the somewhat turbulent Fellows and the students, who were beginning to rebel against the Elizabethan strictness of the statutes. He was also keen in promoting the cultivation of the Irish language, and attempted to subdue the natives by teaching them in their own tongue. Even before his time there had been special scholarships for natives, though we may infer from the names that occur, as well as from the observations of subsequent critics, that these natives were really the sons of English adventurers and Irish mothers. Ussher and the Anglo-Irish party were evidently not so sanguine of success as were the imported English Provosts. Ussher anticipated what really happened, that these so-called natives would revert to their disloyalty when opportunities arose. We do not find in the annals of the College that a single one of these Irishmen, who were mostly Roman Catholics indifferent enough to make the requisite declarations of loyalty or to evade them, became really distinguished in Irish history. It is the Anglo-Irish mongrel who has made the fame of Irishmen all over the world.

After Bedell came the first native Provost, an Ussher, a weak cousin of the great Primate, who found the same difficulties in ruling the College, which was reported to Laud as the worst governed in Christendom. But then Ussher and Laud, whom Ussher had persuaded the College to appoint their Chancellor, undertook the complete reformation of the College, with the aid of a new Provost—Chappel—imported from Cambridge. Thus arose the so-called Caroline Statutes, imposed upon the College, with its extorted consent, in 1637, and the foundation of all its present laws. By this reform the fellowships were made tenable for life, and the whole power placed in the hands of the Provost and seven Senior Fellows, who were then young men with a few years' experience of teaching, but have now become very old men, tired of work, usually burdened with a great length of experience, and unwilling to undertake any active policy. To this government may be attributed the conservative tone of the society and the cautious consistency which has perhaps sometimes saved its existence, while often marring its efficiency.

Four years after the Caroline reform, the great Rebellion burst upon the land; Provost Chappel, who had striven to hold the bishopric of Cork with his post, fled to England; the whole country was riven with violence; Fellows who had gone out on benefices fled back to the city walls; rents were unpaid, and the College driven to the last extremities of want: strange subsidies—the so-called *dead pays*—accepted from the Marquis of Ormonde, appointed Chancellor upon Laud's death; the College plate, with the exception of that consecrated

to religious use, melted or pawned; it was only with the greatest difficulty that another bishop, Antony Martin, held together the starving establishment. This able prelate, a Galway man trained in England, and then a Fellow of the College, succumbed to the horrors of his position, but not till the strong hand of Cromwell was restoring order in Ireland and saving the College by putting it into the hands of a strong Irish Deputy (Henry Cromwell) and a good Provost—Nicholas Winter.

The Puritan tendencies of the College then found full scope; chapels and surplices were abandoned, and pious meetings among the students substituted. But Winter not only endeavoured to save the soul; he protected and recovered the property of the College, and took a real interest in the promotion of learning.

These vicissitudes terminated for a while with the Restoration, when the Act of Settlement not only preserved all the College estates, but in many cases turned the College from a mere receiver of small Crown rents into the actual owner of the soil. For the great chieftains who had paid their rents were dead or outlawed, and the College entered into possession of their estates. The Crown rents, granted by Elizabeth in the south, were paid by loyal people, and so the present value of her endowments is but 5*l.* per annum. The northern clans rebelled, and the value of their estates to the College is now many thousands a year. Thus the beginning of the real prosperity of the College dates from 1660, and from that date to 1690 there was rapid progress in the number of students, in their housing, and in their higher studies. The charter of Charles I. had been drawn up by Laud and Ussher, with a view to the requirements and possibilities of education in 1637. It was after that time that printing became common, and books easily accessible, in Dublin. All the educational scheme of Laud, which is very precise, was on the understanding that the teaching of undergraduates was simply oral. No books, except Aristotle's *Ethics* and Porphyry's *Isagoge*, were specified. The student was to sum up the week's lecturing in a Latin theme; he was to attack and defend logical disputes in those mediæval discussions, which resemble in their formality the old French duels with the rapier. Greek and Latin authors were not named, and Hebrew was regarded as of equal importance with Greek. Mathematics received hardly any attention. Such was Laud's and such was Ussher's notion of a college course, to be supplemented by higher teaching and by reading in the College library, from Bachelors' to Masters' standing.

With the Restoration, with the increase of available books, with the progress of enlightenment, these ideas expanded. A lecturer in mathematics (Lord Donegall's foundation) was appointed in 1660. After the reign of a couple of local Provosts, Narcissus Marsh, an Oxford man of real learning and of broad views, brought his genius to bear on the College, and though Provost for only five years, yet as

Archbishop of Dublin he kept his valuable influence upon the Irish seat of learning. Jeremy Taylor, Vice-Chancellor since the Restoration, had resided in the College, and had been active in reforming both the regulations and the discipline of what he calls 'the little, but excellent University of Dublin.' Marsh was a distinguished Orientalist, and so fell in with the great traditions of Ussher and Dudley Loftus, ably maintained by Henry Dodwell at that time. He urged the old theory of the English Provosts, that the Irish language should be carefully taught in the College, and established lectures and services for the purpose of training men to work the country parishes beyond the Pale when peopled with Irish-speaking congregations. He also formed a society in connection with the new Royal Society of London, and promoted in the Fellows research apart from their official teaching. This is no solitary instance, even in Dublin, of stagnation among college dons remedied by an Academy of Science. In our own century there was a decade when the Royal Irish Academy did all the scientific and literary work which the College ought to have done, so that Fellows of the College who sought distinction sought it there.

Upon Marsh's promotion another man of Oriental learning, Huntingdon, was imported from Oxford, who seems to have been rather an amiable than a strong ruler. And he fell upon evil times—the accession of James the Second, and the Irish troubles which ensued. It seemed the fate of Trinity College in its first century that every access of prosperity should be checked by the misfortunes of the country. During the Restoration time, the Society, starting from such poverty that for several years elections of Fellows and scholars were postponed, had so increased in wealth and in numbers by realising the privileges of the Act of Settlement, and by attracting students, that Seele and Marsh practically rebuilt the College. New chambers, a new chapel and hall, and new apartments were the outcome of this period, but unfortunately all so æsthetically mean and base that they were justly distasteful to the larger ideas of the eighteenth century, when all this work was done *de novo*. The College was in the act of selling some 4,000 ounces of plate, wherewith to build, when the interferences of King James's advisers began.

The plate, which was seized on board ship on its way to England, was indeed recovered for the College, and applied by order of the Lord Deputy to purchase lands. But presently Tyrconnell tried to foist upon the Fellows incompetent or disreputable men, because they were Roman Catholics, and when the War of the Revolution began, the buildings were occupied by soldiers, in violation of a solemn engagement on the king's part; the College property was wrecked and plundered; the Scholars imprisoned or banished, and but for the humanity of Moore, a priest appointed Provost by King James, and his assistant, Macarthy, who was made librarian, nothing would have been left but the buildings, if indeed even these had

escaped conflagration. Both these worthy ecclesiastics protected what they could, saved the Scholars from violence and the books from destruction. Four of the Fellows only stood their ground, and courageously tried to carry on the existence of the College. One of them, the Vice-Provost Acton, died at his post; the rest survived till the triumph of William the Third, when all the Fellows and Scholars who had fled to England returned. There can be no doubt that any further continuance of James the Second's government would have completely ruined the Society or turned it into a purely Romanist establishment. Such men as Moore and Macarthy would have been unable to restrain their barbarous following, and, the great object of the then Parliament being the attainder of Protestant property, it is certain that the estates of the College would have been given away to adventurers, or resumed by descendants (or sham descendants) of the old proscribed chieftains.

The victory at the Boyne settled the possession of Ireland, and again set the Protestant party at the head of affairs. As far as the College was concerned, everything demanded restoration. 'The College was damnified,' says Archbishop King, 'in-furniture, books, and plate to the amount of 2,000*l*.' We wonder that the whole amount was so small. But it was fortunate that the plate had been sold in time, for had the soldiers of King James found it in the College, neither Moore nor Macarthy could have saved it. Indeed, the chapel plate only escaped by the interference of an officer in the Custom House, who stowed it away and ultimately restored it to the College.

For a year or two the College was so poor that the elections were postponed, and the salaries reduced. The Provost, who had fled to England (Huntingdon), seems never to have resumed the government of the Society, though his successor was not appointed formally till 1692.

The first sign of reviving security was the celebration of the centenary in 1693, a date probably fixed by the first conferring of degrees, for the College had been chartered in 1591, and occupied the following year. The account of the ceremonies is interesting in showing what could be thought attractive by intelligent people in Dublin in the seventeenth century. Latin orations, debates, and poems seem to have occupied the assembly all the afternoon. There were 'verses commemorating the hospitality shown to the members of the University when dispersed, by the sister Universities of Oxford and Cambridge.' The thanksgiving ode was composed by a scholar of the House, Nahum Tate (afterwards Poet Laureate), and the music by Henry Purcell. But neither ode nor music is worth reprinting at the present commemoration. The latter is probably the worst specimen known of the great composer's music. A far more sensible way of celebrating the event was the building of a five court for the students in the

same year. In 1684, the Senior Fellows had been gracious enough to grant ground for a bowling green, but it was maintained by a tax upon each commoner at entrance. A few years later, the College park was laid out and planted out of the various paddocks which had been previously let by the Board. Thus the whole site was beginning to assume the general features it now exhibits.

From the centenary celebration onwards we find plans for new buildings mentioned, grants from Parliament (1698) and bequests pouring in; and so resulted the erection of what is now called the Library Square—the oldest still existing part of the College. Both Fellows and students still occupy these houses, which are indeed devoid of ornament, but comfortable and practical. They were of red brick, and had originally (we may suppose) tile roofs, so that they were evidently upon the model of the Royal Hospital, now the residence of the Commander of the Forces and of the invalid pensioners. But both buildings have been spoilt in colour by plastering the bricks and covering the roof with slates. When the taste of better days restores these buildings to the original colour, they will no longer be accused of ugliness.

But we must hasten on to the eighteenth century, when the larger ideas of architecture, for splendour as well as for use, arose in Dublin, and when that city assumed the stately appearance which even now marks its older public and private buildings as those of a capital. Not all the wealth and enterprise of Belfast in this nineteenth century has accomplished for that city what the College and the Irish Parliament did for Dublin in the eighteenth. The first dignified building within Dublin (excluding Kilmainham) was the great library of the College, begun in 1709, and erected by the munificence of the Irish Parliament, which gave in separate grants 15,000*l.* towards this object. But we marvel when we hear that the total cost was only 17,000*l.*; for it can be said, even with the charge of exaggeration threatening us, that it exceeds in beauty and dignity every such building in England. The visitor, who now enters it with astonishment, will perhaps complain of the barrel ceiling which is the offspring of our time, but in the days of the Gothic enthusiasm, when all Renaissance work was despised, the older flat ceiling, which had become unsafe, was in perfect harmony with the pillars and the ornament of the room, and may still be studied in many extant pictures. In fact, the Gothic builders of the nineteenth century played the same freaks with Renaissance buildings that the Classical builders of the eighteenth century did with the older Gothic. While handsome public and private houses of what is called the Adams type were springing up all over Dublin, the ancient churches—many of them specimens from the twelfth to the fourteenth centuries—were pulled down and rebuilt with Classical facades, square interiors with huge galleries, and lofty central pulpits. Steeples in imitation of

Wren's were also attempted, but in most cases they were unstable, and were taken down. Such was the case with the belfry in Trinity College, which was set up about 1750 to replace the old tower of the discarded monastery. The great bell cast by Rudhall of Gloucester was hung in it in 1755, but before the end of the century the tower was found unsafe, and was removed, nor was a successor set up till the middle of the present century. The fine dining-hall, built in 1745, was on the point of falling in 1758, and was then rebuilt from its foundations. Nevertheless the names of Cassels and of Gandon are still mentioned with pride in Dublin, and their work, along with that of De Burgh, who built the library, and of Sir W. Chambers, who designed the theatre and the west front, has made its mark, and given a style to Dublin, which will distinguish it for centuries to come.

This zeal for splendid buildings appears both in the petitions of the College—which always set forth the ornamenting of the city as their object—and in the large grants of George the Second's Irish Parliaments, which voted some 50,000*l.* to the College. Private bequests added considerably to these largesses; the value of the estates was continually increasing, and thus the College had become, before the Union, a home worthy of any corporation in any land, as far as external appointments.

How far did the intellectual progress of the Society correspond to this external growth? It may fairly be said that for the first hundred years of its life Trinity College had rather produced remarkable individual scholars than a school of learning in any department. The early Ramist Provosts who came from Cambridge had indeed trained their students carefully in logical disputation, and striven to make Greek, Hebrew, and Irish, as well as Latin, the objects of careful grammatical training. But with the exception of James Ussher, of Henry Dodwell, of Dudley Loftus, we only hear of the average learned man, no doubt a good average, for all through those generations a close connection was kept up with both Oxford and Cambridge, and professors passed to and from these and Dublin, after a manner which has only revived in very recent years. We learn that, when the calamities of 1641 and 1690 befell our University, the exiled Fellows were received most generously at the English universities, and thus many of the traditions and practices in these older seats of learning were imitated in Dublin. The *Terra filius*, a comic character who appeared at the Oxford Commemoration, and satirised too freely the authorities, appears also in Dublin, and here, as in Oxford, his licence resulted in his suppression.

Still we cannot point to a school of thought, a special subject pre-eminently studied, till we approach the end of the seventeenth century. And then we find that with the introduction of Locke's Essay, which

was the deathblow of the scholastic philosophy, there arose a strong taste for English composition, taught in essays and recitations, perhaps more carefully than Latin. Provost Marsh about the same time founded the scientific traditions of the College, as has already been noticed. The outcome, however, of the school of composition soon astonished the world. Swift and Berkeley were both students in the College during this period (1685-1700), and it is no accident that these two eminent men were not only great thinkers, but masters in English prose. Edmund Burke, who comes fifty years later, leaves it on record that he owed his style to the taste for composition promoted in the College; and who knows how much even the then idle and unpromising Goldsmith may have acquired from his short intercourse with the students who underwent this daily training? This was the first kind of teaching remarkable in Dublin, and it is specially to be remembered, now that graver subjects have caused composition to be regarded as a mere appendage to abstract science, to philosophy, and to unspoken languages. We must not forget that Jeremy Taylor had lived and preached in the College, and that as in all anglicised countries the language of the conquerors maintains a certain dignity and purity, so the Irish-English was less open to degeneration than that spoken by all the peasants in the mother-country.

This school of composition made even the classics subservient to it, for the fluent and easy rendering of a Greek or Latin author without hesitation or delay was thought the proper result of classical education. Even up to our day the *viva voce* examinations were the principal training of the Dublin school, and they certainly created or promoted that fluency in speaking for which the Irish bar and pulpit were formerly famous. The present reputation of Irishmen rests a good deal upon the tradition of these older days.

The last feature to be mentioned here was the broadness and generality of the education; and this has lasted to the present day. Notwithstanding all the attempts of specialists and professional schools to degrade university education into the mastering of one paying subject—attempts which unfortunately have been too successful at Oxford and Cambridge—Trinity College, Dublin, has maintained the old and sound principle, not only that the Fellows of the College shall be chosen for excellence in several subjects, but that no student shall graduate in either science or literature without a general qualification in both and in philosophy. When Englishmen wonder at what is deemed the versatility of their Irish brethren, it should be remembered that this feature is due as much to their wider education as to their natural gifts. For in a large society natural taste and systematic teaching react upon each other, and reproduce each other indefinitely.

We return to the external history of the University in the eighteenth century. By a curious accident, we now find a whole period dominated by three Provosts, instead of finding a constant procession from the government of the College to the episcopal bench. In William the Third's time, and the early years of Queen Anne, a whole series of Provosts and many Fellows were thus promoted, and there seemed no reason that this rule should not last. The second Provost in the eighteenth century (Pratt) was unfit for more than a deanery, even in those days, and when the strong man (Baldwin) who had ruled the College as Vice Provost under him was promoted in 1717, any prophet would have foretold his speedy removal to a bishopric. But though he was a staunch Whig, and a remarkable man, he remained Provost till his death in 1758. The causes for this happy accident for the College are not far to seek. In the first place, the Irish or Tory party, headed by Swift and Archbishop King, disliked and despised Baldwin. Swift, who had been his fellow-student, said he was only fit to light a fire—in other words, to be a College *skip* (as we call our scouts).

On the other hand, Primate Boulton, who ruled Ireland in the Whig interest for nearly twenty years of this period, set his face against the appointment of any Irishman to a bishopric. He particularly disliked the College, on account of the independence of the Fellows in managing their domestic affairs without any regard to the English interest, and he wearied the English Government with his letters warning them of the danger of promoting natives. By *natives* he means, not the Irish-speaking Celt, but the Anglo-Irish of the Pale, who had become, like Swift, nationalists in the proper sense of the word.

So it was that Baldwin was left to govern and develop the College for fifty years, and, though narrow in his views, and without any leading in science or literature, he organised the management, improved the estates, renovated and increased the buildings, and succeeded, after many years of difficulty and failure, in establishing that good discipline which has ever since distinguished the College. For if we consider the explosive character of the people, and the many temptations to insubordination from political excitement, we may say with justice that the undergraduates of the College have been, and are, a most orderly society. There has not been any trouble in keeping reasonable order among them.

When Baldwin came to govern in 1717 it was far otherwise. For many years after his appointment there were serious riots, insults offered even to the Provost by students, and at last one of the Fellows was shot by them in the window of his chambers. Society in the city took the part of the riotous students, and even the Lord-Lieutenant (Carteret) pleaded for a rebellious young friend, with the

threat 'that he had a stone up his sleeve, and could throw it if he liked.' This seems to have referred to the private life of Baldwin, who kept—not a skeleton in his cupboard, according to current scandal.

Yet, after all these difficulties, Baldwin left the College to his successor rebuilt; ornamented, enriched, and in good discipline. This successor, Andrews, though a Senior Fellow, was a politician and a man of the world, of charming manners, and social tastes. He was succeeded by John Hely Hutchinson, the founder of Lord Donoughmore's family, a similar lay and political person, but not a Fellow, and more grasping and ambitious than Andrews. Both these men made great advances in secularising the College. They promoted society and fashion among the students. Hutchinson, who was subject to violent attacks not only from political opponents but from the infuriated dons, actually called out his man and fought a duel—an unheard of precedent to the gallants under his charge. The use of pistols and swords, the habits of riding and fencing, were openly promoted, and the policy of these two Provosts, had it been sustained by another political appointment, might have completely altered the history of the College, by altering its traditions.

But at the death of Hutchinson, in 1795, a determined effort was made by the Fellows to prevent another such nomination by the Crown, and to obtain a return to the old and natural precedent of choosing a Fellow and an ecclesiastic. By dint of deputations to London, of influence brought to bear by Edmund Burke and Lord Abercorn, the Senior Fellows succeeded. But if the Provosts again assumed their part of forming a procession to the episcopal bench, if they avoided all scandal, all unseemly introduction of new ideas, they also let the College sink into intellectual apathy. The agitating period of the rebellion of 1798, with its antecedents, did not fail to ruffle the peace of the Society. Many of the brightest and best of the young men, including some of the Fellows, had passed as United Irishmen from loyalty to opposition, from opposition to the borders of treason. In a high-handed and tyrannous visitation, Lord Clare expelled, censured, threatened, and so prevented the outbreak of further mischief. But the leaders were driven into the arms of the rebels; many promising men left the College; and when the Union supervened, it seemed as if all life and spirit had departed from Dublin society. There were no more enthusiastic grants from the friendly Parliament next door; no more opportunity for the student to frequent the galleries during political debate; there was no more pride in making Dublin a stately city, in making her University a rival to the great English seats of learning. The great wars with Napoleon drew away most of the higher classes from the College; for to the Irishman

war has always been the most attractive profession. And when with the peace of 1815 the College again became crowded with all the youth of the Irish gentry, they found nothing but dons ready to teach the routine course, to make large incomes, to live with wives whom they had sworn not to marry—men who got Fellowships, and then they married, and then they died, as it has been tersely expressed.

But the University was too great and too solidly founded to be choked even by these rank weeds. In the third decade of this century came the new awakening with Bartholomew Lloyd (Provost 1837), Archer Butler, Hincks, Hamilton, and a galaxy of great teachers, of whom Romney Robinson was the most typical. Then began the scientific greatness of the College, of which Hamilton was the most splendid example; Hincks, perhaps, the greatest pioneer. The last damage done by the wretched men of the early nineteenth century to their College was to thrust out both Hincks and Hamilton, the former to an obscure and remote country living, the latter to an outlying chair unsuited to him, in order to keep their chairs of Oriental languages and of mathematics in the hands of narrow and jealous nonentities. Their treatment of Hamilton amounted to positive dishonesty. But the lamp had been lighted again, and from that day Dublin has never been wanting in mathematicians of the highest order. To speak of living men is not our intention.

This limitation likewise precludes more than the mere mention of the recent schools of philosophy and of classics, which have revived to dispute the palm with the school of mathematics, and are now perhaps better known to the world than the severer and more abstract studies of the College. Nor does an article on university life omit, without reason the growth and progress of the professional schools, which, while kept in subjection, are a proper adjunct to arts; but which are now threatening, even in Dublin, to turn liberal education into the mere pursuit of bread and butter. The greatest praise which can be given to the theological school—which is the most respectable of them, because the most closely allied to arts—is to insist upon the fact that in a country full of narrow and violent theological prejudices it has never been accused—not to say convicted—of belonging to any party in the Church. But it has not, any more than its sister professional schools, produced a series of scholars marked with the brand of their origin. The Irish parsons, like the Irish lawyers and the Irish doctors, are well educated, and cultivated beyond the average of these professions; but their 'faculties' are not at present remarkable as schools of research or as schools of deep thinking. It is on the proper object of a university, on the teaching of what are properly called arts, that Trinity College, Dublin, must depend for its reputa-

tion, and vindicate its claim to the long and liberal support given to it by the City of Dublin, the Parliament of Ireland, and the many private benefactors who have endowed it. Even now this stream of private benefactions has not dried up. The gifts to the College during the last ten years are not less than 1,000*l.* yearly, and at this sixth jubilee its graduates are preparing to present a gift which will rival some of the old Parliamentary grants not only in its amount, but in the laudable object of adding to the comfort of the College and the beauty of the city.

It is difficult to conclude without a few words on the prospects of this great seat of learning, and the dangers which beset it. Internal dangers there are few: they are mainly the tendency—hitherto held in check—to depreciate general culture for the sake of special or utilitarian pursuits, and the unsatisfactory constitution which puts all the power into the hands of the seven oldest men, even if proved to be incompetent. But so firm and stable is now the edifice that this danger—mainly that of timidity and inaction—has not done great mischief. What may result when newer competing bodies, chartered by the State, at the very door of the College, and intended by their founders as rivals, become efficient and respected—that is another question. Whenever an active and vigorous policy becomes of vital importance, the present free and easy system may become ruinous. But the real danger ahead, and the only danger to be feared, is the interference of legislation either professedly hostile to the College, or indirectly so, by violating its traditions for the sake of interests foreign to those of learning and culture. The moment people are appointed to fellowships or professorships because they are Roman Catholics, or because they are Presbyterians, the moment that ‘redressing the balance’ in religious professions overrides considerations of intellectual and moral fitness, it is all up with a seat of learning. It may still exist, but its higher life is gone. Nor does it matter whether this interference takes the form of nominating to fellowships in the College, or the form of creating a new college beside it, in which hostile forces will be empowered to sow dissension in the councils of the University. The present government and policy of the College, though secular and admitting all persons to its honours, is distinctly Protestant. To associate with it a Roman Catholic body, suspected and distrusted by the present College—and no doubt such a body would reciprocate this feeling—would be most absurdly denominated an imitation of Oxford or Cambridge, where many homogeneous colleges meet in honest rivalry. In any case it may well be called a wanton policy to make experiments with an institution which has been eminently successful in a country where most things do not succeed.

To educate the mob, to set up paupers as candidates for the

learned professions, is not the function of any university now-a-days, when there is overcrowding in these professions and ample scope for industry in other lands and in other walks of life. It is not the quantity of people who take degrees but the quality of these degrees which should be taken as a test of efficiency. When thousands of A.B.s, and Licentiates, and Doctors, are being fabricated for a few pounds, and two or three examinations, the modern world must soon come to distinguish. These titles will come to mean nothing: the university which confers them will afford the guarantee of a liberal education.

J. P. MAHAFFY.

JAMAICA RESURGENS

It is difficult to describe tropical nature in its luxuriance of wanton growth—knowing no period of rest in its untiring production—and to bring home to the dwellers in a temperate zone, a vegetation the leaves of which are more brilliant than their flowers, and plants which perpetuate throughout the whole year the passing tints of their autumn.

The forests in Jamaica clothe the hill sides with enormous leaves of strange forms, and mighty cotton trees, and trees flowering in their due seasons, relieve the monotony of foliage, while Nature, seemingly jealous of her own handiwork, chokes the whole with a tangled mass of intertwining creepers, and a species of *figus* called 'the Scotch attorney' strangles in its embrace many a stately tree. Nature feeds on nature overhead in many kinds of parasitical vegetable life. Various forms of ferns and the beautiful weeds of the tropics cover the ground, and above the sylvan mass rise graceful palms, their leaves swayed by every breeze.

Perhaps, as at the 'Bog Walk' (a vile Anglicism of the Spanish 'Boca del Agua'), a river of clearest water winds its way, now broken into silvery spray in its rocky bed, now resting in some pool of azure blue, and completes the picture with that loveliness which water can alone give to landscape. Scarcely discernible from the 'bush' are the cultivated patches of coffee and chocolate plants, shaded by bananas and the beautiful bread-fruit trees, while the weeds in their unchecked growth seem to deny the truth in this climate that by the sweat of his brow shall man till the soil. But why should man toil when by the curse or blessing of Providence (let philosophers decide) existence is possible without the necessity of labour, and fruits for his support are everywhere, and at all seasons, for the picking?

Certainly we must acknowledge the wisdom, goodness, and beneficence of creation in the adaptation of God's works to the requirements of circumstances, when we look at the 'whistling bean' and the 'gwango.' The foliage of these trees affords the grass an impenetrable shade and shelter by day from the scorching sun, and at night the trees close their leaves, appearing leafless, and allow the dew to fall with its lifegiving and refreshing nourishment. I do not know in what spirit we must accept the fact, that the same land which gives

the temptation of rum, also produces, in the leaf of the cachou-tree, the antidote, which has the effect of making a drunken man again sober. Then—the flowers; there is the beautiful white ‘moon-flower,’ whose lot it is to bloom at eventide, and never see the rising sun; there is the ‘changeable hibiscus,’ perhaps typical of human existence—white at dawn, rose at noon, and dying red, in contact with the world.

Who shall describe the forest trees, yellow, red, and lilac with blossoms, or the crimson hibiscus, and other flowering shrubs? Fruits galore there are in this Xaymaca Island of streams, ripe, fit for the use of man, and as a vegetable in an unripe state. Gardens (but everywhere, here is a flower garden) and graveyards are golden with yellow crotons, and red with the acalypha, while longtailed and smaller green humming-birds pass rapidly from flower to flower, and the mis-called mocking-bird in the plain, and the solitaire-bird in the hills, break the silence with their music call.

To pass from things terrestrial to those celestial, it seems generally admitted that the constellations of the northern are finer than those of the southern hemisphere, but a starlit heaven behind a curtain of clouds or bank of fog profiteth nothing. Here the stars are seldom dimmed, except by the greater brightness of the moon when at the full, and though the Southern Cross may at first disappoint, and realisation, as in most things human, fall short of anticipation, yet the true cross rising from its side till it stands erect, with Alpha and Beta Centauri as its bright finger-posts, grows upon the beholder, and I know in my own case what appeared at first sight somewhat a fraud, became the object of admiration and fascination, and few minds can fail to be impressed, looking up at the Southern Cross and northern star at the same time shining down upon them.

Such is the fair island surrounded by a sapphire sea, for which it is necessary to invoke the tapster’s art to satisfy travelling humanity, and to apply prosaic problems of political and economic laws. Do not, however, you, whose fate it is to live in less favoured climes, too hastily conclude the gifts of Providence are so unevenly divided. Your tropical brother is prouder of growing a turnip than you are at ripening a pine-apple. He prefers the scent of the violet to the fragrance of the stephanotis, and prizes the rose more than his own bright brilliant flowers, and would exchange the plumage of the humming-bird for the song of the thrush. He who can bask in a summer sun has no reason to envy the lot of those who summer and winter must guard against the sun as their enemy, and the dweller among frosts and fogs may perhaps be excused for doubting the justice of those who complain against a monotony of fine weather and blue skies.

It is not, however, my intention to tell the oft-told tale of the West Indies and scenes made familiar by romance and traveller’s

story. It is my wish only to place before those who may care to read this article what inducements Jamaica of to-day presents to the tripper, the globe-trotter, and the settler.

It was our good fortune to go out in the R.M.S.S. 'Don' (Captain Woolward) and to return in the 'Orinoco' (Captain Gillies), and it is unnecessary to say there was nothing wanting in seamanship and courtesy to secure the passengers' safety and comfort. The voyage to Barbados takes twelve days, and as there is a margin allowed of twenty-four hours to go to sleep in mid-ocean, the Royal Mail steamers keep good time, and a further three days lands one at Jamaica. 'Beware of Jamaica—yellow fever rampant!' was reported as posted up at Bermudas this year. Jamaicans were indignant, but it is only fair to say that the most uncharitable reports were being circulated in Jamaica about the health of Barbados with the same amount of foundation.

The West Indian Islands grow the same produce; a good harvest in one means low prices in the other. The distances apart, the absurd multiplications of different centres of government, foster and increase an intense jealousy among the islands, and a reluctance to further their mutual and common advantage. Yellow fever has never raged in Jamaica since the days of *Tom Cringle's Log*, and the principal fever doctor of the island can boast that he has never lost a patient from this cause; but when a military doctor mistakes a yellow fever case for 'delirium tremens,' and to prevent repeating the error treats the next case of drink as yellow fever, fatal results are not surprising. The climate of Jamaica presents every choice, from a malarial swamp to that of a breezy upland 7,500 feet above the sea. Certainly no one will select the first, and few will choose to live among the clouds, and where water exposed at night will be covered in the morning with enough ice to swear by; but between the tropical beach and blue mountain peak there are samples of climate to suit the fancy of the health-seeking patient or the pleasure-seeking excursionist. If he tires of the coral burning shore, and watching the surf breaking on the reefs, there is Moneague Hotel situated among the bracing highlands. For the invalid, the climate of Jamaica has these great advantages: Sunset has none of the dangers of Italy, day is turned into night; but the temperature winter and summer undergoes no change, and the alternations of weather which are found so trying in Algiers, and even in Lower Egypt, here are unknown, and a cloudy day or a strong wind are welcomed as a pleasant and refreshing relief from constant sunshine. Given ordinary caution in living, and precaution against exposure to the heat of the sun between 8 A.M. and 3 P.M., the risk to health in the West Indies is small, while immunity from the danger of night air and draughts, with their attendant colds and coughs, certainly counterbalances the chances of those illnesses many of which are of man's own creation.

In advocating Jamaica as a health resort there are, however, at present great disadvantages. The hotel accommodation and management, if I except the neat and extremely comfortable hotels of Rio Cobra at Spanish Town and the one at Moneague, leave a good deal to be desired, while those arrangements which facilitate the tourist movements have to be provided for, and the many beautiful expeditions and mountain rides must be made easier of accomplishment than at present. A good prosaic guide-book is also sadly wanted, setting out the various expeditions, length of time required, and the fares and charges which can be fairly demanded.

The above need not enter into the settler's calculations, but he must be prepared to find the cost of living in the West Indies anything but cheap. It is beyond my purpose, knowledge, or the space of this article to go fully into the question of Jamaica as a desirable field for investment of capital, but the opinion expressed by those able to judge is that a young man prepared to exert himself, live carefully, and with small capital, can do better here than in most parts of the world. He can turn his attention to the cultivation of coffee, chocolate, nutmegs, cocoanuts, bananas, tomatoes, spices, sugar, dye woods, tobacco, which is an increasing and paying crop, while the development of railways, and better communication with the United States, is likely to make growing early vegetables and fruit a remunerative industry. If the investor prefers it, the breeding of cattle and horses can be successfully carried on. However vast in extent, no landed property in Jamaica is dignified by the appellation of an 'estate' unless it grows sugar. Sugar has survived as the patrician crop, though the glory of its former profits has passed away, and a magnificent expanse of cattle pasturage cannot hope to become anything more exalted than a 'pen,' and coffee, chocolate, and bananas do not rise beyond the dignity of a 'plantation.' There has been a boom in the value of Jamaican properties during the last few years, but even at the present number of years' purchase at which land can be bought, it should give a good return. I do not speak so confidently of the absentee *qui a toujours tort*, as the occupier who is on the spot to look after his interest. Labour, no doubt, is a difficulty, not so much from its scarcity as from its haphazard character, and the absolute unreliability that the estate hands will turn up, even if it is in the middle of the sugar harvest. Negro labour requires constant supervision, and those who perform this duty are not apt to define the children of Ham as 'blameless Ethiopians.' Estates are pointed out which have repaid the purchase-money in the first year, and others paying 15, even 30, per cent., and, considering the generally healthy climate, the productiveness of the country, the low taxation and security of a settled government, land purchased with a knowledge of tropical agriculture, and selected with ordinary care and judgment, should prove to the energetic settler a remunerative investment.

In Jamaica a limited number of barristers would, I am informed, make good professional incomes, and advocates are said to be sadly wanted in Demerara. Lawyers may leave their wigs behind, as their use has been abolished in a tropical court of justice. Generally the professions offer fair remuneration in the West Indies, but the supply could easily exceed the demand. It is right to mention that the ticks in Jamaica are a very serious matter. They are said to have been introduced by cattle from the mainland about thirty years ago, and have increased in certain districts of the island with alarming rapidity. They are worst in grasslands which have cattle on them, and during the dry months of March and April are an intolerable annoyance to man and a danger to young cattle. Our colonial fellow-subject regards the duties of England towards her colonies from another standpoint than the British taxpayer, and is apt to relegate certain heavenborn statesmen and their heavenborn policies to a lower level.

England is the mother, but not the grandmother, country. She has a large family, and what she does for a West Indian island becomes a precedent which it is difficult for her to refuse to other colonial children scattered over the face of earth and sea. There is a time, too, in the growth of a colony, like a child's, when it ought to be independent of the parent which gave it birth, and colonists, while looking to England to secure them the advantages of protection and assistance to which they are justly entitled as integral parts of a great empire, yet must realise that self-reliance is their true and best position. It is sad, however, when we consider that England, a hundred years ago, destroyed the Jamaican indigo industry by a 3s. duty to protect its growth in India, and even in the recent tariff with the United States it seems an inexcusable blunder to have reduced the duty on biscuits and other breadstuffs into Demerara 50 per cent., while the duty on the raw material, flour, was only reduced 25 per cent. By such acts colonists think their interests are not sufficiently considered by the Imperial Government, and that matters which involve their welfare are decided on imperial rather than colonial considerations, and unfavourable comparisons are drawn between the colonial policy of England and that of France and other countries.

The present constitution of Jamaica was drawn up directly after the rising in Governor Eyre's time, and, like every measure passed under panic, is a model of badness. The President of the Legislative Council is the Governor, who plays the part of Jack of all trades in the legislative business of the colony. He sits as speaker, and then acts as chairman of committees, while finally every measure comes before him personally for the Royal assent, which is given in the curious form that it is not disallowed for two years; this, while giving it the force of law, allows experience to prove whether the legislation "will wash" and hold water.

There are nine elected members, which number is too small to split into two parties, and these members carry on a consistent opposition to Government measures, feeling secure that while offering their votes on the altar of Demos, the official vote will prevent any real harm being done. The council is completed by four ex-officio and two nominated members, though the Governor has power to nominate four members, which would give him a working majority of his own casting vote. The Government of Jamaica carried on in a tropical climate by King, Lords and Commons sitting together in one long low room with three punkahs going, is a constitutional and atmospheric state of things conducive to unparliamentary language, though up to this mutual forbearance and consideration have enabled the wheels to run smoothly. The position of Governor under these circumstances requires all the tact and judgment for which our colonial rulers are selected; and though his presence in the council may avoid friction, it is unfair on the office, and the lobbying, to which it must give rise, places his Excellency in an undignified position. I am strongly of opinion that the model of our County Councils is well suited for colonies situated like Jamaica, and would work better than the present semi-parliamentary institutions in the leading-strings of the Colonial Office.

I have been asked the following questions about the merits of Jamaica, which I think may be answered as follows: For a sportsman? No, though a good bag of wild pigeons can be made. The marshes in the West Indies are dangerous for any one not acclimatised to the tropics. For the yachtsman? No, the Caribbean Sea is too rough for pleasure cruising, and the currents perplexing. For the invalid? Yes, he will find a climate which extends to him a sure and safe recovery; but let him be warned against returning to a cold climate before the summer is well advanced, and he must be careful to wear light but woollen underclothing. For the botanist? Yes, a perfect Paradise will open to him; 450 different species of ferns will reward his search, besides an abundant tropical vegetation. For the naturalist? Yes, there are many valuable kinds of butterflies and other insects to be secured, but the collection of humming-birds and other small birds is forbidden without a special permit. To sum up, the voyage out is easy and pleasant, if it were not for the waste of time, and the return journey can be made by New York. It is quite possible to make the trip to Jamaica in two months, and to the whole of the West Indian Islands in three months; but they merit a longer stay, if the time can be spared. The danger to health is not so great as on the shores of the Mediterranean, and the risks of climate certainly can bear comparison with those of an English winter. Tropical illnesses are, however, sharp, short, and decisive, and their earliest symptoms ought not to be neglected.

One thing I can assure an Englishman, and that is, he will meet

in Jamaica with a most hearty welcome, because he comes from Home and from the cradle of the British Empire, and that he will find in this one of the oldest colonies of the Crown men of all races and colour proud of the English connection and loyal to our Queen, whose title is 'The Lady Superior of Jamaica.'

ST. ALBANS.

THE SITUATION IN CENTRAL ASIA

There are politicians who, delighted at the actual peace in Central Asia, are reluctant to look deeper into affairs. In questions like the Central Asiatic, where problems of extraordinary magnitude are at issue, and where drowsiness is as perilous as self-conceit, the slightest inattention is followed by imminent danger. In the relations between Great Britain and Russia in Central Asia nothing has happened of late to trouble the tranquillity of the political world. The roseate colour of peace has spread over the horizon, and the two antagonists, concealing their clenched fists under the ample folds of their garb, are said to view each other with a contented and smiling face. Such is the prevalent opinion not only on the European Continent, where the issue of the Central-Asian question is of a secondary interest, but even in England, whose future is inseparably linked to the events in this outlying part of the Old World. I wish I could share in the beatitude of the incorrigible optimists, and I am really sorry to see myself obliged to spoil their joy and to tear the veil from their deluded eyes. I cannot help it. Many, many years, nay decades, have passed since I betook myself to the ungrateful task of foretelling events which people naturally dislike; and I am even now, although much less than in former times, under such a disagreeable necessity, seeing how pleased is the political world at the apparent tranquillity manifested by Russia, although nothing is more deceitful than this behaviour of the Northern Kolossus, whose inactivity has always served to further his cherished plans.

It is the firm and resolute policy of the Cabinet of St. James, adopted after the Pendjeh affair, which has prompted Russia to use greater caution in the execution of her progressive schemes. When the Afghan Boundary Commission had finished their work in 1887, the Czar is said to have pledged his word with regard to the loyal maintenance of the settled frontier, and to abstain from further interference in the north-western portion of Afghanistan. Admitting that the Imperial promises have not been broken publicly, we may well consider somewhat closely those acts of Russia which have been committed secretly, and which do not accord with this spirit of conciliation and with this policy of strict abstinence.

The first act is the appointment of General Kuropatkin as Governor of Transcaspia in the place of General Komaroff, the famous commander of the Pendjeh affair; an action for which he was distinguished by his sovereign with a sword of honour bearing the inscription, 'Za khrabrost' (for bravery), and who was idolised by all Russia as the great national hero. The bones of the Afghans fallen on the banks of the Khushk had not yet bleached when the much-praised Russian conqueror fell into sudden disgrace; his great military qualities were all at once denied; and, to the great astonishment of the world, Russian critics suddenly discovered that Komaroff is one of the worst administrators, void of all military qualities, nothing but an assiduous student of entomology and archaeology, a man who for the sake of his beetles and rusted arms has neglected most urgent State affairs, and who must consequently be removed. Why his post was handed over to Kuropatkin, one of the most plucky, restless, and ambitious officers of the Russian army—the officer who was sent to Kashgar in 1876 to counteract the British mission under the late Sir Douglas Forsyth—is a fact less easily understood, for it scarcely corroborates 'the good faith and pacific tendencies' of the Russian policy. In the work which the General published about his mission, under the title *Kashgaria: its Historical and Geographical Sketch, its Military Strength, Industry and Trade*, 1879, there are some unveiled expressions about his hatred against England. On page 7 (Russian edition) he puts in the mouth of the late Atalik Ghazi the following words:—'I am a very small man, and it is my duty to keep myself at the feet of the Russians'—although we know from the report of the late Sir Douglas Forsyth that what Atalik Ghazi, whose English sympathies were beyond doubt, really said, was:—'I am but a spark; the Queen (of England) is the radiant sun.' We read further (page 8)—

That Yakub Bey has hurried away from the English, knowing what kind of people these were, and that he withdrew from their influence as soon as he learned that they are bent upon alienating him from Russia.

It is hardly necessary to prove that these statements are inconsistent with truth, nor ought we to wonder at the inimical intentions of the Russian soldier sent to counteract the mission of Great Britain. Yet we are asked to believe that the same Kuropatkin has been chosen as the instrument to inaugurate the era of a mutual understanding between the two rival powers in the north-west of Afghanistan, and that he is made the guarantee of good relations at a critical point of the conterminous country, where inflammable material is most ready at hand.

It is natural that the acts of this Russian Governor should correspond entirely with his deeply-rooted enmity to England. It is a public secret that all his official care is concentrated upon the exten-

sion of Russian influence beyond the line of demarcation drawn from Puli Khatun to the Oxus, and particularly beyond the north-western frontier of Herat; a district which is looked upon as the best *point d'appui* for a progressive march in the south. The Persian province of Khorasan is chiefly aimed at as the future basis of operation and as the main source of provision. It would be idle to conceal from ourselves the fact that Russian influence is paramount in this outlying part of the dominion of the Shah; that the Kurdish and Persian population is contaminated by sympathies for the rule of the White Padishah on the Neva, whose officers are said to be less despotic than those of the Governor-General of Meshed, and who, in spite of being an unbeliever, is kind and just to all his subjects, without difference of creed and race.

To this belief may be attributed the occasional report of good Shiites taking refuge in the province of Transcaspia against the oppression of Persian officers and the laudatory expressions we meet from time to time in Persian papers about the order and justice of Russian administration. The natural outcome of this current belief is that the semi-nomadic population of Herat is anxious to exchange the hard and oppressive rule of the Afghans for that of Russia. Quite recently it has oozed out in the papers that the Emir of Afghanistan has severely punished three Djemshidi chiefs who were caught *in flagranti* whilst going over to Russian Pendjeh in order to put themselves under the shelter and protection of Russia; and we cannot err in assuming that many of the Chihar Aimaks wandering near, and living on the Badghiz, and near Puli Khatun, have followed a similar course without having been discovered. Of the Turkomans living on those parts of the deserts which belong to Maimene, Andkhai, and the Afghan bank of the Oxus, nearly all voluntarily have passed over under the rule of Russia, and the Ersari, Kara, and Alieli tribes have thus formed the ethnographical boundary long ago coveted by the politicians at St. Petersburg. Somewhat similar motives might explain the gradual diminishing of the Uzbek population in Afghan Turkestan, nominally of Shiborgan, Aktche, and Kunduz. Some, as staunch adherents of Ishak Khan, have followed the fortunes of their leader beyond the Oxus; some have tried to escape the cruel and vexatious rule of the present Emir, a prince noted for his skill in devising means of oppression and extortion, and who is consequently bitterly hated and abhorred, not only by Turks, Tadjiks, Kizilbashs, and other non-Afghan subjects, but also by his own Afghan brethren and kinsmen. It may be admitted that in Afghanistan peace and order can only be preserved by the application of the iron rod; but these measures, however indispensable for the rapacious and refractory Afghans, are hardly fit for the obedient and quiet-tempered Uzbeks and Tadjiks, who are accustomed to the strictly patriarchal and benignant system of their Bi's

(chiefs), and with whom the very name of Afghan has been always associated with the direst tyranny and oppression. We cannot easily realise the consequences of this feeling of aversion and hatred in the case of a sudden downbreak of the present rule beyond the Suleiman Range, and it is not improbable that Russia will greatly profit by the collapse of the present order, considering how cleverly she has laid out the net of her future interference beforehand, and how well she is prepared for all eventualities.

But it is not only in the west and in the north of the debatable ground, but also in the east, that Russian foresight was actively engaged some time ago. The results are noticeable in the so-called Pamir affair, where the latent hostility between England and her Northern rival has once again called forth the attention of the political world. The march of Captain Yanoff across the hitherto little frequented passes of the 'Roof of the World,' his anxiety to investigate the various routes leading to Cashmere *viâ* Gilgit, and his approach to such a point which leads down direct on Djellalabad on the high road between Peshawur and Cabul—are mysteries which have not been cleared up, in spite of the apologies tendered by the Cabinet of St. Petersburg for the gross insult offered to Captain Young-husband and Lieutenant Davison. The expression of regret tendered by Russia is not unlike the behaviour of a man who asks our pardon for having trodden on our toe, without, however, removing his foot, and without alleviating the pain he has caused to us. The Russian Government says that Captain Yanoff's behaviour was unjustifiable and that he had committed a mistake; but the same Government still persists in their claim over the Little Pamir, and does not evince the slightest sign of renouncing it over portions of the Pamir in the cession of which England can never, and will not, acquiesce. The question, 'What is the object of the feverish activity of Russia in the barren, desolate, and impassable plateau of Central Asia?' has been many times raised, without having been adequately answered hitherto. The so-called geographical explorations have been started soon after the conquest of Bokhara, and have been kept up till the present time. All the scientific results of Sävertsoff, Ashanin, Regelmayoff, Putiata, Mushketoff, Ivanoff, Grombchevski, and of others had the main purpose of investigating the mysterious tract of country intervening between the possessions of England and of Russia on the left side of the debatable ground; and really nothing is more surprising than the zeal and anxiety with which the politicians on the Neva betook themselves to the simultaneous completion of their researches on both wings of the planned march towards the south. In Russian quarters the plea is put forward that these movements owe their origin to fear of an English surprise through the Pamir upon the province of Ferghana, just as there are Russian voices anxious to persuade us that the Russian advance towards Herat

has been forced upon the Czar by the threatening attitude of England in Beluchistan. But who believes such assertions, knowing how tardy English politicians were in the advance beyond the Bolan, and that every forward step from the north-west frontier of India corresponded to ten or fifteen paces made by Russia southwards? Leaving to military authorities to decide whether the route across the Pamir be available for military undertakings, we can nevertheless risk the remark that this route has never been used for such purposes, and that, if foolhardy generals would try a march *à la Gurko*, this could be only effectuated by a very small detachment, and that the recent English position in Hunza and Nagar would frustrate any such daring enterprise. To all appearance the first object of Russia is to provide a safe channel of intrigue with the mountaineers under British allegiance or protection, and to augment the troubles of her rival for the time, when she will be ready for the main attack either in the west or in the north of Afghanistan. Secondly, she looks forward to increasing the materials for a quarrel at a convenient time, for the right of ownership on the Pamir is unsettled, and more easily amenable to litigation than on the west, where the delimitation was comparatively facile, owing partly to the existing natural boundary, partly also to the historical right of one of the parties. Thirdly, Russia is bent upon fastening her grip as much as possible around the so-called neutral zone, having already slung her arm around the western, the northern, and quite recently also around the eastern, frontiers of the dominion of the ruler of Kabul. Surrounding Afghanistan on three sides, she will be able to assume a better and a more commanding position, her influence will be paramount, and she will much easier play the arbiter in Afghan affairs than England, whose relations as a neighbour do not extend so far, and who has besides to contend with the hardy, warlike, and fanatic mountaineers living between India and the country of the Emir.

Such being the present position of Russia in Central Asia, it follows naturally that the behaviour of the Emir of Afghanistan is the pivot of the whole question before us, and thus his attitude towards either of the rival Powers weighs most heavily in the scale of political combinations. Both parties being conscious of this fact, they had consequently turned their attention towards the prince on the Musnud at Kabul; and it would be idle to ignore that the latter, be it Abdurrahman, Shir Ali, or anyone else, will fully realise the importance attributed to his co-operation on either part of the rival Powers. As to the present Emir, who, as events show, has very much profited from the Russians in the art of diplomacy during his stay in Samarkand and Tashkend, we are only groping in the dark about the real tendency of his policy, and, in spite of the contrary opinions prevalent in London and in Calcutta, we are still uncertain about the course he will take in any future complication. All that he has

disclosed hitherto about his future doings consists either of official communication, made orally to Lord Dufferin in Rawul Pindee, or in his correspondence with the Viceroy in Calcutta, of which very naturally but little has oozed out to the public.

Recently, indeed, the Emir has come forward with a declaration, made to his own people with regard to his attitude towards England and Russia. This document, which has been widely circulated in Afghanistan, and published in translated form in the *Bombay Gazette*, has been commented upon by the leading English journal in a spirit agreeing with the official comprehension, which, I am sorry to say, does not tally with my own views on that subject. That the Emir tries to convince his countrymen of the advantage which might accrue to Afghanistan from a strict alliance with England, as compared with a Russian alliance, is only natural, considering that his accession to, and maintenance on, the throne of Afghanistan are exclusively due to English initiative and assistance. His argument is based upon the unmistakable fact that the English of our days represent in Asia the principle of Conservatism. The English desire to remain unmolested in the possession of the Indian Empire necessitates a safe bulwark in the north-western frontier, a firm wall which can be most easily found in the mountainous Afghanistan and in its warlike populations. Russia's designs, on the other hand, culminate in conquest and in the progress towards the south, and as her way leads through Afghanistan, this country will be exposed either to a constrained alliance or to subjugation. In this respect the Emir is quite clear. The warnings given to his nobles and chiefs are sincerely meant, but he could have impressed them much better if he had brought out somewhat more clearly the difference between the two non-Mohammedan nations, which has certainly not escaped his attention, and which he studiously avoided to mention.

We might further remark upon the way in which the Emir criticises the recent events in Afghanistan. As to the Pendjeh incidents, the Emir reproaches the officer in charge of the Delimitation Commission with a want of necessary foresight in not bringing a respectable force with him on the disputed frontier, and in rejecting his offer to lend an Afghan army for that purpose. If the Emir believes that this might have prevented the Russians from crossing swords with insufficiently armed and undrilled Afghan soldiers and from earning such cheap laurels, we fully agree with him. But the reproach must be directed, not against Sir Peter Lumsden, but rather against Mr. Gladstone, whose Government had prescribed the line of strict abstinence in order to avoid any misunderstanding. Captain (then Lieutenant) Yate is quite right in saying—'The truth is, that the blame attaches solely to the Liberal Government then in power, for its tortuous and unstraightforward policy,'¹ and the Emir is wrong in

¹ *England and Russia Face to Face in Asia. Travels with Boundary Commission* by Lieut. A. C. Yate, London, 1887, p. 423.

reproaching Sir Peter Lumsden for having wilfully refused the offered Afghan assistance.'

Equally wrong is Emir Abdurrahman's view of the circumstances which led to the murder of Sir Louis Cavagnari, when he imputes the responsibility of this outrage to Yakub Khan for accepting a Christian envoy without being able to protect him. If Yakub Khan saw that General Stolietoff, sent by General Kauffman to the court of Shir Ali, was hospitably received by the Afghans, and that Russian officers could parade in full uniform in the bazaars of Kabul, why should he not have supposed that an English Christian envoy would meet with a similar treatment from the Afghan population? The fact is, that the murder of the English agent, which runs against the principle of the Koran—'La zawal fil sefirun' (no harm can be done to an envoy)—was perpetrated by the party of the late Shir Ali Khan and against Yakub Khan, whose guilt lies in his cowardice and impotence. That Afghan fanaticism can be restrained is fully evidenced by Abdurrahman himself, under whose rule the mission under Sir West Ridgeway moved quite freely in Kabul and in other Afghan towns, not to mention the actual presence of Mr. Pyne and of several English mechanics in the Afghan capital several years ago.

We shall not continue in our criticism of the declaration of Emir Abdurrahman. There is one question which we permit ourselves to put, namely: If the Emir is so anxious to prove to his people the incomparably superior advantage accruing to Afghanistan from a faithful alliance with the British flag, why does he not himself set the example of unequivocal amity with a neighbour to whom he is indebted for his present position, and in whom he avowedly puts his confidence for the future? In London and in Anglo-Indian official circles there is not the slightest doubt in the sincerity of Abdurrahman. But what explanation do they give of the Emir's policy in Bajaur, Buner, Dir, and along the whole tract of mountainous country lying between Peshawur and the Hindukush? It is no secret that England had a good deal to do with these unruly mountaineers since her annexation of the Punjab; that she has already extended her influence over a certain portion of that district; and that it would be unwise, nay, a very hazardous policy, to hand over this position to a neighbour so unreliable and uncontrollable as Afghanistan is. It has been asserted that the Emir long ago cherished the idea of subjugating these mountaineers to his rule; but to what purpose, may we ask? Is he anxious to weaken the neighbour upon whose strength he is said to rely, or does he mean to enhance his prestige by adding fresh turbulent elements to the old ones, a population which always resisted the Afghan supremacy? The policy of the Emir in these outlying frontier districts of the Indian Empire urgently wants explanation, and we hope the Viceroy will insist upon a satisfactory answer. We might further adduce the constant reports of the great severity with which the Emir

punishes those of his subjects who are accused of a frequent intercourse with the English Resident in Kabul, or who are suspected of sympathies with his allies and protectors beyond the Khyber. In fact, the conduct of our dearly bought ally fully justifies our perplexity at the contradiction between the words and the deeds of Abdurrahman Khan.

It ought not to be taken amiss if we judge the behaviour of the actual ruler of Afghanistan differently from the ruling English politicians, and if we say that extreme caution is needful in transactions with this astute Oriental prince, who couples the innate distrust of the Afghan with the diplomatic skill acquired during his Russian apprenticeship. The Emir is undoubtedly penetrated by the consciousness of the far greater security and utility of a strict alliance with England; he never hesitated for a moment to accept English protection; he will probably persist in it and will hand it over as an inheritance to his successor. But as an Oriental and an Afghan, who has to deal with a Christian Power, he will never get rid of the *arrière pensée*, so common with all Asiatics in their relations with the representatives of the mighty West. If from no other reasonable motive than that of caution, he will always try to keep two irons in the fire, and, wisely hiding the Russian one, he will hammer the English one with all the force at his command. There is no question that he expects the highest possible price for his proffered amity. His reluctance to accept an English Resident at his Court instead of a Mohammedan native of India, his attempt to annex portions of the frontier district which have long belonged to the sphere of British influence, and many other periodically forthcoming claims and demands—all are based upon the imagined importance of his position between the two rivals, and most certainly upon his belief that his co-operation and friendship are indispensably necessary to the English. The great question always remains, whether English politicians are fully aware of the character of the Emir, and what are the means to be used in counteracting his secret plans and machinations.

As to the former, I am glad to say that the statesmen entrusted with the management of affairs in India are entirely equal to the task, and that a long experience in diplomatic relations with Orientals has opened their eyes to the aims and purposes by which their Asiatic friends and antagonists are actuated. Anglo-Indians are, as a rule, less confident than their brethren at home; the false humanitarian views exhibited from time to time in the House of Parliament happily do not re-echo in the Council-room on the Hooghli; and the ill-conceived notions of ultra-Liberals, who strove to introduce at once in the soil of Asia thoroughly European measures of administration, are rarely or never seriously considered. Even in the insular home itself the prevalent opinions of twenty years ago have changed for the better. When I first came to England I was shocked at the ignor-

ance and indifference of the large majority of the public in matters relating to India, and it was really saddening to hear English statesmen speaking of Persians, Indians, and Afghans as of men who have spent all their life under the influence of European civilisation, and who are ripe for the most constitutional system of government. The number of these dangerous dreamers is in recent times constantly decreasing; pleasure trips to India have become a fashion; the interest in the Indian Empire is continually increasing, and, in spite of the occasional visits of a certain class of M.P.'s to India whose efforts are injurious to the Indians and at the same time also to the interests of England, a better understanding and a sounder judgment of the mutual relations between the European teacher and his Asiatic pupil are, I am happy to say, continually gaining ground. The idea that children cannot feed on the food of grown-up men, and that deadly firearms are to be withheld from the weak hands of inexperienced youngsters is gradually spreading in public opinion; and it is no wonder that English statesmen at home, having modified their views and enlarged their knowledge about India, will have acquired also full information about the state of affairs in Afghanistan, and that they have penetrated the secret intentions of Emir Abdurrahman.

As to the means at disposal to baffle all the inimical designs of Russia, as well as the crafty intentions of the rulers of Afghanistan, it is highly satisfactory to notice that the defensive measures adopted during the last six years on the north-western frontiers of India have greatly contributed towards the security of the Empire, and will, if continued, complete the work of defence, as far as human foresight can forestall any eventuality. A cursory glance on the map of Central Asia will show that the Russian advance from the north towards the south was always effectuated by the same tactics. It began with a quiet move either on the left or on the right side of the object in view, and when the two lateral movements had penetrated deeply enough, the attack upon the centre was made by closing both arms which were slung round the threatened territory. This process is just now in operation on the left bank of the Oxus. Here the preparatory work was somewhat retarded by the subjugation of the Turkomans in the west, as well as by the difficulties presented by the mountainous region of the Pamir in the east. Another serious stumbling-block was here met in the protest of England, who ultimately awoke from the long cherished sleep of false security. The first movement of John Bull had not the desired effect, as seen by the incidents at Pendjeh and on the Little Pamir. Russia is not so easily frightened. In appearance she stops for a while; she may try also to divert the attention of her rival, by conceding to the delimitation of a future frontier; but she will by no means be shaken in her ultimate designs, and after having slowly and gradually accomplished the two foresaid lateral movements, she

will easily realise her scheme, and the northern portion of Afghanistan, including Badakhshan and Wakham in the east and Herat in the west, will fall a prey to her insatiable lust of conquest.

In order to counteract the steadily aggressive policy of Russia, England was, so to say, compelled to adopt similar measures, with the difference that the action of England was characterised by the spirit of irresolution, and that to ten paces made by the generals of the Czar hardly corresponds one pace advanced by the army of Great Britain. It is not the place here to inquire into the reasons of this tardiness, for it is pretty well known that, in the policy of territorial extension, the voice of an autocrat is more efficient than the hundred-tongued council of parliaments; but the point we wish to urge is the disastrous consequence which emanated from the difference of view existing between Liberals and Conservatives with regard to the treatment of Afghanistan.

I have only to recall the very strong language used by certain Liberal politicians against those who advocated an active policy in Afghanistan at the time when Shir Ali Khan began to show resistance to the demands of England, and who asserted that it was the policy of the Conservatives which had driven the Emir into the arms of Russia. The then prevailing opinion that the Tories had provoked the late Afghan war by carrying out forcibly their scheme of a scientific frontier can hardly be justified by the present state of things beyond the Khyber. When the Liberals argued that the best policy of England is to make the Afghans friends by totally abstaining from interference in the interior affairs of their country, they had evidently forgotten that Afghan friendship in the time of Shir Ali, when the Russians were already in possession of the Khanates, could not be trusted any longer as the sound basis which it afforded in the time of Dost Mohammed. The fidelity of the latter was certainly well tested during the late mutiny. But who knows whether he would have proved a faithful ally in the case of a Russian neighbourhood on the right bank of the Oxus? An Oriental, and particularly an Afghan, prince, possessing the means of threatening his neighbour, could never be trusted in a critical moment; and the Conservatives acted, therefore, very wisely in carrying out their scheme of a scientific frontier, before they extended the hand of friendship, after the instalment of Abdurrahman on the throne of Kabul. The words with which Sir Mountstuart E. Grant-Duff condemned the policy of the Conservatives twelve years ago, when he said, 'The advance to Quetta looks very much like taking the first step towards that most unwise and dangerous policy,' will hardly be repeated to-day by any adherent to the Indian policy of the Liberals. Sir Charles Dilke, for instance, who belonged

* *Vide* Speech of Mr. E. Grant-Duff upon Mr. Whitbread's motion in the House of Commons, December 12, 1878.

formerly to the eulogisers of Russian doings in Central Asia, goes to-day even further than ourselves. With regard to the untrustworthiness of the Afghans he says: 'The Afghans are more fearful of British power than anxious for British help, and it is unwise to count upon them' (*vide* p. 162). In his view about the scientific frontier, he not only approves of the retention of Quettah and of all the measures taken by the Conservatives, but he advocates even a railway communication along the whole length of the north-western frontier, namely, between Attock or Khoshalgarh to Quettah; he finds it advisable to hold not only Kandahar but also Ghazni, and he advocates the completion of the railway from the Khwaja Amran towards, and if possible up to, Herat.

Suffice it to say that the Russian advance from the north has unavoidably necessitated a similar movement of the English outposts from the south. Whatever may be talked about the merits and demerits of the imperial policy of Lord Salisbury, there is no doubt that during his government the north-western frontier of India has considerably increased in strength and security, and very little is wanting to make it a firm wall of defence to the Indian Empire. It is idle to disguise the great trouble and cost with which the realisation of this problem was connected; but the movements of England had to correspond to the advance of her rival, and the wedge driven by Russia into the north-eastern confines of Persia through the annexation of the district on the Upper-Murghab and on the Herirud, had unavoidably necessitated the English occupation of Beluchistan and the advance to the gates of Kandahar.

If it is impossible for England to stop here and to lay down the mark of her final frontier, we must seek the reason in the ill-hidden designs of Russia upon Khorasan. The advance of that power from Ashkabad to Meshed is, up to the present, only of a moral bearing, and to some extent also of economical importance; but who would deny the fact that she has already undermined the ground in all possible directions? The population of that outlying province of the Shah or Persia, noted for being a fertile soil of rebellion against the central power in Teheran, has been won over to Russian influence by gratitude to the Czar, by whom they were delivered from the former horrible plague of Turkoman raids. As matters stand to-day, the Khorasanees will be easily brought under Russian influence in the course of time. The communication between Meshed and Ashkabad is constantly increasing; Russian merchandises have long ago outrivalled the English in the bazaars of the chief towns in the north-east of Iran; and should Russia proceed at a later period to extend her sway over the said province, indispensable to her as a granary, and as a shelter against any flank attack, she is almost sure of success. In a march upon Herat or to the Hilmand Khorasan will form the chief station on the road towards the south, as was the case in bygone times, for nearly all the invaders

of India have set out for their conquest only after having acquired a firm footing in Khorasan, and even Baber could not have crowned his errand with success if, instead of taking the difficult route over Kabul, he had chosen the much easier one to the Indus.

It is in order to secure a position which corresponds to the standing of Russia in and near Khorasan that England will be sooner or later compelled to round off the present frontier between Beluchistan and Eastern Persia in order to get such a footing in Sistan as will enable her to counteract and to threaten any Russian movement either from Ashkabad or from Dushakh towards Meshed. At the first appearance this would seem encroachment upon the territory of the Shah of Persia. But the important considerations which justify such a demand should appease the susceptibility of the Persian government. *First* of all, such a step would be undertaken by England not exclusively for her own interests, but also—and, let us say, eminently—for the security of Persia, and nominally of Khorasan, viz. the most precious jewel of the Crown of Iran. *Secondly*, it would complete the whole borderline from the sea to the southern limits of Khorasan in a manner much more satisfactory than all the measures taken previously in this direction. *Thirdly*, by uniting Sistan by rail to the Indian Ocean, and by garrisoning one or two points beyond Lash-Djuvain, Russia could be checkmated not only in her plans upon Meshed and Herat, but also in her intended advance towards the Persian Gulf. *Fourthly*, it is through Sistan that the overland railway communication with Europe ought to be carried, and not through a junction with the Transcaspian line, as advocated by the Russians from well-understood self-interests. This South-Asiatic line, suggested a few years ago by Colonel Bell, and supported by the Hon. G. Curzon in his Persian letters written to the *Times*, will make of Sistan a better-suited emporium of the trade of inner Asia than Merv.

Similar reasons speak in favour of pushing the frontier of British influence from Cashmere in a northern direction *viâ* Gilgit, Hunza, and Nagar, to a point where Russian claims must be brought to a standstill. It was in the first decades of this century that the Hungarian scholar Alexander Csoma de Körösy was surprised to hear in Cashmere of Russian emissaries and Russian promises of assistance against England, although the shadow of the Northern Colossus was at that time very far from the sphere of British influence in the south of Asia. The imaginary danger of that date has now become more than a reality, and the Yanoff-Younghusband incident is an effective lesson to England as to what she must be prepared for from the insidious plans of her rival, even in such outlying and inaccessible regions as the Pamir. Public opinion in England, ready to defend even the most impossible and monstrous ideas of false humanity, has come forward in favour of the

kidnapping and rapacious inhabitants of Hunza and Nagar, by describing them as peace-loving, good-natured neighbours who ought to be left alone, and who will be able to defend themselves against Russian temptation and encroachment. Luckily, however, Anglo-Indian diplomatists, leaving the misty atmosphere of the home-country behind them, have got a clearer insight into matters, and the policy carried out by Colonel Durand has, happily, put an end to the schemes of Russia. It will certainly discourage any foolhardy enterprise of those who dreamt of a surprise of the British outposts through the barren and impracticable passes of the 'Roof of the World.'

Many events might possibly disturb the apparent good understanding and hasten the collision of the rival parties. There is one which may at any moment occur, namely, the death of Emir Abdurrahman, the present ruler of Afghanistan, a man suffering from various diseases, an Oriental prince in his sixty-fourth year of age, who will hardly live as long as his grandfather, Dost Mohammed Khan, having long ago lost the strong physique for which he was once famous. With the death of Abdurrahman, the political edifice of the present Afghanistan, of which he is the architect, and to which he has lent a certain amount of solidity by means of his iron rule, will not only be shaken in its very foundation, but it would very likely fall in ruins if the two neighbours were not compelled to interfere and to arrest some way or other the threatening catastrophe. If these two neighbours were animated by the same spirit of foresight and precaution against the falling fragments of the tottering building of the Afghan kingdom, the fear and danger from future complications would be at once removed. Unfortunately, however, this is not the case. It is questionable whether Russia will not throw out her net of intrigues in the troubled waters of Afghan discord and civil war. The hospitality given to Ishak Khan, to the rebel cousin of the Emir Abdurrahman, unfortunately supports our apprehension; and if it be alleged that England follows a similar course by protecting and subsidising Eyub Khan and other Afghan refugees in India, we may plainly answer—*Si duo faciunt idem non est idem*.

The grandiloquent sentence of Skobelev to arrange a march *à la Timur* to the Indus and to expel the English from the peninsula by means of a hard blow struck in front, is to-day obsolete. With the aid of the scientific frontier, completed through the position in Sistan, England will have made perfect her means of defence against the attack of Russia. As to the prospect of fomenting a mutiny in the rear of the English army of defence in India, I am glad to say that here too a great change for the better has taken place. The malicious criticism of the late General Skobelev, who wrote about ten years ago that

England lays a heavy hand on her dependent peoples. She reduces them to a state of slavery only that English trade may profit and Englishmen grow rich. The deaths of millions in India from starvation have been caused indirectly by English despotism, and then the press of England disseminates far and wide the idea of Russia being a country of barbarians. Thousands of natives in India only await Russia's crusade of deliverance,

will be best disproved by quoting as a counterpart the words of a learned Mohammedan subject of the Empress of India. Seid Ahmed in the prefatory remarks of his recently published book says—

A humane nation from the far West, unrivalled amongst the nations of the world for its benevolence and sympathy with mankind, has been destined by the mysterious decree of Providence to rule over this vast empire, to vindicate its honour, to shelter God's people, to protect the weak, to punish the tyrant, to do away with the darkness of ignorance, to diffuse the light of learning, and to fulfil its great mission to the world, which is the good of the nations committed by God to its care. Once more has the withered tree of hope gathered new life and become laden with sweet fruit. The Hindoo in his pagoda utters his *Ram Ram*! bowing with the utmost humility before his *Devatas*; the Mahometan in his mosque, with his face turned towards Mecca, repeats his *Alla, Alla*! with all the fervour of a true Mahometan; and the Sikh in his *Gurudwara*, reverentially waves the *Chowri* of peacock plumes over the *Granth*, his holy book, and invokes the spirit of the *Wah Gurn* to help him in worldly affairs. What an age of peace and concord is ours! The ages of Nushirvan the Just and Harun al Rashid the Magnificent, celebrated in the history of the East, are not to be compared with it.

Two more contradictory criticisms of the British rule in India will not easily be met with; and since the praises of the ruler from lips of the ruled deserve certainly more credit than the utterance of a jealous enemy. England may well be satisfied with the result of her arduous task in the East. Whatever short-sighted grumblers may say against the liberal policy of public instruction introduced in India, in which they discover a 'source of harm for England, it is an undisputable fact that the greater the light disseminated amongst the Asiatic subjects of the Queen Empress, the clearer will be seen the difference between the rule of Great Britain and that of Russia, and the more will be appreciated the blessings of Western civilisation. Those who flatter themselves with the hope that the continually diminishing number of disaffected will be able to foment a revolution must and will be in the end greatly disappointed, for a repetition of the sad events of 1857 can hardly be thought of under the present conditions, when the ties between the rulers and the ruled are steadily strengthening.

A. VAMBRÉRY.

SIR JOHN FRANKLIN

IN the series of 'The World's Great Explorers' Captain Markham has published the life of one of the noblest of a long list of noble names; and having, as a very young man, lived for three years as one of the family in the house of Sir John Franklin, for whom I had the affection of a son for his father, I am anxious, through the medium of this Review, to bring before those who may not have had the opportunity of seeing Captain Markham's volume a condensed account of a character and career which well deserve to be more generally known. When we remember the deep interest that was felt in the fate of Sir John Franklin and his gallant companions during the many years in which it was wrapped in mystery, as testified by the numerous expeditions organised by private enterprise for their relief both in this country and in America, it is strange that until now no full record of his life and work should have been given to the public.

The consequence has been that, to the great majority of the present generation, the name of Franklin is only known as that of one who perished in an Arctic expedition, or, as perhaps it would more probably be said, in an attempt to reach the North Pole; while not one in a thousand is aware that this was but a sequel to what had gone before, that he had devoted years of his life to geographical exploration, and that in previous expeditions he had faced hardships and sufferings that can scarcely have been exceeded in the one which ended so tragically.

At the beginning of the century the life of a sailor was constantly one of adventure and privation, and Franklin had more than a common share of both: before he was twenty years of age he had been present at Nelson's two greatest victories; he had taken part in a fight in which a fleet of merchant ships successfully beat off a powerful squadron of French men-of-war; he had navigated waters that had scarcely been visited except by a few explorers; he had been wrecked on an unknown reef and imprisoned for two months on a small sand bank scarcely above high-water mark and out of the usual track of ships; and in after life he took part, either as leader or as second in command, in no less than four Arctic expeditions.

Franklin's sea life began in a merchantman, in which his father had

sent him on a short voyage in the hope of weaning him from a fancy for being a sailor, so common among high-spirited boys; but, as he returned more wedded to it than ever, no further opposition was offered to his inclinations, and in 1800, at the age of fourteen, he entered the Royal Navy as a midshipman in the two-decked ship 'Polyphemus,' in which he served at the battle of Copenhagen in the following spring. The 'Polyphemus,' carrying the flag of Rear-Admiral Graves, took her full share in that great fight, and, having been laid alongside of two of the Danish men-of-war, silenced their guns and took possession of them with a loss of thirty men in killed and wounded.

A few months later he was appointed to the 'Investigator,' under Captain Flinders, who had orders to survey the coast of what was then called New Holland, and afterwards at Flinders's suggestion renamed Australia.

The ship was barely seaworthy and little fitted for the magnitude of the task imposed upon her commander, who was instructed to make a complete survey of the enormous stretch of coast of the Australian continent or island, of the greater part of which little beyond the barest outline was then known. He began his work at the south-western corner of what is now Western Australia, following it along the whole of the southern and eastern coasts till he reached the Gulf of Carpentaria in the extreme north. Here he found the 'Investigator' in such a dangerous state that he was obliged to return to Sydney, having, however, ascertained the existence of a channel for ships through Torres Straits. At Sydney, which was then only a convict settlement, the 'Investigator' was surveyed, and being found to be so rotten that no repairs could make her seaworthy, her captain and what remained of her crew were embarked on a small vessel named the 'Porpoise,' which was to convey them to England. They had been employed on a highly dangerous service, and, having in the course of it lost many men by disease, by drowning, and by accidents, others being invalided and remaining at Sydney, out of a total of eighty officers and men who left England in the 'Investigator' only twenty, with Franklin among them, embarked in the 'Porpoise' to return to it.

Captain Flinders, determining to adopt the route he had been one of the first to discover through Torres Straits, which has now become the highway for ships between the east coast of Australia and India and China, sailed from Sydney in company with the East India Company's ship 'Bridgewater' and a small vessel named the 'Cato,' but they had scarcely been a week at sea when the 'Porpoise' suddenly struck on a reef and at once fell over on her beam ends, while the 'Cato,' which was close astern, striking at the same moment, became an almost total wreck. The 'Bridgewater,' which was about a cable length's distance ahead, shortened sail, and after remaining

all night within sight pursued her course the next morning without stopping to render assistance, and upon arriving at Bombay her captain reported that the two ships had been lost with all hands; but retribution for this heartless proceeding, so unlike the gallantry usually shown by seamen in rescuing their comrades in distress, was not long in overtaking those who had been guilty of it. After the 'Bridgewater' left Bombay on her homeward voyage she was never heard of again; her whole crew perished, while of the two crews they had abandoned to their fate all but three were ultimately saved.

The ships had struck just at sundown, and though during the whole, long night, with a heavy sea breaking over them, it was expected every moment they would go to pieces, they held together till daybreak, when a low sandbank scarcely half a mile off seemed to offer a chance of safety, and preparations for taking advantage of it were instantly made on board the 'Porpoise.' But before anything else was done an attempt must be made to save the people in the 'Cato,' who were in a far worse plight, very little of that ship remaining above water, the crew having passed the night clinging in desperation to a fragment of the forecastle, and the 'Porpoise's' boats had a difficult and dangerous task to perform before they succeeded in rescuing the whole of them, with the exception of three, from the wreck, over which a heavy sea was breaking, and which went quite to pieces a few minutes later. The work was then at once taken in hand of conveying all that could be saved from the 'Porpoise' to the sandbank, which was found to be about three hundred yards long by fifty broad; and, although it was less than four feet above high-water mark, the eggs of the sea-birds that lay scattered about gave at least the hope that it was never completely submerged.

The crews of the two vessels numbered ninety-four in all, and, the 'Porpoise' having fortunately fallen over to leeward with her deck towards the shore, there was not much difficulty in landing everything that was not below water, and when the work of salvage was completed, it was found that sufficient stores and water for three months had been landed, together with sails and timber to provide shelter and fuel for cooking. Nevertheless, although the immediate safety of the shipwrecked crews was secured, their position was very far from a cheerful one; they were out of the regular track of ships; the nearest help they could look for was from Sydney, 750 miles distant, which there were no means of reaching except in one of the 'Porpoise's' small open boats; but Flinders had had unusual experience in boat navigation, and it was decided that he should himself take the six-oared cutter and attempt to make the passage. He successfully accomplished the risky duty, and six weeks after his departure he reappeared off Wreck Reef with the ship 'Rolla,' and the two schooners 'Frances' and 'Cumberland,' which had been placed at his disposal by the Governor of New South Wales.

Franklin, who was then seventeen, was among those who had remained on the bank, where they passed above two months with very doubtful prospects of ultimate release, and he embarked with the bulk of the two crews on board the 'Rolla,' which was bound to Canton. Captain Flinders, on the other hand, in his anxiety to get back to England with his charts and journals, determined to attempt the direct passage home in the 'Cumberland,' a schooner of barely twenty-nine tons burden; but his zeal proved unfortunate, as it led to his being made prisoner by the French, and detained in the Mauritius six years.

Before he left England he had obtained a passport from the French Government as an officer engaged on a purely pacific scientific work of interest to all maritime nations, but the ship named in it was the 'Investigator,' and when, in full reliance upon it, he appeared in the 'Cumberland' off the Mauritius, which then belonged to France, a shabby pretext was afforded for disregarding the safe-conduct; his papers were taken from him, and with inexpressible meanness were utilised in making French charts, some of them not even being returned when he was set at liberty.

The rest of the shipwrecked men fared better: they arrived safely at Hongkong, where they found a fleet of the East India Company's merchant ships on the point of sailing for England, and Franklin, who with most of his companions went with them, had thus the opportunity of taking part in one of the most remarkable fights that ever occurred.

The larger Indiamen of those days were armed with guns of small calibre, chiefly as a protection against the privateers and pirates that infested the Eastern seas; their crews, composed mainly of Lascars and Chinamen, were small, though well disciplined; but they were not in any sense of the word men-of-war, but merchantmen, and the fleet in question, under the command of Commodore Dance, of the East India Company's service, consisting of eighteen Indiamen and a number of small country vessels, carried cargoes of enormous value. They offered a tempting prize to any enemy who could capture them, and consequently, when entering the Straits of Malacca, they found Admiral Linois, one of the most gallant officers in the French service, lying in wait to intercept them with a squadron, consisting of a line-of-battle ship of seventy-four guns, two powerful frigates, a twenty-two-gun corvette, and a sixteen-gun brig. Dance, instead of endeavouring to escape, determined to show fight, and at once made the signal to attack, which was so vigorously obeyed that the French, believing they had to do with men-of-war, shortly ceased firing and made off, pursued for two hours by this fleet of merchantmen, in one of which Franklin had acted as signal midshipman.

On his arrival in England he was at once appointed to the 'Bellerophon,' and at the battle of Trafalgar, on the 21st of October, 1805,

in which his ship lost her captain and her master, and had 155 of her crew killed and wounded, he again acted as signal midshipman. But although till the end of the war he saw much service and some hard fighting, especially in the attack on New Orleans, where he was wounded, it is not intended to follow his career till he entered upon the series of Arctic expeditions which have immortalised his name.

The first of these was in 1818, and consisted of the 'Dorothea,' under Commander Btchan, and the brig 'Trent,' under Lieutenant Franklin as second in command, with orders to proceed to the Spitzbergen seas; from thence steering due north to try to reach the North Pole, and to return by Behring's Straits. But, failing to reach the Pole, the expedition was to endeavour to make the north-west passage to the Straits.

The belief prevailed at the time, and indeed for many years later, that in the vicinity of the Pole the sea was free from ice; but about the eightieth degree of latitude the ships encountered an impenetrable barrier, and escaping much damaged from imminent danger of being crushed by the ice they returned to England without much having been accomplished.

The next expedition in which Franklin was engaged, and of which he was given the command, was of an entirely different nature. It had long been hoped that the voyage of vessels to China and the Pacific might be shortened by the discovery of a practicable north-west passage to Behring's Straits, a reward of 20,000*l.* having been promised as far back as 1745 to the first person who should accomplish it, and in 1818 it was determined to send out two combined expeditions with a view to the discovery of the long-wished-for passage.

The one of these, under Lieutenant Parry—afterwards the famous Arctic navigator Sir Edward Parry—was to proceed with the two ships 'Hecla' and 'Griper' through Baffin's Bay, and to endeavour to reach Behring's Straits by any practicable channel that he found to the west; the other, and by far the most arduous of the two, which was placed under the command of Lieutenant Franklin, was a land expedition of so perilous a nature that every member of it was brought within a hair's breadth of destruction after privations and sufferings in which many of them lost their lives. His orders were to proceed to Hudson's Bay, and to penetrate the territories of the Hudson Bay Company as far as the Coppermine River, and, after getting all the information and supplies that he could obtain at the Company's station, to endeavour to ascertain where that river fell into the Arctic Sea, and then to survey the coast to the eastward, where it was thought, he might fall in with Parry, who would be prosecuting his search for the passage towards the west with his two ships.

The expedition was admirably composed: it had Franklin for a leader, and he had under him Dr. Richardson, George Back, and Robert Hood, of whom the two first afterwards made names for them-

selves, while the last, who was a most promising young officer, met with a tragical fate. In addition to these there was John Hepburn, a man-of-war sailor, to whose simple devotion to his chief and to his duty the party greatly owed their escape from the destruction with which they were threatened. The expedition arrived at York Factory, in Hudson's Bay, at the end of June, and after a short time spent in making preparations, in which they received every assistance from the Company's officials, it started on its inland journey.

It was not, however, till the third summer after leaving York Factory, and after passing two dreary winters with insufficient food and scanty means of protection against the cold, that they reached the Coppermine River, and finally launched the boats they had dragged with them on the Arctic Ocean; but space will not allow us to follow their laborious march, for full as this was of hardships and difficulties, only overcome by the determination of a leader cheerfully seconded by those under him, they sink to insignificance when compared with those met with on the return journey.

After ascertaining and fixing the position of the mouth of the Coppermine, Franklin at once set about the execution of his orders to examine the coast to the eastward of it, which was a work of great difficulty and extreme risk.

The 'boats' with which he had to prosecute it were only the canoes used by the Hudson Bay Company on the rivers in the fur trade with the Indians, and with these frail barks, little adapted to ocean navigation, and constantly threatened with destruction from the ice and from the sea with which they were not fitted to contend, he proceeded along a rocky shore for above six hundred miles before, finding no signs of Parry, he reluctantly resolved to abandon further search and to return. It was well that he did so; for, had he persisted, it is unlikely that any of the party would have escaped with their lives, as their provisions were already so nearly exhausted that it would be difficult to reach a station where supplies could be obtained unless they took a course where they might fall in with hunting Indians or might themselves kill some game. Franklin therefore decided, instead of going back by the Coppermine, to attempt a direct route to Fort Enterprise, where the last winter was passed, which, as well as being much shorter, would, it was hoped, lead through the Indian hunting grounds.

The party left Point Turnagain, the most eastern point it had reached, on the 22nd of August on its return journey, prepared, no doubt, for privations and hardships, but little anticipating the extent of the sufferings in reserve for them.

To those who are unacquainted with Franklin's own simple but more detailed narrative of the expedition, Captain Markham's account will convey a vivid picture of what those sufferings were. They will learn how the whole party, after keeping themselves alive on pieces of

old shoe-leather and rock lichen, were reduced to the very verge of starvation when saved by the arrival of relief obtained by the energy and determination of Back, afterwards famous in Arctic exploration; how the instinct of self-preservation had degraded one of the number—a Canadian voyageur—to resort to murder and cannibalism, while the excess of suffering called forth the noblest qualities of others, who, at the imminent risk of their own lives, stayed behind with their weaker comrades who were too feeble to walk, and how when all these had dropped off only two survivors out of a rear party of eight dragged themselves forward and joined those in advance, only to find them incapable of moving and doomed to certain death unless relieved within a very few days.

When that almost despaired of relief arrived, of a total of twenty persons, consisting of fifteen Canadians and five English, eleven had already perished, but, contrary to what might have been expected, it was the former who succumbed under the hardships and rigour of a climate to which they were accustomed, no less than ten of them having sunk under the privations which all the British survived, with the exception of poor Hood, who had been foully murdered.

On his arrival in England in the autumn of 1822, Franklin was at once promoted to the rank of captain. He had shown himself possessed of every qualification for a great leader of exploring expeditions; the courage and resolution with which he faced every difficulty acquired for him the confidence of his followers, while his sympathy and attention to their wants attached them to him by an affectionate devotion, and the deeply religious character which made him accept with cheerful resignation every hardship that came in the way of duty was an example not lost upon those about him.

Consequently, when the Government determined to send out another expedition, it was a matter of course that the command of it should be offered to Captain Franklin, who, equally as a matter of course, undeterred by the recollection of the hardships of his last journey, did not hesitate a moment in accepting it, and his former companions Dr. Richardson and Lieutenant Back, sharing the spirit of their late commander, at once volunteered to take part in it.

This expedition, like the last, was to proceed by land to the examination of the unknown northern coast of America, and, like it also, it was combined with expeditions sent by sea. Parry with two ships was to renew his attempt to effect the north-west passage from Baffin's Bay, and Captain Beechey, in the '*Blossom*,' was to follow the coast eastward as far as he could penetrate from Behring's Straits; while Franklin was to descend the Mackenzie River to the sea, where his party was to divide, so that one-half of it should survey the coast to the eastward as far as the Coppermine, and the other should push to the west in the hopes of meeting Beechey.

The descent of the Mackenzie was accomplished without much difficulty in boats, built in England under Franklin's superintendence, adapted to river navigation, and at the same time far better suited to the work required when the sea was reached than the wretched canoes to which he had to trust on his last expedition. With these, according to his instructions, he proceeded to survey the coast to the west till his provisions got so low as to oblige him to turn back at a point which he named Cape Beechey, and it was afterwards found that a boat despatched by Captain Beechey from the opposite direction had penetrated within 160 miles of it. On the 21st of September his party safely reached Fort Franklin, where the previous winter had been passed, after travelling 2,050 nautical miles since leaving it in the spring, and there they met Dr. Richardson, who had made an equally successful expedition to the east of the Mackenzie, so that in the course of Franklin's two great land expeditions the whole northern coast of the American continent between Point Turnagain and Behring's Straits had been traced for the first time with the exception of the one small gap of 160 miles.

With Franklin's arrival in England in 1827, his Arctic explorations were closed for many years; but he was not long allowed to remain idle, as in about two years he was appointed to the command of the 'Rainbow' frigate for service in the Mediterranean, where he was soon selected for a duty on which it was essential to have an officer whose judgment and discretion could be relied upon.

The battle of Navarino, fought two years before, had been followed by the recognition of the independence of Greece, but no sooner had the Greeks got rid of the Turks than they split into hostile factions threatening civil war and universal anarchy. Nowhere was the danger greater than at Patras, the most important trading town of Greece, situated at the entrance of the Gulf of Corinth and inhabited by many Ionians entitled to British protection, who were menaced on the one side by pillage by Palikaris and wild Roumeliotes eager to attack them, while their only defenders were a body of scarcely less wild irregular troops in the service of the Government, who did not scruple to extort arbitrary exactions from the helpless merchants and other inhabitants. To Patras accordingly Franklin was sent for the purpose of affording them the requisite protection, of preventing the piracy that prevailed, and with orders to concert with the commanders of the ships of war of our French and Russian allies in endeavouring to avert collisions between the rival factions while abstaining from taking part with either; and, although he was loyally seconded by his French colleague, the tricky proceedings of the Russians rendered his task a difficult one, but he accomplished it successfully, earning the warm gratitude of the inhabitants and receiving from the new King the Order of the Redeemer in recognition of his services.

Franklin's next employment was in a civil capacity. In 1836 he accepted the lieutenant-governorship of Tasmania, or rather of Van Diemen's Land, as it was then called, but he did not on that account intend to abandon the profession to which he was devoted, and he expressly stipulated that, in the event of a war breaking out, he should be free to resign his governorship.

Tasmania was at that time a penal colony, of which nearly one-half of the population either were or had been convicts, and Sir John Franklin's position was by no means an easy one. He succeeded a predecessor under whose able administration immense progress had been made, and who had brought the country from the state of lawlessness and bushranging in which he found it to a condition of comparative security; but he had not done so without the creation of a party bitterly hostile to him among many of the best and most influential settlers, and it was obvious that one of the first objects of a new Governor must be to reconcile, if possible, the rival parties. In his attempts to effect this Franklin got little assistance from those below him. The highest posts in the government were occupied by men who, although mostly able and efficient public servants, had been appointed by the late Governor, and were so devoted to him and to his system as to view with aversion the slightest departure from it, and they were more disposed to thwart than to assist Franklin in his wish to conciliate the discontented settlers and in his attempts to introduce the changes and reforms that he saw to be requisite.

Serious misunderstandings with one of his principal subordinates at length arose and troubled the last years of his administration, and the Colonial Office having espoused the cause of his opponent and inflicted on him a censure he was conscious of not deserving, he left the colony under a deep sense of injustice, but rewarded by the demonstrations of regret with which his departure was witnessed by those over whom he had ruled for above six years, and whose affections he had won by the interest he had ever shown in their well-doing.

How deep and lasting was the regard with which he had inspired them was afterwards seen when Lady Franklin, who was organising at her own expense a search expedition after her missing husband, received a handsome contribution from his late 'subjects' in aid of it.

Shortly after Sir J. Franklin's return to England it was determined to send out a fresh Arctic expedition, and, as the senior of all living Arctic explorers, he at once put in his claim to the command of it, and when this was admitted by the Admiralty the proof of the esteem in which he was held by his own profession was to him more than a compensation for any disapproval of the Colonial Office.

He was in his sixtieth year, but if he had been thirty he could not

have entered with more enthusiastic ardour into an enterprise of which no one better knew all the difficulties and risks.

Everything was done to make the expedition as complete as possible: the 'Erebus' and 'Terror,' recently returned from Sir James Ross's Antarctic expedition, were again fitted for battling with the ice; a splendid set of officers and men, 134 in all, were carefully selected, Captain Crozier, in the 'Erebus,' being appointed second in command of the expedition, and Captain Fitzjames second in command of the 'Terror,' in which Sir John flew his pennant.

Leaving England on the 19th of May, 1845, with orders to proceed up Lancaster Sound, and to take the most direct line they could find to Behring's Straits, they were at first accompanied by a transport, which, after filling up their stores and provisions off the coast of Greenland, parted from them on the 10th of July, and brought home the last communications ever received from the ill-fated party, all of whom were at that time in the highest spirits, looking forward with confidence to a speedy and triumphant accomplishment of their task, and the letters sent by Captain Fitzjames to his friends by this opportunity show how quickly Franklin had won the esteem and affection of his followers.

Sir John (he wrote) is delightful, active and energetic, and evidently even now persevering. What he *has been* we all know, and I think it will turn out that he is in no ways altered.

Again—

Sir John is full of life and energy, with good judgment, and of all men the most fitted for the command of an enterprise requiring sound sense and great perseverance. I have learnt much from him, and consider myself most fortunate in being with such a man.

In 1847, when two years had passed without tidings of the expedition, fears began to be entertained that it might be imprisoned in the ice, and relief expeditions were organised both by the Government and by Lady Franklin, who offered besides large rewards to any one who would bring news of the missing party, but it was not till the autumn of 1850 that the first traces of them were discovered by Captain Ommanney at Beechey Island, where they had passed their first winter, that of 1845-46, as appeared from the dates of the inscriptions on the tombstones that had been placed over three graves. But most strangely, in spite of the most minute search, no written record could be found nor anything to indicate the course they were likely to take; and thus nothing more was learnt till three years later, when Dr. Rae, who had been sent by the Hudson Bay Company to explore the north-eastern coast of America, fell in with some Eskimos who told him that some years before a party of white men dragging a boat had perished when endeavouring to make their way

up the Great Fish River, and a few silver spoons and other small articles found among these Eskimos proved only too conclusively that the party of white men were the remnant of the Franklin expedition.

The Government came to the conclusion that they would not be justified in risking further lives in a search for those of whom it was scarcely possible that one could remain alive; but others were not to be so easily deterred from making another effort. Franklin's noble-minded wife had already, from her own resources, fitted out two ships which had taken part in the search, and she now determined to send a third. With the help of some private subscriptions she purchased and fitted out the small steam yacht 'Fox,' of which the command was given to Captain McClintock, the best qualified officer that could possibly have been selected, and it was by her devoted resolution that the mystery of the fate of the missing expedition was at last cleared up; and it was through her also that it became known that her husband had the glory of being the first to ascertain beyond doubt the existence of the long sought for North-West Passage, although the discovery was not completed till within a very few days of the close of the life which he had devoted to its pursuit.

The 'Fox' left Aberdeen on the 1st of July, 1857, and during her second winter in the ice a party sent by McClintock discovered the only record of the Franklin expedition that has ever been found, which, meagre as are its contents, coupled with the information obtained from the Eskimos, enables us to trace its course from the first to the time when the last survivors perished.

This paper had been deposited in June 1847 (eleven years before), by Lieutenant Graham Gore, one of Franklin's officers, who had been sent from the ships, and who penetrated far enough to complete the discovery of the missing link of the North-West Passage, and, as left by him, it merely stated that the 'Erebus' and 'Terror' were wintering in the ice in lat. 70.5 and long. 98.23 west, having wintered the preceding year at Beechey Island, after ascending the Wellington Channel, and returning by the west side of Cornwallis Island; that all was well with Sir John Franklin in command of the expedition. Such was the paper as originally deposited by Graham Gore, but when found by McClintock it told a very different and a despairing tale, and the 'all was well' of Graham Gore stood in bitter contrast with what was unfolded by an addition of a year's later date, written round the margin and signed by Captains Crozier and Fitzjames. The ships had continued inextricably fixed in the ice, while the provisions got so low that the only hope for the crews lay in an attempt to reach the American continent on foot, and to make their way up the Great Fish River to the stations of the Hudson Bay Company. . . . Sir John Franklin had died on the 11th of June, 1847, only a very few days after the return of Graham Gore, when the approach-

ing moment for the probable break-up of the ice must have raised in all the hopes of a successful issue; but the ice did not break up at all that summer, and another winter came upon them with starvation staring them in the face. The marginal addition on Graham Gore's paper further stated that the 'Erebus' and 'Terror,' which had been beset since the 12th of September, 1846, were abandoned on the 22nd of April, 1848; that the deaths up to that date had been twenty-four, of which not less than nine were officers, and that the rest, amounting to 105, were starting for the Fish River.

Fortunate was Franklin and those who, like him, had died before the retreat commenced; they at least were spared the prolonged sufferings of their stronger comrades, of which heart-rending traces were found by McClintock, and which the Eskimos described. In one place on the route to the Fish River a boat was found with two skeletons with cocked guns lying beside them, in others single skeletons, all of them evidently of men who had been unable to struggle further with the retreating party, and fully confirming what was said by the Eskimos, that a party of white men who seemed very weak had been seen dragging a boat, and that 'as they went along they one by one dropped down and died.'

Such was the fate of the expedition and of the gallant leader, whose life throughout his career has been faithfully traced by Captain Markham in a volume which will be popular wherever books of daring and adventure are sought for, and still more so among those to whom it is a pleasure to find among our great explorers a character in which undaunted resolution and daring were linked to all the gentler and most lovable qualities of which our nature is susceptible.

Franklin's great characteristic was his thoughtfulness for others and his complete absence of all thought for himself; deeply religious, his duty to God and man was at all times his sole and only guide; and, when he had once decided what that duty was, no earthly consideration could turn him a hair's breadth from it. Of a singularly simple and affectionate nature, identifying himself with the interests and welfare of those over whom he was placed, he won their love in an extraordinary degree, and, although of highly sensitive feelings, he was never known to be provoked to use a harsh or hasty word; and with such a combination of kindness and resolution, Captain Fitzjames might well describe him as 'of all men the most fitted' to command an expedition such as that in which they both lost their lives.

HENRY ELLIOT.

TURKISH MARRIAGES VIEWED FROM A HAREM

IN every country a wedding is considered a very solemn ceremony, and is usually celebrated with great pomp and rejoicings; nor in this do Turks differ at all from the rest of the world. To them also a wedding is an occasion for much pleasure, and though, as will be seen farther on, it can hardly be called binding, it is still believed by them to be a solemn and awful action. For the young girl who is leaving a home in which she has remained all her life, with the character of whose inmates she is well read and where she has been treated with unfailing kindness, to begin a new life, side by side with a man about whose tastes, character, or habits she knows nothing whatever, and whom she has only seen by stealthy glances through a latticed window, marriage can only be a source of unmitigated anxiety. She is literally taking a jump in the dark, without the least means of knowing where she will land. Her father has chosen for her, and her only course is to believe in his wisdom.

Nor is this her only source of trouble; she knows that her husband has never seen her, either through a window or otherwise, and that while she on her side relies on her father's judgment, he has chosen her only from hearsay, and because his mother happened to be pleased with her. Under such circumstances she may well fear that he might soon repent of his choice, and there seems to be ten chances to one that they will be an ill-united couple.

Still, strangely enough, this is a rare occurrence in Turkey, where I have intimately known perhaps as many as twenty couples, of whom I can safely say that no more than four or five were unhappy; whilst, when a man marries a Circassian out of his own house, whom he has been able to see daily, he usually repents of his choice before two years have passed over his head. The reason for this is obvious, though it can hardly be said to explain why Turkish marriages turn out happy. No European gentleman would be able to long rejoice if married to his cook, and, putting aside the question of social position, it would be absolutely the same thing, and even worse, as no European cook could be guilty of the ignorance displayed by a Circassian slave. A woman who cannot write her name and whose conversation consists only of scandal, must be supernaturally

clever to please for long a well-educated man, and supernatural cleverness is no more frequent in Circassia than many other places. Still, Circassian marriages are decidedly love affairs, whilst very few Turks feel even a common liking before marriage for their brides, when these happen to be of the same nation as themselves.

Love, then, does not seem to be an essential feature in our happiness, as we certainly get on very well without it. Sometimes, however, it does occur that a flirting acquaintance begun at a public place between two young people ends by a wedding, but in such a case the bride is much to be pitied, as she will be believed to have sacrificed all self-respect in her haste, not only by her friends but even by the man himself, who will secretly blame her for her forward conduct in accepting his attentions before marriage has sanctioned them. In fact, though young men are quite ready to laugh with the girls, whom for want of a better name I must call the 'girls of our times,' they rarely approve of them as wives, and prefer turning to those who are old-fashioned enough to hide their faces at the sight of a man. Although civilised himself, the Turk of these days still grudges to his relatives the freedom which he uses so largely. He is quite ready to let his wife dress in the last Parisian fashion, to hear her speak pure French and English, and to listen to her when she plays the piano. If he be a man educated in Europe, he will be glad to come home at night and find her ready to talk rationally on other subjects than religion or scandal, and he will then be properly grateful for the comforts of civilisation. But all this must be done only for himself, and, though quite willing to transgress the law which makes of a woman a slave where by so doing he will add to his own well-being, he has no intention of changing a custom which leaves no other interest to his wife but that of looking after him. He would certainly dislike her if she wore an *intara* and left him to breakfast alone during the whole Ramadan, whilst she fasted and prayed, but he is very glad when she is religious enough to follow one of the first precepts of the Prophet, and hide even the tips of her fingers from any other man but himself.

'If you want freedom to go about like the Europeans,' said a relative of mine one day, 'the young girls must ask for it alone, as I am sure no man would let his wife join them, and when you have got your wish the next step will be to marry Christians, for we won't have you then.'

And he was quite right, as very few Muslims would care to marry a girl who has been seen by other men. Modesty is the first quality necessary to a Turkish girl, and to produce this many strange ways are used. Ignorant of the great difference which may exist between outward actions and inward thoughts, a Turkish girl is only asked to pretend feelings she may or may not possess, and, whilst carefully screened from the sight of man, she receives her first

notions of reading in books which would bring a blush on the cheek of the most hardened French novel reader. From her earliest years she hears everyone around her speak of her marriage as the crowning aim of her existence. She will be told frankly that every piastre spent on her education is done so as to permit her marrying well; and whilst she will learn to believe her life in her father's house to be a sort of purgatory of which marriage is the Eden, she must seem to loathe the idea of leaving it, and, when the time for her to do so comes, must appear to feel the most poignant grief. A girl must seem to be entirely ignorant of the meaning of a betrothal. If she be well behaved she must cry when the ring is passed on her finger, but must not acknowledge before any of her friends that she understands what it means till the day on which the contract is signed, when, seeming to recognise for the first time the fate which is prepared for her, she must fall back in a dead faint. Even after that she must not ask any question on the name, family, or character of her betrothed, nor must she ever try to see him from afar.

A friend of mine once told me a story of which she was a witness, and which will serve as an instance of the ease with which Turkish propriety can be shocked.

A young girl, not more than eighteen, was once engaged to a young man whom she had every reason to believe unprincipled; not daring to refuse him, she hit on an expedient which would give her her freedom without obliging her to take a step in the affair, and one day when, her mother being out, she was obliged to receive her future mother-in-law herself, she asked her very demurely if her son smoked. My friend said that she would never forget the look of surprise with which that worthy lady looked at her interlocutor; she could not believe her ears, and on the question being repeated gave a low affirmative and getting up left the room. The next day some excuse broke off the marriage, as the mother declared that she could not think of marrying her son to a girl as improper as this one had shown herself to be. Such laws, however, can hardly be carried out to the letter. Usually Turkish girls do speak of their marriage with their intimate friends, and by a present can always bribe those old Turkish story-tellers to find out something of the habits of their future husbands. They also look at their *fiancé* when they can find the chance to do so, and if their mother be very good-natured they go to the length of choosing their own trousseau. But some are so imbued with this false modesty that they will die before speaking of their wedding, even to their own sister. A very intimate friend of mine remained two years betrothed without either myself or any one else ascertaining if she knew anything about it, or if her bridegroom was satisfying to her, and it was only after her marriage that she retailed to me all the anxiety and apprehension, now happily dispelled, with which she had been secretly assailed during that long period.

When a Turk thinks of marrying he first speaks of it to his mother (no young man could address such a demand to his father, with whom he must act with as much reticence as the Turkish girl is obliged to show to everyone in general.) The mother will then, after consulting with her husband, go on a journey of discovery to every house which contains girls who may be considered eligible, and there ask to see them. Though the whole system is singularly confusing for a modest girl, nothing seems to me more irritating to the nerves of a girl with a moderate amount of pride than the thought that she is sent for to be stared at like a saleable article, and I feel justified in stating that there is not one girl in twenty who does not feel that the sooner such a custom is abandoned for another more soothing to her self-respect, the better it will be both for herself and for her husband. When a choice has been at last decided on, the proceedings will be opened by a mutual friend, who will proceed to sound the bride's father on his intentions; if his consent will seem forthcoming, the bridegroom's father will then make the official demand, and, this accorded, will send his wife with a diamond ring, which, being placed on the bride elect's finger, will conclude the preliminaries.

As a Turkish contract is written in the *selamlık*, or men's part of the house, the bride herself cannot attend; a friend or parent is then chosen as her representative, who, with two witnesses, will go to a curtained door, behind which the bride is hidden, and ask her if she will permit him to represent her. This question must be repeated three times before the bride can answer, as she is supposed to be overpowered with confusion and unable to speak; when at last she is prevailed on to reply, all three retire once more to the room where the guests await them. There the witnesses having testified to the bride's consent, the *cadi* will turn to the bridegroom, and ask him if he accepts her for his wife. His consent being given, he will then ask how much he will give for her (the usual sum varying from five thousand pounds to three). This being stated, the *cadi* will take the young fellow's hands in his own so as to make their thumbs touch, a handkerchief will be thrown over them, and the *fetha* (a prayer) being read, the ceremony will be terminated by the *cadi's* writing down a description of the scene, in which will be stated the sum decided on, of which half will be kept back as a settlement in case of divorce or death, and the rest handed over to the father for his daughter's immediate use. This money is, in fact, simply the sum with which a man buys a wife, as literally as if he got her from the slave market, and without which no marriage would be legal.

This ceremony once over, the man is really married, as the wedding which follows is simply a form with which it would be easy to dispense. If a man wishes to break through his engagements after the contract, he must divorce his wife as legally as if he had been ten years married, even though he may not have yet seen her, and he may

also, if he wishes, take her home then and there, as she is both religiously and legally his wife. Such being the case, I do not see why the young couple should still be kept apart, and why they should not be permitted to see each other during the interval which must elapse before the wedding. The day after the contract he could be formally presented to her, and would afterwards come every day and sit with her for some hours, so that on his side he would learn to appreciate the worth of his choice before it would be quite too late, whilst she would be spared the confusion every girl must feel, on entering the house of an utter stranger. Nothing can be urged against this, but that it would break down the system of false modesty established in our harems, and I think that the sooner that disappears the better for us. The more so, that the time does not seem far off when Turkish girls will ask for the privilege of a free choice, and refuse to bend, as they do now, to the authority of a father on a question which touches so closely their future welfare.

The dress of a Turkish bride, though slightly theatrical, is very becoming and also very rich. No Turkish woman living in Constantinople would dare to marry in anything but a gold-embroidered dress, for however she might urge her straitened circumstances, such an excuse would not tend to alleviate the scorn with which her breach of etiquette would be treated, the more so that such dresses are hired ready-made for the benefit of the lower classes. With such a dress on, and a diamond waistband round her waist, the bride must submit to the martyrdom of having as many diamonds as can be found in the house placed in her hair, over which falls the heavy *dawak*, or gold-embroidered veil, which is destined to hide her features from the bridegroom. Two bunches of gold wire, not unlike very long horse-tails and called *tellys*, are then hung behind her ears and strewn down the front of her dress; these, if pure gold, are so heavy that two persons are obliged to walk on either side and support them. Thus accoutred, the poor girl is placed in a carriage, and, preceded by music, is conveyed to her husband's home, where he awaits her at the door, through which, after some entreaties, he conducts her, and places her on the throne prepared for her reception. This done he leaves her, to return after some time, escorted by his father and father-in-law, in whose presence he will, without lifting the bride's veil or yet seeing her face, encircle her waist with a new diamond zone, the old one being thrown aside on his entrance. She will then advance, and, first kissing the hands of her own parents in token of gratitude for the long care they have taken of her, will do the same to her father-in-law, and then turning to her husband will kiss the hem of his coat in sign of subjection; this over, they will once more retire, leaving her to her fate, which can hardly be considered a happy one, as she will be obliged to sit in state for everyone to stare at till night. However, this custom only exists in Constantinople, as that of going with

music and lights to the mosques is confined to the Egyptian bridegroom, and never done in the capital, where the young man, after a light prayer, places a diamond bracelet on the bride's arm and simply lifts her veil without more ado.

Till some time ago a very strange addition was made to the Turkish bride's dress—four diamonds chased in gold being stuck on her cheeks, forehead, and chin by a sort of gum which held them there for some time. They were, however, liable to fall; so a slave was placed near her with a cup of gum in her hand, would every ten minutes take them off, and, having dipped them in the cup, place them on her face. I remember having once seen a bride thus dressed, but now the custom has become obsolete, or is only confined to the lower classes.

Wedding presents at Constantinople can only consist of Indian shawls or diamonds—these latter, however, being only offered by the relatives of both parties. The shawls, however, are general, and no guest would dare to appear at a wedding without one, sometimes fifty or forty being thus received by the new couple. These keep them till some other wedding makes it necessary to give them away in their turn, as no other use exists for them. The same may be said of the gold-embroidered handkerchiefs given to the guests on the contract day, which can be turned to no use either, and like the others are only kept to be given back again if any occasion arose that made them necessary. On the other side, the young couple themselves are very lavish of presents to each other. Once the contract being written, the bride becomes (as said higher up) the special possession of her husband, who sees himself obliged to look after her welfare. If the wedding be then adjourned for some time, he must send her a new dress for every feast, adding every other object necessary to her toilet, from the *hotoz*, or white gauze cap worn by nearly every Muslim, to a pair of satin slippers. He must also see that she is well furnished with diamonds, and every other time make her some small present which will testify to his sentiments. Whilst on her side the bride on her wedding day sees herself obliged to offer him a pair of diamond studs, a gold-embroidered purse, a pair of razors with diamond-studded handles, a morning gown made of Indian shawls, and another of white satin, as well as a diamond cigar-box. It is very rarely that at Constantinople a young couple set up house-keeping by themselves, as either the bride goes to live with her father-in-law, or, what occurs still oftener, the bridegroom is received in the bride's family. In both cases, however, the bride is not exempted from the course of menial service to which a Circassian wife is subjected; like her, she must wait on her husband when dressing, rise when he enters the room, and kiss his hand when he comes back from his daily work. She cannot call him by his name, and when speaking to him must address him as Bey Effendi. If she is a very

dutiful woman, she will, if speaking of him to her friends, give him the name of benefactor, and she may even go so far as to call him the donor of her daily bread, without exciting anything but respect in the breast of her listeners. She cannot either leave the house without first asking his permission, not even to visit a dying friend, nor can she disobey the least of his wishes without incurring the blame of all her acquaintances. In a word, she must be as completely his slave as the Circassian in question. I remember hearing a young girl once boast before a friend that she would even clean her husband's boots if she respected him. The listener, a lady of very good family, and married herself some time before, answered quietly: "Of course you will, under any circumstances; what would a man think of a wife who left his boots dirty till she learnt to respect him?"

Such a life must seem strange to a European lady, who sees only in it a case of reversed position. Still I have seen Mohammedan ladies of high rank and an education which could bear comparison with that of any Christian girl do it willingly, and take it as a matter of course that they should serve where they loved. I have seen ladies with twenty slaves, and who would hardly deign to lift a book from the ground on their own account, do work which would be too much for the most hardened maid-of-all-work to attempt. I have seen girls brought up in every kind of indulgence, and who have never been thwarted in their whole lives, bow down before the authority of their husbands, and obey without a murmur the orders of a man who a few months before was entirely unknown to them, and I cannot help admiring a system which, whilst asking for so much devotion and sacrifice on one side, so rarely degenerates into tyranny on the other.

Turkish husbands, as a rule, do not tyrannise over their wives when these are of the same nation as themselves, nor will they ill-treat them. With the exception of that little clause about meeting other men, they are usually very indulgent, and when brought up in Europe, though permitting their wives to serve them, will still treat them in everything with proper respect. In Constantinople a woman may upbraid a man in the street, and even ill-treat him with impunity, as her victim well knows that a harsh word from him would take him instantly to the station-house. In fact, here women are treated by the laws with a tender chivalry which would bear comparison with any European country. On our marrying with a private fortune of our own, the law binds it so closely that our husbands cannot touch it, except by our free will, and then only if we name him our steward. In the case, also, of deception on the man's part as to his real position—that is, if he be of low extraction and has not stated it before marrying—a word from the wife to the *cadi* will oblige him to divorce her, and settle an income on her for some time. The same thing will occur if the man be unable to keep

his wife in a way worthy of her position. But no other excuse will permit a wife to leave her husband without forfeiting, not only the sum settled on her, but even her own private fortune. The reason given for this is, that women are much more liable to misfortune than men, who can work for themselves, so that it is preferable for a wife to live unhappily with her husband rather than to leave him and starve. A very good argument, perhaps, but I suppose hardly to be approved of by many women. On the other side, a woman who leaves her husband's house for her father's cannot be brought back, though the man is free to leave her utterly destitute if he wishes.

In Turkey a divorce has not all the weight attached to it, by Europeans. A woman divorced from her husband is not treated with contumely, even in the highest classes, and often marries again, this being caused by the facility with which a man may divorce his wife. There is no court to go to, and no trial to ensue. A man simply states to his wife that he has divorced her, on which she will go away, and the man having repeated the same to the *cadi* will have an act of divorce written, which he will send to her. If it is the first or second time that this occurs he may take her back again without any formality ensuing, and it will be only after the third that she will be lost to him for ever. Seeing the ease with which this may be done, it is not surprising if men abuse it and divorce their wives for a fault which is hardly worthy of a harsh word. However, in the higher classes it is not so general as in the lower, where a man often divorces his wife for a badly cooked dinner or an unsewed button, knowing very well that if he repents of it he may have her back before evening. I know a lady who was divorced from five husbands, and is now living with her sixth, without having incurred any worse censure than that which an unaccommodating temper must bring to all who indulge in it.

The education of a Turkish girl is no easy thing. To be considered perfect a young girl must not only go through the usual course of reading, piano, painting, embroidery, &c., but must be able to do plain sewing, to cut out and make a dress in the last Parisian fashion, to cook, to sweep, to iron—in fact, to learn every element of knowledge both useful and ornamental, the last in old-fashioned harems being considered the least necessary. Such being the case, and Turkish girls rarely remaining unmarried after twenty, their life can hardly be considered a lazy one. In fact, a girl who can sit lazy for an hour in a harem is looked on as lost to all feeling of good. 'Women were born to work' is the maxim which is repeated to us every day, and to which we are bound to listen if we wish to be respected. Our lives are, then, too busy to give us much time to despond on our want of freedom. I think, too, that there is some sort of lethargic influence in the constant recurrence of the same daily routine which affects the brain, and renders it too drowsy to

permit of deep thought. Turkish women usually do what is asked of them with mechanical obedience to the laws of custom, without taking the pains of asking themselves if such a life is a worthy one. They rarely learn how to restrain their faults or expand their qualities, even when a good and pure education has given them the means to do so, and only act on instinct in both cases.

Some girls, however, do keep intact their freedom of thought, and these are the most to be pitied, for either they join the ranks of advanced women and soon lose all sentiment of honour and truth, or remain as they are, knowing all the time that their life is hardly worthy of the energy, and feeling their heart ache for the freedom which they know impossible to obtain. I do not mean here the freedom of seeing men and showing our faces, for to me it seems that this is a thing without which we can easily do, but there is, I think, no place in the world where a stricter etiquette on so many useless and laughable things exists as in a harem. We can hardly move without coming near to some serious clause of our harem laws, without which we would be much happier, and certainly much better. Our very thoughts are governed, and such being the case every girl with a moderate amount of energy and will will suffer without doubt, and feel that life is hardly worth living whilst it continues thus restrained. I must own it, however, that I am not quite sure if etiquette is only to blame here. Mohammedan women after a good education are always vaguely aware that something is missing in their lives, the existence of which would make life more enjoyable, but few, I think, can define what it is.

Turkish households are always divided into two parts, the first being the *selamlık*, or men's part, and the other the harem. If a man marries a Turkish girl this division will be more marked than when he takes a Circassian; in the latter case his wife, being naturally without any means but those he gives her, cannot possess a sovereign right over her slaves, who, being bought by him, can hardly be said to belong to her. The latter, then, look up to him as their only master, and only obey her because he orders it, whilst a Turkish girl possessed of a private fortune of her own, and bringing her slaves from her father's house, reigns over the harem as supremely as he does over the *selamlık*. The slaves, also, in the latter case depend entirely on her, and she is obliged to furnish them with every necessary without applying to her husband for means to do it. In a word, the harem is her own peculiar sphere, and it is on her that devolves the duty of seeing that every one in it is comfortable. She is free to sell her slaves, marry them, or send them away without his being able to do more than remonstrate with her gently, and he would no more think of selling or buying a slave without her consent than she would of sending away a manservant. The furnishing of the harem also falls on her, and cannot be touched by her husband,

nor can he meddle with any detail of her expenditure, which is left entirely to her own direction. Though, however, the men usually keep to their part of the compact, and leave the whole burden of keeping the harem on the shoulders of their wives, these can rarely refrain from meddling with the *selamlik*, and not few govern both households at the same time.

A Turkish girl has much more liberty allowed to her in seeing her relatives than she has when married, as then her husband regulates himself those whom he will permit her to meet. It depends, also, on him if she may see her brothers-in-law, a privilege often refused to her the more if they live in different houses. Sometimes, even when living together, a man will not permit his wife to show herself to his brother, a state of affairs which obliges the poor woman to be always hiding behind doors or chairs in the most undignified way at his entrance. A lady has the same privilege, however, as she can retaliate, if she likes, by debarring her husband from seeing her own sister.

As it is only since some years that Turkish girls have been enabled to have good education, the children of the Turkish lady of our period are still too small to enable us to understand the full effect such an innovation will have on the following generation. Still we have every reason to hope that it will be a good thing for them, as it will enable them to look up to their mothers as their equals in everything, and dispel the strange feeling of superiority which both men and women feel now over their mothers. They will also learn to have much higher ideas of the comfort of their homes than the young men of these times possess, and will be impressed from their youth with greater notions of life than are taught now. As a European gentleman once very pithily observed, it is a sad thing when a boy must be sent from home, in his most tender youth, as is done here now, that he may escape the pernicious influence harem life has on his mind. Judging, also, from the few who return without new defects added to the old, this system is not a better one in any way.

Our young men learn many things in Europe; if apt, they will come home thoroughly instructed in every branch of learning necessary to pursue their road in life, but in every sixty who go there, how many come back imbued with good principles? By my private experience of my countrymen, I think there are no more than ten, whilst the other fifty lose every vague idea of right or wrong they might have before possessed. This, of course, is not because the system of sending them there is bad in itself. Europeans are rarely educated otherwise, and what is good for them ought not to be bad for us; it is simply because a child first gets its ideal of life from its immediate surroundings, and that the one it learns in a harem is wanting in every element of purity or truth. To have a mother

possessed of educated feelings will be, then, a great boon to the children born now, and will help their moral education to rise to higher levels than it has yet reached.

I was once present at the baptism of a Turkish child, and will endeavour to describe this ceremony, though it is one with which many people dispense, and which is neither legal nor religious. The child was only seven days old, this being the age when it is thought necessary to name him, and was lying on a bed covered with that gold wire of which I spoke higher up, and which, in this case, was tied to the bedstead with diamond pins. Some salt and a sieve being brought by the nurse, the mother took up the child and placed it in the sieve, and giving one end of it to the nurse she took the other and shook it slightly, whilst the nurse placed her mouth to the child's ear and called it loudly by the name given to it. The salt was then sprinkled over it, and after a slight prayer the sieve was shaken once more, and whilst the salt fell to the ground the child was ordered to obey his father and mother, after which it was taken out of the sieve and placed again in its bed, the father entering at the same moment, and presenting the mother with a pair of diamond earrings and the nurse with an Indian shawl.

If a Turkish lady possessed of a private fortune dies, the husband inherits one quarter, another goes to the children, and the rest to the parents of the deceased; whilst if she has no children the husband then takes the half. A widow, if childless, inherits also a quarter of her husband's fortune as well as the sum first settled on her, but if she has a child she has right to the eighth part of his fortune, the rest being divided between the other relations.

I think I have shown that some of our laws are very favourable to women, and that no land would lose much in adopting them. Barring the law on divorce, the interest of women is well looked to, and it seems to me that we cannot complain of our first lawgivers. That all marriages should be happy is impossible, but seeing the strange manner in which we become acquainted with our future husbands, and all the chances that exist against our happiness, we have comparatively few failures in that line, and can be well proud of our wedded life.

ADALET.

THE IMPENDING ELECTIONS IN ENGLAND AND AMERICA

THE two great branches of the English-speaking race are about to pass judgment upon their present rulers, and to dismiss or re-engage them as it suits their good pleasure.

Both are to elect rulers known respectively as 'Premier' and as 'President,' also members of their popular Houses, and both are to leave untouched their second Chambers. So far there is perfect accord, but beyond this differences appear which it may be interesting to note, especially since one finds in the Old Home indications of a growing opinion, held already by some of the ablest men of both parties, that sooner or later democracy here must eventually find it best, and even necessary, to adopt the numerous checks and counter-checks provided by the American Constitution, which may be justly regarded in the highest sense as a very conservative instrument, which has, indeed, justified this title by the fruit that it has produced, viz. by far the most truly conservative people that speak the English tongue—a people who think, whether justly or no makes no difference—their political institution perfect, and who, therefore, would regard all proposals of change, if any were made, with aversion.

The first difference we note is, that not only the day but the hour is fixed at which the appeal is to be taken in the Republic. Between the rising and the setting of the sun on the 'first Tuesday after the first Monday in November' every fourth year, the votes are deposited, and the result known ere the people retire to rest. Under the British Constitution an interesting uncertainty exists. The summons comes like a thief in the night, as it pleases best the Premier, and about three weeks are spent in reaching the result. The Republic will cast, say, 11,000,000 votes; the Monarchy, about one half as many. The date upon which the elected representatives shall assemble and the date at which they will again lay down their official duties in the Republic are also fixed. In the Old Home these are, within bounds, at the pleasure of the Premier.

The constituencies to which the two Governments will appeal are widely different. In the Republic universal suffrage prevails, one

man one vote; the suffrage is protected by laws requiring voters in the large cities to register a short period, usually ten days before election day; and what is known as the 'Australian Ballot Box Reform' has already been introduced in many of the States, and is fast becoming universal. It has been found admirably adapted for preventing the possibility of exerting undue influence upon the voter and completely guarding the secrecy of his ballot. The recent discussion in the House of Commons upon 'one man one vote' has directed attention to the inequalities of the present electoral law in Britain. Nothing could be simpler than the American plan, which may be briefly described as follows: Every ten years a national census is taken of the people; the total population is divided by the number of representatives which constitute the House, which is 356, and the number of people which each representative is called upon to represent is thus obtained; each State is given the number of representatives in the House to which its population entitles it.

Fractions remain over in each State, and it has been the practice, when the fractions exceed one-half the number required for a representative, to give an additional member. In this way the number of total representatives is sometimes increased two or three each ten years. Under this plan a redistribution of electoral power occurs every ten years. The State of Pennsylvania, for instance, has been steadily regaining its former supremacy, and has now thirty representatives as compared with thirty-four allotted to the State of New York. The difference was formerly much greater. In the apportionment which has just taken place, the great North-Western States gained; while several of the older States lost members. The number of members having been assigned to each State, it devolves upon the State legislatures to divide the States into equal electoral districts. The number of people whom each representative of the popular House of Congress represents thus continues constantly to grow; it now exceeds 170,000. By this simple automatic plan perfect equality is reached and maintained, every man's vote being precisely of the same weight. There is no property or university vote. Having reached the bed-rock of equality, the suffrage question never appears; it is settled to the satisfaction of everybody, because upon a perfectly equal basis.

It is difficult for a democratic visitor to his native land to understand how statesmen can oppose equal electoral districts and equal value of vote because of supposed advantages or disadvantages to party; the Republican idea being that if a majority of the people are Conservative their views should prevail; if, on the other hand, the majority are Liberal their views should prevail. The advantage or disadvantage to a party does not seem to the American to have any bearing upon the subject, the question being, What will most truly express the real wishes of the people, man for man?

While the election in the Monarchy is a special one at which only members of the Lower House are to be voted for, in the Republic it is the usual bi-yearly election of members of Congress and of both Houses of the State legislatures, Governors of States, State Treasurers, Secretaries of State, Attorneys-General, Controllors, State Auditors, &c., and also in many cases for judges and officials, and for all county officers. The Republican finds at every second election, at intervals of four years, an additional ballot-box placed in the line, of from twelve to sixteen boxes, in which he deposits his choice for certain men, called 'electors,' who meet and formally elect as President the candidate of the party which receives a majority of the votes of the Electoral College. I have always considered that the wildest remark ever made in Parliament, so far as I have read Parliamentary proceedings, was that of my friend Sir Lyon Playfair, who, wishing to compare cost of the hereditary and elected heads, stated in support of the Bill increasing the revenues of the Prince of Wales that, in his opinion, 'the United Kingdom could not stand the *financial strain* of a Presidential election.' There is no such thing—*per se*. Naturally more excitement accompanies the usual election for most officials State and national at which a President is also to be chosen; but as the general election always takes place in November, when the rural community is practically idle, and the parades are usually torchlight processions held in the evening, the loss of productive labour caused is much less than a visitor would be apt to conclude. The money spent for speakers, halls, brass bands, &c., is greater than here; but, on the other hand, the sums passing through the hands of the national committees, whips, &c., is much less in the Republic than in Britain. Inasmuch as the election here for members of Parliament and Premier is a special election, the cost of electing the ruler per head is very much greater than in America. If county and city officials, school boards, &c., were elected here along with the members of Parliament at the same election, the Monarchy would then save in cost as the Republic does by making only one appeal for State and national officials, at every second appeal only adding to the long list of candidates for various offices an additional name for President. It is impossible to estimate the direct and indirect costs of an appeal to the people; but as these appeals are absolutely necessary to government by the people, their cost is fully justified. By having an hereditary nominal head of society in Britain the cost of electing the political head is nowise lessened; [and it is a remarkable fact that the appeals to the people on both sides of the Atlantic occur at the same average intervals of time. Since the Reform Bill, Britain has elected its ruler every four years and two months; the American elects his ruler every four years. Other arguments must be sought for maintaining an hereditary nominal ruler of the social world, in addition to a political ruler, than the expense of electing the

latter, which was Sir Lyon's point; for the election of the Republican ruler involves no more additional expense than the election of the Premier in Britain. Indeed, as before pointed out, it is not so great, being only an incident of a general election for all the officers of the nation and the States, forty-four in number, which must be held.¹ What costs in both countries is the appeal to the people to select rulers, and this cannot be avoided in either. The political ruler in the Republic being the social head as well, both offices are combined. The maintenance of an hereditary social ruler and family in Britain, therefore, is an expense added to the cost of the election of the political ruler from which the Republic is wholly free.

Another fundamental difference between the two countries is that every official elected by the Republic receives payment from the State for his services, and is free from all official expenses of nomination or election. Members of Congress receive each \$5,000 per annum, and the members of State legislatures from, say, \$600 to \$1,500. The public watches their attendance upon public duties jealously; and as all legislatures, including Congress, meet as a rule at noon and adjourn in time for dinner, it is not possible for men whose time is required in professional or business pursuits to be members, whose first, prime, and only duty is to attend to the business of the State. Owing to the fact that members of Congress and State legislatures are paid, the constituencies are able to select the men considered best qualified. These are generally popular, public-spirited young men, or elderly men who have earned the respect and confidence of the community by long years of useful life. I cannot count more than half a dozen—certainly there are not a dozen—rich men in the House of Representatives, and in the Senate (consisting of eighty-eight members) there are not more than a dozen rich men. Judged by the standard of riches of the House of Lords, there are not half the number named. Indeed, the millionaire has little chance of being elected by any constituency to the House. In the new States several, however, have been elected by the State legislatures to the Senate; but both Senate and House, considered as bodies, are composed of poor men. It is certain that a majority of both Houses could not possibly take official position except for the salaries paid by the State in return for their services. In the Monarchy, the reverse is true: a vast majority in both Houses of Parliament possess independent revenues. The government of the Republic is thus government by the poor; that of the Monarchy, government by the rich.

Another difference may, perhaps, be not considered an advantage in the old land, because people might wonder what subject they

¹ The State of Maine, which has only a population of 661,086, with four representatives in Congress, is now, I believe, the only State that elects its State officers separately from its Presidential electors. This is expected to be changed.

could get which would interest them as much as the daily wrangle of politicians. The difference is very marked. In these days of impending dissolution we may not be surprised that the conversation everywhere drifts into the one subject. But at all seasons the American is surprised to find that politics are the principal subject of conversation in Britain, ranking next to the weather, I should say, as the result of my own experience. How different this is in America I need not tell anyone who knows that land. Having given their confidence for a fixed term to one man as President, and his Cabinet, and to the representatives elected to Congress, these agents are permitted to show their ability: they have their innings, and politics cease, until just previous to the next election, to be the engrossing subject of discussion or interest. When the performers, as in the old land, are continually dancing upon the tight-rope before us, and liable to fall at any moment, all eyes are naturally fixed upon them, and the national mind is thus diverted, as we should say, from more important subjects, and led into an unceasing controversy in regard to the merits of the various solo performers. The publication of the speeches made in Parliament by the newspapers upon this side seems to promote much vain speaking. The honourable member from Kansas or Nebraska, on the other hand, rises in Congress and asks permission to have printed in the *Record of Congressional Proceedings* 'a few remarks with which he does not wish to trouble the House in the present state of public business.' Unanimous consent is required; but need it be said this is never refused, but always granted 'with cheers'? The speech is printed in pamphlet form, and sometimes in the favourable local newspapers of the honourable member's district. This is the end desired, for it is intended strictly 'for home consumption,' to be 'drunk on the premises,' as it were. The time of the National Assembly is thus saved for business. It is a delicate point, I know; but truly, I think the average American Congressman much less vain and much more modest, and infinitely more mindful of the wishes of his colleagues, than the average British M.P., for he scarcely ever bores the House or consumes its valuable time by inflicting upon it the 'great effort' he has prepared, not to inform the House, but to electrify the rustics at home.

I scarcely know a difference between the two constitutions which involves such far-reaching consequences as fixed and unfixed terms of office. An Executive Government in power for four years, and an Executive liable to be changed at any time by the vote of one House of the Legislature, constitutes most of the difference between Fierce Democracy and Conservative Representative Government.

A House of representatives with fixed terms which nothing can shake or affect, and a House of members dependent upon the will of a majority of that House, leads to most of the differences which strike one in comparing the two countries in their political aspects. In the

case of the Republic with its fixed terms of office, there is no decisive advantage to be gained by defeating measures of the party in power early in the life of the Congress. The opposition cannot possibly shorten the innings of its opponents. Therefore, until new elections are impending the business of the country is transacted, not indeed without political bias, but without parties coming to the actual 'tug of war,' which is said to begin here the moment the Speaker takes the chair even in a new Parliament. No fatal blow can be inflicted, because the life of the opposing party in power is beyond danger. The strife is not mortal, and hence for the first session the contest resembles more a friendly fencing match, or two boat-crews training on the same river in playful rivalry for the coming struggle.

But the greater advantage of the fixed term of office, and especially the four years during which the President and Cabinet hold the power of the Executive safe beyond reach of interference, is, that men can disregard the first gust of popular frenzy, should one arise, and await with calm faith the coming of the sober second thought of the people; and it is not the first voice of the people which is the voice of God, I am very sure—it must be the second; the Premier in Britain, having to save himself and his party at the moment, must bow to the storm when it is at its height; he has no time to wait the return of calm wisdom. He is tempted not to keep the ship of state upon its true course, but to shift, even if it should drive it among the rocks. The American captain sails an unsinkable ship. No cyclone can even sweep him from its deck. He will sail his course to the end of the voyage, and only surrender command when he hands her over to the owners safe in the harbour, his duty done. It is as if the officers of the British ship of State were required always to keep her upon an even keel; if ever permitted to lie over to one side, even one degree, they must perforce give up command. The American captain lets the 'winds blow wrack,' and the sails fill, and the good ship lie over under the inspiring gale which sends the winds whistling through the rigging. What cares he whether the most weight be on one side or the other during the crisis? He sails right on. The good ship is made to outride storms, and will right itself when the gale ceases. Men in power dealing with subjects about which they have all sources of knowledge open to them must be very poor men indeed who do not know better than the ignorant what must eventually prove itself best for their country. What is to be permanently good, even if temporarily unpopular, is the thing to be seen; and the man who sees this, and stands firmly for it, stamps himself that which democracy never fails to support, and even idolise—a *leader*. Six months, a year, such a leader says, will explode this craze, prove its folly; and long before our term of office expires the truth will be clear to all. There is, consequently, less temptation for leaders to defer to popular clamour. They have time

in which to plant good seed and prove to the people that they are true guides who have pointed out the right and resolutely rejected the wrong path. To be thus right and far-sighted, and true to one's own convictions, even once in a lifetime, is to secure for a man in the Republic a position of commanding importance, whether in or out of power.

Lincoln said it was a bad time to 'swap horses when crossing the stream;' the worst time of all for a Government to lay down its powers, and for new, untried men to take command, is when the tempest blows.

It has been said that both countries leave untouched their second Chambers, and so they do, as far as direct action upon these is concerned. But in the case of the Senate, a general election in America may indirectly affect it after a time through the election of new Senators by the State legislatures now about to be elected along with President, members of Congress, &c.; while the House of Lords in Britain remains, as before, unaffected by the appeal to the people. The Senate is composed of two Senators from each State. The term of office is six years, but so divided that the terms end in different years, so that one-third only retires every second year. No state even can change both of its Senators at once, as there is always an interval of four years between the expiration of their terms. Through this provision a constant stream of retiring and incoming Senators flows in and out of the Senate, elected by the State legislatures, which are fresh from the people; so that the Senate is kept in constant touch with the popular will.

Thus the three branches of the American Government, legislative, consultive (as we may call the Senate), and executive, have each different terms of office; so that no vote of the people can change the entire governing force at any one time. This is the work of years and of several appeals to the electorate, with the same result. The President rules for four years, the Lower House of Congress for two years; while the Senate is self-perpetuating, it is for ever; that is, at least two-thirds of it at any given time must be composed of former members whose terms have not expired. As a matter of fact, a much greater proportion of it is old blood, as many Senators are re-elected. Thus the infusion of the new blood may slowly modify, but can never overwhelm. The powers of the Senate are remarkable. Much is said of the patronage of the President, but, great as is his influence sometimes politically, he can only nominate men for office to the Senate. Judges of the Supreme Court, ministers to foreign lands equally with the list of postmasters proposed by him, are dependent upon receiving the approval of the Senate, which is often refused. Members of his own Cabinet are equally so, although it is the custom of the Senate to approve these as a matter of course, it being considered due to every President that he should be allowed to select his

own Cabinet. Nevertheless, the power to reject men proposed for the Cabinet is sometimes used. All treaties entered into by the President are likewise subject to the Senate's approval. It is, I believe, justly entitled to the compliment generally paid to it as being the only second Chamber in the world 'with power.' Thus it will readily be seen that an unconsidered measure or a wave of popular excitement, even if lashed into fury, must dash against the solid walls of three distinct branches of government, all of which must be satisfied of the wisdom of any end desired, and each being entirely independent of the popular will as long as its fixed term of office endures; and the most powerful of the three, the Senate, being substantially a permanent body of trained officials, even if the majority there may sway slowly between parties, yet it is always a majority of men who have been long in office, and who have fixed tenures of office. It is these conservative elements upon which statesmen can depend in emergencies. They have enabled them to withstand every violent craze that has swept over the populace. The madness—for I can use no milder term—at the *Alabama* escape, the gust aroused by the Mason and Slidell incident, the sending of troops by Britain to Canada, the premature demand for the Emancipation proclamation, the demand for the punishment of Jefferson Davis and others, the Greenback excitement, and just now the Silver Question, are all cases in point. There are always in existence a Senate, and a House of Representatives, and an Executive, each with fixed terms of office, who have in their hands the guidance and control of all important questions, and whose terms of office do not all expire at the same time, while the affirmative action of all three is indispensable for any action at all.

It must not be inferred that the deliberate will of the people can be thwarted or overridden by the conservative checks which I have described. Of course it must prevail, and does so; not with the rush of the torrent, but with the calm flow of a steady stream, the popular will works its way. Time is gained for ample discussion when time is all-important. If an end desired be advantageous, it is not much of an injury to wait two or three years for it. If the end temporarily sought be injurious, that length of time will suffice to expose and defeat it, and wise legislators, seeing the people carried away momentarily by any sudden gust of passion, can—

Upon the heat of their dustemper
Sprinkles cool patience.

Time is the agent of steady, sound progressive evolution; passion, of revolution.

The present attitude of political parties in the two countries furnishes another strong contrast. In the new country there is a perfect poverty of issues. The best, and indeed the usual, political

cry in the Republic is fortunately unavailable—the charge of political corruption. The ‘Outs’ here in Britain might as well attempt to raise the cry political corruption against Salisbury, Balfour, and Goschen as for the ‘Outs’ to attempt it against President Harrison and his Cabinet. It has not even been suggested. In regard to the Silver Question, the Democratic members of the House of Representatives have refused even to consider ‘free coinage.’ These number more than two-thirds of the entire House, so that issue cannot be made by that party. In regard to the Tariff, it has been found necessary to go no further with the Bills that were expected reducing or abolishing duties. The correspondent of the *Times* states that the Southern Democrats would not concur in this policy. This was inevitable. It is no longer the Northern Republican manufacturers, but the Southern Democratic manufacturers, who are the foremost opponents of proposed tariff reductions. It was chiefly they who changed the Mills Bill in committee to such an extent that it was scarcely recognisable, and then defeated it altogether. Neither party in America can seriously change the tariff, although the Democratic party, having no other issue, must incorporate in its platform ‘Tariff Reform’—words without much meaning. The platforms of the two great parties, with this exception, will be, therefore, necessarily greatly alike, and the contest will probably turn more upon the character of the two nominees than ever.

Upon this side of the water the visitor sees the Newcastle Programme, with its promises for the future, as the issue upon the Liberal side; and on the other hand, the record of the good and even Liberal work done by the present Government as the platform of the Conservative; and there is the question of the management of Ireland as the main issue between parties; so that the electors of the Old Land have a decided advantage—if it be an advantage—over the electors of the New: they will at least know that many political questions remain undecided in the Monarchy, and that they are about to pass judgment upon some of these.

After the appeals are over, nothing will have been settled in the Republic by the appeal, but there remains the negative virtue that nothing will be unsettled. The morning after election Democrats and Republicans will shake hands and laugh over the defeat of one of the two great parties, and the country will settle down to its work of still further developing the resources of the country, and improving its educational, scientific, and artistic institutions, which are expanding and improving at a pace not less rapid than the population and wealth of the country. Comparatively little will be heard of politics for at least three years.

Each reader may speculate for himself upon the conditions after the coming appeal here; but it is to be feared that a striking contrast will still exist between the Old and the New Land whichever party may be successful at the polls, for one speaks through my

countryman Lord Rosebery of coming legislation which must be tried, even if 'experimental,' if the Liberals succeed; and the other party through that other most distinguished countryman, Mr. Balfour, of the trial which government by a small majority is yet to undergo under the present democratic conditions. So that with either Liberal or Conservative victory the ship of state appears to have stormy seas before her, and politics, instead of being relegated to a 'back seat' for years as in the Republic, will probably continue to absorb most of the time, thought, and conversation of the people. But the contrast between the Monarchy and the Republic, great as it is at present, is one which I believe is to become less, and less year after year, until the two great branches of the English-speaking race, possessed of the same language, literature, law and religion, shall also possess the advantages of similar conservative constitutions. 'Old England' and 'New England' cannot permanently differ very much, only such slight variation can remain as a slightly differing environment renders necessary and healthful to both. The democracy, after sweeping away every shred of privilege here, may be trusted to pause and become as truly conservative in the Old Home as in the New, for the political equality of the citizen once established makes all citizens conservative.

ANDREW CARNEGIE.

WHY I SHALL VOTE FOR THE UNIONIST CANDIDATE

[NOTE.—The subjoined articles may be taken as a fair sample of the way in which the political situation of the moment is regarded by that great and varied majority of educated Englishmen who, while their interests lie in literature, commerce, or science—whether they are Churchmen, Baptists, Wesleyans, or Roman Catholics—do not usually much concern themselves with party politics.

Their views, though distasteful to many 'wire-pullers' as those of *the classes*, will certainly be shared in the long run by *the masses*. In this country at any rate, the classes proceed directly from the masses, whose ablest, best educated, and most successful children they are, and of whom the parents, so far from being jealous, are justly proud, and not too proud to learn.—*Ed. NINETEENTH CENTURY.*]

I

I AM asked to give my reasons for voting for a Unionist candidate at the approaching election. For so revolutionary a change the burden of proof lies on the other side; but it may be well to hear something of what may be said against it. I have seen no evidence in its favour that appears to me worthy of serious consideration, whilst that in opposition to it seems to me unanswerable.

If the contention is that with a Parliament of its own Ireland would enjoy a freedom not now accorded to it, we have only to turn to its condition when it had such a Parliament. The Roman Catholic claims to sit in Parliament were then denied; Roman Catholics were restricted in their power of building places of worship, and often hindered from doing so; perfect liberty with respect to the education of their children was denied them; sedition and rebellion were rife, and in maintaining the supremacy of the law streams of blood had continually to be shed; the people generally were poor and down-trodden, and the moral and physical condition of the country was most unsatisfactory. So far as legislation can remove these grievances, it has been effected by the Imperial Parliament.

More than this. There is no evil from which any class of the

community in Ireland is suffering that Parliament would not now remove if the existence of the evil that needs removing could be proved. The land laws are more favourable to the occupiers in Ireland than they are to those living in England or Scotland. Grants from the Imperial treasury for draining the land, for developing the fisheries, for improving the means of communication, for alleviating the distress of the poor and the education of their children, have been made to an exceptional extent for Ireland. It possesses a much larger proportion of representatives in Parliament than any other portion of the United Kingdom, and a greater amount of time is devoted by the Legislature to a consideration of what may affect its interests than is given to any other province of the Empire.

If we look to the condition of the people, we find them, speaking generally, better paid, better housed, better fed, than they were before the Union; there are now large sums in the savings banks where previously there was no thought of saving; and wherever there is industry and thrift, as in the North, there is prosperity and contentment. To judge from what is stated in the newspapers, the only wrongs of which the people have to complain are that the decrees of the National League are not allowed to override the law of the land; that tenants are not allowed to refuse to pay their rents, and when evicted, to murder those who take their farms, or to maim their cattle; and that the rights of landowners are protected equally with those of the tenants.

Whilst, then, there are no existing wrongs that could be legitimately righted by the establishment of a Parliament in Dublin with a Ministry to direct the affairs of the country independent of that which governs the empire from Westminster, are there any reasonable grounds for supposing that a native Parliament and Ministry would secure more unity in the country than at present exists, stimulate trade and the industry of the people to a greater extent than is now found, or add to the prosperity and happiness of the people in any other way?

We have striking evidence in the recent action of the province of Ulster that such a Parliament would not secure unity. That most active, industrious, and thrifty portion of the people assert, in language not to be misunderstood, that nothing shall induce them to submit to an Irish Parliament. They value their connection with England, and from that they will not part. To secure their adherence force would therefore be required. Who is to supply that force? If it be the other portions of Ireland the result would certainly be doubtful: if it is to be furnished by an English army, there can be no doubt that the feeling of a large portion of Englishmen and Scotchmen would be with the people of Ulster, and a civil war commenced in Ireland might be disastrously extended to England and Scotland.

To judge from the leaders of the Nationalist party, is there ground for expecting from them such an amount of statesmanship, such superior tact and ability in welding together discordant elements of the community, such thought and consideration for opponents as would give them a power and influence which existing statesmen do not possess? As yet we have seen no evidence to justify any such anticipation: we have had no proof of their constructive ability, but a good deal of their influence in a contrary direction. They are able to oppose and thwart and stir up strife. They quarrel amongst themselves. Personal jealousies and rivalries are rife amongst them; and as yet, so far as I am able to judge, no promise has appeared of statesmanlike power. Is there any prospect that such rulers would stimulate trade, and add to the material prosperity of the country? If so, how is it that none of them come from the prosperous and advancing North? The best evidence they could give of their ability to raise the general condition of Ireland would be to begin by elevating that portion of it with which they are connected. And it may be added, if there are abler men in the party, how is it that we never hear of them?

What is there, then, to be said from the Irish point of view in favour of Home Rule? There seems to be nothing but a vague, unreasoning sentimental feeling that is nursed by antipathy to England, for which there were grounds in the past, but for which there are none in the present. Moreover, it is useful as a political engine to men who have their own ends and ambitions to serve; and the passions of the people are aroused in its favour by assertions and representations that are neither just nor generous.

Supposing that Home Rule were given, have we any grounds for supposing that the people of Ireland would be more satisfied than they are at present, or to expect that the portion of them who clamour for Home Rule would be content with what they had got and cease to agitate the country for further change? There have been many efforts made by Parliament to conciliate them; what has been the result? When the Irish Church was disestablished, that was to bring perfect peace: when Mr. Gladstone introduced his land bills, we were assured that now all ill-feeling was to cease, the real cause of all the strife and hostility between classes had at last been discovered, and was about to be healed for ever. Is Ireland more content now than it was then? or if it is so, is it not the result of the firm hand with which it has been ruled during the last six years, and not of the so-called healing measures by which those years were preceded? Was not the immediate effect of these measures to stimulate discontent and outrage, and to make the state of the country worse than it was before?

Should Home Rule be given, the supremacy of the Imperial Parliament must either be retained or surrendered. If it be retained, is it not certain that there will be ceaseless efforts to throw off the

yoke, and protests perpetually made and resistance threatened when the superior authority attempts to restrain or interfere with the wishes or resolutions of the inferior body? We are warned by the Irish Nationalist members what to expect; and if the divisions in the Nationalist party accomplish nothing else they will certainly secure that neither party will dare to yield in the least degree to the authority which the Imperial Parliament desires to retain over the country. And if that authority should be relinquished, and the Irish Ministry should be made independent of any control from the Queen's Government in England, what have the Nationalist leaders given us reason to anticipate? They refuse to drink the Queen's health at their feasts, they will not listen to such music as 'God save the Queen,' they tell us that England's hour of weakness is Ireland's opportunity; so that if unhappily we were to be embroiled by a foreign war, we might expect that the many convenient ports in Ireland for harbouring ships would be tenanted by cruisers seeking to make prey of the vessels conveying the food without which a famine must overtake us, whilst a portion of our army would have to watch the opposite shore, from which an attack might be more successfully made than from elsewhere. If the speeches of their leaders are to be accepted as evidence, therefore, we must certainly reckon upon Ireland as a possible hostile power. It is well for us not to deceive ourselves. The Irish respect and admire the strong hand that dares to govern, they despise and reject a Government that weakly yields to unreasonable demands, and that expects to secure peace by making concessions in order to silence agitation. Paper agreements and the clauses of an Act of Parliament will avail little to check demands, or to preserve the rights they are intended to safeguard, or peaceful relations between the countries that now form a United Kingdom.

Whether, therefore, we look to Ireland or to England, to the interests and advantages of the industrious and thrifty portion of the commercial North, or to the peace and prosperity of the other parts of Ireland; or whether we consider the quiet and well-being of England, we may see much to dispose us to use every effort to secure a majority for the Unionist cause at the approaching election, and no inducement whatever to support a system of Home Rule, from which, if we are to judge from the past, neither peace nor prosperity, neither social well-being nor moral improvement can be expected. I say nothing of other matters, as the leaders of the Separatist party tell us that until the question of Home Rule is settled they will not touch other legislative questions.

ROBERT GREGORY
(Dean of St. Paul's).

II

In 1886 there was some excuse for simple-minded people who believed that the Home Rule Bill of that year satisfied the final claims of Irish nationalism. The Nationalist leaders had said so, and their word was sufficient. We now know on their own confession that they accepted the Bill merely as an instalment. How could it be otherwise? They were but the instruments of a party which moves behind the scenes. Those who floated them into power and who kept them in their pay could not but control their policy. But it is no slight gain to have the issue cleared. In 1886 the Irish party were duping the English people. In 1892 their meaning is beyond doubt.

Let us for the moment suppose that Home Rule has been carried, and let us think out the consequences. The most sanguine Nationalist will admit that Home Rule will not set things straight in a day. Those who have been led to expect a golden era will be sadly disillusioned. For some time, at least, capital will be withdrawn from the country, and economic troubles must increase. The party of Disruption will here see their opportunity. 'We are hampered,' they will say, 'by the restrictions placed on us. We cannot protect our trade. We cannot endow our religion. We cannot deal freely with our education. The Home Rule policy has failed because it is fenced with vexatious safeguards. Trust the people. Withdraw your restrictions. What if in name it is Separation? It is in truth the Union of Hearts.' Every argument that is now used for Home Rule will then be used, and with redoubled force for Separation. Many in Ireland who are now not even Home Rulers will then be Separatists. They will throw themselves into the movement with the passion of disappointed hope and the energy of despair.

If we are not to-day prepared to face these consequences, let us reflect before we have taken the first and fatal step. We are about to plant an outpost against Great Britain, to create on our own flanks a possibly hostile state from whose shores an enemy's fleet could issue in time of war to harass our commerce and cut off our food supplies. The nucleus of this hostile power already exists in the Irish-American Fenians. English Home Rulers talk lightly of the reconquest of Ireland. Are those who have not the courage to hold what they have likely to win back what they have lost, and at the cost of civil war?

Even if Ireland with one voice demanded Home Rule it would be unsafe for Great Britain to concede the demand. How much more when the most prosperous, the most progressive, the most loyal section of the Irish people protest against it solemnly! From North

to South the minority in Ireland have met and expressed their unalterable resolve not to transfer their allegiance to a Parliament led by men who for years have striven to trample down Imperial law and to sever Ireland from the Empire. They are met with the reply, 'You are not asked to transfer your allegiance; Ireland is not to be made a foreign country.' But Home Rule in fact, if not in name, involves a transfer of allegiance. The Irish Parliament will be in the hands of politicians who are, and have avowed themselves to be, the implacable enemies of Great Britain. No fiction of a new constitution can make allegiance to the Queen's enemies the same thing as allegiance to the Crown.

Nor is it their *political* allegiance only that the minority are called on to transfer. If they are to submit to the men who before a judicial tribunal have been found guilty of intimidating and continuing to intimidate, knowing that such intimidation led to murder and outrage, they must also transfer their *moral* allegiance. They will be bound over to a faction which has set at naught all law and justice, mercy and humanity. Their conscience is to be coerced into accepting a new code of right and wrong.

In theory it is possible for Parliament to impose this yoke on the neck of the minority. But even the sovereignty of the Imperial Parliament may be over-strained. It was thus that Great Britain lost her American Colonies towards the close of last century. There were then men who used to the Colonies the language of studied contempt such as we have lately heard addressed to Ulster. Burke in his day raised his protest. The Colonists were, it was true, a minority, but one that could not be safely neglected, or provoked with little danger. He reminded the House of Commons of the stubborn spirit of liberty that the Colonists inherited. 'We cannot falsify the pedigree of this fierce people, and persuade them that they are not sprung from a nation in whose veins the blood of freedom circulates.' Might not these words be used of the Ulstermen to-day? To-day too, as then, the minority say, Such an exercise of sovereignty we look on as slavery. 'Nobody,' said Burke, 'will be argued into slavery. . . . 'That it is *legal* slavery is no compensation either to the feelings or the understanding.'

Great Britain less than any other power in the world can afford to neglect the rights of minorities. What is the British Empire itself but an Empire composed of scattered minorities, dependent for their very existence on our good faith? That faith does not vary according as the promise is made to many or to few. The cause of the Ulstermen and of the scattered loyalists in the South and West is the cause of every minority in her Majesty's dominions. Home Rule cannot be narrowed into a question of Irish local politics, nor is it possible for an Imperial people ever to pass this grand penal measure against loyalty.

Home Rule in Ireland has meant two distinct things. To the politician it means separation from Great Britain; to the mass of the people it signifies the ownership of land. Agrarian discontent has been the motive force which the people has supplied to the political movement. The Unionists have taken up the problem from the people's, not from the politicians' point of view. They have struck at the root of Irish discontent. They have passed measures of land purchase by which thousands of farmers are being converted from agitators into the guardians of order. 'The man,' said Mr. Healy (*Freeman's Journal*, September 26, 1888), 'who purchased under Ashbourne's Act was making a treaty of peace behind the back of the nation as a whole.' The treaty has been made and each year is ratifying it. A great industrial and remedial policy has been initiated, and is already bearing fruit. The prisons, which under Mr. Gladstone's régime were full, now are empty, and the savings banks are full. To the paid patriot this means ruin; the dismay of the party is indicated in the words of Mr. Healy.

The Unionists do not, indeed, imagine that in a few years you can undo the errors of centuries. In the affairs of nations there is need of patience as well as courage. But of this they are convinced, that they have laid deep the foundations of national welfare in Ireland. Never has there been such good ground of hope as there is now. It would be a wanton and wicked thing to check the beneficent work that has been begun, and to throw the country back into the barren round of political turmoil. Out of Home Rule can come only weary strife and division of heart. Let the mad project of disunion be set aside. Under a Unionist Government all Irishmen who are not enemies of Great Britain can join in building up a united and industrious Ireland.

S. H. BUTCHER. .

III

In 1883, when Mr. Labouchere and I were almost the only Liberal members opposing Mr. Gladstone's terrible Coercion Bill, and I was considered a Home Ruler and a desperate character, it would indeed have surprised me had a prophet foretold the present state of things. The upholders of the tyrannical and un-British system of government, under which men were imprisoned without trial and houses searched at the will of the police, a system which proved utterly useless and powerless to repress crime—these men are

now loud in their accusations of tyranny against Mr. Balfour, who, by simply administering just laws with a firm hand, has restored Ireland to the condition of a civilised country. Trade and industry are reviving, but everything depends on the result of the elections.

The accession of Mr. Gladstone to power, followed by the disturbance of every branch of government in Ireland, would at once undo the good of the six years' work. A Legislature in Dublin, commanding an Irish Executive, would mean insecurity of property, even of person, and the control of large interests by men who have no knowledge of anything beyond vestry squabbles and begging expeditions.

The fears of Ulster are easily understood by those who consider that she alone in Ireland, outside Dublin, possesses great commercial and manufacturing establishments. Belfast trade would be the goose laying golden eggs. Taxes would be laid nominally on the whole of Ireland, which would touch no one out of Ulster. Those who have no experience of manufacturing concerns are apt to forget that the starting of one is a matter of immense expense. The site must be purchased, buildings erected and filled with costly machinery. A moderate-sized ironworks or mill will take from 10,000*l.* to 15,000*l.* to complete. If a failure for the particular purpose for which it is intended, the whole money is lost. It might as well have been thrown into the sea. If, therefore, there is the slightest feeling of insecurity, the capitalist will keep his money in his pocket. He will be content with his 2½ per cent. with security and without work. For the same reason old-established concerns will be allowed to go down.

It is a feature of our day that small producers and tradesmen cannot live. Now in Ireland outside Ulster the great industry is agriculture, 49·5 per cent. of the population being thus employed, against 13·2 per cent. in England. Most of these are small independent holders.

As I pointed out in my address to the Institute of Mechanical Engineers in Dublin in 1888, with proper arrangements for collection and carriage of produce, Ireland should take the 14,000,000*l.* we annually pay to France for butter and eggs. But if Messrs. Healy, Dillon, and Redmond are controlling Ireland, who will invest money in creameries, butter and cheese factories, and elaborate arrangements for collecting the small farmers' produce, such as exist now in Normandy and Brittany?

There is coal in Tyrone and Antrim; but instead of growing, the mining industry is declining. Now that railways are extended, this trade would probably increase if the country were sure of firm and just government. But I repeat, unless there is security there can be no commercial prosperity.

Now to appreciate the degree of security we may expect under an Irish Parliament we need only consider the utterances of the Home

Rule leaders. Has one of them ever expressed any regard for law and order? Have they ever endeavoured to restrain their followers from acts of boycotting and intimidation, except on the ground that these acts were sometimes inconvenient? Is there among them all a man of high character and responsible position? Have they, indeed, any supporters among the commercial classes?

Take their freely expressed opinions of each other. They cannot complain if we take them at their own valuation. Then let every one ask himself, what if these men had control of affairs, if their nominees filled every office and controlled the police? They say they will be only content with complete independence. 'Ireland a Nation' is their cry, and Mr. Gladstone is committed to one thing only: to pass a measure of Home Rule that shall satisfy them.

I shall vote for a Unionist, because I am convinced that the need of Ireland is firm, settled government.

The electors are asked to give Mr. Gladstone power to carry out a scheme he dare not, or cannot, put before them. Such complete independence as the Irish leaders demand would doubtless lead to civil war with Ulster. It would certainly result in a protectionist policy against England, probably with preference shown to American imports.

Orators and philosophers may look with equanimity on the possibility of having to employ our army to defend the rights of the minority in Ireland, but practical men know that such a desperate remedy could not be tried until long after all commercial prosperity had disappeared, and must be followed by years of intense depression and poverty.

E. H. CARBUTT.

19 Hyde Park Gardens.

IV

I do not suppose that an invitation to state the reasons which will lead one to give a vote in favour of a Unionist policy in the coming election is to be taken to mean any detailed commentary upon the political situation, but merely a short statement of why one intends to adopt such a course.

Never having taken an active part in politics of a polemical kind, my sympathies have generally been with the view of progress adopted by the Liberal leaders and the party, and with the necessity to subordinating its action, in reference to reform, in matters relating to

one section of the community, to what is understood to be the national welfare. Why, then, are these commonplace principles not sufficient to influence one now? and why not throw in one's lot with one's old friends? My answer would be, because I think that party terms have ceased to convey any definite meaning, because I have more confidence in an Administration conducted by Lord Salisbury and Mr. Balfour, and supported by Lord Hartington, the Duke of Argyll, Sir H. James, and in the past by Mr. Bright and Mr. Forster and the Liberal Unionists, than in one conducted by Mr. Gladstone and his supporters. A few days ago, when Mr. Gladstone gave an interview to the eight hours deputation, in reply to their offer to support his Irish policy provided that he would advocate the eight hours limit, he stated that because he felt bound by honour and the traditions of his past to push forward Home Rule for Ireland in one shape or another to a final settlement—a settlement which, if reached, would probably be only the beginning of the real struggle—he could not entertain their proposals, but was it so clear that he had the welfare of the nation in view in what he was considering?

To me it is almost ridiculous in the present day to be shadowed by any fear that a policy unmindful of Irish interests can be carried into effect by any party towards Ireland. I do not believe that any Conservative Government would attempt it; I think the present composition of that party would neutralise the attempt if it were made. But in Ireland we have conflicting elements. The standing aloof of Ulster, which has recently been accentuated, the domination of the priesthood, and the use of all kinds of organised outrage by the Irish, and notably the most unsatisfactory treatment of such a condition of things by Mr. Gladstone's former Administration, and the willingness that he then evinced to place the government of Ireland in the hands of men aiming at the dismemberment of the Empire—these matters have to be dealt with. Lord Hartington again and again has said, 'Let us maintain the law and make such changes as may seem to be required and compatible with the national welfare,' and accordingly during the last six years Lord Salisbury's Government has done much in that direction, but it is said that the Irish can manage their own affairs the best. Well, except in cases where the interests of the whole nation are involved with their own, they will probably have a pretty free hand to do so.

But common straightforwardness does not seem to characterise their actions, and in the immediate future there is little indication of a clear sky. It is doubtful whether any Government will satisfy the requirements of the Irish patriot. He will first support one party and then the other, thinking to get more as time goes on.

Hec! passi graviores, dabit deus his quoque finem.

May not the end come by a combination of parties for the settlement

of the Irish question, when the Irish may see that, whatever means they may adopt to coerce a party or gain a Parliamentary advantage, from a decision arrived at by national agreement, there can be no appeal except that of civil war?

From a commercial point of view I think the uncertainty attending Mr. Gladstone's future policy, especially as regards foreign affairs, would undoubtedly have a prejudicial effect.

H. N. HAMILTON HOARE.

37 Fleet Street, June 23, 1892.

V

Why do I—a man of business—object to the advent of a Gladstonian Ministry, absolutely dependent as it must be on one or both sections of the late Parnellite party?

1. Because the disturbed condition of our national affairs in 1885 and 1886, when these Irish factions held the balance in the House of Commons, was too humiliating to all parties for any to desire its repetition. Four changes of Ministry and two general elections within a few months are, fortunately, not common experiences in English politics. They are eminently undesirable from every point of view, but especially from that of the administrative duties of an English Government to the big Empire of which it is the central authority.

Since 1886 the balance of parties in the House of Commons has been held by the Liberal Unionists. They have made good use of it. We have had a settled Government, a reasonable continuity of policy; construction in the House of Commons has been kept under control; more useful legislation has been accomplished than any purely Tory or any purely Liberal Ministry could have carried through; the Irish professional politicians were not allowed to block the way; all branches of the executive in Ireland were honourably sustained in the duties of their administration and felt the radically changed condition of affairs under Mr. Balfour's firm hand: the game of law and order—which Sir George Trevelyan had ingloriously said was 'up'—was played with such effect that threatening, boycotting, moonlighting, etc., etc., had to be dropped; the law has again become a terror to evil-doers, and the Queen's writ runs as certainly in Ireland as anywhere else in the United Kingdom. People in Ireland sleep without fear, and trade with confidence that their contracts will be enforced.

But the return of Mr. Gladstone to office, with his Home Rule

obligations and promises, inevitably means renewal of all the Irish excitement both in England and America, and probably recurrence to the use of the dynamite party again to scare England into consenting to that which is thought to be unwise and dangerous for both Ireland and England. Why should we run any such risk? The evils are certain! The risks are certain! The need for any such action is indefinitely postponed by the Parnellite split and the loyal objections which are at last finding voice from Ulster and elsewhere.

2. Because a statesman at the age of eighty-three who puts such a matter—over which he has already made one striking failure—for consideration before all other Welsh, Scotch, English, and Empire business, thereby admits that his personal pledges and commitments have made him an impracticable Minister for the British Crown. His advent to office would immediately provoke the most urgent demands for immediate fulfilment of his promises. There will be no such expectations and no such disappointment if Mr. Gladstone does not return to office, so that an extended period of peace and quietness, both in England and Ireland, may be expected, and cannot fail to be of the greatest advantage to the ordinary business and industries of both countries. No doubt, 2,000,000 or 3,000,000 of very ignorant Irish peasants, for the most part led by men who have made politics a trade, will ask again for Home Rule—whatever it may mean—but no cause is shown why the business of the other 36,000,000 of the United Kingdom should wait, or ‘take a back seat,’ to say nothing about the affairs of the 300,000,000 of Greater Britain. Why, indeed?

There is no need for it. Moreover, you cannot speak with any man of business in Ireland who does not say that what Ireland wants for a long time to come is to be let alone. There is no tyranny there now, and no risk of any, except what the trading politicians manufacture. Mr. Gladstone and his friends are embarrassed by the rash promises they made to secure eighty-five Irish votes, but the nation never endorsed these promises, and is not about to do so now when their absurdity has been made clearer than ever. Had the number of votes been twenty-five only, Mr. Gladstone probably would have been free from these embarrassing Irish commitments which now effectually block his way, and hang like a fatal encumbrance round the neck of his party.

3. Because the use of Mr. Gladstone's name as a means of getting into office is not quite honest. Programmes which he will not attempt to carry have been dangled before the voter's eyes—Why? Because the only thing he will do is seen to have lost any charm it ever had for the British democracy, who care far more for the Eight Hours Bill than for the future Home Rule Bill. It is a good sign that Lord Rosebery seems to have repudiated the absurdity of the programme *en masse*.

Apart, however, from uncertainty about measures, I object to changing Ministries just now, because Mr. Gladstone has not the necessary men at his disposal. He had once, but he thought fit in 1886 to part with his best and strongest friends, and has not now at his disposal the material for an administration likely to last. No doubt he has Sir William Harcourt, but then he need not be considered, because, if wanted, he is always available on any side, and is not desperately committed to any particular degree of Home Rule.

4. Lastly, because Mr. Gladstone's return to office means 'glad tidings' to the enemies of England on the Continent. The mischievous and perfectly needless observations about Egypt in the Newcastle speech so seriously illustrate this, that no other need be given. It is hardly credible that any one who had been ministerially responsible for Egyptian affairs from 1880 to 1885, and knew our reasons for staying, and other people's reasons for wanting us to leave, could have used such language. I know no excuse for it except that Mr. Gladstone is eighty-three. Having used it, however, he has spoken his own disqualification for ever being put into a position of official responsibility for dealing with that matter again.

On all these grounds, I am against Mr. Gladstone's return to office, and most sincerely hope that the result of the election may relieve him of any further obligation to the Home Rule 'will o' the wisp,' in pursuit of which he has wrecked his party and tarnished his great reputation. I sincerely hope that, out of office, he may live long enough to replace it in the estimation of his countrymen, with the brilliant recollections of his earlier time.

JOHN GLOVER.

VI

The conviction is quite irresistible that the gravitation of so large a consensus of English Nonconformist sentiment towards any solution of the Irish problem which it may please Mr. Gladstone to propose, finds its cause, if not its explanation, in the personality of Mr. Gladstone himself. The word 'sentiment,' as distinguished from 'opinion,' is the only word which is fitly explanatory of the position. Without going so far as to trace this singular and unreasoning susceptibility to psychological affinities, subtle and impalpable, but potent and infatuating, there are features in the bent of Mr. Gladstone's mind which have a magnetism for a certain phase of the Nonconformist imagination which is unbalancing in its effect upon the

judgment. The secret of this influence lies in the law of the meeting of extremes. The very sacerdotalism of Mr. Gladstone has a sorcery for the modern Puritan. The two opposites have advanced along the corridors of history, softening in their aspect towards each other, till the principles which were mutually repulsive in the seventeenth, acquire a captivating charm as they coquet in the lobby of St. Stephen's in the nineteenth century. The sacerdotalist of the Gladstonian type is not that of the Elizabethan priest; nor the 'schismatic' of to-day like the 'Roundhead' of the Protectorate. A visible and pronounced religiousness of mould and method in a statesman impresses the Nonconformist, who both by training and by leaning is prone to spiritual effusiveness. And when this solemnity, as in the case of Mr. Gladstone, is allied to a consistent habit of life notoriously in harmony with it, and elevated into dominant proportion by gifts so commanding, his very ambiguities invest him with the attributes of an oracle from whose dicta there is no appeal. A statesman who goes to church when no one knows, and says his prayers *sub rosa*, is an insipid formalist; but one who reads the lessons not only to the Church but to the world Sabbath by Sabbath, while special trains full of yokels and weavers say 'Amen,' is the man whose policy, however parochial or however destructive, it were impiety to impeach.

On some such theory as this alone is it possible to account for the docile falling into line at the heels of Mr. Gladstone by Nonconformists, although he has persistently trifled with their interests and flouted their order, till he discovered them to be a political factor on his side. To those amongst us who have not come under the wizard's talisman, such claims as Imperial unity, Protestant fidelity, good faith, and loyalty have a meaning still; and therefore we have dared to range ourselves as Unionists in the vital issue of the hour. Humour has never been the strong point either of Mr. Gladstone or most of his Puritan devotees; but we who, with so much pain and sacrifice, are forced to differ from them, cannot join in the melancholy laughter with which they greet the bare suggestion of Imperial jeopardy, and scout the instinctive protest against the dishonour involved in a surrender of law and justice to venality and rebellion.

Our 'Nonconformist conscience' is more stirred at public iniquity than at private peccadillo; and even the ægis of Mr. Gladstone is not broad enough to screen from our horror and our scorn the brutalities masked under what Mr. Parnell's illustrious henchman so euphemistically calls 'exclusive dealing,' the frauds of the Plan of Campaign, and the murders of the moonlighter; and, in our crass stupidity, we are resolved to range amongst those who are sworn to withstand to the last a policy which surrenders to the chief instigators of these abominations the government of an historical section of Her Majesty's dominions.

We are far from wishing to say what is discourteous, much less

what is censorious, concerning comrades and brethren with whom, apart from this issue, we hold almost everything in common, and to many of whom we are honoured in looking up. They are under a spell. There is no dishonour in what you cannot help. The lover writes the name of his *inamorata* over all else. He is enslaved. He cannot assert himself. We cannot write the name of Gladstone over that of England. The names are not, and never have been, identical. In proportion as the one has been writ large in history, the other has been writ small. We cannot merge our conscience, our patriotism, and our conviction in the personality of one man, who has deliberately broken loose from his best traditions, however illustrious or oracular he may be. We have not given our pledge to a fetish, but are heartwhole in our allegiance to the flag. And with no abated love for our spell-bound brethren, we stand by the nation and the throne.

When the hypnotist would rouse his patient from the trance, he waves a handkerchief before his eyes. It is not in the spirit of the Jingo, but of the patriot, that we would wave before the holden eyes of our Nonconformist friends that Royal Standard whose device includes the Rose and Thistle with the Shamrock inseparably entwined.

ARTHUR MURSELL.

VII

For the past ten years I have striven to preserve an absolutely open mind to the question of Home Rule for Ireland. I have considered with care the principal arguments advanced by statesmen and political writers from either side. The manifest importance of the issues compelled sincerity. The stress of party politics has not warped my judgment; I am allied to none. The question is too broad for the grasp of party; it falls from a principle to a scheme directly it is touched by party fingers. It is a question which every Englishman—freed from party strife and open to reasoning from every side—should judge in the consciousness of personal and national responsibility.

The attempt to graft it upon 'Liberalism' as one of its 'principles' is at the outset a conspicuous fallacy and a trap. Judged of on its merits, I believe the reverse to be true. The principles of freedom lie deeper than the clamour of an unscrupulous and heartless majority. It is party expediency and an imperfect consideration of the vast question that has given origin to the scheme of Home Rule. The

finest English statesmen of a hundred years before the last decade have not died 'without the sight' of what the noblest Liberalism implied.

But this is a conclusion which many with violent language and an exuberant vocabulary would try to force upon us. Men loyal to the core to Liberal principles are for party purposes made the target of sneers that the refusal of Mr. Gladstone's scheme is false-ness to the highest Liberalism! This is practically on a level with an assertion by a sectarian zealot that none can be religious unless religious in his way. The non-essential is confused with the essential, the accident with the principle.

It is the knowledge of this that has enriched our country with a new line of statesmen. Party was too much with us. The threatened calamity of Home Rule has given origin to a noble rebellion against party, because party tactics threatened principles. Men whose Liberalism was deep, persistent, and unstained, honouring what to them were the rights of the people and the rights of God more than fealty to party, have stepped out boldly from the Gladstonian ranks. They had all to lose, they had nothing to gain but principle—their contention was for the rights and liberties of men and the peace and prosperity of the fatherland.

Their examples are more momentous in a question like this than all the eloquence that may stream from party lips.

It is a question that spreads its consequences far beyond our British Isles. The moral influence of the Empire of England is not a trivial factor; we dare not, as thoughtful Englishmen, gamble with it.

The unity of Great Britain is a product of history. In the conflict of the generations it has survived as the fittest. It determines the unity of our vast dominion. It is the result of one of the secular processes of sociology and politics, as much as the unified toe of the present horse is the outcome of one of the secular processes of biology. We should only dislocate it in defiance of energies over which we have no final control. The consequences, to the outmost limit of our dominion, must be felt. A disrupted centre must involve a weakened empire and the loss of our moral influence as a nation.

And yet it is not in response to the united appeal of a people that even Mr. Gladstone's scheme is given us. We are asked to throw the dice and take the issue, merely to satisfy a crime-stained faction, a majority in numbers, but an ignominious minority in all that makes the backbone, honour, and nobility of a nation. There is nothing more pathetic in our modern history than the moral cleft that has riven the Irish people asunder. On the one side a numerical majority of perhaps three to two, disloyal, the enemies of England, lawless, and stained with blood and darkest crime; on the other side, a loyal, law-abiding, and industrious people, keen and

resourceful in commercial competition and enterprise, and in an eminent degree prosperous. These men desire only to be left alone in their industry and untroubled in their loyalty. The intensity and unbroken unity of their desire, nay intention, that it shall be so has been demonstrated in Ulster and in Dublin in a manner which only political monomania would distort or disdain.

But Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule scheme would deliberately give the Government over to the faction stained with crime and lawlessness, and rank with disloyalty, and put into their hands a disciplined police to enforce their will; and would force Ulster and Protestant Ireland into the toils of such a Government. Can we wonder at the restrained but resolute voice of the loyal and prosperous of Ireland exclaiming, 'We will not have Home Rule'?

One of the men who must be a partaker in such ill-omened 'government' without hesitancy affirmed, 'When we come out of the struggle we will remember the people's enemies, and deal out our rewards to the one and our punishments to the other.'

This is the gravamen of Ulster's protest. Her sons refuse defiantly to have disloyalty, lawlessness, and responsibility for crime placed in government over her.

I am a Nonconformist. The Nonconformists and Protestants of Ireland have appealed with manly frankness to the Nonconformists of England. Rarely have I received a moral shock so stinging as that which came with the response given in the name of English Nonconformity to Ulster. It is not a 'reply,' it is a false interpretation of the essential purpose of Ulster's appeal. They treat it as an appeal against Papal ascendancy and the jeopardising of Ulster's religious equality! I have too much respect for such English Nonconformity as this 'reply' represents to believe this other than sincere. But the consequence of that conclusion is a total misapprehension of the whole Irish question.

The contention of Protestant Ireland is that the establishment of Home Rule would carry with it the subjugation of the loyal, the industrious, the honest, and the law-abiding, to the haters of England, the rebels against law, and the crime-stained tormentors of honest citizens. Ulster has no ultimate fears for her religious liberties; she can care for those with or without the aid of English Nonconformists. But she is conscious of no competence to deal with the governmental action of such a *coterie*, placed in power by the arm of England. It has never been the direction in which she has mentally excelled.

The true appeal is that the government of Ireland, of which Ulster is the industrial and commercial backbone, shall not be lodged in such unrighteous keeping—and, as an alternative, the appellants ask only to be left loyal and industrious, enjoying their wonted peace.

In this manner they have appealed for sympathy and help to

¹ Mr. Dillon, December 5, 1886.

Nonconformist England, and, by the common link that binds them by very instinct into concert against the aggression of Rome, as a *further* basis for unity of action, they plead for help. And some Nonconformist ministers of England, but not English Nonconformity, have given them—a stone. A stone, it is true, with high morality—lofty, Christ-like teaching graven on its facets—but still a stone, which, like those thrown by the crowd at Stephen, is intended to crush them.

This does not and cannot represent either the Nonconformity or the manhood of England. Can we be deaf to a cry to support righteousness against dishonour? As I write the Irish Methodist Conference is discussing and will triumphantly pass a resolution which will express fearless resistance to Home Rule. Already almost every Protestant minister in Ireland, in spite of Mr. Gladstone's attempted scorn of the historic fact, has given his signature to a document sent to the Premier affirming that Home Rule for Ireland must not be.

Then is the object of forcing Home Rule on Ireland an effort to secure Ireland's peace and prosperity? Ireland at this hour is more peaceful and prosperous than she has been for years. At present the split in Ireland is a moral one. Right and wrong bear different meanings on either side of the chasm. But force Home Rule upon her and there must be a political convulsion, from the very nature of the case, which must bring untold calamity.

The dynamitards, the moonlighters, the boycotters may for the moment be bland and peaceful, putting in secure places their implements of war; but those who know Ulster and the loyalists throughout the island know that a period of resolute and restrained resistance will begin, and that by the united action of men widely divided by creed and stoutly divergent in general political judgment, but one and immovable in the supreme purpose that Ulster 'will not have Home Rule.'

As an Englishman, as a lover of liberty, and as a Nonconformist these with other momentous matters would make impossible to me anything but a vote for the Unionist cause.

W. H. DALLINGER.

VIII

Because I am old enough to remember successive Administrations since that of Lord Palmerston, in my opinion the Government of Lord Salisbury has been marked by incomparably fewer blunders, and by a larger measure of solid success, than any of its predecessors during the time specified. Never within that time has our foreign policy been so noiselessly and withal so wisely conducted; never have our finances been so successfully handled; never have our home affairs in general been so capably administered.

Therefore, on the general principle of letting well alone, or of not discharging the staff of servants who have completed their term of service in so unusually creditable a manner, I find good reason to vote for their retention.

Because, and more particularly, if the comparison be still further restricted to the now expiring term of Lord Salisbury's Administration and the previous terms of Mr. Gladstone's, I find still stronger reasons for voting as I intend to vote. Touching his foreign policy, I cannot view with satisfaction the several occasions when it has suffered the name of England to be despised by the nations of Europe, or the strength of England to be employed in wars with savages, at an immense waste of public treasure and with the culminating disaster of Khartoum. Again, with regard to other affairs, I do not see that there can be any reasonable question as to our finances having flourished and our measures of home administration having advanced in a manner and to a degree, under the present Government, which render comparison in these respects unfavourable to the past.

Because all the strongest and most capable members of that past Government have become members of the present, with the result that if there should now be a change of Ministry Mr. Gladstone will have to form a Cabinet composed almost exclusively of second- and third-rate politicians. With the exception of Lord Herschell and Lord Rosebery, I cannot recognise any other possible members of such a Cabinet as men of a calibre to which the affairs of this great empire should be entrusted. Mr. John Motley, indeed, would hold among them the unique advantage of not having suddenly faced about with regard to the Irish question; but I see in him a man of letters who has mistaken his vocation in seeking to become a man of affairs, and when I weigh his political record together with those of Lord Spencer, Sir William Harcourt, Mr. Labouchere, and their probable colleagues—Irish or otherwise—against the political records of the Duke of Devonshire, Mr. Balfour, Mr. Goschen, Mr. Chamberlain, and their colleagues in the present Cabinet, I must confess that to my mind the effect is simply ludicrous.

Because, as regards the particular case of Ireland, I cannot see that the interests of one or two per cent. of her Majesty's subjects should be allowed to obliterate all other considerations at the general election, even on the supposition that a change of Ministry would, in any respect, ameliorate their condition.

Because I cannot see the smallest reason for entertaining even so much as this supposition, while, on the contrary, I can see many and cogent reasons for its rejection. Namely, because during the many years that Mr. Gladstone had the management of Irish affairs under his own control the condition of those affairs became progressively more and more distracted; and when he suddenly reversed his policy with respect to them, the immediate effect was to make confusion worse confounded.

• Because, since the time that these affairs have been under the control of the present Government, the condition of Ireland has suddenly and rapidly improved, to an extent which even the most sanguine of Unionists could not at first have anticipated.

Because I can see no sufficient reason for the discontent which pervades the Home Rule section of the Irish people. There being no appreciable difference in our existing laws as appertaining to Ireland and to Great Britain, except so far as the maintenance of public order is concerned, I do not recognise a merely traditional hate as constituting a sufficient reason for yielding to the attempted terrorism of a disloyal section of the Irish people.

Because I perceive that, by yielding to any such attempted terrorism, the interests of Great Britain would be seriously imperilled, seeing that the repeatedly avowed object of the now so-called Home Rule party in Ireland is that of eventual separation from Great Britain; and I am not aware of any principle, either of a moral or practical kind, which ought to induce a Government to sacrifice the safety of a vast empire to a virulently disloyal and a numerically small faction, which is almost entirely composed of an ignorant and unindustrious population.

Because, even as regards this population itself, I fail to perceive that either Home Rule or separation could possibly prove beneficial. To break away, for purely sentimental reasons, from the rule of an empire which more than any the world has ever seen possesses the genius of ruling, in order to place itself under the dominion of a set of men who have recently given such absolute proof of their own incapacity as rulers, this would be surely little short of suicidal action on the part of the disloyal section itself.

Because, even if I could perceive that Home Rule were a wise and politic measure in itself, I do not perceive the practical means whereby it could be now accomplished. The supposed boon which Mr. Gladstone would offer to Ireland is stoutly resisted by a large proportional number of the inhabitants of Ireland. 'The men of

Ulster ' cannot be left out of account, even if any equitable Government could wish to do so ; they are clearly determined to resist any measure which could even tend to place them under the domination of their disloyal neighbours. And in this connection I attach high importance to the consideration that these men of Ulster constitute not only a large proportional number of the inhabitants of Ireland, but represent much the largest proportion of the wealth, the intelligence, and the industry of that otherwise unfortunate country. I hold that a wise Administration will always prove its wisdom by weighing merit rather than by counting heads—especially if all the merit be upon the side of loyalty, while the heads be upon that of rebellion. I cannot conceive of any greater mistake in the way of policy, of any greater injustice in the way of government, than would be involved by any measure which should aim at placing the loyal and industrial portion of the inhabitants of Ireland at the mercy of an Irish mob.

Because, while perceiving the impossibility of devising any method of harmonising these incompatible elements, or of according so-called Home Rule to Ireland by any parliamentary enactment which would be satisfactory to all parties concerned, I perceive with equal clearness the consequent reason for the reticence upon this subject which has characterised all the utterances of the Gladstonian party. This reason can only be that, severally and collectively, members of the Gladstonian party are perfectly well aware that no such measure can be devised. Such being the case, even if my confidence in the administrative capacity of any Cabinet which Mr. Gladstone could now form were to any extent greater than it is, I should still refuse to vote upon the strength of such confidence alone, or without having been allowed to form a judgment upon the measure which it is intended to produce. For I hold that where matters of such immense importance are at stake no reasonable man ought to permit himself to entertain such blind trust in the wisdom of any other man as to invest him with the power of administration, without knowing in what manner that power is to be employed.

Because I cannot but remember that on the previous occasion when a Gladstonian Government was in a position which compelled the framing of a measure having Home Rule for its object, the measure which was proposed immediately proved itself so utterly inadequate and pernicious, that the Gladstonians themselves cannot but acknowledge their obligations to the Unionist party for having been the instrument of its destruction.

G. J. ROMANES.

IX

Why do I give my vote in the coming election as a Unionist? How do I as an Englishman look upon Home Rule?—I mean, on a parliament for Ireland sitting at Dublin and a parliament for Britain sitting at Westminster. I look upon it as a rapier thrust at the heart of England. Any sort of parliament set up now at Dublin entails a second parliament at Edinburgh, and a third at Caerleon. It is the dissolution of the empire. One word of Canning despatches it: 'Repeal the Union; restore the Heptarchy.' But it does more. It counsels New South Wales, Victoria, and all the Australian sisters, with New Zealand and Tasmania, and no less Ottawa, Quebec, Toronto, Halifax, and Newfoundland, to detach themselves from the British Crown. It establishes universal particularism in a great empire. It advises England to reverse that consolidation which Germany after a century of struggles has hardly attained. It undoes all the gains of the last hundred years, not to make even Ireland one country, but to plant civil war between its Catholic and its Protestant populations. This is the alternative between one imperial parliament and one ministry carrying out its legislation, and the division so sedulously urged upon us, which would throw back Scotland and Wales, as well as Ireland, to the time of their nonage.

If I feel thus as an Englishman, how do I feel as a Catholic? As a Catholic, my abhorrence of any proposed parliament at Dublin is scarcely inferior to that which I feel as an Englishman. At present the Irish population is divided in religion so as to make nearly three-fourths Catholic and rather more than one-fourth Protestant. What I desire above all things is to see the Catholic majority draw to them the Protestant minority by their own more virtuous lives, by their faithful exhibition of the divine creed which they profess. As for any other but that spiritual attraction, I abhor the thought of it. The sight of a parliament sitting at Dublin claiming a ministry of its own, which should nominate judges, direct the police, administer in fact the country, in addition to the dissolution of the kingdom's unity, would attempt to reverse for the punishment of the minority those acts of oppression in past times which have so deeply wounded the feelings of Catholics. That attempt would kindle to its greatest intensity the religious antagonism. There would be no conversions; there would be never-ending hostility.

What, then, is that future state to which both as Catholic and as Englishman I can look forward with any complacency? There is but one. 'Whitaker's Almanack' for the year informs us that there are 252 religions in our country whose places of worship have been certified to the Registrar-General. That means that so many religions

are regarded by the State as licit. With that admittance to civil rights I do not meddle. I take it as the result of the last 350 years. With what eyes, as a Catholic who believes that there is only one Christian faith, I look upon it, need not be said. But if any change ever takes place, it must come from persuasion, not from force. Taking, then, the fact as it is, how is an empire so divided on the most important matter of human life, that is, belief in God, and who He is, on the answer to which all morality is founded, how are the thirty-eight millions who dwell within the four seas, and are the citadel of an enormous empire, to be kept together, to form one government, to have one sovereign? I answer, only in one way that I can conceive. It is that all these millions, and every individual in them, should feel that they are governed by equal laws: that the goods of life, so far as legislation deals with them, shall be bestowed with fairness. Among a great number of instances I take one: that the education of the Protestant shall not be munificently endowed by the State while that of the Catholic is left almost without endowment. Again, that the belief of one class, or what the present jargon calls their *sentiment*, shall not be fostered to the utmost range of fancy, while the belief of another class, and that in a matter enshrined with special sanctity through all the nineteen centuries of Christianity, is proscribed by a law which will not allow those who believe it to make bequests for its support. Now, this equality of laws to which I look for the only possible maintenance of the great British Empire in civil unity, requires for its existence only one government, only one parliament. There let men of the most opposite opinions meet, and learn from personal contact to respect each other. A parliament at Dublin inspired by one mind, and a parliament at Westminster inspired by another, would render the Crown itself as great an absurdity as 252 different religions make Christianity a mockery.

THOMAS W. ALLIES.

X

Why should a patriotic Englishman or Irishman vote with the Unionists at the next election? To this question there are many answers: one for the Constitutionalist, one for the ardent Liberal, one for the Englishman, one for the Irishman. May I suggest a few of those answers?

First for the Constitutionalist. He will naturally vote for the policy which has largely restored order in Ireland, and at the same

time refused to traffic with 'revolution,' because thus only can the unity of the empire be maintained. Mr. Parnell and his followers sometimes used in England equivocal language on this subject; but in Ireland and America they repeatedly said that no limit was to be placed to the aspirations of a free people, and that what Ireland had a right to demand was the power of shaping her destiny as a nation among the other nations of the world. A 'moderate' Home Rule measure is a conceivable thing; but common sense tells us that it would only work as a new platform from which to demand a measure of a very different kind. An Irish Parliament without an Irish Executive, nominating the magistracy and judges, and controlling the police, is already repudiated as an insult; and if but a moderate number of Irish representatives were given seats in the Imperial Parliament by some new Home Rule measure, as well as in the Dublin Parliament, Ireland might be enabled, when English parties were nearly balanced, to rule England as well as herself. That the ambition of her revolutionist party would not remain contented with 'Justice for Ireland' is proved by the experience of the last twelve years. Long before that time the great wrongs of Ireland had been redressed. Since the beginning of that time concession after concession has proved that the Imperial Parliament has both the power and the will to do for Ireland all that a Dublin Parliament could do. Yet the revolutionist party have raised, not abated their demands. Why should they stop short at Home Rule? A single step more would be separation. Agitation has grown up into a profession, and a profitable one, since it has been subsidised indefinitely out of rents withheld; but it is a profession that can only be maintained by a succession of new demands. The danger does not proceed from the Irish people, but from their agitators.

Whatever the risk from Home Rule might have proved in O'Connell's time, it would prove far greater now. When his career began, Ireland had long had enormous grievances; he combated them; but he hated Jacobinism from his recollections of the French Revolution. The Parliament which O'Connell would have restored was Grattan's Parliament; and that Parliament included a House of Lords, and had an Imperial Executive behind it. It is very doubtful whether he would have approved of a Parliament such as is now demanded. He was never tired of the formula, 'The man who commits a crime is the enemy of his country.' When, at a public meeting, some one proposed that no rent should be paid until Ireland's wrongs were redressed, O'Connell moved his expulsion. No such answer was made at any of the 'Parnellite meetings,' when 'boycotting' or the new 'Plan of Campaign' was named. Even in 1848 the movement which threw Ireland back for a quarter of a century was not without generous aspirations. The recent movement means that the great wave of socialistic revolution has at last reached the

Irish shore, and the marvel is that it has reached it so late. Its inspiration is not a national enthusiasm. It is one of greed and rapine. It is socialism, not less than separation, that the Unionist body opposes. Every voter must remember that whatever may be rehearsed in Ireland will be acted also on the English stage. The process in the two countries may be different, but the result would be the same. An English political party has, in spite of Lord Macaulay's prophecy, accepted 'Home Rule.' Concede that measure, and another English party may later prefer 'Separation,' on the ground that the amputation of a limb is less dangerous than blood-poisoning.

Another consideration which a true patriot will hardly disregard in determining his vote at the coming election is one that affects the honour of his country as well as its interests. A corrupt politician once said of a high-minded rival, 'I would give 10,000*l.* for that man's character! I could make twice that sum by it!' A nation, like an individual, cannot dispense with a character. If all the concessions made in the last dozen years, some of them involving principles wholly unknown to the constitution, such as the creation of dual proprietorship and the abolition of Free Trade in Ireland's only important commerce, that in land—if all these concessions have been but the preliminary of a Home Rule measure, placing the minority at the feet of the majority, the good name of England will be lost for ever. After such a defeat England could not say, like the French King of old, 'We have lost all but our honour.' The Irish proprietors were first assured by the Prime Minister that they had long been on their trial, that they had been honourably acquitted, and that few of them would suffer from his land measure. They were soon afterwards deprived of a large proportion of their property; next of their good name; after that of all political influence by a franchise which practically disfranchised the most faithful and educated class in Ireland. They were left incapable of returning to Parliament more than one-sixth of the Irish representatives. Even Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule measure had provided through a double franchise that the 'loyal third' should be represented by about one-third. That provision could have been of no value to them in a Dublin Parliament; but it would have been some protection in the Imperial. When a franchise in Ireland, nearly equivalent to universal suffrage, was created, an eminent statesman stated that the Irish minority in future were to look for their protection to the English and Scotch members of Parliament. To concede Home Rule is to deprive them even of that aid, and leave them politically as powerless as the Irish peasants were before Catholic Emancipation. Their enemies and revilers would legislate for them; that is to say, their parks and manor-houses would soon go the way that the bulk of their properties had gone. Such would be Home Rule. If England

contested the new claims, she would find herself more embroiled with Ireland than before she conceded to her an exclusive legislature and executive for the management of her affairs. If she calmly looked on and watched the progress of the ruin, she would doubtless retain possession of a few fortified places in Ireland if she deemed them of value; but no Englishman would in future times help her to build up again that 'English interest,' which it had taken so many centuries to create there, and which a few years of ineptitude has destroyed.

AUBREY DE VERE.

*The Editor of THE NINETEENTH CENTURY cannot undertake
to return unaccepted MSS.*

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WHY I VOTED FOR MR. GLADSTONE

[NOTE.—The writers of several of the subjoined articles desire it to be known that they wrote by invitation, and did not *volunteer* a political contribution.—*Ed.* NINETEENTH CENTURY.]

BECAUSE, without any extravagant hopes, I believe that his proposal to give Ireland self-government is the best method of dealing with the Irish difficulty.

Because other methods of dealing with this difficulty have been tried for a century and have failed.

Because the objections to Home Rule in Ireland are largely objections to Irish democracy rather than to Irish self-government.

Because Irish factions will find a *modus vivendi*, if left to themselves, which they will not find so long as one of them believes that it can rely on the support of the English Government.

Because, to use words which are not my own, if a crime is committed in the streets of Liverpool or Birmingham, it is a crime against the people of those towns, against their magistrates, their police: against the laws they have helped to make, and the Government they have placed in power; whereas a crime committed in the streets of Dublin or of Cork is a crime against an alien Government; and because till this feeling is changed no good can be done in Ireland.

Because I believe that, whatever Government is in power, self-government, under whatever name, must sooner or later be given to Ireland; and because it is right that the statesmen who have advocated that self-government should be the statesmen to carry it into effect.

Because until the Irish difficulty is settled the time of Parliament will be occupied by Ireland to the hindrance of other business.

Because Mr. Gladstone is still the head and representative of the Liberal party; and because it is that party which has originated recent reforms, and has compelled their adoption.

Because Temperance reforms belong to the Liberal rather than to the Conservative party.

Because the Finance of the present Government, both in imperial and local matters, has been unsatisfactory.

• Because the present Government have shown a decided leaning towards Protection.

- Because the present Government and the late House of Commons have taken up a hostile attitude towards the London Government which they themselves created.

Because it is the Liberal party which pledges itself to carry self-government into our villages.

Finally, because, whilst each party is obliged in turn to take up and prosecute democratic reforms, it is better that the execution of those reforms should be in the hands of men who believe in them and who originate them, than in the hands of those who resist them as long as they can.

T. II. FARRER.

II

An invitation to give my reasons for supporting the Liberal cause at the present election can hardly be intended to elicit a general confession of political faith. The grounds on which the Liberal party as a whole support their views are the same as they have always been, and cannot require any lengthened or special explanation. A Liberal of many years' standing is not likely suddenly to change his views and to throw in his lot with Conservatives. It is the Irish question alone, I suppose, which can in any way affect his position. On that particular point I claim to be a Home Ruler of much longer standing than Mr. Gladstone. Long before that great statesman had arrived at the conclusion that there was but one practical solution to Irish difficulties, and that the public opinion of England was ripe for a declaration of that solution, I had been led to believe that reason and justice alike demanded its adoption: A somewhat careful study of history had led me to the conclusion that for some reason or other

Englishmen were ill adapted to the government of any country except their own, unless indeed they were allowed to occupy the position of a dominant race. Singularly able they have proved themselves to be when occupying that position, and singularly able in the government of their own country; yet very strangely, as soon as they have been called upon to attempt to carry out that higher form of government which consists in the sympathetic development of the powers and aspirations of the people governed, they have signally failed. It appears to me no exaggeration to say that England is at the present time possessed of a wide-spread Colonial Empire only because she has had sufficient wisdom to recognise this fact and entirely give up the attempt to govern her colonies. Now Ireland is far more difficult to govern than an ordinary colony. Englishmen are singularly unable to understand the Irish race; the characters of the two people seem entirely incompatible; qualities which might probably produce fine results, but which when misused are no doubt dangerous, are regarded from their bad side only with a somewhat contemptuous dislike; and the steady law-loving Englishman expects, and expects in vain, to find the same direct, sober, and matter-of-fact characteristics as he himself possesses, in an excitable, nervous, imaginative, and enthusiastic people whom he is called upon to govern. To this incompatibility of temperament there is to be added the effect of centuries of ruthless misgovernment. However much at the present time Englishmen may desire to rule Ireland well, it is impossible to ignore the terrible facts of earlier history. If it were now a question of ruling Ireland as a conquered country, of enforcing by strength and determination a good and benevolent but despotic form of government, Englishmen might be trusted to do it well. But obviously that is not the question. Things have gone too far for a resumption of that position. No man can for an instant suppose that the people of England, to whatever party they belong, would suffer such a government to be attempted. All parties are agreed on the necessity of a liberal and benevolent government for Ireland. With the party at present in power, this liberality and benevolence assumes, as has been usual in the whole course of English history, the form of a desire to give to Ireland the same government which England possesses. Beyond that, its imagination appears unable to go.

Considering the differences of the countries, as might be expected, the attempt has proved impossible; and the effect has been a hybrid rule of English liberties which the Irish do not desire, and exceptional restraints which the Irish resent. Under these circumstances, with, as I hold, a proved incapacity on the part of England to give proper effect to its benevolent intentions, it seems only reasonable that the same line of conduct would be pursued as has proved successful in the somewhat similar circumstances of our colonies, and that the Irish

would be allowed to govern themselves. These are very briefly the reasons why I am a Home Ruler.

Obviously there are enormous practical difficulties in so great a change as is contemplated by a measure of Home Rule. When a bill is before us we shall be bound to discuss the details with extreme care, and for all that I know it may be our duty subsequently as practical politicians to oppose the suggested measure. But before that stage can be reached it is necessary that the principle of Home Rule should be accepted, and the only hope of this lies in the success of the party of which Mr. Gladstone is the head. He is the only minister from whom any arrangement based upon that principle is to be expected. The offers of the other parties, even the extremest offers, reach no further than the establishment of the same government in the two countries. As I regard this as both injudicious and impracticable, I have naturally given my vote to Mr. Gladstone.

That there is a section of the inhabitants of Ulster differing from the rest of Ireland and holding to English methods does not appear to me a sufficient objection to prevent the carrying out of an act at once wise and just. Believing strongly in the vigour and energy of the Ulster Protestants, I cannot persuade myself that they will lose their fair share of influence in any new arrangement adopted; nor when I consider the position of Ireland, the advantages which it derives from its connection with Great Britain, and the close geographical contiguity of the islands, can I believe that there is any real danger of that separation with which we are so often threatened.

I have a further reason for voting with the Liberals. The address put into my hands here by the Government candidate lays claim to the completion by the existing Government of a number of excellent measures. I find in that long list nearly everything which the Liberal party has for years been demanding. Of course these measures have not been carried out with the completeness which a Liberal might desire. A Conservative Government under heavy pressure appears to be so squeezable, that a man of a somewhat cynical mind might be well satisfied to see his objects gradually brought to completion without any responsibility on his part. But this is rather a degradation of politics; it is a little like the Liberal voter being carried to the poll in the wealthy Conservative's carriage. It is more consistent with honourable political warfare, and better for the morality of the people, that that party which really sets on foot a reform should be responsible for carrying it out. Were the Irish question therefore entirely out of the way, I should still prefer to give my vote for that statesman who is acting openly under Liberal colours, rather than to those who in the present complication of politics carry Liberal measures in a somewhat garbled form under pretence of Conservatism.

J. FRANCK BRIGHT.

III

I am a supporter of Mr. Gladstone, because I think it is the duty of every man, more especially of every educated man, to have a political creed and act upon it. I must, therefore, be either a Conservative, or a Dissident Liberal, or a Liberal of the party led by Mr. Gladstone. I prefer the last.

I am not one of those who deny that a man may dissent from the policy of Home Rule and be a Liberal still. Of the Dissident Liberals, I think that some are true Liberals whilst some are not. Moreover, I think that a Liberal who disapproves of Home Rule may justify his support of the Conservative leader even in matters where as a Liberal he disagrees with his policy on many questions. He may honestly come to the conclusion that what he calls 'the integrity of the Empire' is of more importance than carrying out a Liberal policy.

I think, therefore, that a follower of Mr. Gladstone must justify his Home Rule policy as well as his Liberalism.

As to Home Rule my firm belief is that what Lord Salisbury and his party really mean by union is subjection. We see an illustration of this every day in the argument used in the press and on the platform, that in deciding the question of Home Rule the opinion of the majority in Great Britain ought to prevail—in other words, that the opinion in Ireland ought to be excluded. Ireland can never be well governed in this spirit.

It requires a very strong case to justify us in trying to keep Ireland in a state of subjection. The case it is attempted to make out is 'danger to the integrity of the Empire.' This is vague; but whatever may be meant, I believe that with the safeguards proposed the danger has no existence.

It is said that the Irish will use the power conceded to them to force a separation. If they attempt to do so we must, as we can easily, disable them. If it is certain that they would do so, why did Lord Salisbury bring in a bill to confer greater powers upon the Irish people in the management of their own affairs? It seems to me impossible any longer to use this argument.

It is also said that the majority in Ireland will use their power to suppress the minority. Again, I say such an assertion is wholly inconsistent with any extension whatever of the power of the people such as Lord Salisbury proposed.

So much for Home Rule. As for the simple question of Liberalism *versus* Conservatism, if Conservatism meant what it used to mean I should not need to argue the question. The old question between progress and standing still has been threshed out often enough already.

But Conservatism does now mean progress of a certain kind. I see every day Conservative placards with 'Progress' in large letters blazoned on them: and under a Conservative government during the last six years we have undoubtedly progressed. We have disestablished Quarter Sessions, and have established Free Education. It would have been very difficult for a Liberal government to carry either of these measures, as they would have been bitterly opposed by the Conservatives.

Though, however, it may be questionable whether a Liberal Government could progress much faster than a Conservative Government, still I think both the measures I have alluded to have suffered considerably by having received their form and shape from Conservative hands. But more than this, if I supported a Conservative Government, I know I should be acting with those who do not believe in the reforms they themselves propose. No one can have lived amongst Conservatives, and have read Conservative newspapers, without feeling that the supporters of Lord Salisbury almost to a man thoroughly disliked both county councils and free education, and that they only voted for them in obedience to a chief who is prudent enough to know when concession is inevitable. It would be simply impossible for a man of my views to act with such a party. I earnestly believe in the wisdom of these and other reforms which are advocated by the Liberal party, and though it is not unlikely that in time every one of these reforms may be forced upon a Conservative Government, yet I do not see how an honest man who cordially approves of these measures can do otherwise than avow his approval, and press constantly for their adoption, not on grounds of necessity or prudence, but on grounds of justice, and this appears to me necessarily to place him in the ranks of the Liberal party.

W. MARKBY.

IV

I gave my vote to a supporter of Mr. Gladstone for reasons which seem to me so cogent and so unanswerable from the standpoint of Liberalism, that it is a constant source of wonder to me that so many of my scientific friends, who, years ago, were advanced Liberals, are now found among the supporters of a Conservative Government. I will endeavour to state, as briefly as possible, what these reasons are.

Mr. Gladstone has recently informed us that for many years past he has become more and more convinced that liberty is a good thing in itself, quite irrespective of the good or evil results we may hope or expect that it will produce. This was the teaching of John Stuart Mill and other pioneers of progress, and it has always seemed to me

that it constitutes the fundamental principle of true Liberalism. Believing, then, in this great principle of individual and social liberty in all matters that do not injuriously affect the well-being or the liberty of others, I feel bound to advocate the removal of all legal restrictions which cannot be shown to be essential to a well-ordered social state; and especially to favour the grant of full powers of self-government in local matters to the successive grades of organised communities which make up the United Kingdom, such as parishes, towns, counties, and nationalities.

Coming to the special case of Ireland, I believe that the infallible and only test of good government is general contentment combined with physical well-being. The people of Ireland are now, and have always been, discontented with our government of their country, a government which has never, till recently, even pretended to be for the good of the Irish. I believe that the only way to satisfy their just and proper desire for self-government, and to blot out the memory of centuries of oppression and misrule, is to grant them that measure of Home Rule which the Liberal party, under Mr. Gladstone, is prepared to concede, and which the Irish people are prepared to accept. To give this is the logical outcome of two great liberal principles—that liberty is not only a good thing in itself, but that with fair play and in the long run it always produces good results; and, that government, to be just and beneficial, must be founded on the freely expressed consent of the governed.

An objection may be made that these principles would compel us to give, not partial, but absolute freedom to the Irish people if they desired it. I reply, that undoubtedly it would do so; but, in the first place that demand has not been yet made by the same large majority and with the same earnestness with which local self-government has been claimed; and, in the second place, with nations as with individuals, self-preservation is the paramount consideration, and a completely independent Ireland might easily be conquered by a continental Power and made the base for an attack upon us. As we can hardly suppose that a large majority of Irishmen would desire to become subjects of France or Germany, this demand for complete independence is not likely to be seriously made.

A more practical objection is that, on what have been here laid down as Liberal principles, we should give to Ulster the same freedom to choose its own form of government which we are prepared to give to Ireland. To this I reply, that I certainly *would* give this freedom, either to Ulster or to any clearly defined portion of Ulster, if demanded by at least a two-thirds majority of its population. The present attitude of a portion of Ulster is, however, almost wholly due to religious antagonism, and to what Liberals believe to be an altogether unfounded dread of some form of religious persecution. But in order to meet the objections and allay the fears of the northern Irish

Protestants, it seems to me that it would be both just and politic to include in the Home Rule Bill a proviso, that if at the end of five years any clearly defined portion of Ireland, such as a county or two or more contiguous counties, demanded by a two-thirds vote of its population to become an integral part of Scotland or of England, that demand should be granted. I am myself convinced that when the time came no such demand would be made; but, as a matter of justice and consistency, as well as of policy, the option should be granted.

Next in importance to considerations of justice and good policy in giving Home Rule to Ireland, I would place the consideration that such a measure would form a first step—perhaps even a necessary first step—to the adoption of a similar measure of Home Rule for Scotland, Wales, and England, thus freeing the Imperial Parliament from the oppressive weight of local legislation, and opening the way to the possibility of an ultimate federation of the whole Empire. It is only by successive steps that so vast a reform of our constitution can be effected, and the proposed Irish measure would be the first and the easiest of those steps.

Leaving now the Irish problem, with its vast possibilities of beneficial development in the legislative machinery of our constitution, I look to the Liberal party for those immediate and much-needed reforms which are implied in its principle and motto of ‘trust in the people.’ Such are: the arrangements necessary for all who are qualified to record their votes with the minimum of inconvenience; facilities for enabling the workers to be represented by men of their own status and their own choice; the abolition of plural voting; and, most important of all, the establishment of parish councils, with ample powers to preserve all public rights, to regulate the liquor traffic, and especially to acquire land wherever needed for cultivation or for dwellings, for recreative purposes, and for the creation of new roadways and footpaths giving access to river-banks, woodlands, and pleasant rural scenery.

To the Liberal and Radical parties, and to the working men representatives of the future, I look for reforms in those numerous cases in which the landed, the official, and the professional classes have vested interests in evils or abuses. Among such much-needed reforms are the thorough simplification of law proceedings, with free redress for everyone who has suffered injustice or injury; the complete abolition of the game laws, with all their demoralisation and law-created offences; the thorough purification of our streams and rivers, and the utilisation on the land of the manurial refuse now poured into them; the abolition of compulsory and official vaccination, with its cruel tyranny to parents, and its ghastly risks of propagating diseases far worse than smallpox, such as syphilis, cancer, and leprosy; and, lastly, a thorough reform of our land system, so as to secure for

the people the surplus value which yearly accrues to landowners through the growth of population and by the energy, skill, and labour of the community; while, by throwing open the land to the use of all who require it, the primary and greatest cause of the misery and want which still abounds among us may be removed.

Some of these reforms are, it is true, outside the Liberal programme, and are not even contemplated by many members of the Liberal party; but it is, nevertheless, only by means of those measures to which Mr. Gladstone and the entire Liberal party are already pledged that they will be rendered possible in the not distant future.

ALFRED R. WALLACE.

V

Though rarely a writer upon politics, I cannot refuse an invitation to testify to my political faith. I voted for Mr. Gladstone from a firm conviction that his policy is best fitted to promote the harmony, safety, and dignity of the Empire. Accepting the declaration of Lord Salisbury that the question, whether or not Home Rule should be conceded to Ireland, was the main issue to be tried, I voted without hesitation in the affirmative. In 1886 I was less startled than some of my Liberal friends at what they considered Mr. Gladstone's sudden change of policy, because my own mind had been gradually moving towards the conclusion at which he arrived, that the vexed problem of how to reconcile Ireland to the Empire admitted of but one solution. His change of policy seemed to me, after reflection, justifiable upon these grounds: (1) that the result of the election of 1885 (consequent on the exercise of the county franchise in Ireland) convincingly proved that the demand for self-government, so long disregarded as the cry of a small fraction, was supported by the large majority of her people; (2) that the concession of other reforms so important as Catholic Emancipation, the rectification of the land laws, and the disestablishment of an alien Church, had failed to satisfy them; (3) that the severest coercion had, in the judgment of those who fearlessly administered it, proved ineffectual to secure respect for law and order. Faithful to the fundamental Liberal principle that government exists for the sake of the governed, and should sanction the utmost liberty compatible with safety, Mr. Gladstone brought in a measure which conceded autonomy to Ireland under conditions that sufficed to safeguard the supremacy of the Imperial Legislature. One feature of that measure, which sundered the constitutional union of taxation and representation by excluding Irish members from Westminster,

was mainly instrumental in dissipating Mr. Gladstone's majority. Admitting that this feature was open to objection, I refused to follow those Liberals who deemed it a sufficient ground for supporting a Conservative administration. Events have justified my refusal. Remembering that the chief of that administration has denounced as 'insane' the legislative reforms in Ireland of which the united Liberal party was most justly proud; that the implicit pledge of his representative in the Commons that the Irish should thenceforth be governed without coercion, was no sooner given than broken; and that after delaying until the fag-end of the Session his promised scheme of local government, Mr. Balfour brought in a Bill so maladroit, that it united both factions of the Irish party in a chorus of contemptuous anger—I can put no trust in the capacity of the Conservative leaders to govern Ireland wisely. Now that Mr. Gladstone has repeatedly announced that he proposes to retain Irish representatives at Westminster, those dissentient Liberals who still refuse to return to their old allegiance must be presumed unfavourable to any scheme of Irish Home Rule. After much reading and discussion of the arguments advanced by the ablest opponents of such a scheme, I remain unconvinced. I am unable to see why a concession of autonomy which has proved beneficial to Canada, where racial and religious antagonisms are not less bitter, and operate upon a larger scale than in Ireland, should prove dangerous there. I fail to understand why a constitutional system which, differing somewhat in form, but substantially the same in principle, has been worked with success in America and in several European States, should prove fatal to the integrity of our own Empire. I note with regret, but without dismay, the aversion of a considerable section of the Ulster Protestants to submit to an Irish Parliament, upon the ground that since its members will be chiefly Catholics, persecution will surely follow. Remembering that Ulster-men expressed repugnance upon the same ground to the disestablishment of the Irish Church, and that none of the consequences which they dreaded have resulted, I consider that there is no real cause for alarm in the present case. Not only have the Irish Catholics proved their freedom from religious bigotry by the repeated choice of Protestant leaders, but upon two memorable occasions during the recent agitation they have shown their independence of ecclesiastical influence. Not to credit their leaders with higher motives, they are too shrewd to afford Conservative Protestants in England a fair pretext for revoking the concession of autonomy by abusing it to the injury of Ulster. Still less are they likely to commit the suicidal mistake of driving away the manufacturers and merchants of the richest province in so poor a country. The minority in Ulster cannot expect immunity from the common lot of minorities elsewhere. Nor, upon their own showing, have they any choice but to submit. Having appealed to Cæsar, they must abide by his decrees.

Since no measure of Home Rule can be passed save by Imperial authority, to resist its mandate would be an act of open rebellion. Lastly, I am not apprehensive that the reins of Irish government will be held by the most intemperate section of the Nationalist party. It is rarely, to judge from historical precedents, that the agitators who bring about a political revolution are entrusted with power when victory is won. I expect to see leaders of a more statesmanlike and less perfervid type than Mr. Dillon and Mr. W. O'Brien—men like Sir C. Gavan Duffy, Mr. Edward Blake, and Sir Ambrose O'Shea—taking the first rank in a future Irish administration. But even if this expectation prove unfounded, I see no reason to doubt that, under the sobering sense of responsibility, the patriotic feeling which unquestionably animates the existing party leaders will restrain them from excesses which would inevitably ruin their country.

I have no space to point out the real dangers which I fear would result from the refusal of Home Rule to Ireland, but must add that it was not Mr. Gladstone's Irish policy alone which commanded my vote. That his foreign policy will be wise I have full confidence, and trust to his effecting some urgent reforms in domestic legislation, notably those most needed in the laws of registration and franchise. The injustice of a system which yearly disfranchises numbers of working men, whose shifting employment necessitates frequent changes of residence, is too plain to need demonstration. Assuming, what will scarcely be contested, that the electoral franchise is a personal, not a local right, I know not why it should attach to the possession of land any more than to that of funded property. Since all men have an equal interest in the passing of wise laws, it is reasonable to equalise their rights by restricting each to a single vote, and thus redress the undue preponderance now given to rich landowners who can multiply themselves indefinitely throughout the country to the disadvantage of their poorer fellows. It would be hopeless to expect the abolition of out-voters and 'fag-goters' from the Conservatives, but the Liberal party is pledged to accomplish it. The equalisation of the franchise would be the crowning triumph of Mr. Gladstone's career.

— HENRY G. HEWLETT.

VI

A strong conviction that there is no foundation of principle in the domestic policy of the present Government, was a most potent influence in making one decided against voting to entrust Lord Salisbury with a fresh lease of power. Many of the measures passed in the late Parliament were in direct opposition to the settled basis of the Conservative party. They were introduced in order to satisfy the Dissident Liberals, and were the ill-nourished children of reluctant parents. The two most conspicuous instances of this 'catch vote' system were the Assisted Education Bill and the County Council Act, both of which were repugnant to Conservatives, and neither of which was satisfactory to Liberals. What had we in the recent election put before us as an alternative? We had Mr. Gladstone with a policy dictated by conscience, and persevered in through good report and through evil report. A voter could be under no uncertainty as to what was the Liberal programme. One might have no great enthusiasm for Home Rule, but there was the knowledge that it was the demand of those most interested, there was the feeling that it was inevitable, and that there was only one man to whom its introduction could be entrusted. This leaves one open to the accusation that one voted and worked for a *man* rather than for a policy. That is to some extent true. The individual member of a party cannot work out every proposition brought forward by his leader, but must have sufficient trust to follow when he does not see the main principles of his political creed contradicted by those who should be its exponents. With the franchise extended as it is now, a *magnetic* leader becomes a necessity. The Conservative party admits this, first, by constant reference to the dire straits to which in its opinion the Liberals will be reduced when deprived of Mr. Gladstone's leadership, and next, by its delight at the increasing signs that in Mr. Balfour it possesses one who is likely to have, for the people, much of the attraction which has admittedly been wanting in its front benchmen of late years. I do not, therefore, hesitate to confess that the individuality of Mr. Gladstone made me ardent and earnest in working for the Liberal party. The feeling that he labours from an absolutely conscience-directed genius has been the mainstay of the party during the last six years of adversity, and it would be contemptible to forget it at the moment of victory—victory won undoubtedly in great measure by his commanding personality.

In regard to the Irish question generally, a belief born during the years in which I lived in Ireland, and which has grown continually since—that the bigotry and narrowness ascribed to the Roman Catholics are often to be discovered in some Irish Protestants—has prevented me from being led astray by *Ulsteria*. Admitting that there

are two races dwelling in Ireland, and admitting that one must rule the other—I am not persuaded of the correctness of this latter theory—if I must choose, I prefer to take the more ancient and the more numerous race as that to which the power should be confided.

Another moving influence with myself in the late election has been the feeling that there are many reforms awaiting the nation which are only to be hoped for from the Liberal party. They are all dependent upon that which should be the watchword of every Christian government, viz.: Trust in the people. For temperance reform, for educational progress, for Local Government, and, above all, for true Religious Liberty, I look to the people. Let them choose as to the number of public-houses, let them have control in the matter of their children's training, let them manage their parishes, let them say whether the connection between Church and State is good for the State or not—for this last matter can in no spiritual sense affect the Church. It is because, I believe, that this confidence in the people is a lasting principle of true Liberalism, that I have in political matters to separate myself from the bulk of my clerical colleagues, men to whom I gladly defer in other questions, and to give my vote against what is popularly called Conservatism.

H. RUSSELL WAKEFIELD.

The Vicarage, Sandgate.

VII

Because Mr. Gladstone is the recognised leader of the Liberal party, and the candidates of that party are pledged to a series of reforms which I believe to be for the good of my country.

But, since the Editor invites me, I must be a little more personal, and give one or two of my reasons as they occurred to myself, the humble and retiring individual thus called upon to testify, and sufficiently strong in his faith not to shrink from the ordeal. In my own particular constituency (South Aberdeen) we had an unusual richness of alternatives: a choice among three candidates, a Liberal (Mr. Bryce, of an advanced type, but loyal to his party), a Liberal Unionist, and an Independent Labour candidate. I had a bias, I confess, in favour of Mr. Bryce personally, as the more solid contribution to the Collective Wisdom irrespective of party, but I tried to make up my mind, as befits a philosopher, on general principles, and to regard the Liberal candidate simply as such. I had thus two questions to decide: 'Why am I a Home Ruler?' (as against the Liberal Unionist); and (as against the Anti-Liberal Labourist), 'Why am I not a

Faddist, or a Fanatic, or whatever name we may give to the One-Plank politician ?'

Since it was as far back as in 1882 that I first became convinced of the justice and policy of Home Rule, I had to go back to the circumstances of that time to find my answer to the first question. Much has happened since then ? Certainly : but nothing to shake the significance of that year for sensible men. It was then that the Land Commissioners under the Act of 1881 set to work to revise Irish rents. Why drag in this ancient history ? What has this to do with Home Rule ? Everything : this furnished the first indisputable and striking proof that the Irish representatives knew the condition of Ireland, and that the Imperial Parliament did not. It will be remembered that Mr. Parnell and his followers repudiated the Act of 1881, and advised the farmers to keep away from the Land Courts, maintaining that without some provision for the payment of arrears they were so impoverished that a fair rent would do them no good. This was generally regarded as the height of unreasonable irreconcilable contumacy. Nothing would satisfy those fellows, it was said. They were a mere pack of seditious spouters. They were sent to Kilmainham to let the Land Act have a fair trial. But what happened ? The Land Courts sat. It turned out that, so far from overstating their case about rack-renting, the Irish representatives had understated it. They had spoken of an average reduction of 15 per cent. as necessary to a fair rent ; the actual concession of the Land Courts was nearer twenty. After this, there was but one course open for Mr. Gladstone's Government as just and honourable men. They released the Kilmainham prisoners and passed an Arrears Act. But might not all this friction have been saved if the opinion of the Irish representatives had been taken at first ? Such incidents—and the above is only the most striking out of many—seem to me an unanswerable argument in favour of giving to the Irish control of their own domestic affairs. The Irish representatives have so uniformly been right in their statements of the needs of their constituents that I have the more confidence in believing them when they say that a scheme of Home Rule would contribute to happier relations between Great Britain and Ireland. The mere prospect of it has already done wonders. To argue out the question would, of course, take me far beyond my present limits. But in favour of devolving certain business from the Imperial Parliament to a local Parliament more intimately acquainted with the needs of its area, it is enough for any believer in Representative Government to show that in the past want of knowledge has embarrassed the course of public business. Not so much want of knowledge as want of will ? Possibly : so much the stronger the case for Home Rule.

In deciding not to vote for our Independent Labour candidate,

my reasons were not far to seek. The one-plank agitator has his times and seasons of beneficial activity, but the eve of a General Election on long-matured issues is not one of them. To support him in such circumstances is merely to postpone or defeat the reforms to which the Liberal party is pledged.

W. MITTO.

The University, Aberdeen.

VIII

I am inclined to put the question thus: 'Did I vote for Mr. Gladstone?' If ever there was a time in which one might have been excused for voting for a man rather than for measures, it was when the old statesman, as full of fire and life as ever, unconscious of abuse, once more led his party to power. The very hatred showered on him, the lack of all chivalrousness in his opponents, their ill-veiled eagerness for the failure of his powers, their unscrupulous methods of party warfare, made many a man 'vote for Gladstone' out of a sense of generosity and fair play.

The influence, however, of the old man's personality, vast as it is, is less with us than is our earnest desire that the principles we hold sacred shall prevail in the counsels of the nation. We fight with 'Principles not Patrons' as our cry. And, if the truth be told, there are not a few points in which we think Mr. Gladstone's lead might have been clearer and more decided; and we have voted in hopes of a solution of many land and labour questions, still more of many social problems of gravest importance, on which his cautious and apparently unsympathetic attitude has been a trial to many of us.

Why, then, did I vote for Mr. Gladstone? First and foremost, because I have tried to make Christianity, interpreted anew by the Life of Christ, the foundation of my political faith. I cannot read the Gospels without seeing on every page a call to take up the cause of peace, the cause of the brotherhood of men, the cause of equality before the law, the cause of woman, the cause of those who toil and are heavy laden. We treat our Faith very badly: we make a conventional chamber, and label it 'sin'—other people's sin—and into it we push all those principles of the Gospel which ought to guide us in the daily run of life; we turn the key on them, and destroy all their influence on our daily life. And so when we want leading in practical matters, we find that our systems have become a barrier between us and Christ, and we waste on theological dogmas the saving truths which He meant should be applied to our common duties as men and citizens. To me Christianity is intensely practical and social; where Priest and Levite still pass

by with averted face, there lies the true duty of man. If churches are to live they have to face the difficulties of the time and the developments of social life and labour. We suffer terribly because we have alienated the wage-earner.

Because the Liberal party to some extent sees this, I vote for it. I vote for it on the Irish question, for, many years ago, as an Oxford History tutor, I was obliged to study the internal and external relations of States, and became convinced that we had long been going wrong in our dealings with Ireland. It was not then, nor should it now be, a party question.

In the conflict between 'Capital and Labour' I feel bound to side with the Liberals. The phrase ought to run 'Capital in money, Capital in brains, and Capital in muscles,' and the happy solution will be when all three elements are so fairly distributed that no room for a quarrel will exist any longer. Meanwhile, I hope for a wholesome development of the forces of labour, due regulation of hours and wages with proper regard to the rights of each man's independence: these matters are already demanding wise and careful handling.

To me, however, the most important group of questions is that which deals with social life; and here there seems little hope outside the Liberal party. It is a pity; though many of the questions are essentially independent of party, through the action of interested motives and the guiding of party managers these matters have come to be a part of the Liberal programme; as we have seen clearly in the history of the Temperance question, and especially in the action of an organisation calling itself 'The Church of England Temperance Society.'

It is because of my hopes for the solution of some of these social questions that I am a warm Liberal. We want the wage-earner to have better provision for his old age; we want a reform in the Poor Law; we want better houses for the labourers to live in, not huts which defy the laws of health and morality; we believe that every man should be unmolested, whatever views he may hold, and be able to give weight to his views without hindrance at the polls; we hold that the vote ought to represent each person's conscience and opinion; that no one should, when of full age and standing, be without it, nor any one have more than one person's share of it. I hold, too, that this is as true of women as of men, and that the weight of the female vote will be thrown into the scale in favour of peace, temperance, and morality, whatever may be the result of it on our party organisations. I repudiate the degrading doctrine that only those should vote who can fight for their vote: such a doctrine is a long step backwards towards the barbarous 'Might makes right' theory of human life.

The peaceful solution of the quarrels of men or nations is the true solution; we desire to strengthen the bonds of both Imperial and

international amity. We want education to be improved as well as universal; we desire the religious and moral side of it to be strengthened, and the family life to grow more real and more happy. We are determined to resist the horrible attacks of vice and cruelty on the purity and happiness of our women and children. Lastly—and perhaps this is the most pressing matter of all—we call for a stern and popular control over the deadly drink traffic.

These are some of the matters on which we, the crotchety party, are convinced that the future welfare of the State depends; and because I see that the best of the Liberal party do care for these things I have always been a supporter of Mr. Gladstone.

G. W. KITCHIN, D.D., F.S.A.
Dean of Winchester.

LENDING MONEY TO AUSTRALIA

MANY people appear to regard the lending of money by England to Australia as more or less an act of benevolence on the part of England. It is nothing of the sort. Benevolence has nothing to do with such transactions. The advantage is a mutual one, and is by no means wholly on the side of Australia. It is as important for England that fresh fields of industry for the employment of her surplus capital should be provided, as it is for these colonies to have the assistance of outside capital in developing their natural resources. As a matter of fact Australian capital wealth is increasing at a much greater rate than the capital wealth of England, although of course the amount of the growth, when compared with that of England, is but small. This was clearly shown by Mr. Giffen in his able paper on 'The Rise and Growth of the British Empire,' read before the Australasian Association for the Advancement of Science, which met at Hobart in January of this year. But the difference between the two countries is, that in Australia the fresh fields of local industry absorb in their development far more than Australia's rapidly-growing capital can supply, while in England investments of her surplus capital have to be looked for outside of her borders, from which she at present derives no less than one-fifth part of her total income.

Until lately no question has been raised as to the ability of Australia to discharge her obligations, for capitalists and investors have had sufficient faith in the resources of these colonies to lend them money without caring to go very minutely into the objects to which it was being applied. But the rapid growth of our public debt, now largely exceeding per head of population the sum it amounts to in England, has caused, and is causing, a certain amount of alarm as to whether Australia is not going too fast, and English capitalists are not advancing money to Australia with their former readiness. I am not quite sure, however, that another cause of quite a different sort might not be found to account in some measure for this. It may be that, owing to the growing competition of other nations, England may not be accumulating surplus capital so rapidly as she once did, and that she may not have so much of it to invest outside of her borders. But, be this as it may, Australia, as I have

said, wants more money to develop her resources than she herself can supply, and what she has now got to do is to show the investing public that the security she offers is unimpeachable. The first point to make clear is that so ably dealt with by Mr. R. M. Johnston in his article on 'The Credit of Australasia' in the April number of this Review, viz. that the functions undertaken by the general governments in these colonies are much wider than those undertaken by the general Government at home, inasmuch as our governments here undertake the direct administration of large classes of public services, and provide many works of public utility which at home are dealt with by local bodies or by private enterprise. In a general way this fact has been more or less known, but Mr. Johnston has demonstrated it by statistics in a very striking and convincing manner. Without giving due weight to this important consideration it is impossible to arrive at, or even profitably to discuss, our financial position. As the great bulk of the money we are borrowing goes in the improvement of the public estate, our indebtedness differs *toto cælo* from debt incurred for the purposes of warfare, or to make good deficiencies of revenue.

We cannot regret that Mr. Fortescue's article on the 'Seamy Side of Australia,' appearing in this Review for April 1891 has received so much attention as it has. Mr. Fortescue has the courage of his opinions, and he was, I believe, the first to give prominent expression to his doubts and misgivings respecting Australian finance and indebtedness. But, although he may have been the first to give public utterance to such doubts, he was by no means alone in holding them. For some time the minds of many people have been somewhat uneasy on the subject, and while Mr. Fortescue's clever and unsparing denunciations may have for a time increased this feeling, and have still further unsettled the minds of intending investors in colonial securities, yet we owe him a debt of gratitude for stating so clearly what was in the minds of the doubters, and there can be no question that the elucidation of the truth as to the ability of Australia to meet her obligations has been advanced by the discussion to which his paper has given rise.

Telegrams from London have informed us that Mr. A. J. Wilson has asserted in some recent periodical that Australasian civilisation is wholly based upon borrowed capital. I have not had the advantage of reading this gentleman's views, and they may not have been correctly telegraphed to us, but I have heard some people whose knowledge of Australia is somewhat limited express such views before, based no doubt upon the large amount of our loans. Now I would commend to the attention of these gentlemen two considerations. The first is that the private wealth of Australasia, estimated in the same way as the wealth of the United Kingdom is estimated, amounts to 1,175 millions. Mr. Giffen, in the paper I have already referred

to, endorses this estimate. In fact, he places the amount somewhat higher. The public debt of Australasia is about 185. millions, and against this must be set the public estate in railways, and other remunerative works, unalienated lands, &c. The second consideration is that since 1850 Australia has exported gold to the value of 340 millions, and wool to the value of 400 millions. How, in the face of these figures, Australasian civilisation can be said to be wholly based on borrowed capital it is difficult to conceive. But, although it is not in accordance with fact that the progress of Australasia is wholly based on borrowed capital, the readiness with which this has hitherto been obtained has led our governments to reckon upon a constant supply of it, and to make all their arrangements accordingly; and a sudden stoppage of the supply necessarily throws everything out of gear, and leads to the discharge of large numbers of workmen, who had before found constant employment in the construction of public works. That our governments have to some extent been demoralised by the ease with which they have hitherto been able to obtain loans, and that a good deal of unnecessary extravagance has occurred in the expenditure of borrowed moneys, I do not deny; and while I believe the great bulk of it has been thoroughly well expended, still an appreciable amount of it has undoubtedly gone in works for which there was no immediate necessity, and some of it in works for which there was no necessity at all. Now in this paper I propose to consider whether it is possible that some check should be placed upon such expenditure, and what is the readiest and most business-like way of satisfying investors with the security we offer to them. I claim no credit for any originality in my suggestions. The changes I advocate have in a general way been suggested by others, but it is as a means to attain these important practical ends that I propose to submit and discuss them now.

The great bulk of our expenditure is on railways, and I restrict my observations to them: (1) because our expenditure of borrowed moneys in other remunerative works is comparatively small; (2) because further expenditure on railways is absolutely necessary to the development of the country; and (3) because it is in the construction of railways that there are the greatest opportunities for abuse in the direction of useless works being undertaken from interested motives. I have often heard the saying quoted, as axiomatic, by Australian politicians, that 'if the country makes the railways, the railways will make the country.' This, like most sayings of the sort, is true in some cases and false in others. Railways will only 'make' the country by stimulating production and facilitating distribution. If they are made in districts where there is but little produced and distributed, and with small or practically no possibilities of development, they will certainly hamper, instead of 'making,' a country. But if they are made in districts where, by reducing the

cost of transit, they stimulate production, and give a marketable value to stores of natural products which are valueless in their original shape and situation, they 'make' the country. The great bulk of the railways constructed in these colonies fall into the latter category, but I am sorry to say that there are not wanting instances of the former. When I have spoken to Australian politicians about such lines they have not unfrequently replied :—

We admit that they were made under local pressure, and that they are not the best that could have been selected; but still, railways can be nothing but an unmitigated good to a country, for they are bound to create a traffic of their own, and they add besides, indirectly, to the wealth of the country in numberless ways which cannot be measured by money.

It is this vague, mistaken idea about railways which, I believe, has had more to do with the construction of useless lines than log-rolling pure and simple. But whatever the motive, the result is dangerous. It is the same as that achieved by log-rolling, and the practice requires to be sternly checked.

Now how are we to secure that due care is exercised in the selection of districts for railway extension? In considering this matter the old question arises, '*Quis custodiet ipsos custodes?*' Our parliamentary representatives are the guards, and I believe that any guard upon them in the shape of permanent commissions appointed by them to exercise their powers in this respect must, as experience appears to be already showing, break down. It would, of course, be possible, and I think useful, to have a standing committee, or Board of Advice, elected by the country generally, for a fixed period of three or five years, who should make careful inquiry into the circumstances of every district through which a line is projected, and whose concurrence would be necessary before any new works could be undertaken; and it might further be stipulated that no member of this Board should be qualified to vote for any extension into a district in which such member had a personal interest, or which he might represent in Parliament. It would also be possible and desirable to lay down a fixed relative standard, restricting the construction of new lines so as to make it harmonise with the ascertained rate of increase in population. But these expedients, useful as they might be, would only be in the nature of aids to the representatives of the people in fulfilling their obligations. With them must rest the power and responsibility of ultimately determining the works to be undertaken, and they cannot evade this responsibility or shift it to other shoulders.

I believe there is only one way of securing that, on the one hand, the extensions are carefully selected, and due economy in their construction exercised, and, on the other, that complete satisfaction is afforded to the investors, and that is by requiring that the railways should pay their own way. I am aware that public loans are not

lent on railways, but are advanced on the security of the general revenue of the country. But we have arrived at the point at which investors are getting a little uneasy, and I can conceive of no way better calculated to allay this uneasiness than by showing that the railways, on which the great bulk of the money raised by way of loan is expended, are worked at a profit, or at least at no loss. This is quite in accord with the views of Mr. Willoughby, as set forth in his reply to Mr. Fortescue in this Review for August, 1891, with which I, in the main, concur; but I disagree with him in regarding this question as not one for the public creditor. When the public creditor begins, as he is now beginning, to ask whether the debt of Australia is not too large, and when the answer given to him is, 'No, because it is mainly expended on remunerative works,' he naturally wants to see that these works *are* remunerative. He will not be satisfied by the mere assurance, however true it may be, that these works produce a great hidden value which adds to the country's wealth, and makes her more able to pay his interest. I am aware that the varying proportions by which the railway revenue of the different colonies at present exceeds the working expenses does not, so far as one can see, have any practical effect in influencing the rates at which individual colonies can borrow money; but the fact is that the whole subject of Australian indebtedness is only beginning to be considered by the light of the objects for which it is being incurred, and that up to the present time the general security of the government of each colony has been regarded as amply sufficient. The time, however, has now arrived for Australia to review her position, and when the citadel of her credit is subjected to scrutiny in detail, to see that all openings through which doubts could intrude themselves as to the security she offers are carefully closed. -This part of her defences appears to me to be the most vulnerable one, and by the method I propose, which I firmly believe is a practicable one to adopt, it can be made impregnable. It is perfectly true, as Mr. Johnson points out, that the actual net receipts from working the railways are no measure of the value of the railways to the country, and that the hidden value is very great, although I cannot quite see my way to subscribe to the figures by which he attempts to give definiteness to this value. Still it undoubtedly is very great, and the greater it is the more room is there for raising the rates now charged so as to make the lines self-supporting. But there is another way of working in the same direction, and that is by curtailing the working expenses. I believe there is great scope for reduction in this direction. It must be done with a strong hand. The train service, which is, in many cases, now needlessly great, should be reduced in accordance with the needs of each district upon some calculated standard. I am no expert in such matters, but I am informed on good authority that if, in all cases where the traffic receipts

do not exceed 300*l.* a mile a year, the train service were restricted to a mileage represented by four through trains each working day, ample provision for the traffic could be afforded, and that, with but a comparatively slight rise in rates, the lines would in the main become self-supporting. In carrying out this policy it is conceivable that some lines might be found to be so hopelessly bad that they would have to be closed altogether. In fact, the railway revenue and expenditure should form a budget by itself, in which some allowance might be made for lines not fully matured, and in their regard a small contribution might be made out of the general revenue.

Such a method of treatment would act powerfully in the direction of care and circumspection being exercised in the selection of new lines, and of economy in their construction. For governments would not care to face the raising of rates to meet a deficit caused by lines which ought never to have been constructed, or which had been constructed at too costly a rate; while, if the railway budget showed a satisfactory result, loans for further extensions would readily be forthcoming. These are practical advantages, and the only drawbacks would be some reductions in the train service, and, in some cases, an increase in the rates charged for the conveyance of goods and passengers. Of course any increase in rates would have to be made with judgment and discrimination, otherwise it might have the effect rather of checking traffic than of increasing receipts. Any change in this direction, however practicable it might be, would doubtless find objectors on the score that this increase in rates would add more to the wealth of the country if left to fructify in the hands of the people. This is in itself somewhat doubtful, but one thing is certain, viz. that the interest on the cost of providing the accommodation which railways afford must be paid either by the users or by the country generally. Now it does not appear to me to be anything but fair that those who use should pay. If it be urged that a line of railway yields a general benefit to the country over and above that which the user receives, and that the country generally should pay for this benefit, then I contend that the matter is as broad as it is long, for most people make direct use of railways, and they benefit as members of the general public in the indirect advantages of those railways they do not themselves use and therefore would not pay for. While as regards the few settlers, if there are any such, who from their isolated position neither travel upon the railways themselves nor use them for the conveyance of goods that they either produce or consume, and who may therefore be said to be in no sense users of railways, it is fairer that they should escape any contribution in respect of the indirect benefits they participate in as members of the general community, than that they should be made to pay for the direct benefits which the users alone enjoy. Again, to increase the rates, however small the increase might be, would also be offered by

those who advocate that travelling should be free, and that the whole cost of railways should be borne by the State. Such views, however, are by no means widely held, and they may be dismissed as not being within the range of practical politics.

I do not by any means suggest that there should be special loans raised for railways. On the contrary, the loans should continue to be raised as at present for the general purposes of each colony, secured as now upon the general revenue. It is absolutely essential, further, that the greatest care should be taken to secure that this shows a surplus, not only in the budget statement, but also at the end of the year, and there is no reason why, with due care, deficits should occur in the revenue of these colonies more often than at home. We could not then be accused, as we often are now, with more or less foundation, of applying, at least temporarily, money received by way of loan to make good deficiencies of revenue. And, lastly, we should, as in England, be careful only to borrow for works of magnitude, meeting out of our annual revenue all items of small amount for new works, although they might be legitimately chargeable to loans.

While I admit that the changes I propose could not be carried out without some difficulty—as the experience of Victoria, which is now adopting drastic measures to make her railways pay, shows—and the exercise of much determination on the part of our statesmen, yet they are quite within the competence of our governments to achieve, and they would be achieved if investors would insist upon them as a condition of their advancing further loans. We should then have fewer doubts expressed as to the credit of Australasia, and I believe that even so unsparing a critic as Mr. Fortescue himself would be satisfied. For in his first article, to which I have already referred, he does not deny that the resources of Australia far outweigh her debts, and in his article on ‘Guileless Australia,’ in this Review for September 1891, he admits that ‘sound administration would soon put things to rights.’ I entirely agree with him in this; but he goes on to say that, having regard to the influence of the labour party, ‘sound administration is not to be hoped for.’ In this I disagree with him, as I also do in his wholesale denunciation of Australian politicians. No administration is free from abuses, and there are black sheep in every community; but my honest estimate of Australian politicians is—and I have had considerable opportunities for forming an opinion—that they are not more swayed by unworthy motives than are politicians at home, that they are not more amenable to pressure, and that they are equally desirous for the good of their country. It is very easy to attribute all sorts of unworthy motives to public men either here or at home, and to draw a sad picture of the state of public morality by giving a general application to individual instances of malpractice. But the level-headed citizen is not much affected by such pictures. He has not lost his faith in human nature, and here, as at home, there

is a stable body of good sense in our midst which maintains our equilibrium very fairly. The sterling qualities which distinguish the English race have not suddenly departed from their descendants in Australia, and in many respects our administration compares favourably with the administration at home. That mistakes have been made by our politicians, and serious mistakes too, I freely admit, but I deny that there is anything like wholesale and systematic falsification of the public accounts in order to delude the British public. Australia is far too honest to do this if she could, but she could not do it if she would. Those who make such a suggestion appear to have forgotten that there is party government in every one of these colonies, that no subject is more keenly discussed in the local parliaments than that of finance, and that, as at home, the *outs* are always trying to find out the sins and shortcomings of the *ins*. Further, they appear to have forgotten that we have in Australia a powerful press, quite as ready and able to find out abuses as the press is at home. Mr. Fortescue certainly, in my view, does not strengthen his able articles by giving in them such prominence as he does to this ungenerous and, as I think I have shown, impossible suggestion. I do not think I am doing him an injustice when I say that he appears to regard England, more or less, as in the position of a weak father, who, with foolish indulgence, is advancing money to Australia, his spendthrift son; and this spendthrift son, who is largely living on these advances, is systematically misleading his father, and getting him to add to them year by year by rendering to him false statements of his financial position. The true position is widely different. The connection of these colonies with England, which I for one believe will never be severed, and which as I read the signs of the times is by no means losing in strength, has undoubtedly had a great deal to do with the lending Australia so much money, but only because Australia, from her close connection with the mother country, has been able to make her condition and wants known amongst her own kith and kin at home who have surplus capital which they wish to invest. It is, in fact, England's knowledge of Australia, and not her want of knowledge, which has induced her to lend her capital to us, and I venture to affirm that not one penny of English capital which Australia has raised by way of public loan has been furnished to her on grounds of sentiment or charity, or with any other object, on the part of the investors, than that of obtaining a better interest than is elsewhere obtainable by them on equally good security. That the scrutiny of creditors into the sufficiency of the security offered for advances should increase with increased demands is only reasonable, and if the result of the present crisis should be that English capitalists insist in future, before lending their money, that our railway budgets are satisfactory, and that our general revenue shows a surplus, unmitigated benefit will,

in my view, accrue to Australia, notwithstanding the temporary difficulties she will have to encounter in giving effect to these requirements.

I am a firm believer in the great benefit to Australia which will arise from the Federation of these colonies, although this movement has encountered many and serious checks. I believe that Federation will before long be an accomplished fact. I have not dealt in this paper with any financial matters which might assume another complexion under Federation, as my remarks have been mainly confined to the subject of railways; and whether Australia be federated or not, and whether her loans be consolidated or not, it is equally important, as it seems to me, that they should be made to pay their way.

R. G. C. HAMILTON.

THE ART OF DINING

SINCE it must be acknowledged that during the past few years we have gradually entered upon a period of *renaissance* in regard to the choice and preparation of our food, and the ordering and service of our dinners, the consideration of certain matters in regard to modern 'aristology' may perhaps be interesting. The term I have adopted is one which five and fifty years ago was created by that right pleasant essayist Thomas Walker when introducing his articles on the 'Art of Dining' in the *Original*.

According to the lexicons (wrote he), the Greek for dinner is *ἀριστον*, and therefore, for the convenience of the terms, and without entering into any enquiry, critical or antiquarian, I call the art of dining Aristology, and those who study it Aristologists.

Remembering these words, it has occurred to me that I cannot do better than borrow from one whose refined *tasté* was far in advance of his time, and whose precepts in many ways might well be laid to heart in the present year of grace. That much has been done in the immediate past, and much being done in the present in the right direction by those who have turned their attention to the cultivation and better development of this art, need scarcely be asserted. To dine tastefully both in regard to our food and surroundings is now a consummation devoutly wished for by all, and inasmuch as good dinners demand skilful preparation, an impetus has thus been given to scientific cookery. The teaching commenced at South Kensington has spread; schools are now to be found where Englishwomen may strive to win *le cordon bleu*; the Universal Cookery and Food Association annually encourages advancement by its exhibitions; works on *cuisine* appear from time to time with excellent intentions, from which advice more or less reliable may be procured; while the housewife columns of several newspapers show us that many are anxious to teach, and many to learn, how the misspent culinary past may be redeemed. All this is satisfactory. We often find, however, in cases in which a long neglected social want is suddenly taken up seriously, that the pace is too hurried, and the result of a praiseworthy enterprise contravened by over-anxiety. It

may accordingly be salutary to examine the condition of our *renaissance*, and see whether matters are progressing satisfactorily.

Taking first of all the composition of some London dinners of to-day, modelled, it is to be presumed, in accordance with French gastronomical laws, we find, to be sure, a fine parade of terms:—*potages, poissons, relevés, entrées, rôtis* and so forth; but if we look into the *menus* themselves 'tis odds that we discover that the majority of English dinner-givers who work on these lines still misunderstand or misapply the classification they have adopted. Few, at least, seem to appreciate what manner of thing a *relevé* really is, and the proper place in the meal for its introduction; while the *raison d'être* of the unfortunate *rôt* is ignored, and its name continually taken in vain. For have we not too often seen of late a *gigot d'agneau rôti* set down as a *relevé* and served *after* the *entrées*, and under the word *rôt* such promiscuous compositions as *homard à la Turque, foies gras en aspic*, ay, even *cœufs de pluviers à la Victoria*! And yet it has been clearly demonstrated by writers old and new, especially by Sir Henry Thompson in his work *Food and Feeding*, that if the *Code Français* and the teaching of Brillat Savarin are to be followed, the *relevé* must follow the fish, and the *rôt*, as the term plainly indicates, be 'a roast' served after the *entrées*; that the former is by no means the piece of plainly roasted meat called by Anglo-Saxons a 'joint,' and that the latter is not a savoury *plat* or *entremets*, but if possible a spitted bird. The correct marshalling of the various dishes which comprise the *dîner Parisien* can scarcely be understood, however, unless the student thoroughly grasps the exact significance of the term *relevé*. This, say the professors, should be regarded as the *pièce de résistance* of the meal; it should be, correctly speaking, an artistic braise, such as the time-honoured *fricandeau*, the veritable *pièce de bœuf à la mode*, the *carbonnade de mouton*, &c.: a piece of choice meat, that is to say, served *en bloc*, with all the finish of an *entrée* in regard to the sauce, or strong gravy judiciously extracted, with which it is accompanied, and the carefully selected and dressed vegetable, or combination of vegetables, which forms its garnish. In the present day we can at this period serve the grilled *filet* or *entrecôte, à la Béarnaise, à la Chateaubriand, à la Milanaise*, &c., or, if we want lamb, a *selle braisée au macédoine*, or other garnish. A dish of this kind having been followed by a delicate *entrée*—a *chaud-froid*, for instance—what more appropriate contrast could *Gastræa* suggest to us than a slice of plainly roasted game, a small bird, or a morsel of a turkey poult, duckling, or fatted fowl, according to the season of the year, with a simple salad, and garnish of crisp golden wafers, or ribands of potato? The perplexed hostess who diligently considers the question in this light will rise from her deliberations with a light heart, for she will perceive that the harmony of her dinner, assuming of course that she intends to adhere to the standard classification I

have been speaking of, would be destroyed if she gave more than one *entrée*, that she can dispense with a 'joint,' while she can offer her friends, after a simple *hors-d'œuvre* if she pleases, a repast composed of single dishes under each head:—A soup, a piece of fish, a *relevé*, an *entrée*, a roast bird, an *entremets de légume*, a sweet *entremets*, a savoury morsel, and dessert. Each thing being perfect as far as its scientific treatment is concerned, and sufficient in quantity, this framework needs no expansion whatever to meet the requirements of a dinner of fifty as satisfactorily as it obviously would satisfy those of that most charming of all parties—the symposium of eight covers. Indeed, one of the great desiderata of the day is a professional caterer brave enough to present a *menu* thus simplified at one of the numerous dinners of ceremony which at this time of year take place daily; for, independently of certain points, which I propose to discuss later on in this paper, there can be no doubt that the ponderous bill of fare, which custom considers indispensable at these functions, can rarely if ever stand the test of skilled criticism. Repetitions in the flavours of sauces, notwithstanding that they may be given grand new names, and be disguised by beautiful new-fashioned colourings, are inevitable when a multiplicity of dishes is in circulation; while such finer considerations as the disposition of light and shadow, the provision of contrasts, and the like, cannot possibly receive such subtle finishing touches as can be bestowed upon a less pretentious composition. Now it goes without saying that this contention will never commend itself to those free-handed purveyors who for many a year have followed the established rule that the only way in which a large party of people can be gratified is by placing before them a congeries of the most expensive delicacies, both in and out of season, accompanied by the richest sauces in the culinary *répertoire*. They have always been accustomed to display a beautifully illuminated bill of fare with from twelve to sixteen lines of printed matter at least, not to mention the marginal entries of wines, and the idea of placing a modest little card before each guest with the whole of the feast contained in eight would very probably appear to them to be wholly inapplicable to a banquet served in the porphyry *salle* of the Cosmopolitan, or the cedar-wood chamber at the Hôtel Albert-Edward. Moreover it might be advanced that, even at the headquarters of enlightened Aristology, in Paris herself, the elaborate *menu* still obtains when set dinners of a high class are in question. Why, certainly, but the fact that vulgarity exists around us does not prevent our choosing the better part whenever we can do so; neither does the tyranny of fashion overawe people who have the courage to act according to the dictates of their nicer instincts. And is not the outside-of-the-cup-and-platter swagger of the pretentious festival vulgar beyond measure; and those who give way to it even as Hindus before the wheels of Juggernaut?

I have hitherto confined myself to the consideration of the dinner composed according to the long-established French method, and have endeavoured to show that, if correctly followed, a simpler and far shorter *menu* is possible than that which in nine cases out of ten is placed before us. I by no means desire, however, to say that the canons of the *ancien régime* are the best that we can be guided by in our dinners of to-day. On the contrary, in the cause of simplicity I would go much further, and boldly declare that the day has come for us to cast aside the old hard-and-fast traditions and nomenclature of the *dîner Parisien* with its stereotyped services and fixed procession of meats, and to compose our *menus*, whether the occasion be great or small, as the spirit may move us, and the season permit, upon lines laid down upon an entirely new foundation, with the aforesaid simplicity for our guide, artistic effect our object, and rapidity of service our *sine quâ non*. That these principles have influenced many, and have been adopted already by certain members of society to whom the charms of emancipation have been a revelation, should encourage others to complete their *renaissance* by the assertion of similar independence. The moment that a dinner partakes of the character of a feast with a straining after display, its claim to refinement as a work of art vanishes, and those who are gathered together for its discussion are swept into the same category as children of the *plebs* at a school treat.

Next as regards our food itself. Bearing in mind the sensations with which the refined 'aristologist' should approach the subject of his evening meal, I confess that at this dinner-giving season of the year in London I am filled with sincere sympathy for him. Take the unhappy fellow who has to assist at a series of annual commemoration festivals. He knows of course beforehand what he is going to have—Turtle soup thick and clear, *ponche à la Romaine*, salmon enriched and embellished to death, whitebait plain and bedevilled, a series of *entrées* so overwrought with ornamentation that the ordinary eater knoweth not what to take and what to eschew, and so on; with these noteworthy salient features—much cooling down of warm foods by reason of processions, a maximum of fattiness and cream, a minimum of good food on its own merits, much weariness of spirit as nearly two hours are passed, and the drinking of more wine than wisdom would have counselled because of the length of the meal, and plethora of rich dishes. Nevertheless, no one attempts reform, for it would require the strength of Samson himself, and the bravery of the king of beasts, to take a pen and sit down quietly in the presence of the Anglicised *maître d'hôtel* and score out of his draft *menu* any of the favourite summer season *spécialités*. And yet what pleasure there would be for the man who *could* summon up the necessary courage to seize one of these elaborate compositions and cut it to atoms! He would be able to appreciate the savage delight of one of Mr. Rider

Haggard's pet African executioners with a fat victim before him ready to be done to death in very little pieces. But to be serious, why must we be forced perpetually to take turtle soup, no matter how good the clear variety may be occasionally; why always be given salmon, notwithstanding its claims, as the head of the family of fishes; and why on earth have whitebait served to us as a matter of course, *plus* another fish, separately,—twice? The proper place for these fishlets is—apart, of course, from the fish dinner pure and simple—alone, as the only *poisson* of the dinner, or as a garnish with a plainly boiled white fish, in the same way that smelts are presented by intelligent folk with turbot. This may seem rank heresy, but that the argument is sound from a really artistic anti-omnivorous point of view most thoughtful 'aristologists' will I think admit. You might just as well send round portions of pheasant and follow them with a service of snipe. Our whitebait is a pleasant little chap enough, and yet how strangely do people in authority try to lead him astray! At a dinner party not many days ago I met him *à la Madras*. Happening to know something of the Southern Indian capital, I waited for a new experience; for, as they have no whitebait they have no special way of serving it there—when lo! the small fry appeared plentifully besprinkled with raw curry powder, which literally 'played the devil' with the 'entire aggregation' in every sense of the expression. No sane person uses curry powder in the form of pepper in the land of Ind. Who, for instance, would take a pinch of choice 'black rappee' or 'Wilson S. P.' with his new-laid egg? I mention this to show how hard it is for our feast-providers to leave well alone, and allow good things to stand on their merits.

An exceptionally strong and heavy man is badly wanted to trample down the existing fashion of repellent over-ornamentation. Let anyone go to the Wild West Show and carefully observe the colouring and patterns of Buffalo Bill's Red Indians in their war paint, and when he next sits at meat where florid art obtains, let him study the tints and devices squeezed, flattened, and otherwise displayed upon his lovely 'high-class *entrées*': the latter will have the advantage, methinks, as far as barbarity is concerned. Chatting not long ago on this subject with a lady who is an excellent hostess and much interested in the better treatment of food, I was amused to hear that she had quite given up a practice she had at one time followed of procuring a dish or two from professional sources to supplement and adorn the *menus* of her little dinner parties.

For (said she) I observed that my guests as a rule looked doubtfully at them notwithstanding their pretty appearance, and either let them pass untouched, or carefully scraped off every atom of beautifully coloured glaze with its pattern of stars, spots, stripes, squares, ovals, diamonds, spades, clubs, or hearts, before eating them!

Now, apart from the repulsiveness of anything in our food that even suggests the possibility of fingering and fiddling, think of the valuable time and materials wasted in spoiling an otherwise eatable piece of meat, fish, or fowl, by this misguided practice. I have had the misfortune to be confronted with a dish of fillets of sole so utterly improved off the face of creation by the artist in vegetable colours, that, to save my life, I could not have said what I was eating; and, at dinner parties, I find myself continually shying like a horse at some bright red thing, black-striped green thing, or spotted brown and magenta thing—each with brand-new incomprehensible name—which is handed to me upon a richly emblazoned edifice erected upon an exquisite alabaster *socle* fantastically designed out of composite candle or mutton fat and flour! An observant visitor at the Cookery Exhibition, at the Portman Rooms, in May last, must have been struck with evidences on all sides of the prevailing craze for making things look pretty, and I dare say wondered, as I did, at medals and prizes being awarded in some cases where a little kindly admonition would have been better for the exhibitor, and for the cause of advancement in the science of cooking. For, in any circumstances, it seems to me that the production of an intricate pattern on a fillet, and a highly ornamental stand in panel for its reception, is a matter of secondary rather than of primary importance, and that until the cardinal elements of scientific *cuisine* have been practically mastered, the art of making things look as unlike what they are as possible should not be encouraged. Our cooks are being taught how to run before they have learnt to walk properly. *Par exemple*, how often in twelve months do you meet in London with a really good clear *consommé* of the right delicate colour and savour? an essence of meat, that is to say, of fair strength, as light, bright, and clear as *amontillado*, with leguminous flavour according to the name that may be given it, without taint of sugar or blemish of colouring? Ornamentation is not cookery, though, if judiciously carried out, it has a right to our attention as an offshoot of the science. The tendency of the day is to forget this, and by yielding to the temptation offered by colouring preparations, the forcing pipe, &c., to lose sight of graver and infinitely more necessary matters. More than half a century ago Thomas Walker aforesaid, who lived at a time of excessive *gourmandise* and uncultivated taste in regard to the table, condemned the decoration of dishes in these quaint terms:—

I must here mention an instance of barbaric ornament I witnessed a short time since at a dinner which substantially was excellent. I had to carve a tongue, and found my operations somewhat impeded by a couple of ranunculuses stuck into it, sculptured one in turnip and the other in carrot. It was surrounded by a thin layer of spinach studded with small stars also cut out of carrot. What have ranunculuses and stars to do with tongue and spinach? To my mind, if they had been on separate dishes and unadorned, it would have been much more to the purpose.

Writing in 1864, 'the G. C.,' the accomplished author of *Round the Table*, said :—

Flowers (cut out of raw turnips), crayfish, which are not to be eaten, designs wrought in flour and lard coloured in various ways, and such like matters, which appertain to what is called grand cookery, belong to the category of shams, and cannot meet with the approval of any true artist.

While Gouffé four years later observed :—

I must own that in many instances this love of ornamentation has been carried to unreasonable lengths ; and I have known cooks possessed by a perfect hobby for decorating and beautifying everything, and who could not serve the simplest dish without a profusion of puerile accessories and would-be ornaments.

Now, although we no longer see ranunculuses of carrot and turnip, we have become the victims of a decorative mania which, despite its attaining its ends in a new way, is equally to be deprecated. The use of fancy colours, without consideration of their congruity, for the sake of prettiness, to tint the maskings used in savoury cookery, is surely preposterous ; for how in the natural order of things can a fillet of fish be green or a cutlet of chicken pink ? From old time we have adopted white and brown as the colours of standard glazings in this branch of the art, and to depart from them is needless and puerile. The practice is, in point of fact, a misapplication of the handicraft peculiar to the *confiseur*, to whose profession the laying on of patterns and the use of tintings should be left undisturbed. We ought not, as is now often the case, to be doubtful whether the dish presented to us is savoury or sweet. *Grosses pièces* and fancy compositions intended for the *buffet* or tables at a ball supper or luncheon *en fête* require perhaps a certain amount of adornment, but even this is now overdone. Who can see without pity—in the window of some fashionable culinary professor— a noble salmon, that never did anyone an intentional injury, put in the pillory and exhibited as a prepsow to the passer-by, with his back bristling with prawns like the 'fretful porcupine,' crayfish disporting themselves about him, his sides outraged by a gruesome tattooing of truffles, and divers devices in patterns like a Maori masher, and, lastly, to complete the atrocity, an impalement of hideous 'hatelet' skewers ? Surely this is as bad as the desecration of 'dead Hector' with the garish bedizenment of a circus clown. And what a sum the travesty costs to be sure ! By all means let the cook learn to minister to the lust of the eye, and let a dish be made to look as inviting as possible ; but let this effect be produced without the application of fictitious colouring, trashy pattern-making, and superfluous garnishing. Simplicity which looks as if it can be eaten is more to be desired than the elaborate 'painting of the lily' and 'gilding of fine gold' which occupy such undue attention at the present time.

Another fashion of the day which ought to be discouraged, I think, is that of introducing unnecessarily new names for old dishes, sauces, &c. In consequence of these questionable innovations long-established friends are gradually disappearing from the modern *menu*, and in their stead strangers are being pushed forward concerning whom we know nothing. On the card of a very nice little dinner, to which I was bidden a few days ago, I read *Pains de jambon à la Séville*; these I naturally assumed would prove to be novelties, but when the *entrées* came I discovered that it derived its accentuation from my old friend *Bigarade*! The change in the name was obviously ingenious, but why was it made? Then on what account must a *vol-au-vent à la Reine*—the oldest of the white *ragoûts* thus served—be now called *à la Victoria*? Wherever you go similar 'large-sized conundrums' thrust themselves before you. There are names in the French culinary vocabulary which, originally given to the works of the old masters, have become text-words indicating compositions that cannot be improved, and that all who know anything of the subject recognise at a glance. To cancel any one of these without reason is assuredly an act of unpardonable vandalism. A distinct, easily understood, and by no means voluminous compendium of names which could be mastered without difficulty, existed before these new introductions. As matters stand we have every prospect of arriving at a *menu* which, as far as showing us what we are going to eat is concerned, might just as well be a little list of esoteric mysteries in the occult tongue of the Mahatmas.

Lastly, I come to another argument which will probably be regarded by some as even more outrageous than the laying of the axe at the root of the overgrown *menu*, the condemnation of certain stereotyped foods, and the disapproval of new names and excessive ornamentation. It is this:—All are agreed, I think, that the modern dinner should be brought to a happy end within an hour, and some indeed fix forty-five minutes as the more correct limit. Now to attain either object the simplified *menu* lends powerful assistance, but is not enough in itself to ensure success. It becomes absolutely necessary to consider when ordering a dinner the time that the service of each thing will probably occupy, and how this can be reduced to the narrowest point. Any proposal, then, that is calculated to accelerate matters without perceptible hurry must, I take it, be worth consideration; for it need not be said that, while anxious to secure brisk service, we do not want our art study to be galloped through as if we were all late for the train. Well, the simplest way to obtain what we desire is to abolish as far as we can the handing round of dishes from which our guests have to help themselves, and to serve the various component parts of the dinner, ready helped, from the *buffet*. To illustrate what I mean:—Let us assume that a cold *entrée*, according to existing practice, is about to be presented. The plates used for the previous dish

having been removed, a fresh 'deal' of clean cold ones must first take place. Now, as far as those are concerned who do not eventually partake of the *entrées*, this presentation of a plate is obviously superfluous; but mark—that beautifully decorated work of art *chaud-froid de cailles à la Lucullus* is being passed round in single, double, triple, or quadruple grandeur according to the size of the party. There is a slight pause at the side of every guest during the process of self-help, or refusal; some are unaware that the dish is awaiting their attention for a few seconds, some decline after a little thought, not daring to undertake the task of exploration among ramparts and bastions of *aspic* and revetments of *macédoine*, and some waste time in securing the piece of garnish they ultimately detach from the outworks of the structure. The whole thing is a nuisance, especially to the ladies, while the thrusting in of the lordly platter between a couple who are getting on nicely is probably most unpleasant. When the circulation has come to an end it would be instructive, were it possible to do so, to add up all the fractions of time let slip, first in the dealing round of the plates, and next in the handing round, with all the little delays I have indicated. Surely we can save both the wasted time and the inconvenience by so organising our dinners that nearly every part of them can be served, as I have suggested, in portions complete for each guest. Take the *chaud-froid* in question. This could easily be prepared in the form of *aspics mignons de cailles* (set in little moulds), one of which, with the allowance of sauce or what not allotted to it, could be offered ready-helped to each person. If refused, the portion would be presented to the next just in the same way as the helping of fish, the slice of lamb, or piece of venison, is brought round. With a little consideration this method could be followed throughout the meal; for, thanks to modern ingenuity, we can select pretty little moulds of divers shapes suitable alike for *entrées* and *entremets*. Thus the direct-service system would be attended with no difficulty whatever. Of course, the *chef* would not like it, for it would deprive him of the pleasure of exhibiting his *tours de force* in all their glory. But what of that? All the time lost and expense incurred in building up the complicated structures which fashion encourages just now for the accommodation of *entrées* and *entremets* would be saved in the kitchen; while in the dining-room the easy, uninterrupted flow of conversation, simplicity of service, and time gained by the end of dinner, would well repay the sacrifice of the needless parade of culinary art masterpieces. I fear that my proposal would not please those who have adopted the practice followed at *tables d'hôte* abroad of sending round a sliced saddle or other solid piece of meat, partly carved, with its garnish *à la jardinière*, for personal apportionment by the guests themselves. Is this a step to be commended? It seems to me to be open to all the objections I have advanced against the cumbersome circulation of *entrées*, without the excuse the latter may

have of being beautiful to look upon. A still steaming *gigot à la Bercy* is hardly the thing to carry about on a hot summer evening; and how cold hot things get before they arrive at the end of the procession!

In respect to the economy of time, and also as a matter of good taste, the abolition of the service of cheese with multifarious *hors d'œuvres*, and the substitution of a simple, yet very carefully concocted savoury *plat*, cannot be too highly approved, and it is a matter of congratulation that at many entertainments at private houses, the tendency is to the little and good rather than the profuse. It is only necessary to go a little further, and, while simplifying the *menu*, to simplify its service by a modification in the preparation of the dishes themselves and the method of serving them. In this way we shall attain even a higher pitch of refinement than we have yet reached, and who knows but that the fashion encouraged in private may at length filter through to public gatherings, and the banquet of the future be distinguished by a more enlightened interpretation of the true essentials of modern 'aristology!'

A. KENNEY-HERBERT.

(Wyvern.)

THE EGYPTIAN NEWSPAPER PRESS

WHEN the late Sir John Bowring visited Egypt in 1839, having been commissioned to report to Lord Palmerston 'upon the existing state and future probable situation of the country,' its ruler was the energetic Mehemet Ali Pasha, who was then intent on making it a model among Eastern lands. That energetic ruler welcomed innovations, and he treated those with special favour who aided him in bringing the civilisation of the West to supplant the antiquated and reactionary system of the East. If the transplanted civilisation of London or Paris speedily withered under the Egyptian sun, this was largely due to the opposition or incompetence of the ruler's advisers and dependents. He could give orders, but he could not ensure that they would be obeyed in the spirit as well as the letter. He had no jealousy of the Frank, while the majority of his subjects looked upon the Frank as a monster of iniquity. It is rather to be regretted that Mehemet Ali went too fast than that he went too far. As a ruler he was always in a hurry. Neither the political institutions nor the industrial methods of Europe can be forced in their growth like hothouse plants. They require time as well as space for development, and an intelligent appreciation must be displayed by those who are responsible for their expansion.

Much has been written about the many failures of Mehemet Ali to render Egypt independent of the Porte in the field of politics and of Europe in the field of industry. It has been overlooked or forgotten that he wished to have a Public Press in Egypt which should resemble that of Europe. The result can be gathered from Sir John Bowring's remarkable and exhaustive report :

An Arabic and Turkish newspaper is published at Cairo, consisting principally of official documents. It has no fixed day or time of publication. A French newspaper, called the *Moniteur Egyptien*, was printed weekly at Alexandria from August 1833 to March 1834, when it was abandoned. The funds had been furnished by the Government. It never had a large circulation.

The changes since the days of Mehemet Ali, the founder and father of modern Egypt, are many and marvellous, but none is more noteworthy than that which relates to the Public Press. At present

the daily, weekly, and monthly publications in Egypt are forty-six in number. If the Egyptians are to be regenerated, and the attempt should miscarry, the failure cannot be attributable to the lack of newspapers.

I am aware the opinion is general that the Egyptians are not constant readers of books or newspapers. The majority of them are tillers of the soil, and the hard-worked agriculturist in all countries is as little of a reader as the average English nobleman. From the first to the last day in the week an Egyptian fellâh is occupied during his waking hours with preparing his fields to receive seed, with irrigating them after the seed has been sown, and with reaping the harvest, which does not occur once a year as in less favoured lands, but may take place four times within twelve months. He rises with the sun and he goes to bed when it sets. The agricultural population is two-thirds of the whole. It is the dwellers in the towns and cities of Egypt who can afford the time to read or listen to the reading of newspapers and magazines.

There is a reading public in addition to that which is composed of natives. The foreign colony in Egypt numbers about 100,000, the largest proportion of it being found in Alexandria, Mansourah, and Cairo. The Greeks are in the majority; the Italians come next; the French, the Austro-Hungarians, and the English follow. By comparison with the persons of the nationalities just named, the number of the others is trifling. Newspapers in Greek and Italian, French and English, are provided for the most numerous of them, the Austro-Hungarian excepted. The better-educated Egyptians read the papers in French, Italian, and English as well as those in Arabic.

Freedom of the Press, as understood in America and England, is not sanctioned by the Government of Egypt. On the contrary, there is a Press Bureau in the department of the Minister of the Interior, presided over by Baron de Malortie, a most estimable and enlightened man, who discharges his functions with a delicacy and courtesy which are deservedly acknowledged and appreciated. It is his duty to authorise the publication of a new journal if he think fit, and to punish the conductors of those which are established if they do not behave themselves. The Egyptian Government, in making arrangements with regard to the Press, copied from the system which prevailed in France during the Second Empire. The basis of such a system is the postulate that newspapers may become a public danger, and that obstacles should be interposed against their increase, while their conductors should be kept in leading-strings. According to the better view, a Press which is not free is worthless. Beaumarchais cleverly made Figaro say that

Stupid things in print have no importance save in places where their circulation is hindered; that without freedom to blame there is no value in praise, and that none but little men dread little papers.

Figaro's further remarks have never ceased to be true, though happily they have a more restricted application than when they first caused an uproar in Paris.

He said that in Madrid the sale of newspapers was untrammelled, provided that nothing appeared in them concerning the higher powers, religion, politics, morals, persons in office or in high credit, the opera or any other public spectacle, or persons of some account, and that, if these conditions were respected, then anything might be freely published, subject to the supervision of three

Figaro thought that he would take advantage of this 'pleasant freedom' to found a journal which should not clash with any other, to which he gave the name of the *Useless Newspaper*, but a storm of indignation burst when it appeared and it was speedily suppressed.

While the Egyptian Press proper lives in fetters, in no other country of the same size are there so many scurrilous and discreditable newspapers as in Egypt. These newspapers are exempt from the censorship of Baron de Malortie. The newspapers over which he exercises a control, which is not severe and seldom gives occasion for protest, are conducted in a highly creditable fashion. Some of them are written in Arabic for the readers of Arabic, and their conductors are men of capacity as well as tact. He has no authority over the really scandalous journals which are written in French.

The number of daily and weekly journals in Egypt is forty-six. Twenty-eight of them appear in Cairo, fourteen in Alexandria, and four in Port Said. One only has an English title, which is *The Egyptian Gazette*, and the articles in it appear in French as well as English. The editor of the *Sphinx*, one of the least creditable of the French papers, considers it a happy thought, if not a slur upon it, to refer to the *Gazette* as a 'bilingual contemporary.' There is nothing wittier than this in the *Sphinx*, and it cannot be said that wit of this kind is Voltairian.

Of the forty-six journals published in Egypt, twenty are in Arabic, twelve in French, eight in Greek, five in Italian, and one in English. Not more than twenty-one appear with an authorisation from the Press Bureau. Fifteen of the twenty-one are Arabic newspapers; three which are printed in French are authorised by the Government, the least interesting and least readable of them being the *Moniteur du Caire*, which is the official gazette, and which, though the organ of the Egyptian Government, is printed in a tongue which is unknown to the large majority of the people. The *Egyptian Gazette*, which is the sole newspaper in Egypt that is printed in the English tongue, appears on the list of authorised newspapers.

The newspapers over which the Press Bureau exercises no control are chiefly printed in French, Italian, and Greek. Their conductors may disseminate certain falsehoods with impunity. They may work

mischievous and plead privilege. They are in the Press what the Bedouins used to be in the desert before the Bedouins found that it did not profit them that their hands should be against every stranger. What seems puzzling is very simple, yet the explanation scarcely serves as an excuse. The truth is, that any foreigner in Egypt may publish what a native dare not give to the world, provided he is secure of the protection of his consul. Though according to the custom of the land the Khedive is regarded as an absolute ruler in the valley of the Nile, yet seventeen consuls dispute his authority in many cases, on the ground that the Capitulations, which were framed for the protection of their lives and property and those of Christian residents, confer authority to render these residents inviolable in all their acts and enterprises. A greater abuse is not to be found in the habitable globe, and anything more grossly unfair to Egypt than the conduct of many consuls in virtue of the protection afforded by the Capitulations cannot be imagined. It is scarcely necessary to add that the representatives of the nations which are the most insignificant in Europe are the most exacting and tyrannical in Egypt. The minor States count upon the greater making common cause with them in the event of dispute or attack.

France is one of the Great Powers, yet the representative of France repudiates all control by Egypt over French citizens in matters connected with the Press. England, which is the home of a free Press, and would willingly see her ideas on this head prevail in Egypt as well as elsewhere, submits to the jurisdiction of the Egyptian Government. The principal Italian newspaper, *Il Messaggiere Egiziano*, and the best-edited newspaper in French, though not conducted by a Frenchman, *Le Phare d'Alexandrie*, are authorised by the Egyptian Press Bureau. Some of the Arabic newspapers, though never read by a single Frenchman, are under the protection of the representatives of France in Egypt. They are three in number—two, *Al Mahroussa* and *Sada-el-Chark*, being published in Cairo, and one, *Al Ahram*, in Alexandria. It is suspected that these three papers are subsidised with French money; but I have no personal knowledge justifying me doing more than repeat the current opinion; I do know, however, that the conductors of these journals are intent in season and out of season on alleging that the French are the friends and the English the enemies of Egypt.

The two virulent and spiteful organs of the French colony in Egypt, and of French opinions in general, are *Le Bosphore Egyptien* and *Le Sphinx*. Both are excellent reading to those who enjoy caricatures in print. Bacon says in his essay 'Of Truth' that 'the mixture of a lie doth ever add pleasure;' if he could read the *Bosphore* or the *Sphinx* for a few days he might pronounce the mixture too strong, and admit that the pleasure would be greater if it were very largely diluted. A statement of this kind might be regarded as one-sided or prejudiced unless supported by examples. I purpose

furnishing sufficient examples in justification of it. On the 14th of December 1891 *Le Bosphore* wrote :

All the nations of Europe have experienced, suffered from, and cursed the fiscal exactions which characterised ancient Rome, while in Egypt, at the present day, similar exactions impress an indelible stamp upon the acts which the all-powerful English perform or suggest. . . . In this respect the English have put Egypt back to the period which was the rudest in her history. . . . Everything for the purse of which the English hold the strings. Such is the formula which represents the policy of noble England in Egypt.

On the 17th of the same month it is written in the same journal that the Budget is not to be trusted, that the accounts have never been seriously audited because English officials 'have a repugnance for vouchers of which they have given remarkable proofs.'

On the 14th of January 1892 the *Bosphore* discusses the position of Egypt in relation to England, and mentions Sir Samuel Baker 'as an intrepid member of Parliament' who occupies the recess in studying Egypt, the truth being that Sir Samuel, though a distinguished man, is not a member of Parliament. The writer continues :

Will the English occupation end or will it be perpetuated? We cannot tell; but it appears to us that the longer it is protracted, the more disastrous will the consequent experience become for a nation which chiefly exists on remnants of the glory which was gained in days that are past and gone. The Colossus still imposes upon spectators, though it is strangely shrunken, and one would fain learn what extraordinary aberration makes its 'statesmen' induce neighbouring nations to take its exact measure.

When the late Khedive died, the advent of his successor was hailed by the French papers as an opportunity for renewing attacks upon England. These attacks were more malicious than logical. The writer of the following, which appeared on the 10th of January, must have forgotten that these words appeared five days before: 'Everything that England has established in Egypt, whether as regards the administration, the army, or the police, is founded on sand;' because, if he had not, he would scarcely have contradicted himself so flatly :

The Khedivial authority, which passes into the hands of Prince Abbas, is firmly established; the security of the frontiers is absolute; the finances are flourishing, and the Egyptian people, including the inhabitants of the lost provinces, are longing for repose, work, and peace.

Another passage from the *Bosphore*, which represents the French colony in Cairo and is quoted as an authority by many of the native newspapers, will suffice to manifest its sentiments and its style :

We see but a single category of individuals in Egypt that can hope to fish in troubled waters; it comprises exclusively these pseudo-saviours who are crushing Egypt as they have crushed India; these insatiable Budget-suckers who have gladly left their foggy country to recruit their stomachs and their purses at the expense of the Egyptian taxpayers; in a word, they are the English, who presume upon the internal state of Europe to prolong their civil and military occupation despite their 'solemn engagements.'

The *Sphinx* has a smaller circulation than the *Bosphore*, but it does not fall behind in Anglophobia. Of the two papers, the *Sphinx* is, perhaps, the more systematic in misrepresenting and reviling England. The 'English intrusion' is the phrase always used in it by M. Gavillot, the principal contributor, to designate the English occupation. One of his fellow journalists, writing about him in the *Phare de Port-Saïd*, praises his patriotism, and expresses the hope that it will be rewarded with the cross of the Legion of Honour. Each number of the *Sphinx* has this heading, 'The Engagements of Great Britain'—followed by extracts from a despatch from Lord Granville, from a letter from Admiral Seymour, from the proceedings at Therepeia at which the Great Powers were represented by their ambassadors, and from a proclamation by General Wolseley. As these engagements have been kept, it is not apparent why a parade of them should be made. Great Britain, in common with the other Great Powers, undertook to establish and consolidate the Khedive's authority, and not to seek any territorial or other exclusive privilege in Egypt. The object thus set forth has been pursued, and the Khedive's influence is gaining in weight, while no exclusive privilege has been demanded. It is true, however, that French influence has waned in Egypt, and this is M. Gavillot's real grievance.

The *Phare d'Alexandrie*, though not conducted by Frenchmen, is written in French and is anti-English. But it is well written, which cannot be said of its French contemporaries in Cairo. It is well edited also, which cannot be said of them either. Indeed, these two French papers are sadly lacking in that delicacy of touch and neatness of expression, in that light and happy way of treating serious subjects, which distinguish the best journals of France. Macaulay expressed the hope, at the close of his essay on Barère, that all who hated the English as he did might be such as he. I hope that all the Anglo-phobic journals may be such as the *Bosphore* and the *Sphinx*.

The other French newspapers in Cairo are not specially remarkable, with two exceptions. Such publications as the *Monde Élegant*, the *Annonces Commerciales*, the *Petites Affiches* might appear elsewhere without attracting public notice outside of the particular circles in which they might be accepted as guides. One of the two which might deserve attention is *La Timbrologie Égyptienne*, its purpose being the encouragement of collecting postage-stamps. For such collectors this journal should possess much interest, and it is full of information which must be serviceable to them. The other is the *Moniteur du Caire*, being the official organ of the Egyptian Government. Its contents are as attractive to the general reader as those of the Dublin, Edinburgh, and London *Gazettes*. Government decrees and other official notices appear in it, and when a man becomes bankrupt the fact is duly notified in its columns; but the general public has no consuming desire to peruse official papers or

lists of bankruptcies. Such a paper in any country is classed among those which have as much general interest as playbills and a little more than railway time-tables.

Why the official journal of Egypt should appear in French and be edited by a Frenchman are questions to which I have not received satisfactory replies. If it were to appear in English, the French colony in Egypt would be up in arms. Those who speak in the name of the French colony professedly object to the existing state of affairs on the ground that Egypt should be exclusively controlled by Egyptians. The common speech of Egyptians is Arabic, and, if logic and common sense were allowed to prevail, the official journal of the Government would be printed in the language of the country. "I have never met any foreigner settled in Egypt, nor have I read a protest from any journalist there against the extraordinary anomaly of the official gazette being printed in French.

Some of the French papers, such as the *Scarabée* of Alexandria, do not deserve any other remark than that they are light and readable. The Italian and Greek journals are largely concerned with commercial affairs, and none of them contains systematic and grievously unjust attacks upon the English occupation. The Greeks and Italians with whom I conversed had but one grievance, which was that the number of English and American visitors in winter was now so greatly in excess of the French that their knowledge of the tongue of France did not serve them at present as it used to do, and that they were too old to acquire English. However, they had arranged that their children should be taught English, and thus be able to regain the advantages which they had lost.

The author of *John Bull sur le Nil*, who wrote under the pseudonym of Frérolin and spent eight months in Egypt during 1885, and who honestly avowed himself an Anglophobe, expressed himself, as follows concerning the French Press: 'I cannot forget that a truly French organ is wanted in Egypt whose conductors shall conscientiously study facts, take to heart the requirements of the natives, strive to bring about urgent reforms, and never forget that the name of France should be synonymous everywhere with progress and justice. Then such an affair as that of the *Bosphore* would never recur, a disastrous affair in the eyes of every one whose heart is truly patriotic.' This related to the part played by that journal in favour of Arabi Pasha. Another occurred recently which may prove a salutary lesson to the conductors of the *Bosphore*. No consular protection sufficed to save them from an action for libel brought by Dr. Milton against them in the Cairo International Tribunal. They were condemned to pay 1,000*l.* damages and costs, and to print the judgment in their own columns and in those of two other journals.

Before passing from considering the position and character of

the various foreign journals in Egypt, I must make a few observations upon the only English one which appears in Alexandria, and is called the *Egyptian Gazette*. Some of my American friends told me that it was not 'a live newspaper,' meaning by this, no doubt, that it was free from scandal and tittle-tattle. I did not agree with them in this matter; but I had to admit that I considered them in the right when they said that it was a waste of space to fill the half of each number with a translation into French of the other half. If the *Egyptian Gazette* appeared in English only the conductors of its French rivals might be nonplussed. They would not then be able to sneer, as their manner is, at their 'bilingual contemporary,' and they might not be able to read it.

The twenty native journals which appear in Egypt either daily or at short intervals interested me more than those which were written in a foreign tongue for foreigners. They vary in importance, and they vary still more in circulation. The head of the Press Bureau exercises a censorship over some of them, but this is done so mildly that these journals are nearly as free in fact, without being equally free in name, as those which can publish false and malicious statements with impunity, owing to the protection of a foreign consul. The best of the native papers in Alexandria is *Al Ahram*, which represents French views in the most uncompromising fashion. The English are a wicked people in the eyes of its conductor, and, if the doings of the English in Egypt can be misrepresented, he engages in the task with infinite gusto. It is scarcely necessary to add that the *Bosphore* and the *Sphinx* quote the utterances of *Al Ahram* as the genuine and laudable sentiments of the Egyptian people.

In Cairo, the native journal which is most read, and which is read also all over the country, is *Al Mokattam*. Its conductors are Syrians of education and culture, who look upon Egypt with a critical but not unfriendly eye, who never hesitate to point out shortcomings among the people or to acknowledge virtues on the part of the Government. This journal is neither paid nor inspired, and its independent comments excite the wrath of the conductors of the purely French newspapers. I was much impressed with this newspaper from a purely journalistic point of view, and not because it often contains favourable notices of the efforts of England to render Egypt prosperous and independent of any European Power. I saw it in all the *cafés* from Alexandria on the Mediterranean to Wady Halfa on the frontier of the Soudan, and a paper so widely disseminated among the natives must exercise a great influence over native opinion. I found, too, in some of the numbers that the 'new journalism' had influenced *Al Mokattam*, and by the new journalism I do not mean excessive pretensions to omniscience and infallibility, but the adoption of what is understood as interviewing. A better specimen of an interview, in its least objectionable form, I have

never met with than that which the correspondent of *Al Mokattam* at Korosko had with Father Ohrwalder when he and two Sisters of Mercy arrived there after a marvellous escape from the clutches of the present Mahdi. I was led by this to inquire into the history and management of *Al Mokattam*, and the following is the result of my investigations concerning this typical Arabic newspaper.

Al Mokattam appears daily, the usual publishing hour being four o'clock in the afternoon. Its price is a piastre or 2½d. a copy, and the boys who distribute it in Cairo pay half-price for each copy and take their chance of selling those which they purchase. The average circulation is 2,500 daily, which is very large for Egypt, and would have been thought anything but contemptible in such European capitals as Paris and London a century ago. It has a regular staff of forty correspondents in the Valley of the Nile, and these correspondents use the telegraph as freely as their English or American brethren do on either side of the Atlantic. Alone among Arabic newspapers, *Al Mokattam* has a special correspondent in New York, London, and Paris. It has correspondents, as some of its contemporaries have also, in Constantinople, Beyrout, and Damascus.

Al Mokattam is a sheet of four pages as large as the Paris morning papers, and as some of the London evening papers. On the first page there is one leading article, and sometimes two, on local topics, and occasionally on a foreign one having relation to Egypt. On the same page are extracts translated into Arabic from English, American, French, German, and Italian newspapers. The quotations from *The Times* are so frequent that the name of the leading English journal has become familiar to Arab readers. Foreign and local correspondence is inserted in the second page; while the third contains law reports, general news, Reuter's telegrams, financial and commercial, which is telegraphed daily from Alexandria. Advertisements cover the fourth page, many of them belonging to a class which is well known in all lands and languages, that of medicines for the cure of every malady.

Before *Al Mokattam* was founded in 1889, the other Arabic newspapers reproduced what had appeared in their French contemporaries. They represented the local dislike of the foreigners who occupied high places in the administration. The Frenchman and the Egyptian, though at one in objecting to this, had different reasons for so doing—the Frenchman disapproving of the foreigners not because they were Europeans, but because they were Englishmen, while the Egyptian had no wish to see the English displaced by the French, holding that his countrymen had the first and an exclusive claim.

The policy adopted by *Al Mokattam* was to set forth the nature of the political and financial problems which required to be solved, and to explain how far and in what measure the administrative changes had tended to benefit Egypt. Its conductors found the

task most laborious. One of the few independent journals in the country, it was opposed by those which were prejudiced, subsidised, or both; but its success has demonstrated that there is an Egyptian public opinion which sets the needs of the country above the caprices of individuals and appreciates the efforts of the conductors of *Al Mokattam* to discover and disseminate the truth.

The conductors of *Al Mokattam* also edit a monthly magazine in Arabic, which is the only periodical of the kind in Arabic-speaking countries. It has existed sixteen years, and has contributed during that period to promote science, literature, and industrial arts, being the object for which it was founded. The contents of the first number are very meagre when compared with that for last February, the articles in the one numbering eight, and in the other sixteen, irrespective of notes and queries. At the outset the circulation was 500 only; now it is not far short of 3,000 with a constant yearly increase. Most of the articles are translated from a European original; but if this were not done, then the Arabic-reading public would remain in ignorance of them. It is difficult to estimate the advantage of the ideas of the best minds in Europe being instilled into the minds of Oriental readers, and there can be no doubt that such a magazine as *Al Mukatafat* exercises a civilising as well as an educational influence.

There is but one other magazine in Egypt, and it appears in Alexandria on the 10th and 25th of each month, and is entitled *La Rivista Quindiciale*. It is the organ of the Athenæum, and contains reports of the lectures delivered there or papers read before the members. Every subscriber has the right to become a contributor, but the editors expressly reserve to themselves the decision as to what articles should be inserted; and, as they return no manuscripts, the right to contribute is somewhat intangible. The articles are printed in French, Italian, or English, so that the reader of these different nationalities can find an article to suit him in his native tongue. As this Egyptian review has lived for three years, it must supply a want.

Egypt is but a small part of the Ottoman Empire, yet the number of newspapers and periodicals published in Egypt is double that which is published in the rest of the lands over which the Sultan of Turkey bears sway. This fact is fraught with remarkable significance. The Valley of the Nile, which is one of the richest parts of the Eastern world, is setting a good example in other forms of culture than that of the soil. Where the newspaper Press flourishes, ignorance decreases and humanity advances.

The advance of the newspaper Press in Egypt has been most marked since the British occupation. It may be long before the French newspapers in Egypt cease to vilify the Power which is transforming the country; the task is easy, and to a certain class of minds it is congenial. There are writings painted or graven in stone

which tell the story of the Egyptians many thousand years ago. In the climate of that wonderful country the printed page may survive as long as the inscription on the rock, and some of the Egyptian newspapers of to-day may be preserved for the information of a posterity which may turn to them with as much curiosity six thousand years hence as we now turn to the inscriptions which tell of those who lived six thousand years ago. Critical readers of the French newspapers published in Egypt are chiefly impressed with their venom and uncharitableness, with their false news and their rabid statements. Absolutely impartial readers in the future may consider these assertions even more ridiculous and disgraceful than they appear at present to anyone who is not a partisan, a place-hunter, or a discharged official. In that far-distant future it may have been a commonplace for thousands of years that Egypt rose from being a dependent and an almost bankrupt country to a position of independence and prosperity, of civilisation and power; that the disinterested aid of English brains and arms was the medium through which the transformation was effected; and that, when the good work was accomplished, the Power which had rendered the service retired on the day that the country could hold up its head among the nations and, strong in its own strength, could command their respect.

W. FRASER RAE.

RECENT SCIENCE

THE world of chemical phenomena is so immensely wide, and the phenomena themselves are so complicated, that the founders of modern chemistry were compelled to limit the area of their investigations, and sharply to separate their own domain from those of the two sister-sciences, physics and mechanics, leaving it to the future to find out the bonds which might unite all three branches into one harmonious whole. They and their followers elaborated their own methods of investigation; they discovered their own chemical laws and worked out their own hypotheses and theories; and, with the aid of these methods, laws, and hypotheses, they created a science which not only interprets, discovers, and predicts the phenomena it deals with, but already has brought us within a measurable distance of a general theory of the structure of matter altogether.

In proportion as chemical research went deeper into the study of the wonderful movements and interactions of molecules and atoms, the intimate connection which exists between chemistry, physics, and mechanics became more and more apparent. The physical and the chemical properties of matter proved to be so closely interdependent that they could be explained no longer with the aid of chemical theories alone; the very fundamental laws of chemistry appeared to be but so many expressions of physical facts; and chemistry stands now in such a position that no further advance in its theoretical part is possible, unless it enters the borderland which separates it from physics, recognises the unity of chemical and physical forces, and, availing itself of the progress recently made in molecular mechanics, boldly attacks the great problem of a physical—that is, a mechanical—interpretation of chemical facts. This is the work which now engrosses the attention of most chemists.

The points of contact between physics and chemistry are very numerous, and the work is being carried on in several directions at once. The discovery by Mendeléeff of the so-called ‘periodical law of elements’ has called into life numerous researches, some of which accumulate correct numerical data to express the dependence between

the physical properties of various bodies and their chemical constitution; while others endeavour to interpret this very periodicity in the properties of the elements under the assumption of their compound nature. On the other side, the recent development of the mechanical theory of heat, and the interest awakened of late in electricity, have given rise to numerous researches aiming at a representation of chemical reactions as mere transformations of heat-energy or electricity. And, finally, most skilful investigations are being made, and most suggestive hypotheses advanced as regards the possible distribution of atoms within the molecules, under the supposition of their remaining in a state of equilibrium; and thus the way is prepared for a higher conception of the atoms—not motionless and mutually equilibrated, but involved, like the planets of our solar system, in complicated movements within the molecules. Works of importance have appeared of late in each of these directions. But no other domain has lately been explored with such a feverish activity as the vast domain of *solutions*; and to these researches we must now turn our attention.

In former times, it was supposed that if some table-salt, or sugar (or any other solid, liquid, or gas) is dissolved in water or in any other liquid, the particles of the dissolved body will simply spread, or glide, between the particles of the solvent, and simply be mixed together—just as if we had made a mixture of two different powders or two gases. But on a closer study a succession of most complicated and unexpected phenomena was revealed, even in so simple a fact as the solution of a pinch of salt in a tumbler of water. The solutions proved to be the arena upon which phenomena cease to be purely physical, and become chemical, and they were studied accordingly with the hope that they might give a physical cue to chemical reactions. Hundreds of researches are contributed every year to this subject;¹ and although there is yet no final result to record, we are bound nevertheless to examine the present state of investigations which so much interest and excite chemists.²

¹ The Committee appointed by the British Association for reporting on the bibliography of solutions had catalogued no less than 255 papers, which appeared in 1890, in a few periodicals only. The total was at that time 980 papers.

² We know no general review of this extremely complicated question which we might recommend to the general reader. The address delivered by Prof. Orme Masson before the Australasian Association for the Advancement of Science, in January 1891; Prof. S. U. Pickering's Report to the British Association, in 1890, on the hydrate theory of solution, followed by a most interesting discussion between Profs. Gladstone, Arrhenius, Armstrong, Fitzgerald, Van't Hoff, Lodge, Ostwald, and Ramsay, and the elaborate report, by W. N. Shaw, on electrolysis (*British Association Reports*, 1890, Leeds), are excellent sources of general information. Ostwald's work, *Solutions* (English translation in 1891), as well as his *Lehrbuch der allgemeinen Chemie* (Leipzig, 1885; new edition of first volume in 1892), and the review, *Zeitschrift für physikalische Chemie*, which he publishes since 1887, unhappily take but little notice of the chemical aspects of the question. Mendeléeff's footnotes in his most remarkable *Principles of Chemistry* (London, 1891) are perhaps, on the whole, the best means

Few scientific hypotheses have proved so productive in the development of science altogether as the so-called 'kinetic theory of gases.' A gas, according to this hypothesis, is an aggregate of molecules which move very rapidly in all directions and endeavour to disperse in space—the rapidity of their movements being increased by every increase of the temperature of the gas. In their endeavours to escape in all directions the molecules of the gases continually bombard the walls of the vessels which contain them. They break them if they are weak enough, or else they exercise upon them a pressure which is nothing but the sum of all energies of the molecules which strike a unit of surface in a unit of time. In our steam-engines the molecules (or rather particles) of steam bombard the walls of the cylinder; they push the piston by their aggregate energies and, setting it in motion, make it move the huge masses it has to move. This is, of course, but an hypothesis; but since it so perfectly explains the pressure, the elasticity, the diffusion, and the internal friction of gases, and permits us to predict the consequences of the invisible bombardment; and since its consequences, mathematically deduced by Maxwell, Clausius, Boltzmann, and many others, fully agree with the reality of facts—it can be considered no more as a mere guess: it is a theory.

Now, the Dutch chemist Van 't Hoff proved in 1886 that the same theory holds good for weak solutions as well. If some sugar, or some sulphuric acid, or any other liquid or solid, be dissolved in some liquid, the bonds which keep together the particles of sugar or of the acid are torn asunder by the solvent. The particles spread among those of the solvent, and they take up the same movements which they would perform if the sugar or the acid were brought into a gaseous state in a free space. They bombard the walls of the vessel, and exercise upon them a certain pressure which will be increased if the bombardment is rendered more violent by either raising the temperature of the solution, or increasing the number of bombarding particles by a limited increase of its strength. Though there is not the slightest reason for supposing that the dissolved solid or liquid may be in a gaseous state within the solvent, the very fact of scattering its particles over a broad space is sufficient to free them from their mutual bonds; they behave exactly as if the sugar or the acid were brought into a gaseous state by evaporation and filled the space occupied by the solution. They obey all the physico-chemical laws (the laws of Boyle, Marriotte, Gay Lussac, and Avogadro) which hold good for gases.

The kinetic theory of *gases* was thus extended to *liquids*, and for gaining a general and impartial insight into the whole question. Though himself one of the earliest promoters of the hydrate or chemical theory of solutions, he fully recognises the importance of the physical theories, and sums them up with his usual clearness.

this first step was soon followed by another, even more important step, when Van der Waals—also a Dutch chemist—still more effectively bridged over the gap between the gaseous and liquid condition of matter. He studied that state of a gas when, under an increasing pressure and a decreasing temperature, it becomes a liquid; and he found a mathematical expression (an equation) which very approximately represents the mutual dependence between the volume occupied by the gas under a given pressure, its temperature, the volume occupied by its particles, and their mutual pressure. We thus expressed in a more comprehensive way how, in proportion as the lengths of the paths of its particles decrease, a gas becomes a liquid.³

The long-since suspected continuity between the gaseous and liquid states of matter was thus demonstrated once more, and rendered easy to investigate; and the importance of these conclusions was still more enhanced by Clausius when he demonstrated that a slight alteration of Van der Waal's equation makes it also represent the absorption or dissipation of heat-energy which always takes place when a body passes from the liquid to the gaseous state, or *vice versa*.

And, finally, another step in the same direction was made by the French physicist, Raoult. We all know that if some table-salt, or saltpetre, or some other salt, be added to water, the water may be cooled below zero without freezing. Its freezing temperature is lowered. Now Raoult studied the lowering of this temperature caused in water and other liquids by the addition of various amounts of various salts, and he came to a most remarkable result. It appeared that, whatever the nature of the dissolved salt may be, the freezing temperature of a solution will always be lowered by the same amount (nearly six-tenths of a degree) if we add one molecule of the dissolved body to each hundred molecules of the solvent.⁴ Thus, again, a purely physical fact, such as freezing, proves to be dependent upon a purely chemical fact—the molecular weights of the solvent and the dissolved body; and this physical law is so general that it has become a very accurate means for determining such chemical data as molecular weights. Chemistry and physics appear again so closely interwoven that there is really no means of separating them.

It is not possible to describe in a few words the impetus given by the discovery of these connections to physico-chemical research altogether. A school, headed by Ostwald, of most enthusiastic sup-

³ See the interesting discussions which took place upon this subject in the Physical Society, in October and November last.

⁴ Thus, if table-salt be used, the weight of its molecule (compared to a molecule of hydrogen) is $58\frac{1}{2}$; while the weight of a molecule of water (also compared with hydrogen) is 18. So that, if we add $58\frac{1}{2}$ ounces of table-salt to each 1,800 ounces of water, we shall lower its freezing temperature by 0.62° of the centigrade scale. The same result will be obtained if we take $74\frac{1}{2}$ ounces of potassium chloride, or 101 ounces of saltpetre, to the same amount of water.

porters of what has been termed (not quite properly) the physical theory of solutions, has grown up; and this school, while bringing out a mass of important researches and widening the field of chemical investigations, has naturally come to consider itself as being on the right track for elaborating a complete theory of the subject. Unhappily, this is not the case, because the chemical reactions which undoubtedly take place in solutions are not taken into account in the just-mentioned physical laws. In reality, so long as but small amounts of solids, or liquids, or gases are dissolved in a liquid, and so long as only such bodies are brought into contact as have no strong chemical affinity to each other, the above theories are quite correct. But as soon as the solution is rendered stronger, or the solvent and the dissolved body are endowed with a mutual chemical affinity, chemical reactions set in. Part of the molecules of the dissolved body dissociate, and the atoms of which they were composed, on being set free, combine with the atoms of the solvent. Chemical forces, much more energetic than the physical forces, enter into play, and most complicated chemical reactions—the intensity of which may be judged of from the changes of temperature—begin. To deny them is simply impossible, although this has been done in the excitement of polemics. The chemical reactions which take place within the solutions, and especially the formation of definite though unstable compounds of salts, acids, and bases with water, have been rendered evident by so many careful investigations of experienced chemists,⁵ that the secondary importance given to them by most adherents of the physical theory would be simply incomprehensible were it not for the hope which they cherish of ultimately explaining all chemical processes by the above-mentioned molecular movements. At any rate, in order to account for the effects of the chemical reactions, the followers of the physical theory were compelled to seek support in an additional agency—electricity. Starting from the familiar fact of solutions being decomposed by an electrical current, they admitted that in every solution part of its molecules dissociate, breaking up into their component parts, which are charged with either positive or negative electricity (the name of 'ions' is usually given to those component parts). By means of this admission, they attempted to explain the discrepancies between observation and the conclusions drawn from the above-mentioned laws, especially in the case of water solutions of salts, acids, and bases, and the stronger solutions altogether. It must be recognised that many important relations between electrical conductivity and chemical action have been brought out in this way by Arrhenius⁶ and his followers, and many discrepancies between the laws of Van 't Hoff

⁵ We need only mention the names of Armstrong, Etard, Pickering, Wende'sell and so on.

⁶ *Svenska Vetenskaps Akademiens Handlingar*, 1883.

and Raoult and the observed facts have been explained. But it is also evident that, once a partial dissociation of molecules is admitted, the whole takes a chemical aspect, and reference to such an unknown cause as electricity does not simplify the matter. All kinds of chemical reactions take place in solutions. Some molecules of the dissolved body simply exchange their atoms in succession, while maintaining the same grouping of atoms, and consequently the same chemical composition. In other molecules the grouping only of the same atoms is changed, and we have reactions of replacement, or isomerism. But, at the same time, new and more or less stable combinations between the atoms of both solvent and dissolved body take place in various proportions; double decompositions most probably occur as well; while the physical phenomena of sliding of undecomposed particles continue at the same time—the *physical* movements of the particles being impressed by, and acting upon, the *chemical* movements of the atoms within the molecules.

It must be confessed that neither theory has as yet succeeded in following this multitude of movements and of catching the moment when the movements of particles are transformed into atomic movements and re-distribution; and though we may name several equally important works which have been published on this subject during the last twelve months, we can mention none which have thrown new light on the subject.⁷ Let us only add that the subject itself has been immensely widened of late by the wonderful researches of Heycock and Neville on the lowering of the temperature of solidification of metals, by the addition of other metals, and of Roberts-Austen upon alloys—that is, metals dissolved in metals—which behave very much like all aqueous solutions. However, a new departure in this branch has been made, quite recently, by Messrs. Harold Picton and S. E. Linder. They studied the structure of solutions of sulphide salts which offer the advantage of giving a whole series of gradations between real solutions (that is, liquids which seem to consist of liquid particles only) and such as contain extremely small particles of solid matter in suspension. By submitting the series to various tests, it was ascertained that all these solutions, even those reputed as homogeneous, contain infinitely small solid particles, the presence of which is revealed, on Tyndall's method, by a beam of light. In some of them the particles—all of the same size and performing rapid oscillatory movements—are even seen under the microscope, when magnified a thousand times; while in antimonium sulphide the very formation of coarser agglomerations out of invisible particles can be followed under the microscope. In short,

⁷ Besides the leading chemical periodicals, an excellent analysis, by W. Nernst, of all the chief work done during the year 1891, and its bearing upon the theory of solutions, will be found in a chemical yearbook which was started this year by Richard Meyer, the *Jahrbuch der Chemie*. Frankfurt, 1892.

the authors came to the conclusion that there is no sharp limit between a state under which the mutual attractions between the particles of the solvent and the suspended particles of the dissolved body are very feeble, and a state when, these aggregations becoming of a smaller size, the forces which keep them in the solution become of a decidedly chemical nature. A new and promising method is thus given.

If we take into account the rapid accumulation of data relative to the subject of solutions and the various theories already germinating, we may hope that the day is not far off when a complete theory of these phenomena will be possible. Let us only remark that all the work hitherto done confirms more and more the idea which becomes more and more popular among chemists, and which Mendeléeff has so well expressed in a lecture delivered before the Royal Institution in May 1889 ;^a namely, that the molecules of all bodies, simple or compound, borrow their individualities from the characters of the movements which the atoms perform within the molecules. Each molecule may be considered as a system, like the systems of Saturn or Jupiter with their satellites—each separate type of such systems giving a separate type of molecules, and the chemical properties of the molecules being determined by the character of the system and its movements. It may already be foreseen that further progress in the great investigation into the mechanical basis of chemical energy will be made in this direction.

II

One of the chief objections to the theory of evolution which was especially laid stress upon some thirty years ago, was the impossibility of producing at that time a series of 'intermediate links' to connect the now existing animals and plants with their presumed ancestors from former geological epochs. To meet the objection, Darwin had to devote a special chapter in his great work to the imperfection of the geological record, and to insist both upon its fragmentary character and our imperfect knowledge of what it contains. The recent progress of both geology and palæontology renders such explanations almost superfluous. Geology, aided by the deep-sea explorations, has come to a better comprehension of the mechanism of sediments, and it knows what it may expect to find in the rocky archives of the earth, and what it may not ; and, on the other side, the discovery of the missing links between past and present has been going on of late with such a rapidity as has outstripped the most sanguine expectations. Our museums already contain whole series of fossil organisms which almost step by step illustrate the slow evolution of large divisions of both animals and plants ; our present

^a 'An Attempt to apply to Chemistry one of the Principles of Newton's Natural Philosophy,' in the *Principles of Chemistry*, vol. II. Appendix I.

mammals already have been connected by intermediary forms with many of their Tertiary ancestors; and the palæontologist can already trace the pedigree of birds, and even mammals, as far back as the lizards of the Secondary period—not merely deducing it from embryological data, but by showing the real beings which once breathed and moved about upon earth.

At the same time one point of great moment for the theory of evolution, and only alluded to by Darwin, has been brought into prominence. The part played by migrations in the appearance of new species has been rendered quite obvious. Thus we know perfectly well that the ancestors of our horse migrated over both Americas, Asia, Europe, Africa, and probably back to Asia, and that each step in those migrations was marked by the apparition of some new characters which are now distinctive of the horse. The same remark applies to the mastodons and their descendants, the elephants; to the common ancestors of the camel and the llama, and to the Ungulata altogether. It may be taken now as a general rule that the evolution of new species chiefly took place when the old ones were compelled to migrate to new abodes, and to stay there for a time in new conditions of climate and general surroundings. The intermediate forms have *not* been exterminated on the spot; and if we want to obtain the intermediate links between two allied species, the relics of which are found in two geological formations of a given country, we must ransack for fossils all the five continents upon which the intermediate links have been scattered. This is why the discovery of intermediate types has gone on so rapidly since North America, South Africa, South America, New Zealand, and partly Asia began to be thoroughly explored by experienced palæontologists.

Many of the 'missing links' were discovered, as is known, in Darwin's lifetime. Thus, the first really bird-like, feathered lizard, the *Archæopteryx*, was unearthed as early as 1862; and eight years later, Professor O. C. Marsh already described, from the Upper Cretaceous beds of North America, two more lizard-birds, one of which (*Hesperornis*) must have resembled our present fish-eating divers, while the other (*Ichthyornis*), provided with powerful wings, had—apart from its toothed jaws—all the appearance of a bird of our own time.* And, finally, the discovery of a large ostrich-like bird (*Dasornis Londinensis*) in the Lower Eocene of the Isle of Sheppey, and of another, also big and flightless bird (*Gastornis*), in the Eocene of Meudon, Rheims and Croydon, established a further connection between the bird-like lizards of the Triassic times and real specialised birds.

These last discoveries brought the series very near to our own times,

* B. Lydekker's *Catalogue of Fossil Birds of the British Museum*, London, 1892. For the general reader we cannot but highly recommend a charming book of the same author, *Phases of Animal Life, Past and Present*, London, 1892, which is a real model of scientific and popular literature.

and they were the more valuable as the just mentioned *Gastornis* proved to combine some of the characters of both flying birds and of those which, like the ostrich, the cassowary, and the emu, do not fly; while the Pliocene deposits of North India and the numberless remains of the so-called *moas* of New Zealand yielded specimens of still nearer ancestors of our flightless birds. The New Zealand deposits of bones became known more than fifty years ago, when Owen, on receiving (in 1839) a broken but characteristic moa-bone, determined the general characters of the great ostrich-like *Dinornis*, which inhabited the island quite recently, but is found no more in a living state. But it is especially of late that the enormous accumulations of moa-remains have been explored in detail. Cartloads of those bones have already been shipped to Europe, and new accumulations continue to be found—always with the same astonishing numbers of individuals entombed on the same spot, and in the same excellent state of preservation. Such a deposit—one of the most remarkable of its kind—has been lately discovered by Professor H. O. Forbes, near Oamaru, in the South Island of New Zealand. In a small hollow which did not exceed twelve yards in width, no less than 800 to 900 individuals were embedded in solid peat, under a superficial layer of a few inches of soil. Many skeletons lay quite undisturbed, and in some instances the contents of the stomach, which consisted of triturated grass and small rounded and smoothed quartz pebbles, were found lying in their natural position, under the sternum. The bones of a giant buzzard, a big extinct goose, the Cape Barron goose, the kiwi, and so on, were mixed together with bones and full skeletons of several species of *Dinornis*, big and small.¹⁰ And again, as on previous occasions, the New Zealand scientists are at a loss to explain the accumulation of so many various birds on such a narrow space. However, the most interesting part of Professor Forbes's discoveries is that he has finally succeeded in finding among this mass of bones one bone, at least, which bears unmistakable traces of having been connected with a humerus, the head of which must have been as substantial as in cassowaries. He thus considers it proved that the *Dinornithidæ*, like the kiwis, descended from birds which could fly.¹¹ The last missing-link is thus discovered, and the chief points in the genealogy of birds are thus already settled, while many a gap which still remains will certainly be filled up when the rich materials recently excavated in both Americas have been carefully examined by anatomists.

The same may also be said in regard to mammals, if the recent discoveries in North and South America are taken into account. The earliest traces of mammals have been found, as is known, in the Triassic

¹⁰ Letter to *Nature*, March 3, 1892, vol. xlv. p. 416.

¹¹ *Ibid.* 1892, vol. xlv. p. 257.

deposits of Germany, Basutoland, the Cape Colony, and North Carolina; and it is also known, through the previous remarkable works of Professors O. C. Marsh and H. F. Osborn, that the Jurassic deposits of Wyoming have yielded a rich fauna, among which we find the remote ancestors of various orders of the present mammalia.¹² But the most important finds which throw a new light both on the earlier and the subsequent forms, have been made in that immense area of lacustrine beds which have been deposited in the region of the great salt lakes of Utah, Wyoming, and Colorado, from the end of the Cretaceous period down to the middle parts of the Tertiary epoch. There, and especially in the Eocene 'Puerco' and 'Wasatch' beds, as well as in the Eocene 'Uinta' formation, a rich fauna of mammals has been unearthed.¹³ All of those Eocene mammals had something in common in their leading features, and yet they offered a sufficient diversity for being considered as the probable ancestors of nearly all orders of placental mammals. To mention their feet only, they were adapted, in all of them, for walking upon the sole, and were provided with five toes; but it is easy to recognise in the structure of the feet of the different genera such divergences as necessarily ought to evolve, under certain conditions—on the one side, the plantigrade foot of the bears, and, on the other side, the digitigrade foot of the Ungulata (horses, camels, elephants, and so on), who walk upon the points of their toes; and, again, among these latter it is possible to find indications for an evolution which must have ended in the appearance of two divisions—the odd-toed and the even-toed ungulates. Most laborious anatomical researches were required for properly interpreting these rich materials. But the result of the work is that we already know with a great approach to certitude the genealogical-trees of most ungulates; we can go back to the ancestors of the ruminants, the cameloides, the chevrotains, the horses, and even to the common ancestors of the whole group of ungulates; while the genealogy of other large groups of mammalia has also been worked out to some extent.

The just-mentioned discoveries in North America were soon supplemented by still more remarkable finds in South America, which finds follow each other with such a rapidity that anatomists will have to make strenuous efforts in order to keep pace with the palae-

¹² O. C. Marsh, in *American Journal of Science*, 1888 to 1891; H. F. Osborn, 'The Structure and Classification of Mesozoic Mammalia,' in *Journal of the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia*, vol. ix.; R. Lydekker, *Catalogue of the Fossil Mammalia in the British Museum*, London, 1891.

¹³ Cope's *Synopsis of the Vertebrate Fauna of the Puerco Series*, and W. Scott and H. F. Osborn, 'The Mammalia of the Uinta Formation,' in *Transactions of the American Philosophical Society*, new series, vol. xvi. Parts II. and III. Philadelphia, 1889. Also R. Lydekker's paper in *Nature*, vol. xliii. p. 177; and *Phases of Animal Life*.

ontological work. The formation which D'Orbigny described as 'formation guaranienne' proved to consist of marine Cretaceous beds, covered by immense land deposits, which, like the Laramie beds of North America, are of an intermediate age between Cretaceous and Tertiary. These last beds offer an immense interest, owing to their mammalian fossils (of much more specified types than those of the Laramie), which are mixed together with relics of gigantic Dinosaurs, some of the latter attaining lengths of more than 130 feet. As to the more recent deposits of the Argentine Republic and Patagonia—partly Eocene and partly Pliocene—they are so rich in mammals that more than two hundred species, some of them of the most extraordinary types, have already been described by Dr. F. Ameghino,¹⁴ Burmeister, and Moreno; and every number of the *Revista Argentina* brings some new descriptions of new fossils both from the Argentine and Patagonia, which is now explored by Carl Ameghino. There are among them ungulates which, to use Mr. Lydekker's words, are 'totally unlike any found in all the rest of the world put together,'¹⁵ and which combine the characters of both the odd-toed and the even-toed ungulates. Of them, the *Macrauchenia* seems to be a direct descendant of a type which must have been a common ancestor to both divisions. Another huge mammal, one of the *Toxodontes*, which must have equalled in size the hippopotamus, also occupied an intermediate position between the two groups; while in the earlier Tertiaries there are types which, so far as can be judged from preliminary descriptions, must have stood near the source from which both ungulates and rodents have taken their origin.

Very many interesting Edentata and rodents have been met with in the same beds, but it is the marsupial group which surpasses all others in interest. One carnivorous animal of this group (*Prothylacinus*) is almost identical with the now existing pouched wolf (*Thylacine*) of Tasmania; while another fossil genus (*Protoprocyon*) is quite akin to the most characteristic carnivorous marsupial, the Tasmanian Devil. Although F. Ameghino's descriptions are not yet complete, the best authorities on this subject in this country and Germany do not hesitate to recognise a purely Australian type in these South American forms, which, on the other side, can safely be connected with the group of primitive carnivores (*Hyaenodon*, *Pterodon*, &c.) which appeared at a later epoch in Europe. Moreover, the same beds contain fossil remains of primates (*Homunculus*, *Anthropops*, *Homocentrus*, *Eudistatus*) which seem to represent ancestors of all the subsequent apes, but stand also in

¹⁴ His chief works are: *Los mamíferos fósiles de la América del Sud*, Ayres, 1880; *Contribución al conocimiento de los mamíferos fósiles de la República Argentina*, 2 parts, forming vol. vi. of *Actas de la Academia de Ciencias de Córdoba*, Buenos Ayres, 1889; and several papers in *Revista Argentina de Historia Natural*, Buenos Ayres, 1891.

¹⁵ *Nature*, vol. xlv. p. 608.

connection with the lemurs, and also with the ungulates, or, rather, with their *Toxodon* ancestors. They seem to represent the most ancient primates known, and indicate that the first representatives of the whole group must be sought for as far back as the end of the Secondary period. Finally, we must mention the discovery of remains of man which are considered by F. Ameghino as belonging to the Pliocene and Miocene ages.¹⁶

The 'missing links' are coming, as we see, in such abundance that it will take several years before anatomists, in whose hands this rich material will now be put, have disentangled the numerous and striking affinities between so many different types which we have briefly enumerated. But geologists will also have a word to say about these discoveries, which raise again the very great question as to the long since noticed affinities between the faunas of all southern continents, and the presumed previous connection between those continents. Apart from all other considerations, the resemblance between the fossil marsupials of South America and the marsupials now living in Australia is so great that it is not possible to admit that forms so near to each other (and both so abnormal) might have developed independently upon two remote continents. It seems almost unavoidable to admit that some direct land connection has existed between South America and Australia, although all we know about the persistence of the chief outlines of the continents seems to be opposed to the admission. Dr. Ihering, who has devoted a good deal of time to the study of the fauna of South America, boldly concludes from his own special researches that during the Secondary period a great continent extended from Chili and Patagonia, through New Zealand, to Australia, while the connection between South America and North America was broken during both the Cretaceous period and a great part of the Tertiary epoch. The striking differences between the faunas of both Americas, and the identity of many representatives of the faunas of South America and South Africa, make him also conclude that the two latter continents were connected as late as the Oligocene period.¹⁷ R. Lydekker, whose opinion has such a weight in the matter, also concludes from the many known affinities between the fossil faunas and floras of the four great southern prolongations of the continental mass of the globe that they must have stood in a more or less intimate connection, and have been partially isolated from the more northern lands.¹⁸ As to F. Ameghino, he also recognises that, at least during the Oligocene times, South

¹⁶ The *Revista Argentina* contains in its issue for December last a full description of the primates discovered by Carl Ameghino in South Patagonia. The connections which these fossils indicate between man, primates, ungulates, and rodents, are of the highest interest.

¹⁷ *Revista Argentina de Ciencia Natural*, No. 4 ('Sobre la distribución geográfica de los Creodontes,' and letter to F. Ameghino).

¹⁸ *Nature*, 1892, vol. xvi. p. 12.

America was in direct connection with the Old World; but he points out the similarity of the mammalian and Dinosaurian faunas of both Americas, and concludes that the two continents must have been connected together, as well as North America with Europe, at an earlier epoch.

It would be premature to attempt now the solution of this complicated question. It may be permitted, however, to point out that the hypothesis of a submerged Antarctic continent is not improbable from the point of view of the physical geographer. The permanence of the continents, which is a fact, and seems to be opposed to the hypothesis, must be understood in a limited sense. In the equatorial and the two temperate zones we undoubtedly have huge continental masses, the great plateaux of Asia, both Americas, and Africa, which, so far as our knowledge goes, have not been submerged since the primary epoch; and around these back-bones of the continents we have huge masses of land which have not been under the sea since the end of the Secondary period. But their outskirts have witnessed several retreats and invasions of the ocean, or of its Secondary period seas. Moreover, the permanence of the continents does not seem to extend to the circumpolar zones. When we consider the outlines of the two great plateaux of East Asia and North America, we see that these two great continents of the Secondary epoch were narrowing at that time towards the north, and that their extremities were pointing towards some spot in the vicinity of what is now the Behring Strait, in the same way as South America, South Africa, and South Australia are now pointing towards the South Pole. The great plateau of North-east Asia, which has remained a continent ever since the Devonian age, has so much the shape of a South America pointing north-east that the resemblance is simply striking.¹⁹ On the other side, we know that the Miocene flora discovered in Greenland, Spitzbergen, and New Siberia indicates the existence of a great Miocene continent where we now have but the ice-clad arctic archipelagos. So that we must conclude that, while the central (temperate and equatorial) parts of the globe really offer a certain permanence in the disposition and general outlines of their continents, the Arctic region stands in a different position. It was under the ocean during a large part of the Secondary period, it emerged from the ocean and was occupied by a large continental mass during the Tertiary period; and now it is again under water. Such being the conditions of the Arctic region, we may suppose that the same oscillations took place in the Antarctic region as well. In such case, the two circumpolar regions would have been periodically invaded by the ocean (either

¹⁹ Petermann's and Habenicht's map of Asia, in Stieler's *Hand-Atlas* (No. 55), shows this shape of the plateau better than any other map. For more details see my map in the 'Orography of East Siberia,' in the *Memoirs of the Russian Geographical Society*, 1875, vol. v. (Russian).

alternately or during geological epochs closely following each other), and they would have periodically emerged from the sea in the shape of continents more or less indented by gulfs and channels. In short, a certain stability in the distribution of land and water in the equatorial and temperate zones, and instability in the circum-polar regions (with, most probably, an unstable Mediterranean belt), would perhaps better express the observed facts than a simple affirmation of stability of continents. If these considerations prove to be correct—and I venture to express them only as a suggestion for ulterior discussion—then the hypothesis of a former more or less close land-connection between the southern extremities of our present continents would not appear unlikely, and the striking similarity between the faunas of Patagonia and Australia would be easily accounted for.

III

Few branches of science have developed with the same rapidity as bacteriology during the last few years. The idea that infectious diseases are due to some micro-organisms invading the body of the infected animal is certainly old. It was ventilated many hundreds of years ago; and it was revived early in our century. But scientific bacteriology is of quite recent creation. It dates from the end of the fifties—that is, from Pasteur's researches into the fermentation of beer and wine and Virchow's investigations into cellular pathology. Progress has been very rapid since. We have now numerous works, large and small, devoted entirely to the description and study of the life-history of the microscopic organisms which occasion disease; and every year brings the discovery of some new micro-organism to which some disease, or group of diseases, may be attributed. Cholera, typhoid fever, gastric affections altogether, malaria, and influenza; tuberculosis, leprosy and cancer; diphtheria, measles, and scarlet fever; rheumatism, anthrax, small-pox, rabies and tetanus; nay, even the poison of the cobra snake,³⁰ have been traced to separate microscopical beings. The photograph of each separate bacillus or micrococcus may be found in the text-books; its manners of life, and very often its modes of reproduction, have been carefully studied, both in the animal body and in artificial cultures; so also its morbid effects when introduced into the bodies of various animals. True that the general reader is often amazed on learning that such and such a microbe which was introduced a few months ago, as the real cause of influenza or of some other disease, is recognised now as a common inhabitant of the human body, and has nothing to do with the said disease; while a few months later the real enemy will again be discovered, but will have no more success

³⁰ M. Calmette, in *Archives de médecine navale et coloniale*, Mars 1892; referred to in *Revue Scientifique*, 23 Avril, 1892.

than its predecessor. But such ephemeral discoveries are simply indicative of an unhappily general tendency among modern scientists—that of hastening to announce discoveries, and to attach one's name to something new, before the supposed discovery has been submitted to the test of searching experiment. The same tendency prevails in all sciences—the only difference being, that the general reader is seldom gratified by the daily press with the discovery of a new chemical 'law,' or of a new 'type' of fossil mammals, while each discovery which deals with disease, ephemeral or not, enjoys a wide publicity so soon as it has found its way into a scientific periodical. The very rapidity with which the would-be discoveries of new bacilli are reduced to their real value only proves, on the contrary, the safety of the methods used by bacteriology for distinguishing between the seeming and the real causes of diseases.

We may thus safely recognise that science already knows a great number of micro-organisms which are capable, under certain circumstances, of producing certain specific diseases; and we may note that even those researches which, at the first sight, seem to overthrow established facts, only result in a deeper knowledge of diseases and their modifications. Thus, the recent investigations of MM. Lesage and Macaigne, who have finally succeeded in differentiating the typhoidic bacillus from the *Bacterium coli*—a microbe which is constantly met with in our intestines, and only under certain conditions acquires an especial virulence—are one of the best examples of how further research deepens our knowledge of microbes; and Dr. Cunningham's discovery of ten different varieties of the choleraic bacillus²¹ certainly will have the same effect: it will simply widen our knowledge of the different forms assumed by cholera.

Things stand, however, quite differently with the means of combating infectious micro-organisms. Most of the specifics which once awakened so many hopes have proved in the long run to be as ineffective against bacilli as the specifics periodically proposed by allopaths and homeopaths are powerless against the diseases themselves. And the more the study of bacteria is advancing, the more it is recognised that a healthy body which is capable of itself putting a check on the development of morbid micro-organisms is the best means of combating them; that sanitary measures which prevent the very appearance of morbid germs are the surest means against the possibilities and the risks of infection. But what permits a healthy body to resist its invasion by morbid organisms? What gives several animals immunity against certain special diseases? Why do rats resist anthrax, and dogs and monkeys resist the tuberculosis of fowls, while the same microbes are fatal to rabbits and guinea-pigs? And how can immunity against certain diseases be acquired, either

²¹ *Scientific Memoirs by the Medical Officers of the Army of India, Part VI*; analysed in *Annales de Micrographie*, 1892.

by vaccination or by previously having suffered the same disease? We know the microbes; but what is it that renders them highly offensive in some cases, and quite inoffensive in some others?

Several theories have been constructed to explain the phenomena of immunity; and although none of them has succeeded in dispelling all doubts, it must be recognised that each of them accounts for at least large groups of phenomena. In fact, of the two leading theories, one being purely biological, while the other pays its chief attention to the chemical aspects of the subject, they rather complement than contradict each other. The broadest and most ingenious of all explanations of immunity is the theory, elaborated in 1883 by Elie Metchnikoff, which represents an extension of the leading principles of struggle for life to the microscopic constituents of the animal body.²² Besides the cells which constitute the animal tissues, there are in the body of man and all vertebrates a number of free cells—the white corpuscles of blood and lymph and the wandering cells of the tissues—which exhibit all the characters of real amœbæ. Four different varieties of these amœboid cells, usually known under the general name of *leucocytes*, have been described—the distinctions between them being chiefly based upon the shape and the numbers of their nuclei; but the commonest form is that of a speck of protoplasm containing several nuclei which are connected together by filaments of nuclear substance, as well as a little radiated sphere which plays such an important part in the bipartition of cells.²³

The leucocytes of both the higher and the lowest animals have all the distinctive features of simple amœbæ. They protrude pseudopodia, and move about like amœbæ (only the smaller ones, usually described as lymphocytes, possessing this capacity to a smaller extent), and, like amœbæ, they are endowed to a high degree with the capacity of ingesting all kinds of small granules which they find in their way, such as grains of colouring matter suspended in water, and various smaller micro-organisms. It is very easy to observe how leucocytes of the frog, the pigeon, the guinea-pig, and so on ingest bacilli by surrounding them with their protoplasm; and an immense literature, with illustrations by photographs and correct drawings, has already been published in order to show how various bacteria and micrococci are ingested by leucocytes. In some cases, the thus ingested bacilli are *digested*—that is, transformed into a soluble matter which is assi-

²² See his paper 'Immunity,' in *British Medical Journal*, January 31, 1891. Also his last most attractive and profusely illustrated work, *Leçons sur la Pathologie comparée de l'Inflammation*, Paris, 1892, which can be safely recommended to the general reader, notwithstanding its rather technical title. Its subject is the struggle for life carried on within organisms by the amœboid cells against the microbes.

²³ See 'Recent Science' in *Nineteenth Century*, May 1892, p. 758. The best morphological description of leucocytes is to be found in Ehrlich's *Pathologisch-analytische Untersuchungen zur Histologie und Klinik des Blutes*, Berlin, 1891, quoted by Metchnikoff.

milated by the protoplasm of the leucocyte, exactly in the same way as an amoeba digests a diatom. In other cases, the bacteria are for some time kept alive within the leucocytes, and if the leucocytes have been put into conditions which are unfavourable for themselves but favourable for bacteria, the latter develop, and are set free. It has also been seen pretty often that some bacilli propagate, by means of spores, within the leucocytes, or that the spores which have been kept for some time, seemingly without life, begin to develop and give origin to a new generation of bacilli.²⁴

These are facts, perfectly well proved, and confirmed by numberless observations made upon both the leucocytes of higher vertebrates and the amoeboid cells of lower organisms. In fact, the whole first part of Metchnikoff's *Leçons sur l'Inflammation* is given to the description of like observations upon the ingestion and digestion of bacteria and other micro-organisms, and these observations are so conclusive that we already see growing a new science—comparative pathology—which will have to study the diseases and the means of defence against disease in all classes of animals. More than that. Not only those leucocytes which happen to be near to a microbe introduced within the body, do swallow it. It is now certain that as soon as microbes, or even some foreign substance like a splinter or colouring matter, is introduced into the body, the wandering white corpuscles of the body immediately move towards the foreign matter or organism, as if they were endowed with a certain irritability or sensibility, which directs their movements. This fact is so usual that Metchnikoff is even brought to advocate the idea that the distinctive feature of every inflammation is such a gathering of leucocytes around the infected spot, in order to destroy, if possible, the cause of infection. The defence of the living body by means of its phagocytes would thus be a fundamental character of all organisms, high and low, acquired and perfected during their evolution under the necessities of struggle for life.

However, not all bacteria are ingested by leucocytes. Thus, the leucocytes of mice (which so easily succumb to anthrax) do *not* swallow the anthrax bacilli; and those of pigeons and rabbits (who succumb to chicken-cholera) do not swallow the bacilli of that special disease. This fact has, however, nothing very astonishing in it, as it has its analogy in the life of the lowest organisms. Thus it has been proved that the plasmodium of the slime-fungi, or *Mycetozoa* (it occurs as a gelatinous mass on the surface of trees), which consists of numberless nucleated amoebulae, and creeps by itself over the bark of the trees, most distinctly displays a certain option in choosing the direction of its movements. If canterised at some spot of the part which moves foremost, it changes the direction of its motion, and leaves the

²⁴ P. Metschnikoff, 'Ueber die Bedeutung der Leucocyten bei Infection der Organismen,' in *Archiv für pathologische Anatomie*, 1891, Bd. cxxv. p. 415.

cauterised spot behind. A decoction of dead leaves attracts it, while a solution of sugar or salt repels it.²⁵ The same is known of isolated amoebæ. So also the leucocytes immediately attack and ingest some microbes, living or dead, but avoid some others, and various kinds of leucocytes behave in various ways. The mono-nuclear leucocytes of man seem loth to attack the bacilli of erysipelas, while the many-nuclear ones display no such reluctance. Altogether, some substances exercise upon leucocytes a decidedly attractive power, while other substances repulse them.

As to what happens with microbes which have been ingested by leucocytes, the result may be very different in various conditions. The red corpuscles of blood, when ingested by leucocytes, are digested; globules of pus and fragments of muscular tissue also are digested by means of a special ferment (discovered in 1890 by Rosbach). And the same happens with microbes if the leucocytes of the organism are healthy and the animal is refractory to a given disease, either from natural causes or in consequence of vaccination. The bacilli of anthrax are undoubtedly destroyed by the leucocytes of the dog, as well as by those of such rabbits as have been vaccinated against anthrax. If the leucocytes are healthy, they prevent the germination of the spores which they have ingested; but they maintain this power so long only as they are healthy; because, if the animal has been submitted to cold (or to heat in the case of a frog), or if it has been narcotised,²⁶ it loses its immunity. Moreover, the very affluence of phagocytes to an infected place may be accelerated through nervous action, or slackened by various narcotics.

Such being the facts, it was quite natural to explain them, as Metchnikoff did, by maintaining that the phagocytes are the natural means of defence of organisms against infectious disease. The very necessities of struggle for life have evolved this capacity of the organisms of protecting themselves by sending armies of phagocytes to the spots attacked by noxious micro-organisms. The struggle may evidently end in either the defeat of the phagocytes, in which case disease follows, or the defeat of the microbes, which is followed by recovery; or, the result may be an intermediate state of no decisive victory on each side, as is the case in various chronic diseases.²⁷

As to the force which attracts the leucocytes towards the microbes,

²⁵ Metchnikoff's *Leçons sur l'Inflammation*, p. 38 et seq.

²⁶ E. Klein and C. F. Coxwell in *Centralblatt für Bacteriologie und Parasitenkunde*, 1892, Bd. xi. p. 464.

²⁷ Besides the powers of ingesting and destroying noxious granules, the leucocytes also contribute to the defence of the body by forming capsules around the granules, as well as by carrying them out of the organism through the skin. Transpiration is a familiar instance of the latter case. Mr. Herbert E. Durham's observations on the 'Wandering Cells of Echinoderms and the Excretory Processes in Marine Polysoa' (*Quarterly Journal of Microscopical Science*, December, 1891), and Brunner's researches on transpiration (*Berliner Klinische Wochenschrift*, January 23, 1892), are especially worthy of note under this heading.

it is already indicated by the extensive researches of the other school, which has devoted its chief attention to the chemical aspects of infection. It may be, as it is maintained by Massart, Bordet, and Gabrichevsky, that the leucocytes are attracted by the chemical poisons secreted by the micro-organisms; or the protein of the bacterial cells themselves may bring them on the spot, as is maintained by Buchner, who also has conclusive experiments in favour of his theory. Only further research will be able to decide which of these views is correct, and to what extent. But under the present state of knowledge the question cannot be answered with certainty—the more so as Behring, Kitasato, Buchner, Emmerich, Vaillard, Tizzani, Cattani, Ch. Richet, and many others, have weighty arguments in favour of the opinion that the immunity of animals depends upon some ferment-like albuminous substance contained in the serum of their blood. Strenuous efforts have been made of late by Koch, Buchner, E. H. Hankin²⁸ and many others to come to some more definite knowledge of these 'defensive' proteins, which are known in science under the names of 'alexines,' 'sozins,' 'phylaxins,' and so on. But it will probably take some time before our notions about these substances take a definite form. One thing seems, however, to become more and more certain—namely, that the serum of the blood of immune or vaccinated animals, although in many cases it does not destroy the microbes themselves, is nevertheless possessed of a vaccinating power. This fact is settled beyond doubt; it is continually confirmed by fresh experiments; and it is recognised by the followers of the biological theory as well. As to its explanation, it may be sought for in the direction indicated by Metchnikoff—namely, that the serum, though not destroying the microbes themselves, destroys the poisonous substances which they are developing in the organism. In such case, organisms would be endowed with two means of defence instead of one; the two theories would naturally complete each other; and, may be, in some not very distant future they would enable man to combat with success some of the worst microscopic enemies of the human race.

P. KROPOTKIN.

²⁸ See the reports of the last Hygienic Congress held in London, in September 1891.

*A TRIAL BY LYNCH LAW*¹

'CRACK,' and the sharp sound of a pistol-shot rang out through the bright air of a Colorado winter afternoon. It was in the little town of Morgan, just three weeks old that day, and Mr. Malan, a ranchman with whom I was staying a couple of miles down the Platte, and myself, were riding our horses through the icy ford opposite the town-site when we heard the ominous report. Then we saw men running among the houses, and a couple of horsemen with rifles in their hands galloping towards the spot where the excitement seemed to centre.

'The roughs from Cheyenne have been trying to run this town ever since it was started,' said my companion, 'but they haven't killed any one so far. I wonder if that shot means the first man killed.'

We rode through the fringe of willow brush and cotton-wood trees that skirted the river, and up the bluff into the little mushroom 'city' that had so recently come into existence. It consisted of some forty or fifty houses of raw boards, mostly half-finished or with their roofs in process of being 'shingled,' stuck down here and there, on the bare prairie. The parched yellow bunch-grass, over which wild Texas cattle had grazed a month before, grew up to; and under, the little frame buildings which were raised for the most part six inches or a foot off the ground on stone or brick props: the earth was cut up in every direction by the ruts of waggon-wheels, and piles of newly sawn lumber lay about. In the middle of all snorted the locomotive, the earliest that ever ran on the plains of Colorado—for the railroad had come at last, and this was the end of the track, the first completed section of the iron road, in what was destined to be the Centennial State.

'I've looked to see 'em have a man for breakfast any morning,' continued my companion as we rode onward among the buildings. 'According to what I hear they've bin shooting at the lamps in the

¹ The author of this article in a letter to the Editor says: 'The whole account is exactly true, but the names are disguised, as 'one of the actors' is still technically liable to the law for the part he took in the affair. My own name I do not mind giving, as I was not actively concerned in it.'

saloons and dancing on the bars, slinging their six-shooters round their heads, and raising Cain generally, every night. I've wondered there hasn't been nobody shot yet, but I reckon they were each one of 'em kind of shy of being the first to begin. But now, if they've started in, likely they'll have another Julesberg here if they ain't interfered with.' Julesberg, a spot that had been the end of the track on the Union Pacific Railroad for some months during its construction, had been perhaps the most debauched and the most bloodstained little moral pesthouse the Far West ever saw. It was popularly known as 'Hell on wheels.'

We had now got fairly into the town and saw all the population—all the male population, that is—swarming like bees in the middle of the main street. Horses and ox-teams stood here and there untended: the shingling hatchets and carpenter's tools lay around the half-finished houses, just where they had been thrown down. The shops were open, but they were empty, for buyers and sellers had crowded like all the rest to the scene of action. There in the centre of the crowd was a sight to remember. Ten men shoulder to shoulder formed a ring, each man facing outwards, each man holding his cocked revolver, muzzle up, the hand that held it being on a level with his chest; the men's set mouths and searching eyes, turning restlessly on the crowd around; showed them to be sharply on the watch for signs of an attempted rescue.

A rescue, but of whom? It did not take long to recognise who was the object of their care. In the middle of the ring, bareheaded, with his arms bound, stood a prisoner, a sickly smile on his loose lips, and the colour coming and going in patches on his bloated face. By him was a guard, also pistol in hand like those who formed the ring, but his eyes were bent not on the crowd, but on the prisoner; and the pistol he held was pointed not towards the sky, but straight at the prisoner's heart. Were a rescue attempted, it was clear the rescuers would recover only a corpse. That the roughs would try to set their friend free if they dared was certain; it was useless to try to secure him by locking him up in an extempore gaol, for there was no building in the town that could resist a determined assault for five minutes; but a bodyguard such as now held him could not be maintained for long. These men had their own business to attend to; and standing guard, pistol in hand, expecting to kill or be killed, is a dead loss of time and wages. However, it was not intended by those who were putting their energies, heart and soul, into the building of a new town to waste very much time over guarding a murderer. For it was murder that this wretched captive was held for, and stiff and stark, in a house hard by, with a bullet through his brain, lay the body of his victim. The sound of the loud weeping of the widowed wife and orphan daughters was heard at intervals across the vacant lots, and that agonised crying served to inflame the passions

of the crowd. Suddenly a man sprang up on an empty box that stood by the roadside, and spoke.

'I move we establish a people's court to deal with this case at once,' said he, addressing the throng.

'Ay, ay,' was the answer, here and there, at first, among the crowd, but presently the 'ayes' became more general. The assent of the 'people' was given.

'I move Captain Sollas be elected judge,' continued the speaker.

'I'll second that,' called out another voice beside him.

'Those who are in favour of Captain Sollas as judge of the people's court will say "Ay,"' said the man on the box.

A pretty general shout of 'Ay!' followed. The 'people' were rousing to their work. The shyness and uncertainty which followed the first appeal had passed away. Then each man who said 'Ay!' looked round as if to see whether any one near him was going to hit him for saying it. Now, emboldened by the voices of his fellows and the absence of opposition, each man looked at the speaker and called out 'Ay!' loud and clear. The first speaker now stepped down from the box, and another, a tall bronzed man with a grizzled beard, ascended it. Mr. Malan told me in an undertone that this was Captain Sollas, and that he had been a judge in these rough-and-ready judicial proceedings in early days in Denver, more than once or twice, and was equally feared and hated for it by the rowdies.

'Gentlemen,' said Captain Sollas, 'I have been elected by the people as judge to try this case. Is it your wish that I should select a jury for the purpose? Those who are in favour will say "Ay!"'

Once more the full-throated chorus of 'Ayes!' arose from the crowd.

'Contrary, "No,"' said the judge to the crowd in matter-of-fact tones, turning at the same time to speak to a man beside him. It was his art, I think, to appear to take it all as mere matter of course, yet I am certain he and his supporters were sharply on the watch for any sign of opposition from the prisoner's friends. But the 'people' had got a leader now, and any who would have liked to interfere were cowed by the almost unanimous 'Ay!' of the majority. When the judge said 'Contrary, "No!"' there may have been a murmur here and there, but no man durst answer 'No,' square and bold. Promptly the judge descended from his box, and an extempore court was soon formed. On a vacant lot stood an empty waggon, and this was at once appropriated to be the judge's bench. A few kegs of nails were quickly placed in two rows, facing each other, at right angles to the waggon; and rough boards laid upon them formed two rude but substantial seats. This made three sides of a quadrangle, some eight feet by twelve. The fourth side was left open, and a single nail keg was set in the middle, intended for the prisoner. Captain Sollas ere long had selected his jury, and took his seat upon the waggon as his

bench, while man after man came forward and was sworn in on a Bible or Testament, produced from somewhere, and took his seat, afterwards, on one or other of the impromptu benches, till there were six on one side and six on the other.

'And now,' said the judge, 'bring in the prisoner.'

Accordingly the guards, with the prisoner in their midst, moved up to the open side of the court; but as they did so it was seen that something had occurred, for beside the prisoner stood little Pat Egan, who was believed to represent the majesty of the law in some sort of capacity or other.

'Captain Sollas,' he began in somewhat plaintive accents, 'this hyar' thing ain't reg'lar at all. By rights this hyar' man's my prisoner, and I can't consent to no proceedings of this sort.'

The judge took no more notice of him than if he had been a piece of wood; less, indeed, for he did not appear to see him.

'But,' continued the little Irishman, 'I'm a county officer, I am, and I'm liable to be called in question for this business. And I can't give up this man,' he went on piteously, 'without some excuse, ye know I can't.'

The audience smiled audibly, but the judge, the jury, and the guards never looked at him, never heard him, never knew he was there, so to speak, but went on with their own business, arranging the order in which the witnesses should be called.

Pat Egan continued his pitiful demands for an excuse. The crowd was jammed thick round the court, the foremost men leaning over the backs of the jury on both sides. Eager to catch every word, I had tied my horse to a post in the street and had squeezed myself in up to the very seat where the jury sat, so that I was within a couple of yards of Mr. Egan and the prisoner. Leaning on me was a great yellow-bearded giant in a slouch hat. He reached down to his hip and produced an enormous revolver, one of the old dragoon Colt's, with a barrel about a foot long. Bearing on my shoulder with his left hand, he extended his long right arm over the heads of the jury till the pistol-muzzle was within a few inches of Pat's head. Pat, with his face to the judge's bench, was still volubly explaining that he was a county officer and couldn't consent.

'Mr. Egan,' breathed the giant with the big pistol, in the softest tones. Mr. Egan was absorbed in his own ardent utterances, and didn't hear.

'Mr. Egan,' a little louder. Pat turned round sharp and looked into the muzzle of the formidable weapon.'

'Mr. Egan, will that do ye for an excuse?' said the giant with an air of gentle sarcasm. Mr. Egan recoiled several feet with an air of comic alarm.

'Oh, certainly, sir,' he responded with alacrity, 'certainly, certainly, quite sufficient; that will do,' and he, the sole representative

of the lawful government of Colorado, disappeared promptly and finally from the scene.

And now the serious business of the court began. A lawyer was found in town; a very young man in cloth clothes and a top hat, the only one in the place. He was assigned as counsel for the prisoner, and stood beside him in the centre of the court.

The first witness came forward and, after having been sworn on the Book to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, began:—

‘I was at dinner at old man Irons’ boarding-house. It was the first table and it was chock full. This man come in—he was a boarder there too—and wanted to find a place, and growled because he couldn’t get none. Then one of Mr. Irons’ gals who was waiting at table told him he must wait till his turn, till there was room. Wal, he says something sassy to her, and she up and slaps a cup of coffee she had in her hand right in his face. Then he begun to get up on his ear about it, and so two or three of the young fellows at table jest fired him out.’

The judge, who was sitting reflectively on the waggon-box, with his head on his hand, here interposed.

‘Did they hit him or pound him at all?’

‘No,’ answered the witness, ‘not nohow. They jest took him by the shoulders and jest naturally fired him out ’n the door. He’d had a drink or two in him, you know, though he warn’t drunk.’

‘What did he do then?’ asked one of the jury.

‘Went off, I reckon,’ said the witness; ‘I didn’t see no more of him.’

‘Did Mr. Irons have anything to do with turning him out?’ asked the judge.

‘No, sir. He warn’t thar; he was in the inner room, I reckon.’

‘Did you see the shooting?’ asked the judge.

‘No, sir, I went off to my work as soon as dinner was over,’ was the reply.

‘Mr. Tallboys, do you wish to ask this witness any questions?’ said the judge to the prisoner’s lawyer. The lawyer conferred a minute with his client, and then said to the court that he didn’t wish to cross-examine this man. The witness, a young carpenter, was accordingly told he could go, which he did with an air of very considerable relief, mingling at once with the crowd. Another man was now brought forward and sworn like the first.

‘Were you with Mr. Irons after dinner?’ asked the judge.

‘Yes,’ said the witness, ‘I was.’

‘Tell the jury what happened.’

‘Mr. Irons and I were unloading a load of lumber I’d brought for him; he was at one end of the pile, I was at the other, and we were lifting the boards off the waggon. Suddenly I saw the prisoner

come up behind Mr. Irons, and I heard him say "I want to talk to you."

'Was the prisoner alone?' asked a juryman.

'I didn't see any one, not to say actually with him. There were two or three men standing together across the street, but I don't know as they had anything to do with him.'

'What did Mr. Irons say?' asked the judge.

'He looks at him and says he, "I can't talk to you now: I'm busy. You must come around after working hours." Then the prisoner says, "You've got to talk to me, and you've got to talk to me now." And Mr. Irons he says, "Wal! I ain't agoin' to," and turned round to take hold of the lumber again; and the prisoner he reaches down and pulls out his pistol, and, before I could holler to him or do anything, he just put it close behind Mr. Irons' head and fired. Mr. Irons dropped, and the prisoner he ran. I started round the waggon to grab him, but he ran t'other way. Then I picked up Mr. Irons; he was breathing, but he never spoke. The bullet went in at the back of his head, and come out over his right eye. Me and some more took him into the house.'

'Mr. Tallboys, have you any questions to ask this witness?' said Captain Sollas.

Mr. Tallboys consulted with the prisoner awhile, and announced that he had not. The witness, a teamster, was accordingly dismissed, like the former one. Three or four more were called, and repeated the story told by these two in much the same words. It was elicited that the prisoner had had no pistol on when he came to dinner and was put out of doors, so that he must have procured it in the interval before he came back. Also it was proved that, when he was surrounded and called on to surrender, he threw away the pistol and held up his hands, instead of firing on his pursuers. This, however, was naturally enough held to be no alleviation of his crime. It was certainly very fortunate that he had not killed one or two more of the townspeople with the five shots undischarged in his revolver, but it was attributed to his cowardice, not to unwillingness to shed blood.

Nothing could have been more orderly than the behaviour of the court. While the witnesses were being examined you might have heard a pin drop. Between whiles the crowd conversed among themselves, but in sober and hushed tones. There was no yelling of a mob for the blood of a victim, but a most evident deadly resolution to exact the uttermost penalty. I remember thinking to myself, 'How I wish Carlyle were here (he was still alive in those days), to feel for himself the contrast between this and the revolutionary tribunals of Paris! This would seem to him more like some old Teuton gathering of freemen in the Northern forests.'

And now the witnesses were all disposed of, and the trial drew to its close. The young lawyer was asked if he had any witnesses to

call for the defence, but he intimated that there were none. I felt for the young man in his first case, with such a hopeless task before him as the defence of this red-handed criminal taken in the very act. I racked my brain to think of what I should say were I in his position. I thought of the words of Magna Charta (I had only just left Cambridge), 'Against no man will we go, neither will we send, save by lawful judgment of his peers, and by the law of the land.' 'The common law holds good in America,' I thought, 'and surely they will have heard of Magna Charta.' Then I heard the judge's grave tones addressing the lawyer.

'Mr. Tallboys,' he said, 'the evidence in this case is now before the court; but before the jury retire to consider their verdict you are at liberty to offer any remarks you have to make on it that you may think advisable. Understand, you are not to question in any way the competency of the court. This is a people's court, sprung from and organised by the people themselves, and if you question its right you put yourself out of court at once, and it will be my duty not to hear you. On the question of the prisoner's guilt you are at full liberty to speak.'

These words scattered to the winds my imaginary reference to Magna Charta and the field of Runnymede and the long traditions of Anglo-Norman law. They were all ruled out of court. The issue was narrowed down to the simple question, 'Did the prisoner kill old man Irons or no?' and to that, after the testimony of several witnesses to a thing that had happened two hours before in broad daylight under the open sky, but one answer was possible. Mr. Tallboys intimated that he had nothing to say, and the jury retired behind the judge's waggon to consider the verdict. They were back again in five minutes, and, filing into court, sat down on the boards they had vacated.

'Gentlemen,' said Captain Sollas, 'have you considered your verdict?'

'We have,' answered one who acted as foreman.

'Are you unanimous?' again asked the judge.

'We are,' was again the answer.

'What is your verdict?'

There was a breathless hush in the court as the foreman said in clear steady tones: 'Guilty of murder in the first degree.'

All eyes turned from him to Captain Sollas, who stood up on the waggon and said to the assembly: 'Gentlemen, the jury have found the prisoner guilty of murder in the first degree. It is for you, the people, to say what his sentence shall be. Those who are in favour of hanging will say "Ay!"'

'Ay!' rent the air in a loud unhesitating shout from hundreds of throats.

'Contrary, "No!"' said the judge.

Dead silence.

'Prisoner,' said the judge, turning to the wretched creature, who was now sobbing and unnerved, 'the jury have found you guilty and the people have sentenced you to be hung. You will be hung, in fifteen minutes, to the nearest tree. If you have anything to say before then, you had better say it.'

Then was heard a loud voice from the outskirts of the crowd. It came from a big man, sitting on a horse, with a sixteen-shot Winchester in his hand; two more horsemen, similarly armed, were by him.

'Every man come down to the tree,' he said: 'let no man stay back. It's one and all.'

'One and all.' It was the motto, if I remember right, of the New Model Army in its struggle with the Rump, that terrible Cromwellian army that did not shrink from cutting off the head of a king. And indeed I asked myself how far was the court, presided over by Mr. President Bradshaw, which sentenced Charles the First, more legal than this people's court, with Captain Sollas as elected judge? 'These Americans,' thought I, 'are the real true-bred sons of those old Commonwealth men.'

Slowly across the trampled grass the procession moved towards the fatal tree. The sun was sinking fast towards the west, where the great jagged wall of the Rocky Mountains stood dark against the clear sky. Just outside the town, on the edge of the bottom lands of the Platte, grew a big cottonwood tree, its leafless branches spreading wide. Here we halted. I had remounted my pony and, anxious to see the whole thing through, had wedged myself into the middle of the throng. One of the guards stepped up to me, and, holding up his pistol as he laid his hand upon my bridle, said, 'Get off that horse.'

'What for?' I asked; 'why do you want him?'

'Never mind,' was his answer, 'you shall have him back again; but he's wanted. You've got to get off.'

His manner was peremptory. I dismounted. They took my picket rope, a nearly new one, three-quarters of an inch in diameter and forty feet long, and, making a noose in one end, tossed it over a limb twelve or fifteen feet up from the ground.

'Will you tell us,' said the leader of the Vigilantes, addressing the condemned man, 'who gave you the pistol?'

I gathered from his manner that he had been trying to induce him to reveal his accomplices on the way to the tree. The wretch looked up at the rope swinging above him, and said: 'Will you give me my life if I tell?'

'We promise nothing,' said his questioner, a short bullet-headed man with a singularly resolute face, 'but,' he added, 'it won't be worse for you if you do.'

'Then I won't say,' answered the prisoner.

'Have you any friends that you want to say goodbye to?' he asked again; and, the prisoner nodding assent, he called out to the crowd, 'If there are any friends of this man here who wish to speak to him, they can do so, one at a time.'

A dissolute-looking gambler in a very seedy frock-coat, with his hands in his pockets, slouched forward with an uneasy swagger. The guards examined him to see that he had no concealed weapons, and then admitted him to the prisoner. He sauntered up to him with an ill-concealed nervousness which he tried to carry off as easy nonchalance.

'Wal, Joe, old man,' he observed to his friend, 'you've got to the jumping-off place this time, I guess.'

The prisoner gave a ghastly grin.

'Say, old man,' he continued, drawing one hand from his trousers' pocket, and rubbing it on the unshaven cheek of the condemned man, where three or four days' stubbly growth of hair bristled—'say, old man, you'd better ax 'em to let you shave this off. It might be in the way of the rope.'

The prisoner only groaned at the disgusting pleasantry.

'Take him away,' said the leader to the guards; 'no more of this.—Now,' said he to the doomed man, 'do you want to pray? Will you have a minister?' No answer was returned; but there was a slight movement among the crowd—men looking to right and left as if searching for the sight of a black coat; but it was in vain—no one like a minister was to be found. The noose was put round his neck.

'Now pray, if you want to,' said the leader.

In a voice broken by sobs the wretch stammered out, 'I'll be —— if I think a prayer of mine 'ud go more 'n seven feet high.'

They set him on the horse, and, running the rope taut, fastened the free end round the trunk of the tree. Then one gave the horse a slap on the haunch; the animal sprang forward, and the murderer was left swinging clear of the ground.

'Run him up! run him up! was the cry, and twenty willing hands' hauled on the rope till the body was swung aloft to within two feet of the bough, and the rope was again made fast. There was silence for a little space; then the leader of the Vigilantes took his stand beneath the fatal branch, and spoke short and plain.

'There's men here,' said he, 'as guilty in intention as that man,' pointing up to the body, 'was in act. Let this be a warning to them. Let this be a sign that in this town the people don't mean to tolerate any such goings on. We know there were men who encouraged this miserable wretch to do the thing that brought him to this—yes, and lent him the pistol to do it with. They may thank their stars they are not hanging beside him now. They are just as guilty as he was, and if they know what's healthy for them they'll get out of this

before daylight to-morrow. And I say the same to any more there are of the same kidney here, and who thought they were going to run this town. They'd better drop it. They'd better get. The people of the town are going to run this town themselves, and this here is the proof of it. Enough said.' And, turning away, he stepped back into the crowd and joined his friends.

'It's all over, boys,' said the big man on the horse, with the Winchester in his hand; 'we can go back to our business now.—Let no man interfere with that body,' he added; 'it'll be seen to to-night. No one's to touch it without orders.' And the crowd broke up into knots and slowly dispersed.

'Young man,' said one of the guards to me, leading up my pony, 'here's your broncho. You shall have your rope back in the morning; it's occupied at present. No one will trouble you over this matter; it was taken from you by force, you understand.' And then I understood that the demonstration of holding up a pistol when I was told to dismount had been really for my benefit, to relieve me of responsibility, if by any chance the proper officers of the ordinary law of the territory should take any notice of this day's work. So far as I know, however, such notice was never taken. The incident was doubtless reported—no names being mentioned—in the Denver and Cheyenne daily and weekly papers, and nothing more was heard of it. The effects of the action of the Vigilantes were, however, marked and immediate. That night many of the worst characters in town left it, some in their haste walking all the way to Denver to get clear of a spot so ominous to them. The rowdiness, the displaying of revolvers and shooting at lamps out of bravado, stopped instantaneously. There never was another man shot in the town of Morgan for two years, and then the shooting was accidental, though, as the man who fired the rifle on that occasion happened to have had words with the man who was wounded (it was not a fatal shot), he was most terribly frightened, fully expecting the Vigilantes to get after him.

This rapid and most surprising purification of the moral atmosphere of Morgan City did, I admit, dispose me at the time to think favourably of the action of lynch law. But five years' residence in the territory was enough to alter my opinion. During that time only one man was legally executed there, and he was a foreigner and a poor man; and, moreover, there is reason to believe that his crime only amounted to manslaughter. Yet during those years many crimes of violence were committed, and many lynchings occurred. Some of these were, I make no doubt, as well deserved as the one of which I was a witness; others very probably were not—for instance, two men, if not three, were lynched, on one of the creeks that run from the Divide, for killing a calf. But the general effect of the system upon the administration of the ordinary law was simply disastrous. Whenever atrocious murderers are hanged as

soon as caught, there arises at once a strong presumption that a man-slayer, who is left to be dealt with by an ordinary jury, has probably much to excuse him. This feeling vastly increases the difficulty of getting juries to convict. Popular criminals are quite sure to get off, and the ordinary law becomes glaringly ineffective and sinks into something very like contempt, while the lynchers alone are really dreaded. And this very dread increases crime, because horse-thieves and cattle-thieves, when pursued, know they will probably be lynched, and never hesitate to shoot, thinking they may as well be hanged for killing a man as for killing a calf. Every thief becomes a potential murderer, and goes armed. Peaceful citizens arm themselves in defence of their lives and property, and, as collisions will occur, crimes of violence naturally abound. The remedy is worse than the disease.

It is said that things are much better now, and I sincerely hope so, as, except for the recklessness with regard to human life, I can say that I found the Far West a splendid country to live in. But, as regards lynch law, the case was pithily put to me by a gentleman whom I once met in Western Texas. There were reported to be at that time over three thousand outlaws scattered along the frontier towards Mexico, in the district between the Nueces and the Rio Grande—men who were advertised for as ‘wanted’ by the police in different parts of the State. As may be imagined, the country was rather unquiet. I happened to be passing through it with a herd of horses, and anxiously questioned this gentleman about the condition of things and the chances of our getting through unmolested.

‘You may,’ was his answer, ‘and then again you may not; in these parts there is no security for any one. The fact is,’ he concluded, ‘this is a very uncertain sort of country to live in, for the people of Texas are a law unto themselves, and executioners unto others.’

R. B. TOWNSHEND.

DUNGENESS OR DOVER?

THE importance of creating a great national harbour on our south-eastern coasts has over and over again been strongly urged during the last half-century. Since 1836, nearly a dozen select committees have considered the question of harbours of refuge, or rather of 'harbours of observation,' as they might more appropriately be styled, since they are intended to fulfil the double duty of affording suitable anchorages for our war-ships and shelter for our mercantile marine.

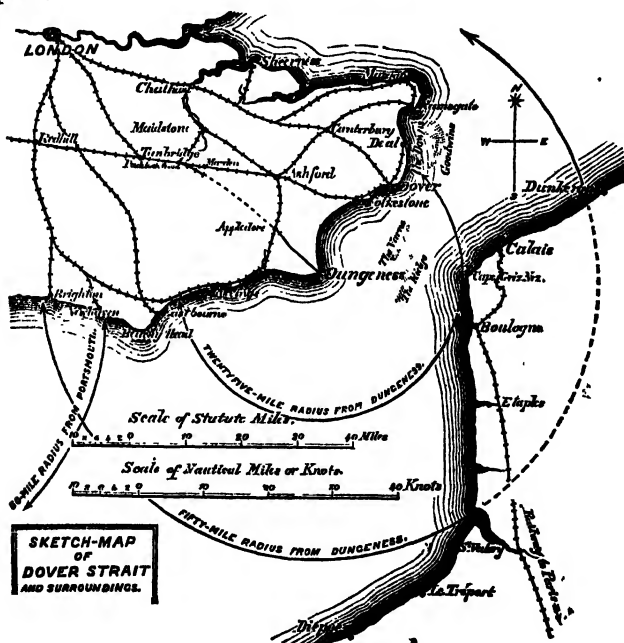
The various committees all clearly acknowledged the pressing necessity for the construction of such works, more especially in the British Channel, and the evidence given before them showed conclusively that Dungeness was infinitely preferable to Dover. But whereas Dover possessed the power of making its wants known, Dungeness, a desolate headland severed from the mainland by thousands of acres of shingle waste, had perforce to remain silent, and the strong array of evidence showing its unquestionable superiority over Dover lies buried in the Blue Books to this day. Since the advantages of Dover have been persistently paraded for so many years, this paper will be mainly devoted to demonstrating the far greater advantages possessed by Dungeness. These may all be classed under the head of natural advantages, and comprise superiority of site, better anchorage, more suitable depth of water, and an abundance of materials on the spot for its construction. Dungeness already affords one of the finest natural anchorages in the world, and only requires improving in order to make it the most secure harbour of refuge imaginable; further, the whole Ness being formed of millions of tons of shingle, it but remains to apply the latter to the construction of the breakwater which is to protect the harbour, and thus obviate the huge expenditure of transporting it from one point to another without just cause. Even the advocates of Dover are forced to admit that every ounce of shingle required for a breakwater at that place would have to be brought from the vicinity of Dungeness.

1. DUNGENESS AS A NAVAL STATION

In carefully considering the relative claims of Dover and Dungeness, the vast importance of the various issues involved must first be

thoroughly understood. The most vital of these, from a national point of view, is the fact that, supposing a British fleet to be lying in the Downs in time of war, or engaged in blockading the French coast, or cruising in the Channel, *there is at present no place between Portsmouth Harbour and Sheerness Dockyard where a war-ship could coal in security, receive stores, &c., with rapidity, or repair any of the innumerable minor defects in machinery which recent experiences of mobilising our fleets have shown to be such a real and ever-recurring necessity.*

Dungeness, from its peculiarly salient position in the British Channel, commanding as it does the Straits of Dover, is absolutely unrivalled for the creation there of a naval station to fulfil these purposes.



A glance at the above map will demonstrate the truth of this, and will show that no more central or commanding position exists. The fifty-mile radius from Dungeness represents approximately a two hours' run for a torpedo-boat steaming at twenty-two knots, or a two-and-a-half to three hours' run for a modern cruiser or battle-ship. It will be remarked that the fifty-mile radius from Portsmouth intersects that from Dungeness between Brighton and Newhaven, and that Dungeness lies, roughly speaking, midway between Portsmouth and the Thames.

It is hence in the most central position for the protection of the commerce of the country, on its way up and down Channel, from the raiding cruisers issuing from the harbours on the opposite coast. It would further make a most important torpedo-boat station, where any number of these deadly craft could lie in security and be in the most favourable situation for observing, reconnoitring the opposite ports, and patrolling the Channel. Many people consider it 'impolitic' to tell the unvarnished truth about these matters, or to say anything that may tend to hurt the susceptibilities of our very susceptible neighbours across the Channel. War, however, according to an old adage, is not made with rose-water; and in discussing the precautions which should be taken in the event of a war, it is idle to attempt to evade the main points at issue, and to deal with the subject in the abstract. Our navy is what it is simply and solely in order to crush the French navy; or, supposing that to be wiped out (as it was after the battle of Trafalgar), our navy would continue to exist with the one object of crushing any other navy that ventured to call in question our supremacy at sea.

It is useless to attempt to burke this broad fact, and to discourse gently about 'the safeguarding of British interests,' or the 'maintenance of the *status quo* in the Mediterranean.'

Against whom are our interests on the high seas to be 'safeguarded?' and who threatens the stability of things in the Mediterranean? During the last great war, France inflicted incalculable damage on our mercantile marine by means of a swarm of privateers and small craft, which, issuing from all the harbours and roadsteads along her northern coasts, constantly preyed on our commerce, paralysed our fishing industry, and caused endless trouble and hard work to our sailors in their incessant attempts to stop this sort of guerilla warfare. After the destruction of the French fleet at the battle of the Nile in 1798, Nelson himself could find no better employment than in endeavouring to keep this plague within bounds. Hence his attack on Boulogne in 1801.

In a letter written a few days after this attack, and dated '*Medusa*, at sea, the 26th of August, 1801,' he thus expresses himself:—

I know many of my friends think that my present command is derogatory to my rank. I cannot think that doing my best in the situation which I was desired to hold can be so. My war, it is true, is against boats; but I have one consolation, that, since my command, *not one merchant vessel* has been taken by the enemy.

After Trafalgar, when the last of the French navy, as a fleet capable of keeping at sea, was finally disposed of, the main source of trouble was again to prevent the French frigates and privateers from carrying on their devastating work.

Few people realise nowadays what our fathers and grandfathers

went through in the first fifteen years of this century, when line-of-battle ships and frigates were sent to cruise in the Channel for three months at a time, blockading, or rather attempting to blockade, French ports, and guarding our ocean highways against the enterprises of our good friends across the water.

It would be the height of folly for us to imagine that, because we do not allude to these unpleasant topics, our neighbours will in consequence likewise ignore their existence, or abandon the manifest advantages which are certain to accrue to them by a repetition of their old tactics. The French are fully aware of the fact that it is as hopeless for them to attempt to wrest our position as the first maritime Power from us now as it was in the year 1800. But they are equally well aware of, and thoroughly appreciate, the means by which they succeeded, even after the destruction of their fleets, in making their presence most unpleasantly known to our shipping, and inflicting serious national loss.

But it is not only our shipping that will have to be safeguarded by our fleets in the next war. There remains the unpleasant contingency with reference to the bombardment and 'ransoming' of open towns on our coasts, which has so unfortunately been brought into the sphere of party politics. Here again sentiment is utterly out of the question, and it is only fair and reasonable to examine all the possible means of offence possessed by those who may some day be our enemies, and to call to mind the utterances of certain well-known foreign naval officers, which show beyond a doubt that firing into open towns will form a part of their programme in the next maritime war.

Hence the pressing necessity of some commanding and central point, such as Dungeness, being adapted to the requirements of our coast-defence vessels, which, when not actively engaged in blockading the opposite ports, would be lying at a point in telegraphic communication with our defenceless open towns on the south coast.

For many years past France has been sparing in neither pains nor money to create a series of harbours all along her north coast from Dunkerque to Cherbourg. Some of these, such as the new works at the former place and at Boulogne, are on a huge scale, and will, when completed, afford magnificent deep-water harbours capable of sheltering large hostile squadrons and fleets of merchant vessels, or flotillas of troop-boats, should an invasion be again contemplated.

When Napoleon was preparing for his projected invasion he was much hampered by the want of adequate harbour accommodation for his flotillas, and in consequence had to collect it at several widely separated points along the coast. Such a proceeding would nowadays be no longer necessary, since ample room would be found in more than one of the new harbours for a fleet of similar dimensions.

The amount of attention paid by France to the improvement and development of the five ports which may be said to command the Narrow Seas is shown by the fact that during the last fifty years, 3,500,000*l.* has been expended on harbour works at Dunkerque, nearly 2,000,000*l.* on Calais, and another 3,000,000*l.* on Boulogne, Le Tréport, and Dieppe.

The year 1878 marks the commencement of the present renewed activity in the development of the northern harbours on the French coast, since which time sundry laws authorising the expenditure of 6,686,000*l.* have been passed, and the work energetically pushed forward.

In view of these strenuous efforts made by our friends across the Channel, it would seem to be, at the least, desirable that we should possess some well-protected point for our war-ships on our south-eastern coasts.

During the great war in the early part of this century, the roadsteads at Dungeness were the favourite anchorage of our smart frigates and fast cruisers, whence they sallied forth to patrol the Channel and keep the French privateering in check. A good watering-place exists to this day in the 'East Bay,' which has been used from time immemorial by our navy. The introduction of steam has not in the least altered the value of Dungeness as a station for war-ships, and it is hardly possible to imagine a more central or suitable position for our coast-defence vessels and torpedo craft, supposing always that adequate shelter were provided for them.

There is yet one more point against Dover as a naval station—which is, that in fine weather it is within sight of the French coast, whereas Dungeness is *not*. The mere possibility of the exact movements of our war-vessels to the east or west being observed, recorded, and reported from the opposite coast is sufficient to make Dover a most undesirable spot for a great naval station.

2. DUNGENESS AS A 'POINT D'APPUI' FOR NATIONAL DEFENCE

It has been often said that it would be undesirable to construct a harbour at Dungeness, because it would have to be strongly fortified and heavily armed, so as to deny its possession as a base for an invader. It has further been urged that Dover is already fortified, and that in consequence the harbour should be constructed there. This argument is thought to be conclusive by those who have reasons for advocating Dover, but on examination will be found to be about as illogical as can well be conceived. It amounts to this: we have a fortress at Dover protecting the pier and very paltry anchorage, described with inexorable veracity by the 'Channel Pilot' as only to be 'considered temporary, for the shelter is not great nor is the holding ground good.' Because the arrangements for the defence, &c.,

of Dover are (assumedly) all that can be desired, it is proposed to expend millions in the construction of a deep-water harbour there in the teeth of the deliberate opinion expressed by naval officers, mercantile marine, fishermen, pilots, &c., that Dover is *not* the place for the proposed harbour. But, in addition to the mass of evidence recorded against Dover, there is much more besides with reference to the natural laws governing the action of the tides and currents, and, further, the unpleasant fact that all closed harbours along the coast, such as Ramsgate, Rye, &c., have invariably, and always will, be certain to silt up and become useless. However, the advocates of Dover lightly set aside everything which thus stands in their way, and attempt to clinch the matter by producing the existing fortifications as proof positive that the *real* place for a harbour of refuge has been thus ascertained beyond a doubt.

It is, of course, unquestionable that a harbour at Dungeness would have to be fortified, and well fortified into the bargain. But the question of fortifying Dungeness so as to deny it to an invader as a base of operations is no new one, and has been often mooted. Some of the very highest authorities on national defence are strongly in favour of fortifying it simply as it is, without reference to any question of a harbour. The reasons for this are obvious, since it affords one of the best and safest natural anchorages to be found anywhere on our coast-line, with deep water close in shore along both sides of the Ness for some distance. In consequence, it offers a most favourable point for the disembarkation of an invader's forces, which at the same time could be carried out under the *effective* protecting fire of the heavy guns of his war-ships. The peculiar low-lying nature of the whole Romney peninsula is, of course, rather against any normal system of defence, where command of fire is so anxiously sought after. The shingle-beds, extending for thousands of yards inland, offer no point more than ten feet above ordinary high-water mark. Hence it will be gathered that any modern battleship can thoroughly sweep all the ground within range of its heavy guns, let alone the machine and quick-firing guns mounted on its superstructure.

It would be beyond the scope of this paper to enter into precise details as to how Dungeness could be fortified, and it will be sufficient to say that experts are convinced that it could be done most effectively at comparatively small cost. A single work, such as the old 'grand redoubt,' or, preferably, a couple of works in *écheleon* at the Ness, built up with a gently sloping glacis of shingle and concrete to the required command, and armed with guns of the heaviest type, would suffice to render the Ness unapproachable. There would, of course, be a subsidiary armament of quick-firing guns, machine guns, &c., and the works would obviously be made 'storm proof' by means of iron palisading, &c., in their ditches. The

breakwater also would afford shelter for torpedo-boats, which alone would make any attacker cautious as to how he approached the Ness.

The point is this—that, harbour or no harbour, the Ness must be armed, and the sooner it is armed the better; for its vulnerability as a favourable place for an invader to seize upon has been long recognised by many who have devoted attention to the subject.

Looking back at the time when Napoleon not only threatened invasion, but succeeded, as he himself boasted, in frightening us into becoming, though sorely against our will, a 'military nation' *pro tem.*, and contrasting the state of the harbours on the opposite coasts, as they then existed, with what they have become in recent years, it is only reasonable to consider whether the time has not arrived when we should devote our energies to the construction of a strongly fortified post on this the most exposed portion of our coasts. In using the word 'exposed' here, I refer to the facilities it affords for an invasion. It is notorious amongst all those who have studied the subject, that Dungeness, with its excellent natural anchorages in most winds, affords a most tempting point for an invader to select as his point of debarkation. Without going back farther than the commencement of this century, it would be easy to cite many opinions expressed by those in a position to state them as to the extreme vulnerability of this portion of our coasts. Napoleon, in discussing the probabilities of a successful invasion of this country, used the following expressions:—

Il ne me fallait que dix heures pour descendre avec 150,000 vieux soldats, &c.
... Les flotilles n'étaient que le moyen de débarquer ces 150,000 hommes en peu d'heures et de s'emparer de tous les bas-fonds.

Now the vessels which were going to make the Channel passage in ten hours were the flat-bottomed boats collected at Boulogne, distant twenty-five nautical miles from Dungeness, and which were to be propelled by oars, or, if the wind were favourable, by sails also. These lumbering craft could not be reckoned upon to make more than two and a half knots an hour, and at this rate the passage would have *exactly occupied ten hours.*

Again, what could the *bas-fonds*, or low-lying grounds, consist of except the eighty square miles forming the Romney and Walland marshes at Dungeness?

It is almost certain that Napoleon, with his marvellous appreciation of the strategical aspect of any country he was about to operate in, would not have overlooked the almost phenomenal attractions offered to an invader by the configuration of the coast-line, the depth of the water, and the sheltered anchorages of Dungeness.

Those who assert that his objective was the low-lying coast north of Walmer apparently forget that he would hardly have elected to disembark a huge army within easy striking distance of any British

force massed in the stronghold of Dover, and thus threatening the flank of any advance on the capital.

Again, by landing at the Ness he was in his favourite position of being on 'interior lines' with reference to any opposing forces operating on the wide arc between Rye and Shorncliffe.

It is true that Napoleon, in his memoirs, stated that he intended to have landed at Chatham; but, viewing this in conjunction with other information on the subject, it may be taken to be one of those afterthoughts with which those who have studied his later writings are not wholly unfamiliar.

Nelson, as early as 1801, appears to have carefully weighed the possibilities of an invasion, both on the coast of Kent and in the estuary of the Thames, and to have been keenly alive to the weak spot in our defences afforded by the sheltered anchorage at Dungeness—then, as now, unfortified. This is evidenced by his sending his favourite captain, Hardy, to observe that point. In September of that year he writes as follows, from the *Amazon*, lying in the Downs:—

The boat business for the Thames mouth must be over our sands, and dark nights can never be got the better of, and we are prepared better *everywhere than at Dungeness*, twenty-seven miles only from Boulogne. . . .

This letter ends with the significant words, 'Hardy is under Dungeness.' The Hardy of Nelson's dying request!

The Duke of Wellington, when Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports, in advocating Dungeness as the *first* point to be selected for a national harbour of defence. made the following statement to the Commissioners of 1843:—

The trade of the Port of London will be in a very precarious situation in time of war. Steam power in moving ships must have a most material effect on maritime warfare in future times. . . . I use the word 'maritime warfare' in contradistinction to naval warfare. If anyone will just consider the advantage the French coast enjoys over the coast of this country, in observation of what is passing at sea: it is to the southward, they have the sun at their backs, they see everything quite clear, and it is possible from the coast of France to calculate to a moment at what period a vessel coming up Channel will arrive at particular points, and they may be ready to seize her at any point which may happen to be unguarded.

. . . There should be, I should say, at least two ports between the Downs and Portsmouth—I should say one at Dungeness and another (possibly) at Dover. I have given a good deal of reflection to this subject, and have thought of it a long while; and that is the conclusion to which I have come, and it is a rational conclusion.

This opinion of the Duke of Wellington is the more important since it has been freely stated that he was in favour of Dover and was opposed to Dungeness!

The Duke's allusion to 'maritime' warfare directs attention to the fact that the *point d'appui*, or fortified harbour at Dungeness,

in addition to meeting the requirements of our war-ships, would be exceedingly useful for our mercantile marine as a haven of refuge from other enemies than bad weather.

3. DUNGENESS AS A HARBOUR OF REFUGE

In dealing with the question of a harbour of refuge at Dungeness, the present natural features of the place should be first considered. The Ness consists of a low-lying mass of shingle running seaward in such a form as to afford two natural anchorages, protected from all points of the compass save and except eight—viz. between E.S.E. and S.S.W. The number of vessels using these anchorages (termed the 'East Bay' and the 'West Bay') is almost incredible, and the rapidity with which they assemble in a foul wind gives a better idea than almost any statistics of the vastness of our trade.

It is no uncommon sight to see about 200 vessels brought up under shelter of the Ness during prolonged westerly gales, and a witness before the Commission of 1868 stated that he had seen as many as 800 vessels there at one time! But although vessels thus resort to the shelter of the Ness, they do so subject always to the risk of finding themselves, owing to a sudden veering of the wind, on a lee-shore. The 'Channel Pilot' instructions describe the anchorages as 'excellent and extensive with good holding-ground,' but add that 'vessels lying inshore must be prepared against a sudden shift of wind.'

A north-easterly or easterly gale is not dangerous to shipping lying under the Ness, as no big sea comes in with these winds owing to the shelter afforded by the general run of the coast-line to the South Foreland and also by the opposite coast of France. It must not be forgotten that in north-easterly and easterly gales (which, however, are the exception in the Channel) the West roads afford good shelter, and are much used by vessels bound up Channel which may chance to meet with a foul wind; hence smaller vessels which might not care to ride out a gale in the harbour of refuge could seek shelter in the West roads, whereas large ships would find all they wanted in the East roads.

But the question of affording complete protection for all vessels in all winds is simply a matter of expense. Ample shelter against the really dangerous south and south-east winds can be readily obtained by running a breakwater from the Ness in an easterly direction for a nautical mile—say 2,000 yards or so—and this could easily be supplemented by an additional length trending N.E. being subsequently added to it.

It is this disagreeable eventuality of a 'shift of wind' which has earned for Dungeness the reputation of being a dangerous anchorage. The East roads at present give complete shelter for vessels during the

heaviest south-westerly gales; but should the wind back to the south, or, worse, to the south-east, a big sea is at once rolled into the roadstead, and it is the heavy seas, and not the wind, which carry away chains and cause anchors to drag. A breakwater running from the Ness in a direction slightly north of east would afford absolute protection for vessels in all winds between S.W. and S.E. and *sufficient* protection in winds from S.E. to N.E.

Landsmen often imagine that the introduction of steam has made the want of sheltered harbours less pressing than in the old days of sailing ships. Nothing could be more erroneous, for the amount of sailing ships has actually *increased* since the introduction of steam vessels, owing to our vastly increased trade. Thus in 1830 we had 2,200,000 tons of sailing vessels, whereas now we have over 3,000,000 of the same. During the same time our steam vessels have increased from 30,000 to 4,717,730 tons.

Hence there are not only many more sailing vessels requiring shelter, but a gigantic fleet of steamers has risen up, many of which are often as much in need of shelter as the sailing vessels. It is a common sight to see the East road at Dungeness crowded with large steamers, for it does not *pay* to drive trading steamers down Channel in the teeth of a westerly gale.

The amount of shipping which annually passes through the Straits of Dover is well-nigh incredible. Under the British flag alone is comprised the trade of the greatest capital and seaport the world has ever known, as well as the vast trade of Hull and our eastern ports. Added to this is the greater portion of the German and Norwegian mercantile marine, each with a tonnage of about a million and a half; also the Swedish, Danish, and Dutch trade, amounting to another million. Competent authorities have estimated that *one-quarter of the entire shipping of the world passes by Dungeness.*

This extraordinary amount of shipping, British and foreign, in addition to the ordinary risks of seafaring life, incurs a tenfold danger, when in the narrow seas of the British Channel, of collision, especially in foggy weather or of a night-time, and also of shipwreck, for want of sea-room, or of harbours of refuge.

The risks of shipwreck on our south-east coasts are much aggravated by the fact that the dangerous Goodwin Sands form the natural breakwater to the anchorage in the Downs; and hence many a vessel which would have gladly run to a harbour of refuge at Dungeness, has, for the want of it, been forced to make for the Downs, and met her fate on the Goodwins. It is no exaggeration to state that hundreds of vessels, thousands of lives, and millions of money have been swallowed up by the Goodwins which might have been saved had a good harbour of refuge existed at Dungeness.

The Select Committee on Harbour Accommodation of 1884 called

especial attention to the peculiar advantages of Dungeness in the following words: 'Your Committee wish to refer to the evidence on their records showing that Dungeness is a remarkable natural point, daily on the extension by shingle, which is specially suitable for formation into a safe and extensive anchorage, instead of its remaining an open roadstead of vast area, perfectly safe, except in sudden changes of wind, whilst next to the Downs it is one of the most secure roadsteads to which vessels can run when failing to make the Downs.' With regard to its rival, Dover, it may be added that it has a better outlet westward, and is still within one tide of the Downs eastward.

But, in addition to this mass of practical knowledge of what is required, we have the dictum of some of our most experienced civil engineers, who have made harbours and breakwaters their life-long study, and who are opposed to Dover in consequence of the doubtful results likely to be obtained there, the enormous cost of constructing any really *adequate* amount of shelter, and last, but far from least, the liability of a harbour there to silt up.

This question of silting up has always been, and always will be, one of the difficulties which beset all schemes concerning harbours or breakwaters on the south-east coast of England. It is of peculiar importance in our narrow seas, since the waters there are very highly charged with silt, which has been proved by the experience of centuries to be the most implacable foe to all closed harbours. The ancient estuary and seaport of Hythe has thus been silted up and become now dry land.

At Ramsgate, Smeaton's great feat of engineering—the building of a pier in deep water with the aid of a diving-bell—has resulted in the creation of a harbour which is now only five feet deep at low-water springs, and has a bank of mud and sand in it which 'dries five feet' in spite of the dredge being perpetually at work at great expense.

It is on record that only a few years ago *half an inch* of fine mud was deposited on the stone-work of Rye sluice in one single tide: this on a very still day. It is also a well-known fact that, given a means of creating still water and thus checking the 'scour' of the tides, the creation of shoal water by the deposition of silt is only a matter of time, and no very great time either.

Of course, we shall be told that there is a modern specific for all shoals and siltings in the steam dredger. Dredging, when properly applied, and when the local circumstances lend themselves to the work thus performed being duly conserved, is no doubt of valuable assistance to harbour works, although of a somewhat expensive type. But save and except where means exist for preventing the newly dredged ground silting up again, either by sluicing or by tidal currents, it is simply struggling against Nature.

Such aids, however, cannot be utilised for large deep-water harbours, which, should they commence to silt up, must be fought

by the steam dredger alone, and fought in vain, for this simply means a declaration of war against Nature. Man dredges up the silt and carries it out to sea in barges, and Nature simply brings it back; and in a contest of this sort the former has no chance against the latter. It may be fairly asked why the silt should not be equally a foe to a harbour of refuge at Dungeness as at Dover or Rye. The answer is simply that at Dungeness a closed harbour (such as would have to be constructed at Dover owing to its being so exposed) would *not* be required. Dungeness is a natural roadstead, and only requires the addition of a breakwater as a protection against certain winds to convert it into a secure deep-water harbour.

This anchorage now is, and would be, kept free from silt by the natural action of the tides, which would not be interfered with.

This natural action is one of the most remarkable facts in connection with the whole subject. Owing to the run of the tides at the Ness, deep water is found close in to it—there are fifteen fathoms within a cable's length. Whilst the Ness slowly and surely grows out seaward at the rate of over seven feet a year (it has grown some 350 yards since 1792, when the present lighthouse was constructed), the depth of water has increased over a fathom and a half. This has been proved by the Hydrographic authorities at the Admiralty.

Hence it will be seen that around the Ness Nature does the dredging herself. The exact form of breakwater, so designed as not to interfere with the natural laws of the local tides, would of course be a matter for most careful and experienced engineers to decide upon. Indeed, this question has been already exhaustively worked out by some of the best harbour engineers in the country, who have come to the conclusion that the scheme, as roughly outlined in this paper, is perfectly practicable.

But, besides this much-vexed silt question at Dover, many seafaring men have expressed in no uncertain terms their strong objection to the creation of a dangerous obstacle right in the fair-way down Channel, as would be the case were the breakwater at Dover to be placed sufficiently far from the shore to enclose an adequate amount of room for large vessels to anchor in.

This would more especially apply to vessels working out of the North Sea in thick foggy weather or in winter 'blizzards,' and which might perhaps have sighted neither land nor lights for days, and to whom the low-lying breakwater would form an additional danger to the already intricate navigation of our Narrow Seas.

It is certain that any harbour constructed at Dover would be practically useless for large vessels except on its seaward side, on account of the shelving nature of the shore; the holding-ground in parts is also notoriously bad. The tides run with such extreme violence at times outside of the Admiralty Pier that experienced pilots

have declared that, whoever might build a breakwater, *they* would not attempt to bring vessels into it when the tides were thus sluicing past its entrance or entrances.

Anybody acquainted with the Channel between Dover and Calais can picture to himself the state of things which would exist off the proposed Dover harbour of refuge when a south-westerly gale was blowing, and a strong flood-tide was making in an opposite direction. No mariner in his senses would dream of attempting to take his ship into the 'refuge' under such conditions, but would, of course, run for the Downs, overcrowded and dangerous as they are.

The pilot services of England, France, and Belgium all select Dungeness as their cruising-ground when on the look-out for vessels bound up Channel, for here the dangers begin. Of all classes of men, pilots may be reckoned as being eminently practical in their habits; and it is proof positive that Dungeness has certain advantages over any other point in the Channel as regards site, command of the narrow seas, shelter, &c., when we find these hardy men, day after day, from year's end to year's end, cruising off the Ness on the watch for the home-coming vessels.

Naval officers, merchant seamen, and fishermen, as well as pilots, are alike unanimous in their belief of this superiority of Dungeness over Dover, which latter they roundly assert would not be of the slightest use to them.

4. DUNGENESS AS A COMMERCIAL ROUTE TO THE CONTINENT

Having thus demonstrated the unquestionable advantages certain to accrue to the nation by the construction of a harbour of refuge at Dungeness, it remains to see what are the commercial inducements for such an undertaking. The construction of the deep-sea harbour must of course be a national work; but simultaneous with its creation would be that of a most important port for Continental traffic, which from its natural advantages and also from its position with reference to London and Paris (or rather *Europé*), would inevitably become, sooner or later, one of the most important of our lines of communication with the Continent. In order to grasp the reasons for this thoroughly, it is only necessary to draw a line on the map from London to Paris.

It will be seen that this line passes through Tunbridge, Hastings, and Le Tréport on the French coast.

The nearest harbour, twenty-five miles to the west of this line, is Newhaven, whence run the steamers to Dieppe. This is unquestionably the *shortest* route to Paris, but is out of the question, since the sea voyage of sixty-four miles would always be an insurmountable objection to the great mass of travellers.

Folkestone is the nearest harbour to the east, distant twenty-

seven miles, whence steamers run to Boulogne, which lies thirty-two miles east of the line; Dover is thirty-three miles from the line, and thence steamers run to Calais, which is no less than forty-five miles off the alignment!

But, long before Folkestone is reached, we find the proposed harbour at Dungeness, which is actually only fourteen miles east of the direct line from London to Paris!

The question naturally then arises as to the distance from Dungeness to the nearest good harbour on the French coast.

It is one of those facts not generally appreciated, that Boulogne is situated at a point almost equidistant from Dover, Folkestone, and Dungeness, the first being slightly the nearest, and the second the farthest off. Taking an Admiralty chart, and measuring from the present end of the Boulogne Breakwater, the distances, as near as can be thus reckoned, are as follows:—

From Boulogne	Nautical miles	
To Admiralty Pier, Dover	24·5	28·21
To Folkestone Pier	25·25	29·07
To Beacon, Dungeness	25·15	28·95

The usual course from Folkestone to Boulogne is somewhat more than the distance here given, since it has to be shaped so as to avoid the dangerous shoals of the 'Varne' and the 'Ridge.' Between Dungeness and Boulogne, on the other hand, the course is practically clear, and passes just south of the Ridge.

With a national harbour at Dungeness, the distance across the Channel will further be shortened at this point by the length of the breakwater constructed. Now the distance from Dover Pier to Calais is just over twenty-five miles. Hence it will be seen that the bugbear of 'a longer Channel passage,' which it is always stated will deter people from adopting the Dungeness route, resolves itself into a difference of only about three miles. But this extra three miles in the length of the Channel transit will most unquestionably be counterbalanced by the vastly increased speed obtained by employing larger vessels, more powerfully engined and of deeper draught, which the existence of deep-sea harbours at Dungeness and Boulogne would render a matter of course.

This question of minimising the time to which travellers are exposed to the miseries of sea-sickness, although it may be regarded by some as a sentimental side issue, is in reality a most serious factor in determining the selection by the travelling public of any particular line of passenger traffic. If it could once be proved to them that the sea voyage from Dungeness to Boulogne, although three miles longer than the old route from Dover to Calais, occupied no more time, and

was made by better and more comfortable vessels, the success of the new route would be absolutely assured.

As has been already stated, Tunbridge lies on the direct line drawn from London to Paris. Thus the new route would follow the present main South-Eastern line to Tunbridge and on to Paddock Wood or even Marden. Somewhere between these two points it would diverge to the south-east, and run almost direct to Appledore, through a tract of country peculiarly suitable for railway construction. From Appledore to Dungeness a single line already exists.

The total distance from London to Dungeness by this route would be just sixty-six miles, whereas the present route to Folkestone is seventy-one miles in length, and to Dover between seventy-six and seventy-eight miles, according to the line taken. Lastly, the railway journey to Paris from Boulogne is nearly an hour shorter than from Calais.

It may surprise some who have hitherto not had their attention directed to this question of Dungeness *versus* Dover to hear that, in the face of all this overwhelming evidence in favour of Dungeness as the most suitable point for a national harbour—and, further, in the teeth of the mass of facts proving that Dover was utterly unsuited for such a purpose—it was decided some few years ago that the national harbour *was* to be at Dover! The individual credited with this remarkable decision is a certain Home Secretary, who, with unparalleled cynicism, declared that he knew little and cared less for national harbours of refuge, but that all he wanted was a safe place to keep his convicts at work! As a result, the Treasury were committed to the folly of building a convict prison at a cost of some 68,000*l.* to hold the convicts to construct the harbour, before the possibility of doing the latter had been ascertained and approved by competent authority. This was in 1883, and now in 1892 the Dover Harbour Board are about to construct a commercial harbour of some fifty-six acres, apparently with the conviction that the greater scheme of the harbour of refuge will never be realised, or possibly because they are convinced of its futility.

The prison remains as a monument to the folly of the Government of the day. The Dover people say it has done them harm, as visitors do not like convicts. But the harm thus done is nothing to that which would occur were the beautiful Bay of Dover to be transformed into a closed harbour, silted up with mud!

Those who most strongly advocate Dover set enormous store upon what is termed 'military opinion' on the subject. But it is surely parading military opinion beyond due bounds when it is used

to endeavour to induce sailors to acquiesce in a harbour being made for their use, both for warlike and 'refuge' purposes, at a place where they *do not want it*, simply because in bygone days military opinion had decided that batteries should be planted on the cliffs of Dover to protect the small harbour there!

Dungeness as it is, unimproved by man, often shelters 200 to 300 vessels, but who ever attempted to take 'refuge' at Dover?

The whole question resolves itself into this. Large sums of money have already been spent upon Dover, with the result that the Admiralty Pier has been constructed, and the fortifications of the place have been considerably improved. With the completion of the Commercial Harbour, now about to be commenced, a suitable *secondary* station will be created for coast-defence vessels or torpedo-boats. Hence the money already spent on Dover, although admittedly very great, will not have been entirely thrown away, since a strongly fortified point will have been made on our coasts which could not fail to be of immense value in time of war.

But any attempt to construct a national harbour for our fleets or mercantile marine at Dover should be vigorously opposed, if only on the grounds of excessive cost. The Admiralty Pier has already swallowed up a million, over four times the sum estimated, and this amount of money, large as it is, would be a mere bagatelle to that of building an eastern breakwater and a huge enclosing wall far out in the Channel, such as would be required for a national harbour.

Cubitt said forty years ago that to make a harbour of *adequate dimensions* at Dover would cost forty millions, and events have shown that he was not far wrong!

Let us, therefore, once and for all definitely abandon all ideas of attempting to make such a harbour at Dover, and turn to Dungeness.

With the creation of a national harbour at Dungeness, the deliberate recommendation of the great Duke of Wellington would be carried out in all its integrity, for we should have one port at Dungeness and another at Dover, both useful in their way, and both affording invaluable aid to our system of national defence.

There is one point in favour of Dungeness which can hardly be urged in any other case, and certainly not when dealing with Dover, namely, that every yard of breakwater constructed at the Ness will ensure a definite area of shelter being at once provided, so that the work of construction of a large harbour of refuge is *not* one that will be useless until completed, as is so commonly the case with harbour works. At Dungeness, as the breakwater grows so will the amount of shelter increase and the present 'roadstead' be gradually and surely transformed into a national harbour of refuge.

England owes all her prosperity and untold wealth to the men who spend their lives in doing her enormous carrying trade, and the

navy which secures to her the command of the seas. Surely it is not asking too much that these men should be considered, and that their opinion, independent of party or local prejudices or military fads, should be looked upon as sufficiently weighty to decide upon the immediate creation of a national harbour at Dungeness—secure in all winds and weathers, and forming an additional safeguard to our island home.

WILLOUGHBY VERNER.

ART STUDENTSHIP OF THE EARLY ITALIAN PAINTERS

IN the biographies of the great masters of the Italian school of painting we find but little authentic information about their early lives. They were passed away in the studios of their masters, and the only events, if there were any, must have been those of family life. The political events of the day did not, it appears, impress them very much, nor can we believe that the young art students of those times allowed such matters to interfere with their work. In most cases the pupils were closely attached to their masters, whose works they had to imitate, and so they had no opportunity of studying art on a broad scale, as nowadays, when casts of the finest antique sculptures meet the eye of the pupil in his schoolroom, and when faithful reproductions of classical paintings decorate the walls within which he sits down to do his work. The celebrated antique sculptures, which now fill the galleries and museums of Rome and Naples, of Florence, Paris, and London, such as the Apollo Belvedere, the Hercules Farnese, the Venus of Milo, the Parthenon sculptures, the Borghese Gladiator, and many others of the now most popular representatives of the antique art, had not yet been unearthed when Mantegna and Leonardo, Michelangelo and Raphael, sought for the best models to draw from. The art students of those days were not in the habit of travelling about. There were no public galleries or exhibitions of pictures, nor had the painters an easy access to the palaces of the princes and of the rich merchants, who had gathered within their walls the best works of the first artists of the time.

The art student of the Renaissance depended for his studies mostly on the instruction which the master, with whom he had been placed, was capable of giving him. Besides he had the example of the other masters in the town he was living in, whose studios he may occasionally have been allowed to visit, and whose finished works were accessible to him on the altars and on the walls of the churches. No wonder, therefore, that the distinct character of the prevailing *local* tendencies, in drawing as well as in colouring, is clearly perceptible—

may, predominant—in the productions of these artists, whatever may have been their dispositions, when, as pupils, they were forming their style.

As I have shown in an article published in this Review for the month of November 1890, the organisation of the guilds accounts for this fact to a very large extent. The statute of the guild of Padua, is especially to the point. It had been drawn up and came into force in 1441. Andrea Mantegna, the greatest Paduan master, was born ten years earlier, viz. in 1431, and, having entered the studio of Squarcione, was adopted by him in the very year when the new revised statute was put in force. Many interesting regulations were thereby enjoined between master and pupil, and the various obligations and rights of the two parties concerned were clearly set forth. These throw a good deal of light also upon Mantegna, of whose early life we otherwise know very little. For instance, it appears from paragraph 70 that the period of three years was made the minimum time during which a master, belonging to the guild, was allowed to retain a pupil in his own house to learn painting.

And (the statute continues) to avoid the possibility of fraud, it shall be obligatory that every master, who engages or receives a pupil for being taught by him, must have the engagement registered by a public notary, and the document containing this statement must be shown up to the *gastaldione* or the *massario*—the highest officers of the guild—within a fortnight, or he will have to pay a fine of ten pounds (*libre*), and besides he will be forced to dismiss such pupil.

An only exception to this rule is made in paragraph 71, which runs thus:—

Every master belonging to our guild shall be permitted to teach his son, his brother, his grandson, or his nephew, without having to pay for him, or without being liable to a fine.

I attach so much importance to these statutes because they are the only authentic records which throw light on the respective position of master and pupil, concerning which, otherwise, there is practically nothing to guide us. Considering the great importance of a knowledge of this subject in the study of art, we are particularly fortunate to possess such documentary evidences as those which are to be found in that statute.

A further evidence of the binding nature of the engagement of pupils by the painter masters is given in paragraph 72: 'No member of the guild shall dare to have, or to receive, any pupil who may previously have left a master contrary to agreement and before the time, nor shall he be allowed to employ such a pupil in any way without permission and free consent of that master whom the pupil had deserted, or he will have to pay ten lire, and, moreover, he shall by no means be allowed to keep such a pupil.'

According to § 73 no member of the guild shall be permitted to alienate any assistant or pupil studying the arts, or to induce him by making presents, or by flattering speech, or otherwise, to leave his master's place, and to go to work at some other place, before his term has come to an end, contrary to his engagement, or he will have to pay ten lire. And besides he will have to amend every damage or harm which that other master may have incurred.

Again, by § 74 it was stipulated that any pupil or assistant, belonging to the guild, who by his own will, or on the advice of some one else, leaves his master's place or house before his term has expired, and contrary to his engagement, without having his master's permission to go, or without a legitimate excuse, shall be fined ten lire. And, besides, he will have to make good every damage or harm which his master may have to suffer by his having left him. And he shall also be forced to return to him.

§ 75. Every pupil who has made so much progress in the art of painting, that he earns annually a salary of fifteen lire, shall have to become a member of the guild, and shall have to participate in the burdens of the profession.

§ 76. A pupil who earns from his master the amount charged for the work, or its cost, whatever it may be, shall have to pay to the guild ten soldi annually.

According to § 54 the pupils or assistants, when under twenty-five years of age and over fourteen, were allowed to be present at the meetings of the members of the guild, but they had to be standing at some distance from the chairs where their masters were seated, to listen thus to the speeches and the discussions, in order to become acquainted with the proceedings. They had no permission to take part in them, or even to raise their voice. The fine, in case of contravention, was to be twenty soldi.

Having thus seen what was the legal position of the masters and pupils within the guild, we shall presently inquire what was the course of study pursued, and what principles guided it. But turning aside for a little, let us now consider some of the restrictions exercised by the guild upon the sale of pictures. These were very severe with regard to pictures coming from outside the town or the territory, so much so indeed that a free intercourse of the artists of the various towns became impracticable. These regulations appear to me to be a convincing proof in favour of my theory that the development and progress of Renaissance painting in its wonderful variety greatly depended on the cultivation of the fine arts within the limits of local schools. This view, however, is by no means a generally accepted one. Many writers on art are wont to see the influence of the masters of one school on other schools, and, before all, in the case of such great masters as, for instance, Mantegna and Bellini. In their opinion such eminent artists were looked upon as models by most contemporary artists in Northern Italy, and so these

critics do not hesitate to speak of Mantegnesque or Bellinesque influence when describing pictures produced by artists who lived at Ferrara or Bologna, or Milan or elsewhere. Again, in pronouncing their opinion on the style of pictures by Lombard masters, like Luini or Borgognone, they find that the peculiar expression of deep religious sentiment in the figures by these masters is derived from the influence of Umbrian painters, such as Perugino. In drawing such an inference they hardly consider that the various artists, belonging to schools of such distant places, not only had no intercourse one with the other, but that the statutes of their respective guilds would have made such intercourse, even if desired, absolutely prohibitive. I may also say that in the strong individual character of these masters there was little or no inclination to look for inspiration from foreign sources, and for borrowing and appropriating the merits of other rival painters. It would, perhaps, be more correct, in my opinion, to say, when we believe we have detected such similarity of style in the works of the various schools of painting, that it is due to prevailing tendencies of the epoch in which the works were produced, and that those tendencies were the common heritage of the civilisation then existent. For, consider, how was it possible in Padua, for instance, that the productions of foreign artists should have any chance of success, or approbation, under the galling restrictions imposed by the guild? Think of the effect of rule 80:—

No painter shall be permitted to commission any other person, whether of the territory of Padua or a foreigner, to sell his pictures, if that person is not registered in the guild, and if he is not a painter himself. The fine, in case of contravention, will be ten lire for each picture, of which one part will be due to the chamber of commerce, the other part will have to be divided equally between the person who has made the denunciation and the guild.

And, again, rule 85:—

The *gastaldiones*, or trustees of the guild, shall have to elect every month two good and trustworthy masters, who shall have to visit several times, and to search most carefully, the studios and the houses of all and every the masters of the guild, in order to find out whether there are counterfeits or forged pictures. And if they come across any such forged picture they shall destroy it by fire in a public place, and the painter who executed it shall be fined to pay the equivalent of that work, if it was a good one. And if anyone elected to carry out such instructions should decline to do so, he shall be fined twenty-five lire, and, nevertheless, be bound to obey these orders, except he has a legitimate excuse, about which a meeting of our guild will have to decide.

Rule 86 further enacts that

nobody shall be allowed to bring any work of art, of whatever condition, value, or quality it may be, from a foreign place to the town or the territory of Padua, with the object of selling it, or of disposing of it in any way within the said town or district. Nor shall it be permitted to anyone to sell or to dispose of such work in Padua or in the Paduan country, if some one else has brought it hither

without special permission to do so by the *gastaldiones*, or trustees of the guild. And whoever may act contrary to these regulations shall be deprived of that work of art. The third part of its value shall belong to the Paduan chamber of commerce, one-third to the one who has made the denunciation, and one-third to the guild. It shall, however, be allowed to anyone, whether a foreigner or a citizen of Padua, to carry such a work of art, coming from a foreign place, to some other foreign place, across the town, if, in doing so, he does not stop in the town or country for more than three days, and if he does not sell therein anything pertaining to the profession of the painters.

Again, it shall be permitted to anyone, whether a foreigner or a citizen, to bring such works from any other place, whatever it may be, to sell and to dispose of it in the town as well as in the country, freely and without incurring a fine, at the festival day of St. Antony, eight days previously, and eight days subsequently. The same permission is granted at the fair of Santa Giustina in the month of October, and at the fair of St. Prosdocimus in the month of November, and also at the fair of the villages of the Paduan territory, provided that such sales are only carried out at the said fairs and festivals, and that such persons do not dispose of any works of art by anyone who, being not a member of our guild, may buy it with the object of reselling it in Padua or in the Paduan district.

Rule 87 enacts that no member of the guild shall be permitted to sell or to dispose of any work of art to anyone living in Padua or in the Paduan territory, whether a foreigner or a citizen, if he were in any way connected with the profession, without being registered in the guild. Nor shall anyone belonging to the guild be permitted to buy anything pertaining to the art of painting from such a person, nor shall it be lawful to help such a man in matters connected with the profession, or to procure him any profit, under punishment of ten lire, of which sum one-half will be due to the guild and one-half to the informer.

Not less interesting is rule 88, which prescribes that members of the guild are allowed to bring or to have sent panels from any other place, and that they may also with impunity buy such panels from any person who may bring them to Padua or the Paduan territory, provided that such panels are not covered with gypsum—or, in other words, prepared for being painted on—that they are not finished panel pictures; nor shall they have any sort of decoration. In explanation of this I may mention here that, at that time, painting on canvas was not yet in use.

In order to be able to appreciate fully these restrictions of the guild of Padua against the introduction of foreign art, we must also consider the political position of that large and, according to the notions of those days, liberally governed town. Since 1405—that is, thirty-six years before this statute came into force—Padua had been under the permanent rule of the Venetian republic, and for this reason the statute had to be submitted for approval to the Doge's government. In the application for having the statute sanctioned it was pointed out by the painters, who described themselves as being good-willed and as artists of repute, that similar statutes of other

Paduan guilds had already been sanctioned, which certainly would not have been the case if the regulations had not been in keeping with the spirit of the times. The town of Padua is only twenty miles distant from Venice, where there were numerous painters, against whom these restrictions of the Paduan guild seem to have been especially directed. The statute of the painters' guild of Venice has unfortunately not been preserved, but we need not hesitate to assume that its restrictions against the artists of other schools were not less severe.

It may appear strange to us that under such conditions progress in the domain of fine arts was not hampered. But, as we cannot deny the fact that there was perhaps no time at which the art of painting advanced so much and so constantly, we shall have to reconcile it with the inferences to be drawn from the documentary evidence of which I have given an extract, viz. that every painter had to subordinate his inclinations to the interests and aspirations of the local school. In doing so we are, I believe, enabled to understand why in that period of the history of Italian art the individual character of the single masters was perceptible in their works to such an extent, although competition on a large scale was perhaps less possible than ever. It will no doubt be admitted that one of the primary causes of such extraordinary results must have been the thorough training of the pupils in the studios of their masters.

The young artists of the Renaissance used to leave their masters, and to become independent members of the guild, when about twenty years of age. Of some of them we know that even at the age of eighteen or nineteen they became celebrated, and executed large pictures independently. Very naturally such works, executed shortly after a continuous dependence on one single master, must have exhibited the influence of that necessarily one-sided instruction. Raphael, for instance, executed at the age of nineteen the large altarpiece of the Coronation of the Virgin, now in the Pinacoteca of the Vatican. Contemporaneously his former master, Perugino, executed a picture of the same subject, which is still at Perugia. During his stay at Perugia Raphael had been more of an assistant than of a pupil. Nevertheless in Raphael's picture of the Coronation we find the young master entirely dependent on the principles of Perugino's art, and we still find him a true follower of Perugino's in several other large and small pictures executed subsequently, such as the altarpiece with the Crucifixion until lately at Dudley House, the first picture on which Raphael placed his signature, and about which his biographer, Vasari, says that, if there were not his name on it, nobody would take it for a work of Raphael's, but for one by the hand of Perugino.

Leonardo da Vinci became a member of the Florentine Company of St. Luke—that is to say, an independent artist—in 1472, when he was twenty years of age. But some years later we find him still working

in the studio of his master, Verrocchio. How an artist of so high a standing depended on his master's instruction becomes evident not only when we compare the finished works of the two, done in Florence, but also when we compare their preparatory drawings representing one and the same subject.

Among the art treasures in the Louvre at Paris there is one of the very few existing sketches in pen and ink by Verrocchio on a sheet with indifferent manuscript notes. The sketches represent some nude figures of children. The artist has evidently not been very careful in the drawing of the outlines. The shading is only superficially done. But with all these apparent defects Verrocchio has succeeded in giving to the attitude a natural expression, and even a marked liveliness to the movement of the head. The whole drawing exhibits evidently the hand of an accomplished draughtsman. When we examine the outlines of the limbs, we notice that the artist must have had full knowledge of the anatomy of muscles in children. In Verrocchio's finished works, representing children, we find these muscles rendered with a great deal more care than in the works of any other contemporary artist. The precision and fulness in the rendering of the limbs of children were also a characteristic of his pupil Leonardo da Vinci. Nevertheless the similar representations of the younger artist show a distinctive diversity of style, notwithstanding the great similarity in the general conception.

Several of Leonardo's early drawings representing children are to be found in the British Museum. As contrasting with the heaviness which marks the drawing of Verrocchio's, we notice here a greater freedom, and an air of elegance, not only in the movement of the head, but also in its expression. And this result is obtained with a greater simplicity in the outlines, and with an easier flow of the pen, than in the drawing of the older master. With this drawing of Leonardo's may be compared a well-known sketch ascribed to the same master, in the Royal Library at Windsor Castle, with the representation of the Virgin and Infant Christ, who appears to embrace a cat. This sketch has been reproduced several times. In its execution the artist appears to exhibit more pains than either Verrocchio or Leonardo in the two drawings named before. The outlines are apparently done with more precision, also the shading is more careful. The conception of the subject impresses one as being Leonardo's, but the execution is not worthy of his hand. This is evidently the production of an old copyist or pupil, after an original sketch which is now lost. In looking at it we cannot help being impressed with the pains which the pupil seems to have taken to do his best in copying the original. The inferiority of his artistic faculties is especially apparent in the heavy outlines of the whole figure, in the clumsy rendering of the extremities, and in the want of proportion in the legs.

Such copies by the hands of pupils are frequently to be met with

in the public and private collections of drawings by old masters. They are, perhaps, even more numerous than the original drawings by the great masters. On account of their inferiority they are generally considered by critics as forgeries, but in a great many instances this appears to me to be an unfounded criticism. In criticising these drawings we must not overlook the fact that most of them were done at a time when there were but few collectors, and when original drawings were still to be had in large numbers for little expense. I therefore think that most of the apparently old drawings which reproduce original sketches by the great masters, which are still in existence, or which may be lost, ought to be described more properly as works of pupils, and as such they have no doubt also some merits, and deserve to be appreciated.

In the studios of these painters it was one of the principal occupations of the pupils to draw from the models of their masters. An evidence of this we find in the writings of Leonardo da Vinci. Among his precepts for the students of painting the following passage occurs :

The youth should first learn perspective, then the proportions of the objects. Then he may copy from a good master, to accustom himself to fine forms; then from nature, to confirm by practice the rules he has learnt; then see for a time the works of various masters; then get the habit of putting his art into practice and work.¹

The plan of the young artist's education, as framed here by Leonardo da Vinci, is on a somewhat larger scale than was the practice of the time. We know that Leonardo attached great importance to a scientific study of the proportions of the human figure. Albert Dürer and a few others occupied themselves with similar studies, which they intended to make profitable to their pupils, whereas other great artists, like Raphael, Michelangelo, Titian, and Correggio, took little or no interest in such mathematical inquiries.

Among Leonardo's writings there are a few other precepts which throw a fuller light on the method of instruction as practised in the painter's studio. A short but interesting chapter, with the heading 'Of the Order of Learning to Draw,' runs thus :

First draw from drawings by good masters, done from works of art and from nature, and not from memory; then from plastic work, with the guidance of the drawing done from it (*viz.* by your master); and then from good natural models: and this you must put into practice.²

Again, he says in another place—

The artist ought first to exercise his hand by copying drawings by the hand of a good master. And having acquired this practice under the criticism of his

¹ See the *Literary Works of Leonardo da Vinci*, edited by J. P. Richter (London, 1883), vol. I. p. 243, § 483.

² P. 243, § 484.

master, he should next practise drawing objects in relief of a good style, following the rules which will be given to him.³

The fitness of a boy for an artistic career was judged by his ability in executing his drawings, as Leonardo puts it very distinctly.

Many are they who have a taste and love for drawing, but no talent; and this will be discernible in boys who are not diligent, and never finish their drawings with shading.⁴

In a special chapter on the necessity of being very accurate in drawings he says—

If you who draw desire to study well and to good purpose, always go slowly to work in your drawing, and discriminate in the lights which have the highest degree of brightness, and to what extent, and likewise in the shadows, which are those that are darker than the others, and in what way they intermingle; then their masses, and the relative proportions of one to the other. And note in their outlines which way they tend, and which part of the lines is curved to one side or the other, and where they are more or less conspicuous and consequently broad or fine; and finally, that your light and shade blend without strokes and borders, but looking like smoke. And when you have thus schooled your hand and your judgment by such diligence you will acquire rapidity before you are aware.⁵

It was one of the rules of the old Veronese painters' guild, as I have shown when treating of the guilds of the early Italian painters, that during the winter season the pupils had to occupy themselves especially with drawing.⁶ A similar suggestion we find two centuries later in the writings of Leonardo da Vinci, and we may therefore suppose that this practice was a generally accepted one. In a chapter headed 'Of the Time for Studying Selection of Subjects' the great Florentine painter says—

Winter evenings ought to be employed by young students in carrying out the studies made during the summer; that is, all the drawings from the nude done in summer should be brought together, and so a choice made of the best studies of limbs and bodies among them, to apply in practice and commit to memory. After this in the following summer, you should select some one who is well grown, and who has not been brought up in the doublets, and so may not be of stiff carriage, and make him go through a number of agile and graceful actions; and if his muscles do not show plainly within the outlines of his limbs, that does not matter at all. It is enough that you can see good attitudes, and you can correct the drawings of the limbs by those you studied in the winter.⁷

We must not suppose that such careful studies in drawing were uncommon with the rest of the old masters. In Vasari's *Lives of the Renaissance artists* we occasionally come across reports which clearly show that similar rules were practised also by other artists. Thus of Francia Bigio it is related that he studied his art so zealously, and

³ P. 244, § 485.

⁴ P. 243, § 482.

⁵ P. 247, § 492.

⁶ *Nineteenth Century*, November 1890, p. 791 f.

Literary Works, vol. i. p. 249 f. § 497.

with so much delight, that there was no day through the summer months wherein he did not copy some nude figure from the life in his studio, and to this end he kept persons constantly in his pay.⁸

Of the Florentine Baccio Bandinelli the same writer relates that, when he was a youth, he used to go to Pinzirimonte, a villa purchased by his father. There he would stand long before the labourers, who were working, and who, on account of the great heat in summer, were half naked, and would draw the figures of these men with great zeal and delight; proceeding in like manner with the cattle on the farm, which he would copy with equal care.⁹

About the same time (so Vasari continues in his account of Baccio's life, whom he had known personally) it was the young artist's frequent habit to repair in the early morning to Prato, which was at no great distance from this villa, and where he would remain the whole day, drawing, in the Chapel of La Pieve, or cathedral, from the fresco paintings of Fra Filippo Lippi. Nor did he cease until he had copied the whole, more particularly imitating the draperies of that master, who was most excellent in respect of drapery—

a criticism which is much to the credit of the artist, when we consider that the prevailing taste of those days was no more what it had been at Fra Filippo's time, a hundred years earlier.

As Bandinelli went to Prato to draw from Fra Filippo's works, so most of the Florentine students of painting used to draw from the frescoes by Masaccio in the Brancacci chapel of the church 'Del Carmine' at Florence. In the eyes of the Florentine Renaissance artists these stood in about the same estimation as nowadays the fresco paintings by Raphael and Michelangelo in the Vatican, or the finest antique sculptures. They were, indeed, considered to be the best models for the students to draw from. Ample proof of this we find in Vasari's writings. To quote only one passage—

• Masaccio's works (so he says) certainly merit all the praise they have received, the more so as it was by him that the path was opened to the excellent manner prevalent in our times, to the truth of which we have testimony in the fact that all the most celebrated sculptors and painters since Masaccio have become excellent and illustrious by studying their art in making copies of the figures in the Brancacci Chapel.¹⁰

Then he goes on to enumerate the artists of whom he knew that they had copied from Masaccio's paintings, and among them he names Fra Filippo and Filippino Lippi, Sandro Botticelli and Domenico del Ghirlandajo, Andrea del Verrocchio and Leonardo da Vinci, Fra Bartolommeo and Albertinelli, Michelangelo, Andrea del Sarto and Raphael, all artists who aimed at the very highest standard in the drawing of the figure; and to these names he adds a few others, such as Lorenzo di Credi, Francia Bigio, and Pontormo, who were of

⁸ Vasari, ed. Milanesi, Firenze, 1880, vol. v. p. 198.

⁹ Vol. vi. p. 136.

¹⁰ Vol. ii. p. 298.

less repute, but who, as students, had been under the rule of very good masters, who doubtless directed them to copy from Masaccio.

Of all writers on art Leonardo da Vinci was perhaps the first who duly acknowledged the exceptional merits of that early Florentine master who had died in 1428 at the age of twenty-seven years.¹¹ Leonardo thought it very important that the artist should draw from a variety of models. He was even of the opinion that the painter, when investigating the beautiful in nature, should rather rely on the generally accepted views of the public than satisfy himself with his own conceptions.¹² No doubt there must have been some great danger in the one-sided and uniform instruction which the masters of the Renaissance imparted to their pupils within their studios.

A painter (so Leonardo says) who has clumsy hands will paint similar hands in his works; and the same will occur with any limb, unless long study has taught him to avoid it. Therefore, O painter, look carefully what part is most ill-favoured in your own person, and take particular pains to correct it in your studio; for, if you are coarse, your figures will seem the same, and devoid of charm. And it is the same with any part that may be good or poor in yourself; it will be shown to some degree in your figures.¹³

Not less curious is what he observes in some other writing on the same subject. The passage, which requires some explanation, runs thus :—

It seems to me to be no small charm in a painter when he gives his figures a pleasing air; and this grace, if he have it by nature, he may acquire by incidental study in this way. Look about you, and take the best parts of many beautiful faces, of which the beauty is confirmed rather by public fame than by your own judgment; for you might be mistaken, and choose faces which have some resemblance to your own. For it would seem that such resemblances often please us, and if you should be ugly you would select faces that were not beautiful, and you would then make ugly faces, as many painters do. For often a master's work resembles himself. So select beauties, as I tell you, and fix them in your mind.¹⁴

Now, if we examine the pictures painted during Leonardo's lifetime, and before that date, from the point of view indicated in this remarkable sentence, we feel bound to say that there is really a great truth in the statement that every artist of those days had a quite peculiar manner of his own of drawing faces, hands, and other limbs—nay, even draperies and landscape backgrounds—so much so, indeed, that such peculiarities become a special means for the identification of the works of the several masters. Nor do I believe that the art-critic is going too far when he says that an old master may reveal his own style and manner in his works, not only by drawing hands, or some other limbs, with a clumsiness peculiar to him, as Leonardo expresses himself, but also, when representing the human

¹¹ *Literary Works*, vol. i. p. 332, § 660.

¹² Vol. i. p. 226, § 532.

¹³ Vol. i. p. 293, § 586.

¹⁴ Vol. i. p. 293 f. § 587.

body, by some special delicacy and refinement. In short, every master, whatever may have been his standard of beauty, has his own individual manner of realising it. And we may also say that the scrutinising eye of the critic is sure to detect in the works of the greatest masters some particular habits in the drawing of certain details, which reveal their individual style. Neither Michelangelo nor Leonardo, nor Titian, is an exception to this rule.

Thus, to quote a few instances, Michelangelo, in drawing the outlines of the legs, is wont to represent the lower part of the leg, where it is connected with the foot, with a pronounced narrowness, which surpasses the common standard of nature. Again, Titian, in drawing the hands, is wont to give to the palm of the thumb an unusually prominent shape. Raphael, again, in drawing the ear, represents that part of the human face in a peculiar way, quite different from that of any of his pupils or imitators, and so on. Again, Pinturicchio, the companion of Perugino, has a peculiar manner of drawing the outlines of the hands and of the ear, which is quite different from that which we always meet with in the works of Perugino.

In paying attention to such details we become enabled to distinguish also between works which, for instance, Pinturicchio painted at an early age, when under the more direct influence of his master, Fiorenzo di Lorenzo, and those of his riper age, because in the former his mode of drawing the ear has an unmistakable affinity with that of the earlier Umbrian master, whose works he then used to take as his models. In his later works, however, this peculiarity disappears. Fra Bartolommeo and Albertinelli were two artists who worked much in common, the latter executing sometimes works for which the former had done the design. But when we compare their drawings we detect that each of them had a special habit of shading his figures, by which they may be distinguished, notwithstanding the great similarity of their general appearance.

From what is known to us about the organisation of the guilds it becomes evident that the narrow sphere of the education of these artists sufficiently accounts for such peculiarities of style, and in not a few cases these can be traced back to some special feature in the works of the masters under whose guidance they had studied the profession.

When Leonardo da Vinci settled down at Milan, a large number of pupils gathered around him, many of whom have, in later years, become famous artists of independent position. The school thus founded by Leonardo da Vinci appears to have been based on a wider plan, and on more scientific principles, than had been the case before with any other teaching master. There are, unfortunately, no contemporary records of the organisation of that school. Besides the statements of its existence, in Vasari's and in Lomazzo's writings, we have no information whatever about it. But the style and cha-

racter of the comparatively numerous drawings and pictures, still in existence, which have the unmistakable impress of Leonardo's influence, testify to the thorough training of the various pupils who worked under his guidance.

About the lives of most of them we know next to nothing. Their names have been preserved to us, and, in the case of some of them, also a few dates. Nor do Leonardo's own writings supply the wanting information. They abound in expositions of scientific matter, but are scant in their references to the occurrences of daily life and to the persons who constantly surrounded him. Art historians of a later date have ventured upon speculations about the school of Leonardo da Vinci, to which the great artist had given the name of an 'Accademia,' evidently with the object of marking it out as a school of a higher order than the ordinary teaching of the painters of the day. But this very name 'Accademia' is not to be met with among his writings, which cover about five thousand closely written pages, and we have no other authentic information at hand to confirm the statement that his school really bore this name than the fact that the inscription 'Leonardi Vincii Academia' is to be found inside six shields of twisted ornaments, executed in woodcut, of which the original blocks have been preserved to us in the department of prints in the Bibliothèque Nationale at Paris. Impressions of these knots of varying design may be supposed to have served for the covers of the portfolios in the painter's school.

At the time of Lorenzo il Magnifico there had been founded, at Florence, an Accademia by several literary men, who thus intended to revive antique institutions of the time of Plato. Another Accademia of similar tendencies had been founded in Rome at about the same time, but Leonardo da Vinci was, it appears, the first who gave to a school of painters this classical name, which, at a much later date, has been accepted by all prominent similar institutions and associations of artists.

It is quite possible that Leonardo, in choosing the name of Academy for his own school, intended to characterise it as an institution in which scientific principles were to be the guiding rules of study.

Lorenzo il Magnifico, in whose house at Florence the Platonic academy of literary men held its meetings, had also founded in his garden a museum, with which an art school was connected. About this, which appears to me to have been a prototype of Leonardo's Academy, we find some detailed information in Vasari's *Life of the sculptor Torrigiano*, the well-known rival of Michelangelo, who, in later years, came to England, where he executed several excellent works.

In the *Life of this artist* the biographer relates that—

Lorenzo il Magnifico allowed him to visit his garden, which was on the Piazza di San Marco, and which had been decorated profusely with figures from the an-

tique and with examples of the best sculptors. In the loggie, the walks, and in all the buildings there were the noblest statues in marble, admirable works of the ancients, with pictures and other productions of art by the most prominent masters of Italy and other countries. All the treasures, in addition to being a noble ornament to the garden, were also a school or academy—Vasari uses here this very word—for the young painters and sculptors, as well as for all others devoted to the art of design, but more particularly for the young nobles, seeing that Lorenzo il Magnifico held the firm conviction that those who are born of noble race are in all things capable of attaining perfection more easily than, for the most part, are men of lower extraction, in whom we do not commonly find that quickness of perfection, nor that elevation of genius, which is so often perceptible in those of noble blood.¹⁵

After some more observations on this subject Vasari continues—

Men of genius were always protected by Lorenzo il Magnifico, and more especially did he favour such of the nobles as he perceived to have an inclination for the study of art. It is, therefore, no matter for astonishment that masters should have proceeded from this school some of whom have awakened the surprise as well as admiration of the world. And not only did Lorenzo provide the means of instruction, but also the means of support for all who were too poor to pursue their studies without such aid. Nay, he further supplied them with proper clothing, and even bestowed considerable presents on anyone among them who had distinguished himself from his fellows by some well-executed design. All which so encouraged the young students of our arts that, striving to emulate one another, many of them became excellent masters.

The guardian and head of these young men was, at that time, the Florentine sculptor Bertoldo, an old and experienced master, who had been a disciple of Donatello. From him the students received instruction, while he also had charge of all the treasures contained in the garden, with the numerous designs, drawings, cartoons, and models collected there by the hand of Donatello, Brunelleschi, Masaccio, Paolo Uccello, Fra Giovanni Angelico, Fra Filippo, and other masters, native and foreign.

In concluding Vasari remarks—

And, indeed, these arts can only be acquired by means of long-continued study in drawing, with frequent and careful imitation or copying of works by good masters. He who is not supplied with these facilities to progress, however powerfully aided by natural dispositions, can never attain perfection till a large portion of his life is spent.¹⁶

Neither the school in the garden of the Medici nor the Accademia of Leonardo da Vinci survived their founders. They had, it appears, little in common with the old guilds, the spirit of which was scarcely in harmony with these new institutions. As long as these schools existed they depended on the strong will and on the personal influence of the men who had started them. They were well organised, and in every respect they must have had great chances of becoming permanent institutions, but evidently they were not in keeping with the spirit of the guilds, and this was sufficient to bring about their downfall.

J. PAUL RICHTER.

¹⁵ Vol. iv. p. 256 f.

¹⁶ P. 258.

THE FRENCH EMPRESS AND THE GERMAN WAR

UNDER the unassuming title of 'An Englishman in Paris,' a book¹ has been published within the last few weeks, which throws a flood of light on the inner life of the French capital during the greater part of the reign of Louis Philippe and the whole of the period from his abdication to the end of the Commune in May 1871. The work is both anonymous and posthumous, but no mistake can be made in ascribing the authorship of it to the late Sir Richard Wallace, who, it is an open secret, was an illegitimate son of that notorious person the third Marquis of Hertford—Thackeray's Marquis of Steyne—and the half-brother of the fourth Marquis and Lord Henry Seymour, both of whom spent most of their lives in the French capital. Throughout the book the identity of the author discloses itself repeatedly. He lives with, travels with, visits with, his 'near relative,' Lord Hertford. In was in virtue of that relationship that the highest circles were open to him, that he was a guest at Compiègne, the Tuileries, and the Château d'Eu, with the entrée to every great function and the fullest opportunity—as there was with him the keenest zest—for obtaining the best information in regard to every subject of interest or importance. He reveals himself as having for a 'near relative' an officer on the staff of General Vinoy, whose aide-de-camp I knew as a young 'Capitaine Edmond Richard Wallace,' the son of the then Mr. Richard Wallace. Writing of events on the eve of the war, he alludes to a 'connection of mine by marriage' who was a general officer *à la suite* of the Emperor. One of the few officers who accompanied Napoleon the Third when he came out of Sedan on the morning after the great defeat was pointed out to me as General Castelnau and further described as 'the brother-in-law of Richard Wallace;' and Lady Wallace, who still survives to lament the loss of husband and son, is stated in the baronetage to have been a Castelnau. Such evidence as this is conclusive; and Sir Richard, indeed, has disguised his identity so thinly that he might as well have allowed his name to go on the title-page of his book.

¹ *An Englishman in Paris (Notes and Recollections)*. 2 vols. Chapman & Hall, Lim. 1892.

No Frenchman could know his Paris better than this Englishman who was in essentials at least half a Frenchman, and who describes himself on the eve of the Franco-German war as 'probably the only foreigner whom Parisians had agreed not to consider an enemy in disguise.' Through his pages, in which all moods vibrate from cynicism to sympathy, there defiles a long train of persons of distinction in every sphere—princes, statesmen, grandes dames and famous members of the *demi-monde*, poets, painters, soldiers, sculptors, authors, officials, boulevardiers, lawyers, detectives; all of whom he knew with greater or less intimacy, all of whom in one sense or other were worth knowing, and of all of whom he has something to tell that is new, bright, engaging, and to use the formula 'to the best of deponent's knowledge and belief,' true. He had a legitimate and worthy curiosity to learn what the Americans call the 'true inwardness' of the incidents and events occurring around him, and the evidence of his pages is fairly strong that he rarely failed to know most things that were to be known.

Perhaps the most prominent figure of his second volume, which concerns itself with the period of the Empire, is the Empress. An intimate of the Emperor, a frequent visitor to Compiègne, *bienvenu* in all the ramifications of imperialistic and official circles and coteries, nobody could have better opportunities of judging of the character of Eugénie, and of the nature and weight of her influence on affairs, social and national alike. It is clear that the author considers the Empress to have exercised the most important individual impression on the destinies of the Empire. I do not propose to formulate for him the conclusions to which his comments directly point, preferring in part to quote, in part to summarise, those comments, and so leave the reader to form therefrom his opinion to what extent the responsibility for the ignoble collapse of the Second Empire rests on her whom the malcontent Parisians were wont to style 'the Spanish woman.' It is seemly, for obvious reasons, to treat of a bereaved and desolate lady solely in her province as Empress, as the social ruler of France, and as the strong consort of a pliable and listless husband; and it is to be regretted that the author has occasionally permitted himself in this respect to transgress boundaries which he might have been expected to recognise. Apart from this his honesty and candour are conspicuous, and of this an illustration may be given. The Emperor was fond of ceremonious display, and had set his heart upon his bride having a brilliant escort of fair and illustrious women on her marriage-day. There was no hope of such an escort from the old noblesse; and the honour was declined even by the nobility who owed titles and fortunes to the First Napoleon. There were, it was true, plenty of men and women ready to accept honours and titles in the suite of the brand-new régime, 'and to deck out their besmirched though very authentic scutcheons with them; but of these the

Empress, at any rate, would have none.' 'Knowing what I do,' continues the writer, 'of Napoleon's private character, he would willingly have dispensed with the rigidly virtuous woman at the Tuileries, then and afterwards. But at that moment he was perforce obliged' (at the instance of the lady whom he was about to espouse) 'to make advances to her, and the rebuffs received in consequence were taken with a sangfroid which made those who administered them wince more than once. At each renewed refusal he was ready with an epigram: 'Encore une dame qui n'est pas assez sure de son passé pour braver l'opinion publique;' 'Celle-là, c'est la femme de César, hors de tout soupçon, comme il y a des criminels qui sont hors la loi;' 'Madame de —; il n'y a pas de faux pas dans sa vie, il n'y a qu'un faux papa, le père de ses enfants.'

The author dilates freely on the imperious temper of the parvenue Empress. The slightest divergence of opinion was construed into an offence, and all who offended her suffered inexorable ostracism. The result was that in a few years the so-called counsellors around the Emperor were simply her abject creatures and puppets, moving solely at her will. Bold men who dared to differ from her and think for themselves were removed or were driven into fierce and bitter opposition, or else voluntarily withdrew from the court 'sooner than submit to a tyranny, not based, like that of Catherine the Second or Elizabeth, upon great intellectual gifts, but upon the wayward impulses of a woman in no way distinguished mentally from the rest of her sex, except by an overweening ambition and an equally overweening conceit.' Of this tyrannical intolerance he gives several remarkable illustrations. One evening at court a charade was being played, in the course of which some of the amateur performers, of both sexes, threw all decorum to the winds in their improvised dialogue. In her Majesty's hearing an officer high in favour with her and the Emperor gave expression to his disgust at such licence of language in presence of the sovereigns. The Empress turned upon him with terms of unrefined contempt for his prudishness. 'Vous n'êtes pas content, colonel; hé bien! je m'en fiche, refiche et contrefiche' (words which the editor translates, with the remark that his translation inadequately represents the vulgarity of the original, 'You don't like it, colonel; Well, I don't care a snap, nor two snaps, nor a thousand snaps'). The Emperor, with a laugh, applauded his consort; the colonel recognised the situation, and presented himself no more at court. One of the ablest soldiers in the army, he served in Mexico without promotion, and he was still a colonel when, after Gravelotte, he impressed on Bazaine the wisdom of leaving a garrison in Metz and breaking out with the army of the Rhine. I think I am not mistaken in identifying this officer as Colonel Lewal, who subsequently under the Republic attained high and deserved promotion. Had the Empire lasted, he would probably have remained a colonel to the day of his death.

Boitelle, an honest shrewd man of the bourgeois type, was a prefect of police in Paris under the Empire. Eugénie, actuated whether by philanthropy or whim, took it into her head to pay a visit to Saint-Lazare, an institution combining the attributes of a hospital and a bridewell for women of the town of the lowest type. Boitelle was requisitioned as cicerone. The Empress took exception to the dinner of the inmates, since no dessert crowned the meal. Boitelle's sense of the fitness of things had already been strained, and the plain man blurted out, 'Really, madame, you allow your kindness to run away with your good sense. If they are to have a dessert, what are we to give to honest women?' Next day Boitelle was kicked upstairs into the sinecure of a senatorship; his services, which were valuable, were lost to his department; and to the end of the Empire her Majesty's resentment against him never relented. Her wrath also deprived the bureau of secret police of its upright and conscientious chief, M. Hyrvoix. It was his wont to report daily to the Emperor, who gave him his cue by the question, 'What do the people say?' The incident narrated by the author—which shall be given in his own words, M. Hyrvoix himself being his authority—occurred at the time when the tidings of the Emperor Maximilian's fate caused in Paris the ominous rumbling of discontent and disaffection.

'What do the people say?' asked Napoleon.

'Well, sire, not only the people, but everyone is deeply indignant and disgusted with the consequences of this unfortunate (Mexican) war. They say it is the fault of —'

'The fault of whom?' demanded the Emperor.

'Sire,' stammered M. Hyrvoix, 'in the time of Louis the Sixteenth people said, "It is the fault of the Austrian woman."'

'Yes; go on.'

'Under Napoleon the Third, people say, "It is the fault of the Spanish woman."'

The words had scarcely left Hyrvoix' lips when a door leading to the inner apartments opened and the Empress appeared on the threshold. 'She looked like a beautiful fury,' said Hyrvoix. 'She wore a white dressing-gown, her hair was waving on her shoulders, and her eyes shot flames. She hissed, rather than spoke, as she bounded towards me; and, ridiculous as it may seem, I felt afraid for the moment.'

'You will please repeat what you said just now, M. Hyrvoix!' she gasped in a voice hoarse with anger.

'Certainly, madame,' I replied, 'seeing that I am here to speak the truth; and this being so, your Majesty will pardon me. I told the Emperor that the Parisians spoke of "the Spanish woman" as they spoke seventy-five years ago of "the Austrian woman."'

'The Spanish woman! the Spanish woman!' she jerked out

three or four times—and I could see that her hands were clenched—‘I have become French; but I will show my enemies that I can be Spanish when occasion demands it.’

With this she left as suddenly as she had come, taking no notice of the Emperor’s hand uplifted to detain her. The author significantly adds that next morning M. Hyrvoix was relegated to the receiver-generalship of one of the departments—in other words, ‘exiled to the provinces.’

Although quite apart from the specific topic of this article, the interpolation may be pardoned of a pretty little anecdote told by the author of Queen Victoria, when that royal lady visited Paris as the guest of the Emperor and Empress in 1855. The scene was the ball in the Hôtel de Ville given in her Majesty’s honour by the municipality of the capital.

‘I remember one little incident,’ records the author, ‘which caused a flutter of surprise among the court ladies, who even at that time had already left off dancing in the pretty, old-fashioned style, and merely walked through their quadrilles. The royal matron of thirty-five executed every step as her dancing-master had taught her, and with none of the listlessness that was supposed to be the “correct thing.” I was standing close to Canrobert, who was in attendance on the Emperor. After watching the Queen for a few minutes, he turned to the lady on his arm, and spoke: “Pardi, elle danse comme ses soldats se battent, ‘en veux-tu, en voilà;’ et correcte jusqu’à la fin.” There never was a greater admirer of the English soldier than Canrobert.’

It has hitherto been the generally accepted belief that the actual decision to go to war with Germany was come to at the Cabinet Council which was held on the 14th of July as the result of the communications from Benedetti, and after the Emperor had returned to the council-chamber from an interview with the Empress, and, in answer to his final anxious question as to the preparedness of the army, had received Lebœuf’s confident assurance as to the last soldier’s last gaiter-button. But the author of *The Englishman in Paris* traverses this impression, and expresses his conviction ‘that war was decided upon between the Imperial couple’ so early as between the 5th and 6th of the month. And certainly it seems that he adduces fair reason for the belief he holds. He narrates that early in the afternoon of the former day Lord Lyons, driving into the courtyard of the British Embassy, beckoned him in, and that he had a ten-minutes’ interview with the Ambassador. He brought away the impression that, although the Duc de Gramont and M. Emile Ollivier chose to bluster in face of the Hohenzollern candidature, there was little or no fear of war, because the Emperor was decidedly inclined to peace. Lord Lyons had just returned from an interview with the Foreign Minister, and expressed himself to the effect that the Duc de

Gramont was the last person who ought to conduct the negotiations. 'There is,' his lordship had remarked, 'too much personal animosity between him and Bismarck, owing mainly to the latter having laughed to scorn his pretensions as a diplomatist when the duke was at Vienna.' And he added, 'I can understand, though I fail to approve, de Gramont's personal irritation, but cannot account for Ollivier's, and he seems as pugnacious as the other. Nevertheless, I repeat, the whole of this will blow over: William is too wise a man to go to war on such a pretext, and the Emperor is too ill not to want peace. I wish the Empress would leave him alone.' Most writers who have dealt with this period have regarded Ollivier's attitude as the reverse of that described by Lord Lyons, who, however, could scarcely have been mistaken.

On this same day, the 5th of July, two ministerial councils were held at Saint-Cloud, at both of which the Emperor presided. Apart from the author, there is a certain amount of evidence that when the latter of those councils rose the Emperor's sentiments were still in favour of peace. But he is able to strengthen this evidence, indirectly it is true, but in a very significant way. It is of course well known that Napoleon the Third had for years been suffering acutely from the painful and debilitating disorder which ultimately caused his death. So worn was he by it that, in the author's words, 'he was weary, body and soul, and but for his wife and son he would, perhaps willingly, have abdicated.' About the beginning of the month his condition had become so grave that a consultation of the leading French specialists was held, resulting in the unanimous opinion that an immediate operation was absolutely necessary. The professional report to this effect was, however, the author states, not communicated to the Empress, and indeed it was only after the Emperor's death that the document was found at Camden Place. The consultation was kept a secret, but the author knew of it from Dr. Ricord, who was one of the specialists composing it and the author's intimate friend. In favour of the view that the Emperor was looking forward to an immediate operation, and that therefore it was extremely improbable that he should be desirous of war, he adduces the following incident. 'On the evening of the 5th of July, while the second council of ministers was being held, the Emperor sent one of his aides-de-camp to my house for the exact address of Mr. Prescott Hewett,² the eminent English surgeon. I was not at home, and on my return an hour later sent the address by telegraph to Saint-Cloud. I have since learnt that on the same night a telegram was sent to London inquiring of Mr. Hewett when it would be convenient for him to hold a consultation in Paris, and that an appointment was made.' It has to be said that this summons might obviously have resulted from a desire on the Emperor's part to have the opinion of an eminent and independent foreign surgeon, as to whether he would be able to endure the

² The late Sir Prescott G. Hewett, Bart.

fatigue and exertion of a campaign. Mr. Hewett did visit the illustrious patient, but not until after he had been some time in the field, and had suffered severely in body and mind. His condition in both respects is thus reported in a letter from an eye-witness to the author. 'The Emperor is in a very bad state; after Saarbrück Lebrun and Lebœuf had virtually to lift him off his horse. The Prince Imperial, who had been by his side all the time, looked very distressed, for his father had scarcely spoken to him during the engagement. But after they got into the carriage the Emperor put his arm round his neck and kissed him on the cheeks, while two large tears rolled down his own. I noticed that the Emperor had scarcely strength to walk the dozen yards to his carriage.'

But to follow the thread of the author's evidence that Napoleon 'verted or was perverted from peace to war during the night between the 5th and 6th of July. On the morning of the latter day there was a third council of ministers, for the purpose of framing the answer to M. Cochéry's interpellation regarding the Hohenzollern candidature. The same afternoon the author met Joseph Ferrari, the intimate of Emile Ollivier's brothers, and so a likely man to have exclusive information. 'It is all over,' said Ferrari, 'and unless a miracle happens we'll have war in less than a fortnight. Wait for another hour, and then you'll see the effect of de Gramont's answer to Cochéry's interpellation in the Chamber.' 'But,' remarked the author, 'about this time I was positively assured, and on the best authority, that the Emperor was absolutely opposed to any but a pacific remonstrance.' 'Your information was perfectly correct,' replied Ferrari, 'and as late as ten o'clock last night, at the termination of the second council of ministers, his sentiments underwent no change. Immediately after that, the Empress had a conversation with the Emperor, which I know for certain lasted till one o'clock in the morning. The result of this conversation is the answer the text of which you will see directly, and which is tantamount to a challenge to Prussia. Mark my words, the Empress will not cease from troubling until she has driven France into a war with the only great Protestant Power on the Continent. . . . It is the Empress who will prove the ruin of France!' How well-informed was Ferrari as to the tone of the ministerial answer to Cochéry's interpellation its specific terms show. 'We do not believe' (so spoke de Gramont in the Chamber) 'that respect for the rights of a neighbouring people obliges us to endure patiently that a foreign Power, by placing one of her own princes upon the throne of Charles the Fifth, should disturb to our prejudice the existing balance of power in Europe, and endanger the interests and honour of France. This contingency we hope will not occur. But if it should be otherwise, we all know, gentlemen, strong in your support and in that of the nation, how to do our duty without fear and without hesitation.'

The author pays a well-merited tribute to the strong good sense and high statesmanship of Lord Lyons in his relations with the Empress. While the Italian and Austrian ambassadors stooped almost to seem her creatures, and flattered her amour-propre by constantly appealing to her, the representative of Great Britain courteously but stedfastly declined to be drawn out by the Empress in regard to diplomatic affairs. He paid the due tribute of respect to the woman and the sovereign, but he tacitly refrained from regarding her as a participant in the affairs of international politics, and in his quiet manner had little respect for those of his colleagues who were swayed by her influence. 'I do not know,' he writes, 'whether Lord Lyons will leave behind any "Memoirs,"³ but if he does we shall probably get not only nothing but the truth, but the whole truth, with regard to the share of the Empress in determining the war; and we shall find that the war was not decided upon between the Imperial couple between the 14th and 15th of July, '70, but between the 5th and 6th.' If the author is right (and he speaks with show of authority), the Emperor, far from being zealous for war, was in regard to that enterprise the creature at once and the victim of his imperious consort. On the information of one who was scarcely ever at this time away from the side of Napoleon, he describes that unfortunate man as racked with anxiety, not as to the issues of war, which he thought himself able to prevent up to the night of the 5th of July, but as to the consequences of peace. For he realised that the Republican minority, strengthened by recent accessions and by the ominous result of the plébiscite, was striving, not to spur the Emperor on to war, but to make him keep a peace which it would have vituperated as humiliating to France, seizing on the opening to deride the Empire as too feeble or too pusillanimous to guard the national honour. And the Empress unwillingly played into the hand of the minority. Her the author represents as urging on the war with Germany with the intent of saving to her son the crown which she knew to rest precariously on her husband's head; and he holds that the Republicans considered that the war which she favoured would serve their turn nearly as well as peace, since war would give them the opportunity to denounce the iniquity of standing armies, and the phases of it would expose that corruption and deterioration of the French army of which they were well aware. That the Republicans were prepared to go to great lengths for the subversion of the Empire is no doubt true; but it must be said that the author discloses an animus which weakens the force of his arguments when he allows himself to write that 'this is tantamount to an indictment (against the Republicans) of having de-

³ Lord Lyons predeceased Sir Richard Wallace, but there is internal evidence that the latter wrote his *Recollections* during the lifetime of that nobleman, and he presumably did not give himself the trouble to revise them in regard to such passages as the above.

liberately contributed to the temporary ruin of their country for political purposes, and such I intend it to be.' That aspersion goes to water when the heroic defence of Republican France after the revolution of the 4th of September is remembered.

Before the Emperor left Paris for the seat of war, the reaction from the wild ebullitions of the earlier moments had already manifested itself to the keen observation of the author. Shrewd and sometimes cynical men, even of the Imperial entourage, were allowing themselves to speak their minds. The author cites some utterances of a connection of his by marriage, who is described as a frequent and welcome guest at the Tuileries, and who may safely be identified as General Castlenau. This personage frankly owned that, but for his fine voice and skill in leading the cotillon, he would probably never have risen beyond the rank of captain. Records of service were never looked into as a criterion for promotion. 'A clever answer to a question by the Emperor, a handsome face and pleasing manners, are sufficient to establish a reputation at the Château. The officials take particular care not to rectify those impulsive judgments of the Emperor and Empress, because they know that careful inquiries into the merits of candidates would hurt their own protégés. All the favourites burn with jealousy of each other; and this jealousy will now lead to disastrous results, because the Emperor will find it as difficult to comply with as to refuse their individual extravagant demands.' Colonel Stoffel, it is well known, was reprimanded by Lebœuf for writing so strongly from Berlin of the magnificent efficiency of the Prussian army, because the minister and his light-hearted companions objected to be harassed in their frivolities by mistrust on the Emperor's part of their soldierly capacity. 'Nous l'avons eu, votre Rhin allemand . . . Où le père a passé, passera bien l'enfant,' was their creed, and they continued to dance, flirt, and intrigue for gilded places. "There are no bad regiments, only bad colonels," said the first Napoleon; in the opinion of those gentlemen, there were no bad colonels, except perhaps those who did not constantly jingle their spurs on the carpeted floors of the Empress's boudoir and the parqueted arena of the Empress's ball-room. And she applauded the vapourings of those misguided men. "Le courage fait tout" had been the motto for nearly a score of years at the Tuileries. It did a good deal in the comedies à la Marivaux, in the Boccaccian charades that had been enacted there during that time; she had yet to learn that it would avail little or nothing in the Homeric struggle which was impending.'

The author indirectly but unmistakably conveys the impression that the Empress was urgent for her husband to take the field in person, notwithstanding his wretched state of health, because of her eagerness for the regency; in his own words, 'the Empress always showed herself exceedingly anxious to exercise the functions of regent.' According to him, this desire was manifested so early as the

Crimean war period. It is matter of history that the Emperor more than once expressed his intention of taking the command of his army on the Chersonese. His ministers strongly dissuaded him; similar advice came from high officers in the field; Lord Clarendon quietly but strongly combated the project; and Queen Victoria, to whom the idea was broached during her visit to Paris, threw cold water on it. But, writes the author, the Empress encouraged it to her utmost. 'I fail to see,' he states that she said to our Sovereign, 'that he would be exposed to greater dangers there than elsewhere.' It was, he continues, the prospect of the regency, not of the glory that her consort might earn, that appealed to the Empress, for she had no more sympathy with the object of that war than with that of the contest against Austria in 1859. During the absence of the Emperor in the field in the latter year the regency was vested in her; and her coterie of both sexes openly discounted the political effect of every victory. Austria, according to them, would be granted peace at the cost of few sacrifices, for she was a Conservative and Catholic Power, and therefore did not deserve abject humiliation. And the author asserts it as a positive fact within his own knowledge that 'the Emperor was actually compelled to suspend operations after Solferino, because the Minister for War had ceased to send reinforcements and ammunition by order of the regent.' Eugénie's regency of 1865, during the Emperor's absence in Algeria, while not in itself disastrous, the author characterises as fraught with disastrous consequences for the future. It gave the Empress the political importance she had been coveting for years; and henceforth she was habitually present at the councils of ministers, who did not fail to inform her of matters which have been solely for the ear of the head of the State. Ollivier in this respect repudiated the precedent set by his predecessors, and avoided informing the Empress on State affairs. It was, says the author, an open secret that the regent was determined, on the first French victory, to dismiss Ollivier and his cabinet. No French victory came, but fast on the heels of the first French disasters Ollivier was succeeded by the more facile Palikao.

It was also immediately after the reverses at the Spicheren and Wörth, on the 6th of August, that, according to the author and in his own words, 'the entourage of the Empress began to think of saving the Empire by sacrificing, if needs be, the Emperor.' He quotes a remark made by a lady-in-waiting to a near relative of his own: 'There is only one thing that can avert the ruin of the dynasty, and that is the death of the Emperor at the head of his troops. That death would be considered a heroic one, and would benefit the Prince Imperial.' The author does not pretend to determine 'how far the Empress shared that opinion,' contenting himself with stating some facts for the truth of which he 'can unhesitatingly vouch,' and which he rightly regards as not generally known up to

the period at which he wrote. They are not, indeed, generally known to-day—although some of them are not unfamiliar to those who have made a special study of the subject—and tend in some measure to confirm the statements made by the author. The Empress was aware that the Emperor had long been the victim of a cruel disorder; and immediately after the disasters named, the younger Pietri, the Emperor's private secretary, informed her by telegraph that the disease had been seriously aggravated by his Majesty's having undergone much riding on horseback since joining the army. He added that the Emperor was not disinclined to return to Paris, resigning the command of the army of the Rhine, but that he required some semblance of pressure put on him to save appearances. The author claims to have had this information from the lips of the elder Pietri, then prefect of police in Paris. There is no reason to doubt this; this telegram is extant; it is part of the same confidential message which suggested that Bazaine instead of his master should be thrown to the wolves; to quote its own genial terms, 'If misfortune should still pursue the army, Bazaine then,' the command having been devolved upon him, 'would be the victim of obloquy, and so take the onus of responsibility off the Emperor's shoulders.' Within twenty-four hours after the despatch of this message, Lebœuf is stated by the author to have proposed to the Emperor that he should return to Paris, accompanied by Lebœuf himself, leaving the army of the Rhine to attempt under another head to retrieve the situation by hard fighting. But the Emperor 'sadly shook his head,' and declared that he could not quit the field in view of the double defeat the army had suffered under his leadership. What then, asks the author, had happened in the twenty-four hours immediately following the despatch of Pietri's message? And he answers thus his own question: 'Simply this: not only had the Empress refused to exercise the pressure which would have afforded her husband an excuse for his return, but she had thrown cold water on the idea of that return by a despatch virtually discountenancing that return.'

Her telegram is in evidence, although apparently the author was not cognisant of its specific terms. It runs thus: 'Have you well reflected on the consequences of your return under adverse circumstances? I dare not advise one way or the other. If you come, it must be as the organiser of a new army. Your best friends here consider your return dangerous.' And there are known later circumstances, also seemingly unknown to him, which strengthen the credibility of the author in regard to this matter. When Napoleon reached Châlons, Trochu was there; Trochu was in great popularity with the Parisians; and the Emperor proposed that Trochu should take the turbulent Mobile Guards of Paris back to the capital, and pave the way for the speedy and safe return of the Imperial sufferer,

who was certainly when at Châlons in no better physical case than he had been earlier in Lorraine. Trochu accepted the mission, returned to Paris, and informed the Empress of his errand. It was then that the Empress expedited to her afflicted husband the following telegram :

‘To the Emperor.—Do not think of returning here unless you wish to kindle a fearful revolution. This is the advice of Rouher and Chevreau, whom I have seen this morning. People here would say that you were running away from danger. Do not forget that the departure of Prince Napoleon from the army in the Crimea has affected his whole life.—Eugénie.’

The authenticity of this message has not been questioned; Count d’Hérisson found the draft of it on the writing-table of the Empress after she had left the Tuileries. Notwithstanding its terms, the Emperor persisted in his intention of returning to the capital. M. Rouher was sent to dissuade him, and Napoleon yielded to his earnest and doubtless sincere representations. He went away with MacMahon to Sedan and captivity, and the revolution occurred all the same.

There may have been sound reasons for keeping the Emperor away from Paris; but it is difficult to imagine any motive in common humanity, not to speak of tenderness, for enforcing a stay with an army in the field of a boy of fourteen, of weak physique, whose nerves had been strained by the bullet-fire at Saarbrück. It is known that when the news of the disasters of August were made public in Paris, Ollivier telegraphed officially to the Imperial headquarters at Metz to request the return of the Prince Imperial, in accordance with the general wish expressed in the Paris press. ‘On this same day,’ writes the author, ‘M. Pietri (the elder) told me that the minister’s telegram had been followed by one in the Empress’s private cypher, expressing her desire that the Prince should remain with the army. She did not explain why.’ The author’s statement is perfectly correct; the precise terms of the Empress’s cypher-message were as follows: ‘For reasons which I cannot here explain, I wish Louis to remain with the army.’ The boy finally left his father in the Ardennes a few days before the battle of Sedan, and underwent many vicissitudes and some danger before, by way of Belgium, he reached England a week after that catastrophe.

The author vouches for an episode which is new to me, illustrating yet further the reluctance of the Empress-regent that the Emperor should quit the army in the field. On the 7th of August, the day after Wörth and the Spicheren, the Cabinet despatched by special train to Metz M. Maurice Richard, the Minister of Arts, to inquire into the Emperor’s state of health and the degree of confidence with which he inspired the troops. Of this mission the author mentions that he was informed by the premier’s brother within two hours after Richard’s departure. The latter returned to Paris next

day, bringing back the worst possible news. In view of those tidings, Ollivier, at a council of ministers held on the 9th, urged the immediate return of the Emperor, in the assurance of support from his colleague who had been to Metz. The Empress energetically opposed the proposal, 'and when Ollivier turned, as it were, to M. Richard, the latter kept ominously silent. Not to mince matters, he had been tampered with. Ollivier found himself absolutely powerless.'

This article may fitly close with the author's elaborate analysis of the character of Eugénie in her position as Empress, expressed in his own words. 'That playful cry of the Empress, which she was so fond of uttering in the beginning of her married life—"As for myself, I am a Legitimist"—without understanding or endeavouring to understand its import, had gradually grafted itself on her mind, although it had ceased to be on her lips. Impatient of contradiction, self-willed and tyrannical both by nature and training, her sudden and marvellous elevation to one of the proudest positions in Europe could not fail to strengthen those defects of character. Superstitious, like most Spaniards, she was firmly convinced that the gipsy who foretold her future greatness was a Divine messenger, and from that to the conviction that she occupied the throne by a right as Divine as that claimed by the Bourbons there was but one short step. A corollary to Divine right meant, to her, personal and irresponsible government. That was her idea of legitimism. Though by no means endowed with high intellectual gifts, she perceived well enough, in the beginning, that the Second Empire was not a very stable edifice, either with regard to its foundations or its superstructure; and until England propped it up with an alliance and a State visit from our Sovereign, she kept remarkably coy. But from that moment she aspired to be something more than the arbiter of fashion. As I have already said, she failed in prevailing on the Emperor to go to the Crimea. In '59 she was more successful, and in '65 she was more successful still. In the former year she laid the foundation of what was called the Empress's party; in the latter the scaffolding was removed from the structure, and thenceforth the work was done inside. She, no more than her surroundings, had the remotest idea that France was gradually undergoing a political change, that she was recovering her constitutional rights. Her party was like the hare in the fable that used the wrong end of the opera-glass, and they lived in a fool's paradise with regard to the distance that divided them from the sportsman, until he was fairly upon them in the shape of the liberal ministry of the 2nd of January, 1870.'

THE CONFUSION IN MEDICAL CHARITIES

IN new social combinations experience has no clue to give us, some say. We must thread the maze as best we can, fortunate if we do not lose our way, or on a sudden find ourselves face to face with the social dragon Compulsion, who shall do with us as he wills. But some of us believe that, dragon or no dragon, the past unwinds clues for us, if we choose to use them. There has just been published the Report of a Select Committee of the House of Lords on Metropolitan Hospitals. It deals with many questions of medical relief. Some of these we would consider, unwinding some threads from our clues in so doing.

In 1889 a petition circulated by the Charity Organisation Society, and largely signed by medical men in London, was presented to the House of Lords. It set forth various points on which investigation by some independent body was desired, and concluded with the prayer that a Select Committee should be appointed. The use and management of out-patient departments should, it was suggested, be newly considered in reference to the more careful treatment of the sick and the teaching and study of medicine. On the evil social results of a large system of unrestricted medical relief stress was laid. The want of any clear division of work between medical charity and the medical relief of the Poor Law was pointed out, the lack of co-operation between medical charities, the rapid increase of special hospitals in late years, and the alleged effect of hospital competition in reducing the remuneration of general practitioners. The need, too, of some uniform system of keeping and publishing accounts was also shown. The petition was, in fact, a plea for inquiry as to the possibility of organisation in medical charity. Of the need of organisation, the figures published by the hospitals themselves in their annual reports, supported by the testimony of many medical men, seemed well-nigh incontrovertible evidence.

What, then, is the picture of medical relief in London which the report just issued shows us? The population for which the hospitals and dispensaries provide amounts to between four and five millions, and besides these many come from extra-metropolitan districts and

from the country to obtain medical relief in London. Nearly a fourth of the patients at a hospital like Charing Cross, which is near a central railway station, come from 'the environs of London and more remote parts of the country.' There are to meet this demand some eighteen general hospitals, a host of special hospitals—some seventy in number—and of dispensaries, free, provident, or part-pay, about seventy-five. Twenty-seven Poor Law infirmaries, and forty-four Poor Law dispensaries, with eight hospitals for infectious diseases, make up the total. Setting the hospitals for infectious diseases aside, there is an estimated accommodation of 22,500 beds, of which 18,500 are usually occupied. On the chart of London the general hospitals cluster like the Pleiades in the centre—Bartholomew's, the Royal Free, University, King's College, Middlesex, Charing Cross, and Westminster. Outlying stars are the London and Poplar Hospital for accidents in the East; in the North, the Metropolitan and Great Northern Central; in the West, St. George's and the West London; the nearer St. Thomas's and Guy's supply the South, with the Miller Memorial Hospital at Greenwich, aloof by itself like the handle star of Charles's Wain. Special hospitals are everywhere, but chiefly in the central parts of London. Everywhere, too, are the dispensaries, the oldest, the free (sometimes now changed to part-pay) dispensaries, chiefly in central districts; the others, especially the provident dispensaries, more frequently on the outer circle of the metropolis. Of out-patients there is no exact count. The hospitals and dispensaries return them some in one way, some in another, so that 'casualty' or trifling once-relieved cases, several-times-attending out-patients, and attendances pure and simple, are inextricably confused; but if the reports of hospitals and dispensaries be taken strictly, the out-patients proper should number more than 1,500,000. This starry firmament of relief centres has formed itself under every kind of impulse. Our two chief endowed hospitals are a legacy from the middle ages, supported by estates confiscated from the Church, but preserved for charity. Guy's represents the modern philanthropy of commerce. The South Sea bubble that ruined so many gave the prudent speculator riches, and with riches, thus and otherwise obtained, he founded Guy's. The dispensaries sprang out of the professional competition of physician and apothecary, and, under conditions of hospital insanitation now passed away, became in the last century an acknowledged means of reducing the death-rate in a then declining population, and sometimes formed centres of medical instruction. The voluntary hospitals grew up with the growth of skill and interest in medicine and surgery that marked the beginning of the last century. Thus, to mention only one well-known name, Cheselden, a chief surgeon of St. Thomas's, was also a surgeon first at Westminster, and then at St. George's. The special hospitals have sprung up this century—as many as sixteen of them in the decade between 1860 and 1870—created sometimes because

the general hospitals were ill equipped with special departments, sometimes because a new specialism could find no home anywhere but in a special hospital, as in the case of the Samaritan Free Hospital for Women, where Sir Spencer Wells performed the forbidden operation of ovariectomy, and sometimes in order to forward the personal aggrandisement of an ambitious medicine-man. The provident dispensaries have grown up as a protest to the lavish relief of crowded out-patient departments, while 'part-payment' has more recently been adopted as a kind of 'benevolence,' usually to meet the urgencies of a failing exchequer. Some five-and-twenty years ago 'Gathorne Hardy's Act,' responding to the demands of a new public interest in the wants of the sick poor, but especially of the sick pauper, led to the reform of our Poor Law infirmaries and the establishment of our Poor Law dispensaries. In this manner has the seemingly haphazard sprinkling of medical charities as a multitude of petty units on the chart of London been evolved. Clearly, if there is to be organisation amongst such various bodies, it cannot be of a cut-and-dry kind. There is a buoyant, independent English life in these institutions, in spite of defects and inequalities of growth. They have irregularities which cannot be cut down by garden-scissors to a trim formality. Having grown up as they listed, they cannot be registered each to a particular area, shaped like an ideal electoral district, where there shall be just so much hospital accommodation as the population should need. If there is to be free growth, the organisation must be of the same type and must be based on common sense, good-will, and the give-and-take of a changing and progressing system. Given, then, this method of growth and this type of organisation, what should we do? What we do must be ruled by this chief consideration:—medical charity has three aims: the treatment or relief of the sickness of the poor, the education of the medical profession, and the scientific study of medicine and surgery. Whatever the difficulties with which it may have to cope, we cannot neglect or overlook these three main objects.

To take note here of most of the questions discussed in the Report of the Select Committee would be impossible. We will touch only on three—the out-patient departments, the grievances of general practitioners, and the proposed new Central Board.

THE OUT-PATIENT QUESTION

Large unrestricted out-patient departments are not a social necessity. In France the out-patient departments are still comparatively small. In Edinburgh there are none; the dispensaries serve the purpose. At London hospitals there was not always so large a number of out-patients. At Bartholomew's, in 1670, the physicians had forty out-patients under their care: in 1675 these were re-

duced by order to twenty-five. In the eighteenth century came a change. The new voluntary hospitals with their system of subscription letters increased the number of out-patients. In 1734 the out-patients discharged at St. George's numbered 423; in 1747, 881. In 1742-3 the out-patients under the care of the London Hospital numbered 2,702; in 1747-8, 7,298. Dr. Aiken—the Dr. Aiken who with Mrs. Barbauld wrote that familiar book of our childhood, the *Evenings at Home*—urged that the out-patient list should be on the most comprehensive plan possible, ‘entirely free and open.’ But the hospitals towards the end of the century were not attractive. Howard describes their slovenly appearance, the closeness of the atmosphere, and the vermin; and he accounts for the neglect by saying that of late years the public attention to the hospitals ‘had been relaxed, in consequence of the newer-established dispensaries, which had multiplied so as to injure the funds of the other institutions.’ The dispensaries were the out-patient departments of the last century. Parents who were averse to taking their children as out-patients to hospitals, ‘the receptacles of so many disorders,’ took them readily to dispensaries. Dr. Lettsom, in 1774, says that two dispensaries ‘relieve alone in this metropolis 5,000 sick children annually;’ and under Dr. Willan the public dispensary became an important school—a purpose which other dispensaries also served. Indeed, the dispensaries, each with a recognised area within which patients were visited at home by the medical officers, formed the most complete system of medical relief then possible, and would in most countries have been grafted on the public administration of poor relief. How eagerly the charitable took them up may be judged from Highmore’s appeal on their behalf in his book on London Charities. Writing of a ‘General Dispensary’ in Old Burlington Street, he points out that a benefaction of ten guineas constitutes a governor for life, and he sums up the merits of this philanthropic bargain thus:—

Here, if it be supposed that any subscriber of twenty-one years of age should subscribe ten guineas, and should live forty years afterwards, he will at the close of his life have become entitled to a credit of having provided for the delivering of eighty mothers and for the birth of eighty children, and perhaps twenty twins; and, in addition to these, he will, at the rate of twenty poor patients in every year, have been the gracious instrument of relief and comfort, and probably permanent cure, to 800 poor fellow-creatures!

And elsewhere he says that at the dispensaries 50,000 patients were annually relieved for 50,000*l.*, ‘a sum not exceeding one-third of the revenue of a single hospital in London, which relieves scarcely 6,000 patients in the year.’

But as hospital fever became less fearful, the out-patients naturally returned to the hospitals. Throughout this century frequent mention is made of their abnormal increase. Sir James Kay Shuttleworth, in 1833, pointed out that in six years the recipients of medical

charity at Manchester had increased from one-eleventh to one-sixth of the population. Mr. Sampson Gamgee showed that in 1867 1 in 5, in 1876 1 in 3·5, of the population of Birmingham received free medical relief; and the increase continued alike in years of prosperity and depression. In 1870, in London, a committee of leading medical men reported strongly on the prevalent abuse of the system. It is an old evil, then: how do matters now stand?

Of the utility of out-patient departments the medical witnesses heard by the Select Committee are almost unanimous. The stir made since 1870, on the other hand, has had some effect in the silent, unacknowledged way in which we often reform evils in England. To a far greater extent than formerly it has been recognised that (to quote words quoted by the Select Committee) 'an inordinate number of trivial cases wastes the time of the consultee, wearies the attention of the students, and fosters a habit of hasty diagnosis and careless observation, which tend to erroneous and insufficient treatment.' The out-patient departments are now larger, less crowded, and better organised; and five methods of restriction have been applied with more or less vigour concurrently at different centres. Provident dispensaries have been established for those who cannot pay the ordinary fees, but who by their weekly contributions may sufficiently remunerate their doctors; and where the hospitals limit the number of out-patients and refer the excess of their applicants to a provident dispensary, this is one effectual method. Yet in London it still remains to apply it thoroughly, as the Provident Medical Association are now trying to do. Another method is part-payment, of which a word later on. Another is the use of the out-patient departments for consultation in cases sent by general practitioners. This is becoming usual, though adopted without any design of reducing the number of out-patients. Another method is limitation. Thus at St. George's fifteen new medical and fifteen new surgical cases only are taken each day. At St. Thomas's twenty new cases are taken on the medical side daily, or, making allowance for urgent cases, about twenty-three. 'The daily average of applicants during 1890 was fifty-one; of the twenty-eight not selected, about fourteen were treated as casuals, and given medicines for two days; the remainder would be dismissed.' So at some other hospitals. Another method is inquiry, which is made usually by an officer appointed by the hospital; and so slight is often the actual claim for medical relief that when the plan was adopted at King's College in 1876 it acted as a test. 'The mere knowledge that inquiry was made is said to have greatly reduced the numbers.' The same was shown at Great Ormond Street Hospital, where in 1875 a wage limit was fixed, and an inquiry, restricted to one or two points, was made by the Charity Organisation Society. Inquiry of itself deters; but when the number of out-patients are reduced the doctors do not like it. In

fact, very naturally, and even rightly, they like the sifting to be done by themselves or under their direct supervision. At St. Bartholomew's there is an inquiry officer, but he inquires for the better repression of mendicity only in a comparatively small number of cases of the applicants selected by the medical officers as out-patients, apart from the very much larger number of cases called casualties. Good so far as it goes, this inquiry is usually a slackly used weapon. Yet the point must be conceded. The medical officers must make their own selections of suitable cases first of all. If there is to be any organisation of charity in connection with out-patient departments, it must proceed from within. Most of the five methods we have mentioned tend to organisation. Below we suggest a sixth, which seems to us likely to prove the most effectual.

Meantime, granting that these new methods are now partially adopted, what are the numbers of out-patients at one or two hospitals? St. Bartholomew's has 19,000 out-patients and 137,000 casualse, St. Thomas's 25,000 out-patients, the London upwards of 100,000 (243,000 attendances), the Royal Free 17,203 out-patients and 11,000 casualse, Charing Cross 21,000 out-patients, and a new special hospital like the Jubilee has actually 22,000, a larger number than Charing Cross. The reader will notice that, as in the Poor Law there are the ordinary poor and casualse, so in medical administration there is the out-patient and the casual. In both instances the casual is a kind of nomad and half-recognised beneficiary. He is the trifling, the once-treated, case; the case for whom the make-pretence of the stock-bottle is invented and solemnly preserved; and unless care is taken, as out-patients decrease, casualse may increase. Another door is left open, while one is partly shut. If we take the St. Thomas's figures as a standard, clearly elsewhere there is, notwithstanding the advance of late years, ample room for improvement. All the plans to which we have referred tend in this direction. But one more plan we would submit, especially applicable where a hospital has adopted the policy of restriction.

At St. Bartholomew's in old days, and also elsewhere, there used to be almoners. The name is still retained, but the almoners have become a kind of house committee. Originally they examined all persons brought to the hospital and admitted them at their discretion. They had, too, certain powers of reproof, banishment, punishment and 'putting to labour,' which may be considered out of date, until perhaps they are revived under a new system of administering relief on a scheme of rewards and penalties, which in some quarters receives high approval. But are the days of almonership past and gone?

People talk of medical charity as if it were a thing apart, unlike all other forms of charity, to be regulated by no principles, to be bettered by no co-operation with others. The Select Committee make it one of their suggestions that the new board which they propose should early turn its attention to the better co-operation of medical

charities with one another and with general charities. This is a new line. But if there is to be co-operation, what should be the method of it? At the present time what more glaring picture of charitable impotence is there than that destitute persons should constantly apply to a free dispensary for drugs which cannot benefit them if they lack the necessary food; or that in the same illness they should go from one out-patient department, free, or even part-pay dispensary, to another without any heed being paid to their actual condition? To be effectual, even to be equitably administered, medical charity must act in alliance with general charity. Their cause is one. Their difficulties are very similar. Each will succeed better with the help of the other. For almonership in general charity a trained and experienced person is wanted, a man or woman of some insight, prompt decision, and firmness. This is a new field of work, but slowly people are being trained for it; and the cost, which might be met from other than hospital funds, would not be greater than that of an inquiry officer. If such an *aide* be forthcoming, we would connect him or her with one or more hospitals as the need might be. The hospital authorities would first of all make their selection of out-patient cases. Some of these might apparently require other charitable help. To these the almoner would attend. Others, because of their poverty, 'not being in circumstances to pay for treatment and physic,' to use the words on the old St. Thomas's out-patient letters, would receive medical assistance at the hospital and might be otherwise helped also. Those who were destitute might be referred to the relieving officer of their district. Persons who could afford to belong to a provident club or dispensary might be referred to one. Some might be told that they should go to a general practitioner. A thoroughly experienced person could form a fairly good judgment on a short examination. In cases continuing to attend the hospital, and also in others, reference might be made to Charity Organisation Committees or other agencies who would try, if possible, to effect some lasting good on the non-medical side. The provident dispensaries would be promoted and kept in touch with the hospitals, and while medical interests had a first consideration, something would be done to utilise both general charity and the Poor Law. The gadding about to hospitals and dispensaries cannot be stopped, but it can be checked. It is true that, as the Select Committee say, there is no serious abuse of out-patient departments—from the mendicity standpoint. But that there is waste and dislocation is evident. If we cared enough about the out-patients as individuals, we would combine for their better all-round treatment. All the five methods we have mentioned are producing good results. This would take us a step further—to organisation. It is one clue unwound from the ^{the}past.

THE GENERAL PRACTITIONER

What is the general practitioner's grievance? They are, they say, deprived of their patients. 'A number of medical men in practice in the poorer districts were examined on this point, and were almost unanimous in the very strong opinion of the injury caused to their class by what they considered the unfair competition of the hospitals, and this view was held in a modified degree by other witnesses not directly interested.' Dr. F. M. Corner, who knows the East of London well, and whose opinion should carry weight, said that, judging from cases which they knew, the general practitioners there were convinced that many attended the hospitals as out-patients who were well able to pay. 'If medical men would unite and come to a common understanding, it would be quite easy for them to get double what they were now charging,' as the working population of the district 'could very well pay much larger fees.' The present fees are, it would seem, as low as 6*d.* at a private dispensary for consultation and medicine, though for that small sum Dr. Corner thought the patient did not get value for his money. Another witness said that a good living could be made in the East-end at the rate of a shilling for a consultation in the surgery and medicine, and 1*s.* 6*d.* for a visit and medicine. The fees in poor districts vary. This may be taken as a minimum. Against the view that the general practitioner is injured by the free hospitals may be quoted the opinion of Mr. Clutton and others, that the out-patient departments are very useful to him both for consultative purposes and for the treatment of surgical cases. This may be true; but it is not inconsistent with Dr. Corner's allegations. The Committee, on their part, however, 'do not attach much importance to the statements as to the reduction of fees of practitioners among the poor by the free work of the hospitals, but it is obvious that the existence of the charities must tend to reduce them.' On both sides it was difficult to submit precise data, and, balancing the evidence, such as it was, this guarded sentence is fair enough, though we are certain that medical men at the hospitals not trained in the ways of general charity, and, judging of cases without visiting the homes, cannot form so clear an opinion as to the possibility or extent of the abuse, as they very naturally think they can. The general practitioner is, no doubt, an interested witness, but he knows the homes of his patients, and is intimately acquainted with the locality, and hospital surgeons and physicians frequently are not.

But the general practitioners are not so much aggrieved by 'the free' as the 'part-pay' work of hospitals and dispensaries—a complaint that hardly concerns the general hospitals at all. Of it, the Committee say that 'it seems impossible to doubt that, unless great care is taken to exclude all but the very poor, this system, so far as it

goes, must tend to force down private fees.' It is not charity, nor is it fair payment for work done. It is a hybrid, and creates in a patient's mind the impression that, as he is paying for what he receives, he has it not as charity but as a right. It is, indeed, a most complicated exchange of services. The poor man's mite is demanded as a 'benevolence' in exchange for a medical officer's freely given treatment. In fact, indeed, the method is suggested not by charity, but by want of money. An institution once created must of course continue to exist. To exist it may have to charge fees; and thus it may become in one department an association which, though it has been created by charitable capital, collects fees which a general practitioner would gladly take. The Committee say, 'unless great care is taken to exclude all but the very poor;' and they quote the argument that the poor who benefit should contribute. But it is hardly charity to take pence, or sometimes shillings, from the very poor at hospitals or dispensaries created for their service. If they have the pence, it were better that they should keep or save them. If they are not very poor, but can pay the fee that a capable general practitioner asks, why should they not pay it to him instead of to a charity? Long and serious cases are exceptional. The claim on charity is then acknowledged. The poor man's purse, and other not overweighted purses too, cannot meet the expenditure they sometimes entail, and it is of course possible that some special hospitals which carefully exclude cases in which no distinctively 'special' or specially expensive treatment is necessary, may justify their system of payments. But the committee's conclusion is, on the whole, adverse to the part-pay system. And in illustration of the general practitioners' grievance the state of things in one corner of London may be cited. At St. Bartholomew's are treated in a year 19,000 out-patients besides 137,000 casual cases, a sufficient provision of free medical charity. Within pea-shot of St. Bartholomew's is a twopenny dispensary, which was formerly free, and it is manned chiefly by Bartholomew's men. The secretary of it says that the 2*d.* there charged is taken from people who cannot afford to join a provident dispensary, and this, *plus* the obligation to bring a letter, keeps away trivial cases and brings cases more serious than that of the average out-patient at a hospital. And of these twopenny dispensaries there is a petty constellation of eight near the hospital, all, may be, dealing with cases 'more serious' than that of the average hospital out-patient. There is seldom any inquiry. The patients' ability to pay is judged of 'by seeing them in a room.' Perhaps the twopenny charge at the dispensaries accounts for the huge number of casualty or less serious cases at St. Bartholomew's. But so long as there is a large free admission at one point—the hospital, where apparently the less serious cases go, and at eight other neighbouring points—the dispensaries—almost unquestioned admission of the more serious cases for twopence, is there not, instead of organisation, a philanthropic muddle which goes far to justify the complaints

of general practitioners? Charity would not injure them. Muddle may and does.

But how in the past have contentions between sections of the profession been met? One method has been antagonism and a set battle. So did the physicians war with the apothecaries, and a child of their conflict was the first public dispensary in London. About 1687 the physicians, a small, very exclusive body, were, it was felt, losing, or, at least, not gaining, practical skill in their profession. Dr. Willis (Dr. Radcliffe's chief instructor) and Sydenham had been in the habit of seeing poor people gratuitously at their houses; and the physicians generally wanted what we should call out-patient work. Accordingly in that year the College passed a vote that its members should when desired give advice gratuitously to the sick poor in the City of London and seven miles round. They notified this to the Lord Mayor, and they asked the apothecaries to supply the drugs at moderate charges, not making gain 'out of the calamities and distress of the meanest and most necessitous people.' The apothecaries refused, and the physicians fitted up and opened their laboratory at their new College in Warwick Lane as dispensary and drug-shop. After the Fire of London the physicians, it was said, were scattered, and the apothecaries left their counters and went abroad to practise. To advise the poor was not then a physician's concern; the apothecaries attended to it and won professional skill. They gave also many drugs and boluses, for which people had some satisfaction in paying, for they received something at least for their money. The physician, on the other hand, asked for his guinea, and merely prescribed; and under the influence of Sydenham he prescribed, it is said, fewer and simpler drugs than before, trusting to Nature to do more, but thereby giving his patient less satisfaction. The new dispensary and the movement it implied had for its object to reinstate the physician and to deprive the apothecary of his golden harvest. And in great measure it succeeded. The about-to-be-ousted apothecary is described as lamenting—

Thrice happy were those golden days of old,
When, dear as Burgundy, ptisans were sold;
When patients chose to die with better will,
Than breathe, and pay the apothecary's bill;
And cheaper than for our assistance call,
Might go to Aix or Bourbon, spring and fall.

But the apothecary was, in fact, not ousted. About a thousand of them were practising in London in 1704, against sixty or seventy members of the College. On appeal to the House of Lords they won their right to prescribe as well as to supply drugs; and how they continued to flourish we need not here recapitulate. This is an instance of the method of antagonism, which, as it happened, left both parties the stronger. The other method is better organisation within the profession. The Medical Act has done something to give

the profession a sense of unity. The General Medical Council was established, as Joseph Henry Green and others urged, as a bond 'for regulating and protecting the interests of the different departments of the profession as *one body*, having an essential community of interests and objects.' The general practitioners in London are not a stronger body than the members of the profession attached to hospitals, though they may be more numerous. Mere antagonism will not prevail. They are now represented in the General Medical Council. The Select Committee recommend that they should be represented on the proposed new London Board. Thus recognised, can they not use their influence to remove those anomalies of medical charity that injure them professionally? Most of the new methods of regulating out-patient departments tell in their favour. Why should they not agree to a scale of charges, varying perhaps in different parts of London, on the lines of the tariff issued in 1879 by the Manchester Medico-Ethical Association, and 'come to a common understanding,' as Dr. Corner and those who met in conference at his house suggested. And why should not the hospitals take the local practitioner into council, when they make alterations in their out-patient arrangements, as, with very good results, did the Great Northern Central Hospital when their new buildings were opened? The question, indeed, is professional, so the clues we have followed show, whether the settlement of it be by sharp antagonism or by the better means of completer organisation.

THE PROPOSED NEW BOARD

With the increase in the number of hospitals and dispensaries in London came the proposal that there should be some kind of common board and meeting-place. In 1796, Sir W. Blizard, the well-known surgeon of the London Hospital, recommended the creation of such a board in connection with a kind of Hospital Sunday collection. He desired that there might be once a year or oftener meetings of annually elected representatives, two chosen by the governors of each of the seven hospitals of that day, and subsequently by the governors of other public charities. This committee was to 'link and harmonise' the charities 'more completely into a system,' and determine how they might 'contribute to each other's benefit and to the grand scheme of alleviation of misery of every description.' Its members were also to visit all the hospitals represented in order to see 'every improvement and thing judged worthy of notice or imitation.' Here then is another clue. Sir W. Blizard's proposal contains all the suggestions necessary for a settlement of the question of a Central Board. Combination for the purpose of collecting funds (this task has since fallen to the Hospital Sunday and Saturday Funds); a considerate and personal supervision, which does not meddle with the internal management of the institution, but aims at improvement

and the removal of defects by the suggestion of better methods ; and the committal of the duty of supervision to representatives 'well informed in all matters relative to the charity' with which they are connected. These tasks the Select Committee would impose on the new board ; and it is a matter of congratulation that they have been able to make so far-reaching a recommendation with the approval of very many of the medical witnesses whom they examined. The board will be a large experiment in the organisation of medical charity on lines entirely consistent with the voluntary system.

It is recommended that the board should be created by charter, and be entitled to receive endowments, bequests, and contributions for distribution to medical charities, and to meet its own necessary expenses. It would be constituted of forty representatives of the hospitals and dispensaries, grouped for the purpose thus : from the three endowed hospitals, six representatives ; from the eight general hospitals with schools, eight ; from the nine without schools, four ; from various groups of special hospitals, eighteen ; and from the dispensaries, two. The General Medical Council, the Royal Colleges of Physicians and Surgeons, the Society of Apothecaries, the general practitioners and the University of London, with the Hospital Sunday and Saturday Funds, would each have one. The total is thus forty-nine. The usefulness of the Board would chiefly depend on its being a reporting body. It would not interfere with the medical charities. It would publish annually the facts in regard to them. It would receive their annual reports and accounts, require that their accounts be audited by competent chartered accountants, arrange that they should be periodically visited, and on all proposals for the establishment of new hospitals it would have to issue a public report. Its annual report would contain specific information on most of the questions of importance in the management of medical charities, their pecuniary position, out- and in-patients, sanitation, nursing, &c. The public would thus have in their hands annually authentic information as to all the medical charities, and a new force would be brought into the field to promote organisation and a better co-operation between institutions. The board would also be a responsible, well-informed body, who might fairly ask the Charity Commissioners to entrust them with a large annual grant from the City Parochial Charities fund, even if an Act of Parliament were required for the purpose. That fund was created out of gifts intended for the poor, and a part of it could not be more properly applied. Other donors might make large gifts and bequests to such a London Medical Charities Board. One thing we regret—that the Select Committee have not proposed through representatives to connect the board with general charity, as is the case in the Paris Board of Supervision, or with the Poor Law authorities, and that there is no proviso for the co-option '*hors de toute catégorie*' of persons whose ability in some

special department or whose influence would add to its efficiency. These are points that may be amended. It is essential that the board should be broadly representative and in no sense a clique.

But it may be said : True, a new and possibly a useful principle has been affirmed by this recommendation of the committee. But does it mean anything ? Is it not merely a wind-egg productive of nought ? Possibly. As our charity is, so shall its organisation be. If no larger interests draw us together, except when we gain pecuniary advantages, we shall naturally prefer isolation. But no one can read the report of the committee, and pass in thought from its printed pages to the actual facts of medical relief in London, without desiring earnestly that greater thoroughness and perfection of charity which can only come of common help and of a devotion which will not be content until it substitute for isolation organisation, for separatism charity. It is a slow process, not to be accomplished unless our charities, like the medical profession, can be looked upon as 'one body having an essential community of interests and objects.' But if that be granted and charity be paramount, all is possible. Those who have this spirit will be the first to appreciate what organisation is and should be, and they will (to quote Mr. Jonathan Hutchinson's words) remember 'Hunter's aphorism, that life precedes and causes organisation, and not organisation life ; and they will beware lest by the premature imposition of a too artfully contrived organisation they hinder the development of life.'

C. S. LOCH.

MULEY HASSAN

FIVE years ago Muley Hassan, Sultan of Morocco, was scarcely known by name to the generality of Englishmen ; to-day circumstances have made him one of the most prominent and interesting personalities in European diplomacy.

In the May of last year Lord Salisbury expressed the opinion that Morocco would one day carry with it a menace to the peace of Europe. Last January, M. Ribot, speaking in the French Chamber, made his well-remembered remark as to the contingent landing of French troops at Tangier. Last week came the news that the mission of Sir Charles Euan-Smith to the Court of Fez had been, momentarily at least, baffled by the undisguised intrigues of French agents.

It is not to be expected that the condition of affairs thus created will be accepted as final by British diplomacy. The treaty which it was the object of the British Mission to negotiate aims at securing commercial rights for all the European Powers, and had received from them a general support. There are already signs of a desire on the Sultan's part to resume courteous relations with the British Minister, and any day may bring the news of his eventual success. None the less it is necessary to face the situation in Morocco with a view to forming an estimate of the forces opposed to the extension of British influence, whether of a political or of a merely commercial kind.

Briefly speaking, then, Great Britain has to deal with the antagonism of France, acting upon the natural fanaticism and duplicity of the Moors. It is not my purpose to criticise French motives or to attempt a judgment as between possible British policies, but to call attention to the fact which actually dominates the situation at Fez and Tangier. M. Ribot has declared that France will resist all non-French intervention in Morocco, and whether this attitude be described as one of defence or as one of aggression does not in the least affect the net result. It is anyhow one of activity, and when the political ball has been set rolling in this corner of the world, it is very likely to roll beyond the reach of M. Ribot and of many others also. In a word, whether this activity leads to landing sailors at Tangier, to marching soldiers to the oasis of Figuig, or to subtle encroachments along the frontier, it will, if pursued unchecked, end in the subversion

of the Sultan's authority, and in the probable disappearance of Muley Hassan himself from the scene. As in that case nothing but a European war would prevent the conversion of Morocco into a second Algeria, I propose to indicate first the chances of a dynastic collapse, and secondly its almost inevitable consequences. Should the British Foreign Office underrate the one, they will speedily be confronted with the other.

I

The chances of all government in Morocco being subverted by a collision with the French Republic will be sufficiently obvious to every one who considers the examples already furnished by history of such struggles between Europeans and Orientals. Muley Hassan would be forced to yield whatever might be demanded of him, and in Morocco even more than in any other country the Sultan can truly say '*L'état, c'est moi.*' Every evil incident to government as practised in Turkey or Persia is magnified in Morocco.

The Moors are semi-barbarians compared with the rest of Islam. Their executive machinery is of the rudest kind, the sanction conveyed by the Sultan's authority of very varying force, the administration a farce in theory and a tragedy in practice. Between the Moors and their rulers no solitary principle of equity prevails.

The Sultan has a 'Kaïd,' who is a kind of military resident, in every district, who collects the revenues as we should say. In other words, he has to 'squeeze' the unlucky inhabitants sufficiently to satisfy the needs of the Sultan and to leave a good margin by way of commission for himself. No Moor who is not under the protection of a Foreign Legation dares to show the smallest sign of wealth, and if once suspected of its possession would speedily be beggared. The Bashas of the larger towns are even more terrible people in their way than the Kaïds. Now and then, under great pressure or local excitement, one may be recalled, as was recently the case at Tangier, but practically each is a permanent and irresistible despot. The notion of suiting the punishment to the crime, however it may have found favour with the great mediæval Sultans of Cordova, does not occur to the Maroquine officials of to-day. A Moorish law court is a parody of all that Europeans mean by justice. Extortion is the main object of the judges, and the contempt for suffering is absolute. The rich may escape with whole skins, but those without 'palm oil' have scant mercy. For instance, the mere accusation of a paltry theft, if made from some favoured quarter, will bring on the accused the ordinary punishment for such conduct. This consists in breaking the ankle-bones and pitching the sufferer into the nearest lane or ditch, whence his relatives may or may not remove him. As there are no surgeons and no medical appliances, the bones cannot be set, and reunite so as to leave the toes turned inward directly facing each other.

At Tangier I have several times seen one of these poor creatures—possibly quite innocent of the offence attributed to him—hobbling over the cobbled alleys, while the passers-by nudged each other and muttered ‘Thief.’ In the prisons men and women, chained together night and day under every circumstance of indescribable filth and horror, wait until their friends, who bring them all the food they get, are able or willing to offer a bribe sufficient for their release. I might go on with many details, but I merely want to indicate the one paramount fact of the absence of all system, principle, order, or responsibility among the so-called government officials who sell justice or injustice in the name of Muley Hassan, and who are sure to find favour in his eyes so long as they keep the Shereefian coffers well filled.

The master of these men is pretty much what might be expected from the above indications of their deeds. There are certain civilised Powers—the United States, for instance—whose interests in Morocco are purely commercial, and who are particularly anxious to preserve existing arrangements as against the possible intervention of some Power with a political stake in the destiny of this corner of the Dark Continent. Accordingly it became the fashion some few years ago to speak of Muley Hassan as an enlightened sovereign from whom great things might be expected. If this proposition were true, it would of course modify the hypothesis of his disappearance, politically speaking, as a consequence of foreign intervention.

For my own part, I am unable to believe in the glittering vision of a Moorish Khedive surrounded by a European *entourage* and ready to acquiesce in milder manners and purer laws for Morocco. Muley Hassan, as the pivot of all the machinery of government as it now exists, is a vastly important factor in the Moorish question. But to suppose that he can become the pioneer of anything better is possible only to those who accept light rumour as absolute truth. The present Sultan may be called enlightened and even civilised when contrasted with his father, Sidi Mohammed, a nearly full-blooded negro, who talked in scarcely articulate growls. On the other hand, as compared with almost any other Mohammedan potentate, Muley Hassan is a mere barbarian. He is, in fact, steeped in the worst traditions of Oriental despotism, which in Morocco remain wholly untempered by contact with Western civilisation. To realise this it is only necessary to be acquainted with the conditions under which Muley Hassan attained the Sultanate.

The Shereefian throne must be occupied by a descendant of the Prophet, generally the most eligible male of the family, according to the law of Mohammedan succession. On the death of Muley Hassan's father, the throne was secured for the present Sultan by the fortunate disappearance of his three most able-bodied relatives. The succession was for a moment in doubt as between himself and

his uncle, Muley Abbas, but Hassan secured his father's Ministers and Abbas fled to his country house. As a direct competitor for the throne—or, strictly speaking, for the Shereefian Umbrella—he could, however, scarcely hope to escape. Accordingly it was pointed out to him that his death within the next three months was a political necessity, and might be carried out on his own plan without recourse to personal violence. Muley Abbas accepted the inevitable, and prudently drank himself off the scene with brandy, presented to him, it was whispered, by the Sultan himself. Shortly after this an attempt was made to set up another uncle, Muley Ali, in place of Hassan. The Sultan was saying his prayers in the mosque, when a voice suddenly cried out, 'May God render our Lord Ali ever victorious!' This is the formal method of Imperial proclamation, and the Sultan, starting up surrounded by his guards, cut his way through the crowd to his palace. But the attempt was premature, and the head of the daring rebel was speedily sent after the affrighted Sultan, to whose presence Ali was shortly afterwards summoned to receive an ostensible forgiveness, and the present of a beautiful female slave, whom, by the Shereefian rules of etiquette, he was forthwith obliged to marry. It was not long, however, before the Sultan's new aunt went to him in great grief to say that Ali was dead. This fact she piously attributed to the Angel of Death having unexpectedly smitten her lord in the night. Coroner's inquests being unknown in Morocco, Ali was buried with due pomp and mourning without any question being openly raised. There still remained Hassan's cousin, Muley Eddris, a gallant and soldierly young man, much esteemed by the still martial Moors. He was sent to quell a tribal disturbance, and as a special mark of favour the Sultan lent him the Imperial tent, which is of enormous size, with a massive supporting beam. This unfortunately fell upon the head of Eddris and killed him—at least so the soldiers said when they returned, after three days' absence, bearing the dead body of their unfortunate leader. From this it will be seen that the succession was narrowed down to the descendants of Muley Hassan. Of his two sons, however, one is too feeble to be thought of as a ruler, while the other is too young to be reckoned with.

From these personal details, I think it becomes more easy to obtain the measure of Muley Hassan's precise place in the Temple of Civilisation.

To pass to his political and military abilities is a task of some little difficulty, inasmuch as they are chiefly conspicuous by their absence. The Sultan, like most men of negro descent, is obstinate and irascible, but he is also very easily deceived. It is but infrequently that any accurate details of his movements reach the European Legations, but those who have been to Fez to deal with him personally appear to agree in the statement that he is wholly in the

hands of his advisers, and is considerably deceived by them. To this cause is due his long reluctance to visit Tangier, and behold the sea and the foreign fleets anchored in the bay. Sir William Kirby-Green was of opinion that some little personal contact with Europeans and the visible emblems of their power would act like an 'eye-opener' on the Imperial mind. But the representations of the British Minister were supported neither by the other Legations nor by the Sultan's own advisers. When at last he came it was very evident that he was anxious to impress rather than to be impressed. He was soon back again in the interior, and there has been no apparent change in his dealings with the European Ministers. Nor has he shown any particular aptitude as a soldier. In 1888 much noise was made over an imaginary triumphal progress through the midst of the rebel tribes, which culminated, characteristically enough, in an exhibition of prisoners' heads at Mequinez. In reality, Muley Hassan was all but worsted in his campaign, and only a timely consignment of British cartridges enabled him to effect a retreat sufficiently dignified to pass for a victory. In no way, therefore, can I see how any calculations are to be based on the talents or enlightenment of Muley Hassan. A wholly ignorant and prejudiced barbarian, in the hands of corrupt advisers, worse, by reason of their greater astuteness, than himself—knowing no law but his own will, and inculcating no principle on his subjects but that of self-preservation at any price—personifies government in Morocco. He is there to-day because the Moor, like every other Mohammedan, requires a personal ruler, and will only suffer one who is of the blood of the Prophet. But he will only continue to be obeyed while he is in a position to command obedience. The present tribal disturbances, like their many less noticed but similar predecessors, are largely due to the absence of the Sultan from that part of his dominions. As in the middle ages the King went about administering justice, so Muley Hassan can only enforce his authority through the presence of himself or his soldiery. Apart from his will and the fear of disputing it, any such thing as 'law' is unknown in Morocco, and order means only the passivity due to a want of co-operation. To destroy the power of the Sultan, then, would be equivalent to taking the queen-bee from the hive, and Morocco would become politically disintegrated and in want of a government. How would France, if responsible for this easily wrought revolution, propose to fill the vacancy thus created?

II

There are obviously two ways in which the country might be brought under French rule. It might be annexed offhand, or it might be governed through the agency of a native prince. The first course would scarcely be tolerated by Europe generally; the second might be attempted at any moment, and to prevent this must be the unceasing

work of British diplomacy. It should be observed that there is a double line of descent in the family of the Prophet. Muley Hassan represents the Aliweein line, while the Drissian finds its chief representative in the Shereef of Wazan. This notorious person, who holds the second rank in Morocco, is, as all the world knows, a 'protected' subject of France. Living as he does at Tangier, he has much more knowledge of the outside world than the Sultan himself, and this is not likely to have been lessened by his marriage with an Englishwoman. It is probable that the untimely fate of the Aliweein Princes combined with the commercial advantages afforded to 'protected' Moors to form an inducement for his change of nationality. Be this as it may, he is now altogether under French influence, and were Muley Hassan out of the way would be easily convertible into a puppet successor. In fact, I believe that the existence of the Shereef forms the chief encouragement to pursue those schemes of a French Africa which have of late made such rapid progress. France has for many years desired to connect her North African territory with the Atlantic, a fact to which the irritation about the British factory at Cape Juby displayed by the Paris press must be attributed. French company promoters have examined the districts most suitable for a railroad, and among the travellers of the present day the Vicomte de la Martinière has shared public attention with Mr. Joseph Thomson. For several years, indeed, things have been working in one direction so far as the rulers of Algeria are concerned, and the knowledge of this fact lends a significance to the recent French intrigues at Fez which they would scarcely otherwise command. They are links in a nearly completed chain, and they must be recognised at the British Foreign Office at once—or never.

There can, I think, be no dispute as to one point. A French Morocco would be the gravest possible menace to the solidarity of the British Empire, if I may be permitted the phrase. As the corner of the African continent which commands two seas, it has possessed an immense strategical importance ever since the discovery of the New World substituted the Atlantic for the Mediterranean as the central water-way of commerce. Tangier lies at the angle where the highways of Great Britain to India and to the Cape diverge. To France or to any other Power it has nothing like an equal importance commercially, while strategically it might be utilised quite as effectively as the Suez Canal to cut the route to the Indian Empire. At the western extremity of the Straits and in the narrowest part of them, Tangier is the real master-key of the Mediterranean. If the old Mole in its harbour, blown up by the folly of Englishmen when they gave up this ancient possession, were reconstructed by French engineers, the French fleet could from this spot wedge itself between the British squadrons in the Mediterranean

and the Atlantic much more effectively than it is now believed would be possible from its position of vantage at Brest. It is here, indeed, rather than at Suez, that the 'wasp's waist' of the British Empire is to be found. It would be almost absurd to labour these points in any way. Although people in England, even in political and responsible circles, are only just beginning to find out the alterations effected in this corner of the world by the introduction of steamships, the fact once stated speaks for itself so strongly as to arrest attention. Gibraltar would lose three-fourths of its value were Tangier in French hands.

It has been suggested as a compromise that Morocco might be placed under Spanish protection. To this, however, there are two obvious objections. Spain has not the political sinew required for the task, and Spanish rule, besides being unusually and historically hateful to the Moors, would be little better than a sentence to adopt a retrograde system of government. In the second place, this solution of the difficulty could only be made with the cordial goodwill of France, and it is easy to see that the price demanded for the shadow of power would be the total surrender of the substance. It is too late in the world's history to bring out the ghost of the 'Family Compact,' and too soon, let us hope, to dream of a second Trafalgar. Nor have the Spaniards either the money, the men, or the organising power required for the regeneration of an Oriental State, many of whose worst faults still cling to their own institutions. In a word, a Spanish occupancy could scarcely be permitted in the general interests of civilisation.

Tangier, in any case, cannot be allowed to pass into any but British hands. Voluntarily abandoned by England, that Power has at least a moral right to resume occupation which no others possess. It is not the business of a private individual to discuss the ultimate possibility of a proceeding which at present can scarcely seem feasible to its warmest advocates. But this much may honestly be said. Morocco requires enlightened government, great knowledge of Oriental ways and means, and a vast investment of capital to open up the fertile regions of virgin soil scarcely touched as yet. All that has been done in Egypt, and more besides, might be done by British wealth, strength, and experience, as it could be done by no other Power—*testis* the French failure in Algeria. As M. Barthélémy St.-Hilaire said recently, 'the English are the New Romans,' and all the long record of their success goes to justify his saying. A British protectorate would ensure the maximum of prosperity to Morocco without even a minimum of menace to Europe. And if this be impossible, a commercial treaty of the kind just proposed to Muley Hassan by Sir Charles Euan-Smith might still open the way to the redemption of Morocco both socially and politically. Great Britain is the fitting and natural pioneer of any such development, as, with the one exception

of France, the European Powers seem prepared to admit. She does not try to stop any one from sharing in any advantage she may gain by treaty, but she cannot stand aside while the dominions of Muley Hassan pass into other hands. Action in these moments of crisis is inevitable ; backwards or forwards we have to go. Tangier is an example of an empire lost ; Bombay, which came with it into British possession, is evidence of an empire gained. Treaty negotiations with Sultan Muley Hassan are still possible. Englishmen will do well to think twice before the care of the Sick Man of the West is definitely assumed by other and scarcely friendly hands.

CHARLES F. GOSS.

NOTES OF A VIRGINIAN JOURNEY.

I BEGAN a recent journey in Virginia by a visit to some old friends in Fauquier County—an Englishman married to a Virginian wife. Their life presented a delightful contrast to that I had been leading in New York. It is a life passed with horses, dogs, and cattle, and in which men have almost as much leisure and as much time on their hands as the animals have. I found my friend's house an excellent place in which to get over the *grippe*. We had the variable weather of the season, which was the last of March. At times on very sunshiny days it was warm enough to have the doors and windows open, which, after the wintry scene I had just left in New York, was a novelty. The next day would bring a chill wind, which would close the windows. But the dogs would all gather in the smoking-room—a place littered up with guns, books, tobacco-pipes, and many odds and ends having to do with sport and animals; and, with a great wood fire and the feet on the fender, and plenty of books, chiefly about horses—in which animals, disease is nearly as attractive as health is in human beings—one rather preferred the bad weather.

In Fauquier the horse, rather than man, is the centre of society. A good deal of the raising of horses here is done by Englishmen. They are good horsemen, but not always good men of business. At one place, at which there were several very fine imported stallions, three or four of these young men lived. I was there once and found the lazy fellows not yet out of bed; I looked through the window and saw a billiard table. There was to be a steeplechase in the neighbourhood in a few days, which was expected with great interest in the house in which I was staying, because a horse belonging to the house (a very handsome and promising animal) was to run in it. One of our occupations was to go and watch the practice for the steeplechase—a rather chilly amusement, I thought, at first. The skies were usually cloudy, although at times bright with a cold sun; it was in that dull March weather when the sod has scarcely felt the influence of the spring. The contrast of this country scene was very sharp with the urban, sedentary life I had just left,—that of a commercial community largely suffering from the influenza. These four-year-old thoroughbreds had not the *grippe*; youth was the

proper possession of their riders, whose cheeks the strong air had painted with a ruddy colour. It was not possible long to resist the contagion of the spectacle. Soon the hot blood which coursed in the veins of horses and riders began to stir in your own. It was such an abrupt meeting with that primal, natural life of which we have all been cheated. My mind went backward to those legendary scenes with which the imagination of mankind has filled other climes and earlier and happier ages. This was not the dull landscape of the Potomac and the Rappahannock; these young men who leaped the eager steeds over the hurdles were not the English youths I had seen about the post-office and the village stores; they were rather Centaurs, sons of Chiron, playing in the vales of Thessaly.

My friend's horse, Ascot, was said to be one of the best-looking in that part of the country; he was four years old, a fraction over sixteen hands high, and near perfection in form. The day came, and Ascot looked very splendid; the groom had made his bay coat fairly refulgent. Before the horses started his master was offered \$800 for him, but he thought he could get \$1,000 if he won the race, which it seemed likely he would do. As Ascot, with his grand stride, galloped over the course, he glittered like a horse in armour. He was coming in well at the head of the race, when he fell at the last stone fence. From the stand we could see that he did not rise, and feared the worst. Once indeed he rose on his forelegs, his haunches still on the ground, as a dog sits; an attitude regarded as a very bad indication. Everybody hurried to the spot across the fields. The horse was lying upon the grass, his burnished coat fairly glistening in the sun, his legs trembling, but his eye showing less suffering than I should have expected, the men and ladies whispering about him as if about a human death-bed. A veterinary said his back was broken. Some one said, 'He is eating grass; isn't that a good sign?' A boy of eleven standing by said, 'That is nothing; I have seen them eat grass when they are dying.' Ascot's master was walking about, gloomily and sadly, holding a revolver. But the ladies pleaded that there was a chance for Ascot and that he should have it.

Accordingly he was drawn home upon a waggon and 'hung,' as it is called, i.e. stood upon his feet and held up by belts passed under him and attached to the roof of his stable. Here he stood for a week, tended day and night, apparently in no great suffering, indeed usually stupid with the narcotics which were poured into him. He was the one theme of thought and conversation. The household, parents and children, white and coloured, human and canine, were the most of the time about him. The little mulatto maid, who brought me my bath in the morning, said: 'Ascot is better!' or 'Ascot is not so well this morning!' But, of course, he did not get well.

Virginia had scarcely the reputation of Kentucky for raising horses, but many good horses of several kinds are raised in the State.

In Fauquier and Loudon Counties jumpers and hunters are bred; draught-horses are raised in the Valley; in the counties in the south-west, such as Wythe, Pulaski, &c., they breed saddle-horses, by which is usually meant gaited horses, that is, pacers and rackers; trotters are raised all over the State. Many of the Loudon and Fauquier horses are bred to sell to men who belong to the hunting clubs of the large Eastern cities. It is only in this part of the State that hunters and jumpers are to be found. In other parts of the State, certainly in my own native country, ability to jump is considered a vice, for the reason that higher fences are required to keep jumping horses in. Pacers, rackers, and single-footers are seen everywhere throughout Virginia. Pacing is certainly not a pretty gait, but it by no means deserves the contempt in which it is held by the English and by Americans whose fancy is based upon English taste. Of course, trotting is a better gait for riding in city parks, or for pleasure riding of any kind, because it is better-looking and gives the rider more exercise. But in Virginia a saddle-horse is very necessary for getting about. Often the only way, at any rate the best way, of going between distant points is on horseback. The good old notion of the horse as the natural means of locomotion still prevails there, and the traveller is still set forward upon his journey by 'evening red and morning grey.' For all day rides these gaited horses are very comfortable. You must often carry saddle-bags, and it is difficult to trot with saddle-bags. If you are riding all day under a Virginia midsummer sun, you are pretty likely to carry an umbrella, and you can scarcely trot with an umbrella. A most useful gait for a long distance riding is a dog-trot, fox-trot, or running walk. But this, again, is not a beautiful movement. These gaited horses, by the way, even in walking have a quick method of moving their hind legs which is ugly. A peculiarity of Virginia horses also seemed to me to be drooping hind-quarters. The head, neck, and withers, on the contrary, are often exceedingly good.

In one very beautiful part of Virginia to which I went from Fauquier, I had the use of an animal that had these characteristics. He belonged to one of the most distinguished of the Confederate cavalry leaders—the only commander, I have been told, who ever captured a gunboat with cavalry. Since the war the general has brought new lustre to a famous name by a civil career almost as distinguished as that he achieved in arms. He is a lover of horses, having been first in his class at West Point in horsemanship, has an extensive knowledge of them, and great skill in handling them. But he has now little leisure for horses, being much engaged in the important affairs related to the movement being made for the development of the South. He therefore kindly allowed me the use of this animal while I was in his neighbourhood. This horse, which was five years old and had a particularly fine neck, long and well arched, was

eighteen hands high. I never, when mounted, had been at such a distance from the ground before. He was scarcely bridle-wise, but had an excellent disposition, as big things are apt to have. One discovery I thought I made with him, namely, that these very big horses cannot shy badly. While using this animal I visited some interesting and beautiful scenes.

One is continually brought close to natural and wild animal life in travelling in this country. In one mountain town to which my travels on the general's big colt led me I met a dark, tall, and very powerful-looking man, who was decidedly drunk; there was some kind of festival in the village. He took off his hat and made me a low bow, and on top of his head, nestling in a great shock of black hair, was a baby opossum, which he said he had found and was taking home as a present to his little girls. The marsupials are, I believe, a mammalian order much more ancient than other existing mammals. But I have never seen a creature more wide-awake or up to the times than this one. He appeared to have grown quite used to his queer habitation, and to be keenly on the alert to see what the rest of the world was like.

At a railway station in Rockbridge county I stopped to get one of those luncheons of bread and chicken which the negroes offer on the arrival of the train, and which are the best food to be found in that country. The dogs of the town, all of which come down to the depôt to see the train come in, surrounded me and begged in an embarrassing manner. But I offered the remains of my lunch to a little bear cub tied behind the hotel. He had been caught a few weeks before by some men who were coming down the mountain on a hand-car. They saw him scurrying away among the bushes and ran after him and caught him. He did not object to be captured and appeared rather willing to see the world. When I offered him my luncheon, he raised himself on his hind-legs, and walked about it delicately, and smelt of it, and fingered it in that peculiarly *chic* way which it is so impossible for a human touch to imitate, and declined with thanks. I asked the bar-tender what he would take, and he said that 'if I had any lemon drops, he would like them.' But I had no lemon drops.

One evening I was going along a road which overlooked one of the more considerable villages in this part of Virginia, when a boy passed me. As appears to be the habit of these rustics, he turned after he had gone a few feet and spoke to me, saying, 'Mister, don't you want to see a monkey that nurses a kitten?' 'Do you mean to say that the monkey suckles the kitten?' 'No, it just holds it in this way' (imitating the action with his arms). 'Is the kitten fond of the monkey?' 'Not very; it will nurse anything else the same way—a rabbit or a guinea-pig.' The boy pointed me out the house where he lived, which was not far off, and I promised to come in an

hour's time. It was, although not yet sundown, late in the afternoon, at the hour when the new moon renovates with the fresh arc of her slender circlet the decline of the propitious day. Odd that such a wakeful novelty should be introduced into the heavens at the time when nature is preparing for repose. It was night when I turned to go, and the sides of the Alleghanies still had some faint hues, worn, no doubt, at that moment by every fading mountain line from the Shenandoah to the Greenbrier.

I presently found the house which the boy had pointed out. There was indeed the monkey. The kitten was put into the monkey's box, and the monkey then proceeded to do as the boy had said. She seized it in her arms, kissed it, hugged it, and dandled it. The kitten's fore-legs were by its position forced round the neck of the monkey. The kitten's figure was the more humorous of the two. It showed an amusing familiarity with the situation and yet a strong dissent from it, evidently objecting to be thus effaced, and with many cries and grimaces stoutly asserting its feline and non-simian character. It would now and then scratch its foster-mother, who would slap it, and then embrace it still more fondly than before. The monkey's behaviour showed that desperate, indiscriminate maternal feeling to be observed in certain childless women.

The young naturalist and demonstrator squatted upon his heels, with his little bare feet in the mud, and pointing to the cage, rehearsed the peculiarities of the pair, as he had daily observed them. The commercial idea, however, was evidently stronger in his mind than the scientific one, as he showed by the careful manner in which he scanned the coin I gave him under the moonlight.

The new Virginia is a very different place indeed from that I knew as a boy. In that day I have often ridden over green fields upon which the city of Roanoke now stands. There have been great material changes; but it is in the spirit of the people rather than in these alterations that the change is to be observed, and this spirit is preparing far greater material changes in the future. The new spirit of enterprise is very surprising to anyone who has known the country in *ante bellum* days, and I cannot say that the new order of things is altogether agreeable.

Of a considerable part of the country lying upon the Roanoke I must, as an idle boy in the old days of slavery, have ridden over almost every foot. As the train struck the bank of the river which I had not seen in thirty years—there was no railway in those days—a boyish memory of the Roanoke came into my mind. It was of old Ben, a brown horse that used to carry me upon the sides of the Blue Ridge and the Alleghanies, and across the river heads of that well-watered country. I did not mind the sun in those days, not even a Virginian sun, but I think the old horse was never so well contented as when I stopped him in the shade upon a mountain side,

and from his back picked the fox grapes or the chicken grapes from the sweet gums that overhung the road, while the Peaks of Otter were glittering forty miles away. The old horse was a rather wearisome creature. Familiarity with him had bred contempt. I had nursed him through the scratches and the distemper, and altogether had found him tiresome. I was sitting on him once when the old quadruped stood up to his belly in the current of the Roanoke, somewhat apart from the loud and violent channels of the river, his nose neglecting the stream which breasted us with strong pulses, his eyes winking under the keen blue of the unclouded sky. We were standing there, our ears stunned with the thunder and the reverberation of the lonely place, when suddenly, his wits perhaps affected by the sounding and moving waters and the solitude of the spot, he relaxed his limbs and rolled luxuriously in the limpid current, leaving me to get ashore as best I could—an action revealing an unsuspected independence of the mind.

It had been years since I had seen that country, but I found it still there. The blue splinters of the Peaks of Otter have not ceased from performing their noonday pranks; Twelve-o'clock Knob will still astonish you with some manifestation of his immortal and infinitely varied life; the desert places of Roanoke and Rockbridge are still vocal with the wailing of many waters.

I stopped for a few hours at a little town on the Roanoke, in which I once lived. I remembered it as a very still place; it had now been awakened by a boom. But the boom existed mainly in the principal street, and did not seem to have affected the lanes and by-ways. Along one of these lanes I walked at a late hour of the morning. The season was the end of May, the landscape wonderfully green, and sweet odours were flowing from the pores of the loosened, heated earth. There was lavish sun everywhere, and yet it was not hot. Above me was the white edifice of the sunlit air, scintillating with prismatic hues, replete with warmth to the point of saturation, replete also with the incense of roses, and of the flowers of the late blossoming fruit trees, and alive with a reckless tumult from the throbbing songs of birds. And yet with all this activity there was satiety, and Nature was contented. Walking towards that part of the place in which a college is standing, I found an old garden, quite shut out from the rest of the village, in which the grass was thick and high, and there were quantities of roses in full bloom. A long path led from the gate to the house. Here I remained for a little while, wondering at the seclusion of the spot. Presently the gate opened, and an old man with books under his arm walked up the path, in whom I recognised with some difficulty an old preceptor. I remembered him as a man in the prime of life; he would now have sat for a representation of conventional old age. He did not recognise me, and perhaps scarcely remembered me. We spoke of the change

in the South. But there was no change in the spot on which we stood. That green enclosure, stirred only by the airs of the early summer, did not seem to be aware of the boom which was boiling in the main street of the village. The top of Twelve-o'clock Knob and the belfry of the adjacent college were the only objects which could see into it. There was a faint murmur of learning from beyond the neighbouring lilac hedge, the only company suitable to the blowing grasses and severe roses of the peaceful garden. I asked about the fortunes of the little university. Of course, it was sadly in need of money for its 'fund' for the purchase of chemical apparatus and for its other 'fund' for the completion of the 'Hall of Science,' and it had just selected one of those new sort of college presidents, a young man chosen for his 'executive ability,' which means that he understands how to get this money. One's impression was, however: 'I know that you are not very pecunious. But I dare say learning may be pursued as well under the protection of your somewhat straitened muses, and within call of the bell in yonder cupola, as if you had a million or two from some great railroad man or operator in stocks; and that there are books enough upon the cool and silent shelves—not too well filled—of your rustic library to teach all the philosophy one requires, if one would only appropriate it and take it to heart, as I know you have done.'

When I admired his roses, the old man said: 'Yes, it is a good selection; it was made by my wife; she died two years ago.' He mentioned certain persons who could talk to me of former days; to this I suggested that the renewal of these acquaintanceships, although a pleasure, was, perhaps, a melancholy one. 'It would be so if it were not for the hope of meeting in a better world,' said the old man, still standing among his roses. He seemed to wish to talk, but a painful expression crossed his face and he began to cough. He said: 'I have been suffering a good deal from the asthma of late; it is troubling me to-day,' and expressing a wish to serve me, he disappeared into the house. So like old age, with one eye fixed feebly upon the highest spiritual ideas, and the other, and apparently the stronger one, upon the infirmities of the body.

From this old home on the Roanoke I went to a still older one, my native village on the Greenbrier. This is a hundred miles to the west, on the summit of the Alleghanies. In making this journey, you cross the water-shed which divides the streams which flow directly into the Atlantic from those which flow into the Mississippi. The Greenbrier and the Cow-pasture Rivers are west of this water-shed. It was almost sundown when the train went along the banks of the Cow-pasture. To me it is not a pleasant thought that these mountain waters are to find their way into the strange and muddy Mississippi. In that remote and doleful scene, do they remember, I wonder, the hour when they lay so much nearer the sky, in their rock-strewn,

plashy bed on the roof of the Alleghanies, amid the dreaming valleys of the Cow-pasture River, under the brooding mountains, and shone on by the evening star's yellow light?

My native village is 2,500 feet above the sea, and has mountains about it which are 4,000 feet. The verdure of the country is very strong; the cause of this is probably the blue grass, which is an indigenous and natural growth, and does not have to be planted. It is only necessary to ring the forest anywhere, and it will spring up. It is found all the way up the sides and on the tops of the highest mountains. And yet it cannot be altogether the blue grass which gives the country its verdure, for the trees have the same strong hues as the grass. Perhaps it is the character of the soil which gives to both this strength; the fields and farms, as you walk among them, show such a living green, so fresh and gay, with a Southern wealth, yet free and clear as the North, and sound as new milk. The trees crowd the sides of the mountains, from the exquisite curves into which the slopes dip near their bases to where their summits encounter the morning blue.

The village, which has 1,500 people, and which up to the time of the war was the leading one within fifty miles, lies in a depression, and is on this account sometimes called 'the saucer village.' The street is an ellipse which descends from one hill top and rises to another, the two hills being about a mile apart and the greater part of the village in the middle at the bottom. The place does not look as if it had a future or much of a present, but it has obviously had a past. There is plenty of dilapidation, which you see to some extent in the brick houses, which are yet too substantially built to be injured by neglect, and still more plainly in the wooden houses. And yet a number of the houses show thrift and comfort, have broad, two-story piazzas and nice gardens.

The village has the verdure common to that country, but perhaps that of the village is made all the stronger by contrast with the red brick houses and red roses. At any rate, I have a feeling there of being encompassed by greenness. I don't know whether it is greener in wet or dry weather, although I should be inclined to say on wet days. Late on a wet afternoon the street on the east end of the town takes a dip downward upon a mixture of brick and wooden houses and green sod and rose gardens, half concealed among oaks, elms, and blossoming locusts,—the air, by the way, very strong with the powerfully sweet smell of the locust flowers. There are, I may add, certain smells, which, wherever I have known them, have always brought me back to this place. I thought I should try and find out what they were. One is locust. There is also the smell of boxwood. Then there is the acid smell of sour grass, and there are other smells which one is not able to grasp or name before they are gone. One, which I had supposed to be recondite and mysterious, I find to be simply that

of the breath of cows. But this you find mostly in the back streets, of which there are two, running parallel with the main street; one on either side of it, and which are perfectly green and covered with close-cropped sod. On one of these back lanes there is still standing a stable, which lay at the extreme corner of a most familiar garden. In former and more prosperous days, of which the old 'black' mammy,' Harriet, was the historian, it had had three or four horses; at the time of which I am speaking it had nothing but fleas. It was alive with them. I soon learned to give it a wide berth,* even in the road passing it on the other side; as it lay remote under the sun in the corner of the garden, shunned even by the hardy currants and sunflowers, it seemed, to the sensitive imagination and cuticle of childhood, fairly to tingle.

The village is pretty far to the south, and the weather in mid-summer is usually clear, and is hot also. The vegetation has a semi-tropical profusion. This is evident in the way the roses grow. A brick house about two miles from the town, with which I have been familiar from a child, has a two-story verandah in front, of which an old rose bush covers both stories. I asked a cousin—a middle-aged woman, in whom a girlish face of former days looked out from such irrelevant accessories as grey hair and lines on the forehead and about the eyes—when it was planted. She had been born in this house and lived there all her life, yet it had been there as long as she could remember. These bushes are visited by humming birds, although I think they are more apt to be seen on the porches covered with honeysuckles. But it is the hum of that sleeping projectile, the bumble bee, which is the voice of these rose trees—a much lustier creature than the Northern one, twice the size perhaps, with a much broader expanse of cloth of gold upon his back, and conducting himself with a swagger and a saturnine dignity like a bull's; formidable and with a look of momentum about him; scarcely conscious of that reserved armoury of offence you are careful not to awaken, and yet expecting like emperors and other dangerous things to be got out of the way of, he hangs amid the sun-laden atmosphere of his fragrant den near the thorn, the canker-worm, and the blossom. The village is full of these rose trees. At night especially the air is very strong with the smell of them. The spreading branches of the oaks and evergreens keep to earth the fragrance of the gardens, which amid summer sights and odours seem to await the moonrise; and presently, preceded by upward streaming roseate lights and vapours, the edge of the moon, peering above the rim of the illumined hill, in an instant gilds the vast scene.

My village is a place that few people have ever heard of, and which has a humble opinion of itself. It nevertheless receives within its modest horizon visitors of some note. The brilliant Venus, subject of forgotten poets, looks down upon our lanes and gardens; and I

have seen the little Presbyterian steeple keep the sky, as twin occupant, with Saturn, worshipped on Chaldean plains as the 'highest star in Heaven,' before the Man of Ur went to found a nation in Canaan. It is, in my judgment, a beautiful village. Even in the morning, when the strong sun brings to light the shabbiness of the shops and houses, and renders faint and dull the green of the hills, and makes still whiter the white limestone rocks of the hill-sides, it is pleasant to see. But as the afternoon advances the beauty of the place begins to surprise you. If, at a late hour of the afternoon, especially after a shower, you are looking down upon it from one of the surrounding hills, the appearance of the village, with its glancing lights and its brilliant red and emerald hues, is like that sudden, vivid expression of an infant, when alone he turns his bright smile upon his mother and reveals to her wondering eye his incredible beauty of mind. Then comes the sunset, and a little later a planet or two appear on high. Next the light of a lamp is seen at a door or window, and the household lights then begin to move about. Perhaps there is something interesting about these first wandering lights of the village. It is as if the human heart would answer to those unregarding planets, which in their sapphire depths stand with such strength and youth from their ancient journeys, the faint, far glimmering ray of a gentle but tranquil hope.

There are three or four churches in the village. There is a brick church, which was the property of the Methodists, but which during the war was given to the negroes. A hole in the wall of this building, made by a cannon-ball which passed through it, is still to be seen; the negroes have utilised the aperture by running out of it a stove-pipe with an elbow. The whites, thus ejected from their own church, have built a small frame one not far away. Another is the Episcopalian, but, as it is not rich enough to have a clergyman, it is for the most part closed, and seems in its significant quiet to invite a query from the other meeting houses, whether its god is asleep or gone upon a journey. But the leading faith of the country is the Presbyterian. This is mainly due to the fact that the people are nearly all of Scotch-Irish descent. The Presbyterian church, a stone one, very clean and substantial, was built about 1790. The village graveyard surrounds it. This might really be called the State church of the community, which from the adjacent valleys for many miles around comes to the Sunday morning service. The young minister is a very good preacher. The choir is composed mostly of young ladies, the young men having left for more thriving parts. The Presbyterians, I believe, make much of their hymnology, perhaps because their service is in other respects devoid of effort to please or attract. Yet I am not sure that there is not something striking and picturesque in the severity of this ritual, as perhaps there is also in the definite and uncompromising creed of this denomination, its aggressive tone.

and its executive form of church government. People holding this creed might be expected to express themselves with some joyfulness, which they do in their vigorous hymnology. One gets an impression of joyful energy in listening to the choir of a dozen young women in the stone church on a Sunday morning, where under a midsummer sky of unclouded blue, amid cleanly rocks, bordered by rills of purest limestone water, and in an atmosphere scented by the white blossoms of the rude and simple blackberry vines, they asseverate, with really tuneful voices and a good volume of bold sound, that 'God will their strength and refuge prove,' or admonish the 'trembling saints' to 'fresh courage,' or approach Deity with some such fearless strain as 'Come, thou Almighty King.'

It is curious in this country to see the compromise between the thrift and vigour of the Scotch-Irish stock on the one side and the results of slavery on the other. The energy of the people was, of course, affected by slavery; even in their most prosperous days they had not the vigour of free populations; the war ruined them and they have not recovered from the poverty in which it left them. You see the effects of this poverty in the graveyard which surrounds the Presbyterian church, which is indeed the Greenbrier burying ground. People have died, and their relatives have meant to mark the graves, but the money which might have gone to build monuments has been needed from day to day and week to week. The pious intentions cool with time and with the unremitting pressure of every-day affairs; and it is by-and-by thought that the dead can better afford to wait than the living. The result is that the graves remain unmarked save by the unbought magnificence of the roses, with which, from end to end, the churchyard is filled abundantly. These wave throughout the livelong summer's day, as if in atonement for the narrow circumstances or the sordid forgetfulness of the survivors; while the people go about their quiet occupations, the roses, in their unnoticed enclosure on the edge of the village, still wave and toss to the blue sky, as if importunately calling the living to the recollection and commemoration of the dead.

The only industry of this country was the raising of sheep, cattle, and horses. It had at one time extremely good horses. General Lee's favourite horse 'Traveller' was from Greenbrier, being the colt of a thoroughbred horse by a common mare of the country; General Custis Lee told me he had four white feet, a defect, if it be one, which he shares with many famous horses. General Lee, I believe, tried to find the dam of 'Traveller' in Greenbrier, but did not succeed. The Greenbrier region is too mountainous for agriculture on a large scale, and no mines have ever been opened there; the modern boom has not affected it. The people go on raising very fair stock. In the future, as their fortunes improve, which they are pretty sure to do, a better strain of horses will be

introduced. It is, indeed, somewhat difficult to see how it can pay to bring good horses into the country for breeding, when not more than \$10 can be charged for service; and certainly a farmer cannot pay more than this who has to keep a colt for three or four years and then sell him for \$100. But better prices will come with improved stock; the people should at least have as good horses as they once had, and their horses were formerly very good. My own earliest equine recollections are connected with this country, and with a certain 'Dusty Miller,' an old dun horse, of infinite patience and paternal feeling. He was at that time well on in the twenties, the period of his birth and youth being, of course, lost in the dimmest antiquity. The name, as applied to a dun horse, probably had reference to the yellowish colour of meal, with which a Virginian miller would be likely to be covered. I inquired about him of the cousin above mentioned: she exclaimed, surprised and pleased, 'Why, do you remember "Dusty Miller?"' I did indeed. My uncle, her father, was not one of those who thought anything was good enough for little boys. He always had for us a nice sheep-skin, which he had dyed black so that it might not look dirty, and a surcingle to go round it—a most comfortable seat. If anyone, it may be added, wishes a monument, perhaps not more enduring than brass, but almost as good as a shiny white tombstone, such as that which now marks the good colonel's grave in the Greenbrier Churchyard, and which in a few decades will be overrun with strong grasses and obliterated by tangled wild roses, let him do intelligent kindnesses to children.

A horse is a necessity in this country. Fortunately it is not expensive to have one. One hundred and fifty dollars will buy a good horse, and you can keep him for \$2 a week. But you must ride in the mornings and evenings. An excellent arrangement of the day would be this. Rise early, for this country is pretty far to the south, and the sun soon gets hot. Ride for an hour or two and come back to a bath and breakfast. Read or write in the morning. The prospects from your window are pleasing. It is very still; you hear nothing but the busy song of birds and the wind among the leaves; the village streets are almost as quiet as the gardens. There is no distraction, except when a bumble bee comes in at the open window, in which case you are, perhaps, for a while constrained by the presence of this splendid personage, and secretly wish your oppressively distinguished company would exercise the royal privilege of bringing the interview to a close. I never found any place where I could read with more advantage than here. You dine at two, and in the afternoon sleep a good deal, or sit about the village stores and taverns, or walk in some neighbouring wood. You ride again at six and get back at eight, when it is dark, to tea, which should be a substantial one. The food of the country will do very well: fried chicken, excellent salads and raw tomatoes, strawberries, raspberries

and peaches with cream, and various kinds of cake, in the preparation of which the people have great skill. For an hour or two in the evening the best thing to do is to sit about the odorous verandahs of which mention has been made, in the company of some good-looking young people. With this schedule in view, I know of no better place to spend the summers in than my native village.

No doubt the most interesting peculiarity of Virginia and of Southern society is the black population. The perplexing nature of the race problem lends an interest to that society which is wanting to the garish and commonplace prosperity of the North. The problem is, no doubt, a tragic one. How are the races to live together separate and yet in accord? Or are they to be for ever separate? What will be the solution of the remote future? And yet, from my observation, I should say that the concern which is commonly expressed on this subject is rather of the nature of borrowing trouble. The relations of the races are fairly comfortable and grow more comfortable. The negroes—or, as they prefer to be called, the coloured people—are getting to have more self-respect than they had formerly. They are clever enough to be educated, as anyone may see by attending the schools. The education given them is, perhaps, rather imitative, and, it may be, does not sufficiently take account of race characteristics. I went to one high school in Virginia, and was present at a class of English literature, taught by the principal, an intelligent mulatto. The young men and women were parsing and criticising, of all subjects under the sun, Pope's *Rape of the Lock*! The amusing feature of the exercise was that neither teacher nor pupil, so far as I could see, were within a thousand miles of it. But, on the other hand, what could be more remote from the simple and saccharine characteristics of the negro nature than the elegant artificiality and the refined exaggeration of this work? But I dare say the coloured people are quite capable of receiving suitable literary education.

The black population, of course, profoundly distinguishes Southern society from that of the North. Among the peculiarities to be observed in that society which are due to the presence of the blacks, I will mention one which is important. The common notion, and it was my own, is that the aristocratic quality of Southern society disappeared with the abolition of slavery. My Virginian journey gave me a different notion. The fact of the presence of a great class, separated from the rest of the community by the colour of their skin and ready to do menial labour, will, it appears to me, always give an aristocratic quality to the society of the South which other parts of the Union will not have. The circumstances of life in the North compel a democratic tone. Everybody there postpones being a gentleman: the poor man will be a gentleman when he is rich, the rich man when he has the leisure. Owing, however, to the presence

of the negroes, it is easy in the South for even a poor man to have this feeling. There is always a member of that race at hand to look after his horse, or carry his bag, or black his boots. This condition of life in the South must have its effect upon the tone of society at large. It is, perhaps, owing to this peculiarity as well as to the advantages of climate, soil, and scenery which the State has, that Virginia is so favourite a place for the English. There are great numbers of English in Virginia, and those of them who have the qualities which give success in other parts of the world get on well there, and, I believe, usually like the country.

E. S. NADAL.

THE VERDICT OF ENGLAND

‘ROMA LOCUTA EST.’ If my somewhat hazy and remote classical recollections serve me aright, the meaning of this phrase was that when the *populus Romanus* had given its decision there was no more to be said. It is so, at any rate, with us. The constituencies have spoken, and there is an end of the matter. I have no intention, therefore, of entering into elaborate arguments to show that the result of our appeal to the electorate of the United Kingdom ought by rights to have been other than it has been. It is with the future, not with the past, that I am concerned; and I have no desire to fight over again the battle that we Unionists have fought—and lost. But in order to point out what I conceive to be the duty and the interest of the Unionist party in the time to come, it is essential first of all to explain what in my judgment the verdict of the constituencies means, and still more what it does not mean.

To put the issue shortly, the elections show that the majority of our electorate, as at present constituted, prefer Mr. Gladstone to Lord Salisbury. To me individually this popular admiration for the elect of Midlothian is a thing utterly unintelligible. Hero-worship of any kind is perhaps not much in my line, but if I am to worship a hero he must possess other and higher qualities than an exuberant verbosity, a masterdom of parliamentary tactics, and an exaggerated belief in his own infallibility. Still, there is no arguing about tastes, and if the majority of my fellow-countrymen choose to look on Mr. Gladstone as a profound thinker, a great statesman, and a heaven-born minister, they have the same right to their opinion as I have to mine. The will of the country has declared in favour of Mr. Gladstone, and I, for one, speaking as an Englishman, can only hope the verdict of posterity may decide that the popular judgment was in the right, and that I and my fellow-Unionists were in the wrong. All I contend is that the elections turned, in as far as Great Britain is concerned, upon Mr. Gladstone’s personality, and not upon the merits or demerits of Home Rule. It is a signal tribute to Mr. Gladstone’s hold on the masses that he should have been able to carry the day in spite of his advocating a policy which a large section of his followers view with distrust and dislike, and

which the great majority regard with supreme indifference. No other English politician could have obtained a hearing for Home Rule. If the repeal of the Union is now brought within a measurable distance of accomplishment, Mr. Gladstone may fairly say 'Alone I did it.' Prince Bismarck, whatever his detractors may say against him nowadays, will live for ever in history as the statesman who united Germany into one nation. Mr. Gladstone, if successful in his Home Rule policy, will live in history as the statesman who disunited Great Britain and Ireland. Both statesmen are anxious for fame; but the latter seems to me to forget that, as Lord Macaulay said, there is a fame which is marvellously like infamy.

Be this as it may, it is a mere abuse of language to say that the constituencies—putting Ireland aside—have declared for Home Rule. The utmost that can truly be said is that they have signified their readiness to accept Home Rule, if its acceptance is the necessary price of the Liberals being replaced in office. In so doing the Liberal constituencies have faithfully followed the example of their illustrious leader. Mr. Gladstone attained the mature age of seventy-seven without being converted to Home Rule. But after the elections of 1885 he perceived that the growing strength of the Conservative reaction in England rendered it impossible for the Liberals to retain power unless they came to terms with the Nationalists. Sooner than sacrifice the supremacy of his party he agreed to repeal the Union. In 1892 the English Liberals have declared their readiness to do what Mr. Gladstone did six years ago. The master, however, has proved more apt than his pupils. With his unrivalled faculty of self-deception he has contrived to persuade himself that Home Rule is not only a political necessity, but an absolute benefit; and he has made the discovery that in bartering the repeal of the Union for the votes necessary to enable him to return to office, he is discharging a sacred duty which England owes to Ireland. His supporters, however, with rare exceptions, are unequal to this flight of fancy, and make no secret of the fact that they would never have dreamed of repealing the Union if it were not that its repeal has proved essential to their own party interests.

The second feature of the late elections to which I would call attention, is that the choice of England—as I predicted would be the case in the article I wrote last month under the above heading—has gone dead against Mr. Gladstone's policy. In London the Unionists hold 37 seats against 25; in the English provincial boroughs, 95 against 68; in the English counties, 131 against 103; while in the English universities, the whole 5 seats were retained by the Unionists without even the pretence of a contest. Thus in England alone Lord Salisbury had a majority of 72. In weighing the value of this majority you have to consider its quality as well as its quantity. London and the whole network of towns and counties

which surround the metropolis have given an overwhelming vote against Home Rule. The Midland counties, the great centres of industrial enterprise, such as Liverpool, Manchester, and Birmingham, have remained faithful to the cause represented by Lord Salisbury's Government. On the other hand, the gains of the Gladstonians have been chiefly made in the East End of London and in the poorer agricultural counties. It follows, therefore, that the wealth, the intelligence, the energy of England are mainly represented by the districts which have returned Unionist candidates; the districts, I may add, which, whenever we have one vote one value, must gain largely in electoral representation at the cost of the less prosperous and populous constituencies in which the Separatists have made their chief gains.

The third point worth noting is that the Unionists have gained ground in Scotland and Ireland, though not to such an extent as to compensate for their losses in the English counties. The fourth and last item which should be placed to the credit of the Unionists in any fair balance-sheet of the elections is the extent to which the Liberal Unionists have held their own. They lost in round numbers one quarter of the seats they held the other day, their respective strength in the late and the present Parliament being sixty as against forty-six. The loss is a serious one, but it falls far short of the total annihilation so confidently predicted for the Liberal Unionists by the Gladstonian organs. Indeed, it must fairly be owned that Liberal Unionism seems to be an advancing not a declining force in the great Midland districts, in which Mr. Chamberlain's personal supremacy is now found to be stronger than ever.

Taking the above considerations into account, we can see that in the new Parliament there will be one of the most powerful oppositions our political annals have on record—an opposition harmonious, united, proud of its cause, hopeful of its future, confident of success. On the other hand, we shall have a Ministry supported by a heterogeneous and discordant majority, distracted by dissentient interests and conflicting claims, and with little heart in the cause which they are pledged to support. Indeed, my chief fear for the future lies in the fact that any calm calculation of results tells strongly on the Unionist side, and that in consequence there is a risk of our under-estimating the possible dangers of the position.

For my own part I am not so satisfied, as most of my friends profess to be, of the practical impossibility of Mr. Gladstone's success inflicting any serious injury on the cause of the Union. After all, a majority is a majority, no matter how it may be composed; and I see little probability that the present majority will fail to exercise the first right of a majority, that of getting into office. The Nationalists undoubtedly are masters of the situation. Lord Salisbury has avowed, and rightly, avowed, his intention of not

resigning till he is defeated by a vote in the House of Commons. When Parliament meets—as it will within a day or two of these lines appearing in print—some resolution professing want of confidence in Her Majesty's Ministry will have to be carried if Mr. Gladstone is to be entrusted with the formation of a Government. The fate of this resolution will depend absolutely and entirely on the decision of the Nationalists. If they agree to vote for it, the resolution will be carried; if they decide not to vote at all, the resolution will be lost, and the present Ministry will remain in office, at any rate until next February. In all likelihood negotiations have already been entered into between the Liberal leaders and the Nationalists as to the terms on which the latter will consent to give the vote required to enable Mr. Gladstone to get back to office. Beggars cannot be choosers, and the English politicians who—with Mr. Gladstone as their chief—are now begging, cap in hand, for the votes of the Sextons and the Healys, in order to sit once more upon the Treasury Bench, will have, in Oriental phrase, to eat dirt before their prayers are granted by the arbiters of their fate. It is said that if you only eat dirt enough you learn to like the diet, and I should fancy that the political stomachs of Sir William Harcourt and his like were exceptionally capable of assimilating any sort of food, however repulsive to the ordinary palate. I can see, therefore, little reason to imagine that the negotiations I have referred to will fall through owing to any excessive squeamishness on the part of Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues. The only possibility of the Liberals and Nationalists failing to come to an understanding lies in the off chance that the latter may insist upon conditions which the former could not accept without forfeiting the confidence of their party. But I doubt greatly this possibility being realised.

Naturally enough, the Irish Nationalists, whether Parnellites or Anti-Parnellites, do not like the English Liberals; still more naturally they do not trust Mr. Gladstone, and most naturally of all they enjoy the humiliation which they have now the opportunity of inflicting on their old enemies. But I question their dislike and distrust of Mr. Gladstone, or their wish to pay off old scores, leading them to the length of declining to vote in favour of his return to office. The leaders of the Irish party are far too acute not to be aware that the Liberal gains in England were won mainly by Mr. Gladstone's personal popularity, not by any enthusiasm for Home Rule: they know, too, that Mr. Gladstone is the only English statesman who has either the power or the wish to carry Home Rule into effect, and that therefore they are running a serious risk, at his advanced period of life, in deferring even for a few months his accession to office. If Mr. Parnell had been alive the case might have been different. Whatever his failings, he was a born leader of men—a bold, determined, and unscrupulous

gambler in the game of politics. The opportunity presented by the inability of Mr. Gladstone to unseat the Ministry and get back to office without the Nationalist vote was one on which Mr. Parnell—to use a metaphor familiar to card-players—would infallibly ‘have gone nap.’ The chance had come for which, in his own words, ‘he had taken off his shirt,’ and I err greatly in my opinion of Mr. Parnell, both for good or bad, if he would have consented to give his vote, or allow his followers to vote, so as to turn out the Government, till he had obtained a formal undertaking from Mr. Gladstone pledging himself and his party to pass such a Home Rule Bill as would have practically conferred absolute legislative and executive autonomy upon Ireland. The situation, however, has been completely changed by the ostracism and subsequent death of the great Irish leader. Mr. McCarthy is not Parnell, and, what is more, knows he is not Parnell; and a like assertion might be made with regard to every one of the Irish patriots from Dillon and O’Brien down to Redmond and Tanner. With Parnell alive the Nationalists would not have dared to come to a compromise with Mr. Gladstone. But with Mr. Parnell in his grave a compromise is possible, if not probable. The Irish priesthood have recovered their political ascendancy; and the Nationalists are now, for all practical purposes, mere nominees of the Catholic Church in Ireland. All, therefore, that Mr. Gladstone has got to do is to come to terms with Dr. Walsh and his fellow-ecclesiastics; and if he can do this he may be sure that the Nationalists will obey orders and vote for his resolution, even if they are not altogether satisfied with the extent of his concessions. Now to come to terms with the Irish clergy is a far easier task than to come to an understanding with the Irish Nationalists. The priests—and especially the higher orders of the priesthood—care far more about ecclesiastical autonomy than they do about legislative independence. If, therefore, Mr. Gladstone should be prepared to negotiate with the Irish Episcopate on the basis of giving over the control of national education in Ireland, virtually, if not nominally, to the priesthood, and of allowing the Parliament of Dublin full authority to deal with all ecclesiastical questions, his clerical allies would, I think, be found ready to recommend their representatives at Westminster to submit to such restrictions on the political authority of the Irish Parliament as might in his opinion be necessary to satisfy the scruples of the English Liberal members, and to confirm the Liberal party outside Parliament in the delusion that by granting Home Rule they were not actually consenting to the repeal of the Union. To a compromise of this kind Mr. Gladstone himself would, I fancy, offer no objection. In the case of a statesman all of whose convictions are of a fluid order it is difficult to form any positive opinion as to the stability or instability of any particular conviction. But it may be said without injustice that throughout his public career Mr. Gladstone has

always manifested a bias towards ecclesiasticism and a want of sympathy with the ideas which form the fundamental basis of Protestantism. Nor can I place much reliance on the strength of the Nonconformist conscience. If Scotch Free Kirkmen and the English Dissenters, who form the backbone of the Liberal party in Scotland and in the English provincial boroughs, are indifferent to the protests of their co-religionists in Ulster, why should we expect them to sacrifice their hostility to the Church of England in order to hinder the Church of Rome from gaining an advantage at the cost of Protestantism in Ireland? The plain truth is that with the general tendency of modern thought to discard, or at any rate to depreciate, belief in dogma, Dissent and Nonconformity have lost their reason of being. I do not assert for one moment that the great body of Dissenters have lost all faith in the particular doctrines professed by their respective sects. But I say without hesitation that dogmatic faith is on the wane, and that, as a necessary corollary, the antagonism between the Established Church and Dissent has become not so much religious, as social and political. Thus, so long as the Conservatives are opposed to disestablishment the Dissenters will support the Liberals, even if their support should involve the surrender of the Protestant cause in the sister kingdom. The English Liberals, as a body, will follow Mr. Gladstone blindly; and the Irish Nationalists will accept the orders of their spiritual masters. With the exception of the handful of Parnellites, every Irish Nationalist member is aware that he owes his seat to the influence of the priests, and that if he incurs their displeasure he cannot look for re-election. But even if this were otherwise the Nationalists—however little they may trust Mr. Gladstone—would, I think, come in the end to the conclusion that they have more to gain by putting Mr. Gladstone into office, even without specific conditions, than they have by keeping the Unionists in power. They are fully alive to the pressure they can bring to bear upon the Liberals if ever the latter attempt to place real restrictions on the power of the proposed Irish Parliament, and they are perfectly aware that if once an Irish Parliament and an Irish Executive are established the removal of any restrictions placed on their authority is a mere question of time. No rational man in his senses supposes that if the government of Ireland were once entrusted to an Irish Parliament, England would go to war with Ireland because this Parliament gradually extended its authority beyond the limits originally assigned. Yet, short of armed intervention, Great Britain would, on this hypothesis, have no practical power of hindering the Irish Legislature or the Irish Ministers from extending their authority to any extent that they might deem desirable. I have no doubt if Mr. Parnell had lived he would have made a hard fight for a positive undertaking as to the specific conditions of Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule

scheme before he consented to replace the Liberals in power. But I am inclined to think that in the end the uncrowned king would have deemed it wiser to put Mr. Gladstone into office, even without any definite pledge as to the details of his scheme, than to give the Unionists a new lease of power, and thereby postpone indefinitely the establishment of an independent Irish Parliament, of which he was to have been the leader, and by means of which he reckoned confidently on effecting the complete separation of Ireland from England. Thus, if my calculations are correct, Mr. Gladstone will meet with no insuperable difficulty in getting the Nationalists to vote for a resolution hostile to the Government without insisting on the disclosure of the scheme by which he proposes to confer legislative independence on Ireland without impairing the supremacy of the Imperial Parliament.

I do not share the view held in so many quarters that the devising, or even the passing of such a scheme, is beyond the bounds of possibility. I fully admit that the attempt to repeal the Union, and yet to retain the supremacy of the Imperial Parliament, is as insoluble a problem as the squaring of the circle. But it is not impossible to devise a scheme which, with a little good-will, may be represented as fulfilling two inconsistent conditions. The same causes which have made Mr. Gladstone and the Liberal party so eager to get back to power will render them still more reluctant to give up power when once they have obtained it. Whenever it comes to the alternative of either giving way upon any special provision of the Home Rule Bill, or of incurring certain defeat, it is the Liberals, not the Nationalists, who will be the first to surrender. The position of straining at the gnat when you have swallowed the camel is one which it is difficult for a party to maintain for any length of time; and when once the Liberals have consented to give Ireland an independent Legislature it would be absurd to sacrifice office for the sake of enforcing restrictions on the competence of this Parliament which their own authors know in their hearts to be not worth the paper on which they are written. Thus I see no absolute impossibility in the supposition that Mr. Gladstone may succeed in the course of next year in passing a Bill through the House of Commons by which Ireland would in reality be accorded complete legislative independence, while at the same time it would be possible to represent to the public that the Bill did not materially impair the supreme authority of the Imperial Parliament.

I do not say that such a Bill will be passed through the House of Commons. I do not overlook the extreme inherent difficulties of any attempt to conciliate the Nationalists without alienating the English Liberals. I do not leave out of calculation what, with the fear before my eyes of rousing once more the wrath of the great Sir William, I will euphemistically describe as the chapter of accidents. But still,

after making all allowances, it seems to me by no means an impossible contingency that Mr. Gladstone may contrive, to pass some sort of Home Rule Bill through the House of Commons before the close of the session of 1893. We may take it for granted that if he does so succeed the House of Lords will throw out the Bill, and in this case we should have a dissolution of Parliament followed by a general election in about twelve months from the present time.

It is this contingency for which the Unionists have got to be prepared. There is no good in ignoring the truth, that a general election held under the conditions I have supposed would not be so favourable in many respects to the Unionist cause as the one which has just concluded, and which has resulted, however unsatisfactorily or inconclusively, in a Home Rule victory. It is all very well for Radicals of the Labouchere type to urge the expediency of postponing Home Rule till a variety of reforms are passed, which are supposed, rightly or wrongly, to be likely to strengthen the power of the Liberal party in the English constituencies. But whatever the Radicals may wish, the Nationalists command the position, and can, according to a slang phrase, call the tune. Now they—as I have said above—are well aware that their one chance of carrying a Home Rule Bill depends upon Mr. Gladstone's tenure of power. As they do not happen to share the Harcourtian superstition that Mr. Gladstone is exempt from the casualties and ailments which in the case of ordinary humanity are inseparable from advanced age, they will insist on the Home Rule Bill being given precedence of all other legislation; and in so insisting they will have the approval of the Irish priesthood. We may therefore assume that next session will be practically monopolised by the discussion on Home Rule. I am not quite certain myself that this will be a disadvantage to the Liberals. They will not be called upon to fulfil the promises they have made to the agricultural electors, to the partisans of disestablishment, or to the advocates of local option; they will be able to plead with truth that all these reforms and all reforms of a similar character are necessarily blocked till the Home Rule controversy is settled for once and for all, as, according to their contention, it can only be settled by consenting to the Irish demand for a separate Parliament. The late elections showed clearly that the British electorate have never fully realised the gravity of the Home Rule issue, and are, indeed, sick of the whole matter. Is there any reasonable probability that in twelve months' time the apathy in respect of Home Rule against which Ministerialist and Opposition candidates have alike had to struggle will be exchanged for an attitude of intelligent interest? For my own part, I can see no cause for so imagining. Under these circumstances the Liberals will be able to assert that the settlement of the Irish difficulty and the consequent enactment of various measures in which large portions of the constituencies take a genuine interest are hindered by

the arbitrary action of the House of Lords. In other words, the Liberals will be able to go to the country not so much on Home Rule for Ireland as on the cry that the authority of the people's Chamber is overridden by the caprice of an irresponsible hereditary Legislature.

I think we may safely assume that twelve months hence the British public will be even more weary of the Irish question than they are now—and that is saying a great deal. It is possible this weariness may induce the electorate to inflict so decisive a defeat on the partisans of Home Rule as to shelve the question for another generation. But it is equally possible, and, as I think, far more probable, that if things go on as they are going now this weariness will create a popular feeling in favour of giving Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule Bill a chance, and thus getting rid of the Irish question, at any rate for the time being.

We Unionists, therefore, who rightly or wrongly regard the maintenance of the Union as a matter of life or death to England, are confronted with the possibility of a graver danger than any we have yet encountered. It was a heavy blow to our cause when in 1886, for the first time in our annals, an English statesman and an English party were found ready to accept the repeal of the Union as a possible solution of the Irish difficulty. We have just sustained a far more serious blow by the result of the late elections. We should sustain a blow far exceeding the two former in gravity if, after a Home Rule Bill had been passed through the Commons and had been rejected by the Lords, a Parliament should be returned the majority of whose members were pledged to support the Bill in question on its reintroduction.

It may be said that the danger in question is remote and uncertain. Mr. Gladstone may fail to upset the Government; he may prove unable to form a Ministry; he may find it impossible to frame a Home Rule Bill which both Nationalists and Liberals would agree to accept; he may not succeed in carrying his Bill through the House of Commons; he may give up Home Rule in disgust, and elect that the next phase of his political transformations should be passed in the serene atmosphere of the House of Lords. All these and many other similar hypotheses are possible, but their converse is possible also; and what I ask myself is—supposing events to follow their natural course, and that we have to fight the country again next year on the question of Home Rule, are we more likely to succeed than we were last month? If I am assured that we are going to carry on the campaign under the old conditions, then I confess, however reluctantly, that I should have to answer the above question in the negative.

The first step towards success is to acknowledge failure; and I see no use in disputing the plain fact that we have failed so far.

We started in 1886 with a majority against Home Rule of over a hundred: we are now in a minority of forty. Yet we contend—and contend with reason—that the electorate are, if anything, less enamoured of Home Rule in the present year than they were in the former. We have been beaten, first at the by-elections, and later on at the general election, not because the constituencies have changed their minds upon the Irish question, but because they have never realised the paramount magnitude of this question and have attached infinitely greater value to questions of subsidiary importance. Thus, our failure is due to two causes: the first is, that we have not carried home to the mass of our fellow-countrymen our own conviction that the repeal of the Union is a matter of life or death to England; the second is, that we have allowed ourselves to be outbidden and outmanœuvred by our opponents in respect of the questions which really interest the masses. To quote the famous saying of Napoleon the Third after the first disasters of the French army in 1870, ‘*Tout peut se rétablir.*’ Yes, everything may be set right, but not if we proceed in the same way and act on the same lines as those which have landed us already in defeat.

Those who are familiar with what I have written on this subject are aware that from the outset I have deprecated the resolution of the Liberal Unionists to maintain a separate and distinct organisation, and have foretold that this attempt must end in failure. I have said all along that the Conservatives are the strongest single party in the United Kingdom, and that the one way to preserve the Union is to strengthen the hands of the dominant English party. If when a Conservative Ministry was placed in power after the elections of 1886 the Liberal Unionists had joined the Government and had coalesced not only in fact but in name with the Conservatives, the public could hardly have failed to realise the gravity of the crisis. The magnitude of the issues at stake in the maintenance of the Union will, I am convinced, never be estimated by the country at large till the Liberal seceders show by their acts as well as by their words that they place the maintenance of the Union over and above every consideration of party names and party politics. Our people never have understood, and never will understand, superfine distinctions. In the eyes of the great public the Liberal Unionists are only Conservatives who like to be called Liberals. The sooner they abandon an untenable position the better for their cause and for themselves.

In the next place, the Unionists, if they have taken to heart the lesson of the late elections, have got to place less reliance upon argument and more reliance on appeals to popular sentiment, popular interests, and even popular prejudices. Pure reason and abstract principle may have their weight with philosophers and scholars, but they are caviare to the artisans and peasants to whom, wisely or unwisely, we have entrusted supreme electoral power. Different baits are required for

different kinds of fishes; or, to express the same idea more crudely, you have got to suit your programme to your public. In respect of sentiment the Unionists are, I admit, at a disadvantage in comparison with the Separatists. It is idle to discuss whether the popularity attaching to Mr. Gladstone's personality is founded upon reason. It is enough for us that it exists, and is a potent force in politics. The spectacle of the aged statesman fighting with all the vigour and passion of youth for the cause of Ireland has taken hold of the imagination of the masses; and on our side we have no single champion—one who can even compare with the member for Midlothian as a popular attraction. Still, we might do something to redress the balance. One of the minor causes of the decline in the personal popularity of the present Ministry has been the absence of marked individualities in its ranks. Seldom, if ever, of late years have we had a Ministry in which so many of the leading positions were filled by men who no doubt discharged their official duties with fair efficiency, but who were, politically speaking, nonentities; and this, too, at a time when the power of addressing the public is daily becoming more and more important. It would be invidious to mention names, but we may fairly ask how many members of the present Cabinet are there who can be expected to be of the slightest use, either inside or outside Parliament, in the campaign the Unionists will now have to fight as an Opposition? There are many of the younger members of the Conservative party, such as Sir John Gorst, Baron de Worms, and Mr. Plunket, who have achieved great success in addressing public audiences; and Conservatives who can uphold the cause of the Union out of doors are the men who ought to be Mr. Balfour's colleagues in the next Unionist Cabinet. There can, I think, be few friends of the Union who do not regret that the advice given months ago in these pages was not taken, and that the Ministry did not go to the country with Lord Randolph Churchill as one of its leading members. The result might have been different if the sometime leader of the Conservative party had been able to speak, not as a private member, but as one invested with the authority of high office, and had thrown himself—as under those circumstances he would infallibly have done—heart and soul into the fight for the Union. Whatever criticism may be passed on the political career of Mr. Goschen's predecessor in the Chancellorship of the Exchequer, he has got the ear of the public; and the Unionist cause cannot afford to dispense in opposition with the services of any politician who can command a hearing.

I would also urge upon my fellow-Unionists the urgent necessity of making up their minds as to the price they are prepared to pay for the support of the electorate. In an article I wrote in these pages a year ago I pleaded the expediency of the Unionists taking up a sympathetic attitude on the Eight Hours Movement. The advice was

repudiated by the Unionists, but was accepted by the Separatists, and the result is the return of a Separatist majority. I can quite understand people objecting to the Eight Hours Movement. I have very imperfect sympathy with it myself. But I am prepared to advocate legislative restriction of the hours of labour if by so doing I can preserve the integrity of the United Kingdom. If my fellow-Unionists are not prepared to pay this price, there is no more to be said. I can only repeat the advice I gave twelve months ago, and bid them remember that if they wish to get the working-class vote they have got to pay for it, either in meal or in malt.

I claim no credit for political foresight. The conclusions I drew then—in common, as I hold, with the conclusions I draw now—are patent to anybody who has the courage to look facts in the face. If we wish to recover our lost ground, we Unionists have got to close our ranks, to increase our popularity with the country, and to pay the price required to enlist the sympathies of the electorate on behalf of our cause. If I am told that what I ask is impossible, as the price is too high, then there is no good in further argument. But, just as Henry the Fifth vindicated his conversion to Catholicism on the plea that ‘Paris vaut bien une messe,’ so I, for one, am perfectly content to surrender the name of Liberal and to accept legislation on labour questions, of a kind in which I personally have little or no belief, in order to uphold the Union, which is, to my thinking, the sheet-anchor of England’s greatness.

EDWARD DICEY.

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THE CONTEST FOR THE PRESIDENCY

A PHILOSOPHIC defender of liberty the other day, in a warning addressed to the friends of strong government, pointed to the frequent miscarriage of political machinery even when most carefully devised. He remarked that the last thing the French revolutionists had expected of the Constitution which they so elaborately framed was that it would cut off all their heads. A less tragic but not less signal instance is the election to the Presidency of the United States. The framers of the Constitution after long and anxious incubation produced a contrivance which they thought would secure the tranquil election of the chief of the State by a select body of the best and wisest citizens. It is strange, and a warning for confident projectors, that these men, undoubtedly wise and credited with almost preternatural wisdom, should not have foreseen that the election by the people of a set of men to vote on a particular question would result in a popular mandate. Had they vested the election of President in any standing college or body, the effect might have been what they desired. When they vested it in a body to be itself elected for the occasion, the result was sure to be what it is. So thoroughly is it understood that the electors are mere bearers of a mandate, that in the case of Hayes and Tilden, when the election was doubtful, and party feeling ran so high that people began to talk of civil war, it was thought morally impossible that any one of the presidential electors should settle the question and avert the crisis by transferring his vote to the other side. The political aptitudes, the good sense, and above all the

good humour, of the Americans make these enormous faction fights less dangerous in the United States than they would be in any other country. But even in the United States they are full of danger, as well as of the most angry feeling, commercial disturbance and loss. They draw all perilous questions which have already been awakened to a head, and they lead to the awakening for an electioneering purpose of perilous questions which might otherwise sleep. It seems scarcely possible that this should go on for ever without a crash. One crash in fact there has been already; for it was the election of Lincoln as President that caused the slavery question to explode in civil war. Yet change seems hopeless. Even such a modification as the extension of the presidential term to six years so as to make the conflict less frequent, with the abolition of that power of re-election which is apt to keep the executive on the stump, though widely approved and desired, is not likely to be brought to pass. There is nobody to initiate the reform. Neither of the two political parties has any particular interest in it, and that which touches only the interest of the commonwealth at large is practically without champions. Moreover, the people have become passionately addicted to the game. It is the grand political Derby. This is a more important element in these questions than is commonly supposed. Paley gives it as a serious reason for preferring popular to despotic government, that popular government is far the more diverting of the two. He says that if he were at liberty to lay out all the money which he pays in taxes just as he pleased, he could not buy more amusement with it than he gets from politics and political journals. But what was the fun in Paley's time and country to that which an American now enjoys in the delicious agony of a presidential election? The excitement even about the nominating convention is extreme. The Republican Wigwag at Minneapolis during the struggle between Harrison and Blaine was the scene of frenzied demonstrations and counter-demonstrations, which were telegraphed not only hour by hour, but minute by minute, to all quarters of the Union. Most conspicuous and vociferous among the shouters for Mr. Blaine was a bevy of fair ladies.

For five minutes (says the report), without stopping, the young woman waved the white umbrella, and steadily screamed the name of Blaine. At first two women who sat on either side of the Republican boss of Missouri tried to check her enthusiasm, but her tremendous success with the crowd soon carried them off their feet, and while one helped to hold up her tired arm the other fanned her constantly. At the end of five minutes the wonderful young Blaine woman, not satisfied with the row that was going on, opened her parasol and waved it round her head with amazing strength and persistency for one so frail. Immediately a thousand umbrellas and parasols were up all over the house, and all the lung power that had been held in reserve was brought into use.

Not that an American election to the Presidency is more dangerous or more irrational than the election of the Prime Minister in

England, which a general election has now come to be ; which it has come to be even without disguise since the practice was introduced by Disraeli of resigning not to Parliament, but to the electorate. The House of Commons, instead of being a mere representation of the people over against the government, is now the government itself ; and thus at every general election government is thrown into the cauldron of a widely extended suffrage. This practice is attended by the same evils as a presidential election, including that of causing dangerous questions to be raised for an electioneering purpose. While this paper is being written, a whole set of questions most dangerous to the Empire and society, besides Home Rule, is being raised for no other purpose than to give the Opposition force enough to storm power. The same is the case in colonies under what is styled parliamentary government. The first aim of the constitutional reformer in England should surely be the restoration of the stability and authority of government by the abolition of general elections, now a most pernicious anachronism, and the substitution of some system by which the life of parliamentary government would be made continuous and free from convulsions. But who is there to undertake that or any other constitutional change, except the changes which are too surely made by the Dutch auction of factions bidding against each other for votes ?

To the two nominating conventions this year more than usual interest attached. In each of them there was a struggle between the thoroughly 'machinist' section of the party and the section less loyal to the machine and more loyal to public morality. Both Mr. Cleveland and Mr. Harrison have probably done their best, each of them in his turn, to give effect to the principle of the Civil Service Bill in opposition to the system of 'Spoils.' Their power has been limited by the necessity under which every leader of an organised party finds himself, and while party government lasts will continue to find himself, of paying the men who work for the party. But each of these has done enough to provoke the resentment of the extreme party men and the upholders of the spoil system. The machine and spoil section of the Democratic party, with Tammany at its core, found a leader and a candidate of its own for the presidential nomination in Mr. Hill, a man of preternatural skill in party management, to which he has devoted himself, and master of the machine in the State of New York. The machine and spoils section of the Republican party rallied round Mr. Blaine, who however was enabled by his immense reputation as a political leader to draw support from a wider and less equivocal circle than that which supported Mr. Hill. A large section of his party had convinced themselves that he was the man and the only man who could win ; and the pressure put upon him by this section probably absolves Mr. Blaine from any charge of treachery in suddenly coming forward at the last moment after what

appeared a final disclaimer, though the event has shown that his sagacity and that of his prompters was at fault. Mr. Blaine is so able a man and has done so much for his party that the existence of enthusiasm about him could be no mystery. What has always been to me a mystery is the peculiar kind of enthusiasm which has existed. Let nobody accuse the American people of want of imagination when they can picture to themselves General McLellan as a young Napoleon and Mr. Blaine as the 'Plumed Knight.' To ordinary observers Mr. Blaine seems to have nothing about him suggestive of plumes or knighthood. He appears simply as a very high and typical specimen of the American politician. The only thing connected with him, at all events, that can be thought 'plumed' is his policy of South American reciprocity, combined as no doubt it is with certain political aspirations for his own Republic. He is a first-rate speaker, but rather in a forcible and weighty than in a 'plumed' way. He unites great strength and readiness to use it for the ends of his party, to a very courteous and sympathetic manner to all who approach him from whatever side. In point of manner he had the advantage over his competitor, who had made enemies of some of the most active spirits of his party not only by his want, in their estimation, of loyalty to party ends, but by the coldness and stiffness of his demeanour. Nothing fails like failure, and there is now much dancing on Mr. Blaine's political grave. Those who wish to study his character and to estimate the man fairly should read his book, 'Twenty Years of Congress,' which has not been enough noticed in England. They will find it the production of an able, large-minded, and cool-headed man. In the chapter on relations with Great Britain there is, as might be expected, a good deal that challenges an answer, especially in regard to the conduct of the British Government towards the Confederate States; but there is nothing more jingoish in tone than were the speeches of Lord Palmerston and Lord Russell. In another part of the book, speaking of the settlement of the Oregon question, Mr. Blaine says:

Wise statesmen of that day felt, as wise statesmen of subsequent years have more and more realised, that a war between Great Britain and the United States would not only be a terrible calamity to both nations, but that it would stay the progress of civilisation throughout the world. Future generations would hold the governing power in both countries guilty of a crime if war shall ever be permitted, except upon the failure of every other arbitrament.

There is no reason for doubting the sincerity of these words, and if they are sincere he who penned them can hardly be deemed an ogre of anti-British sentiment, nor can his fall be justly hailed as a redemption from aggressive violence and war.

'Platforms,' like Newcastle manifestoes and party documents in general, are drawn up not for the enunciation of great truths, but for a more practical purpose. That purpose is usually served to a great

extent by an ambiguous comprehensiveness vulgarly termed straddling. In this the advantage lies rather with the party that frames its platform last, because knowing the ground taken by the enemy it can adjust its own position so as in appearance at least somewhat to outbid him. Both parties have 'straddled' on the silver question. The object of both is to avoid committing themselves to what they know would not only be a vast fraud upon all holders of gold, but fraught with confusion to commerce, and yet to avoid estranging the silver men and the silver States. Both Mr. Harrison and Mr. Cleveland have to their great credit declared themselves in favour of honest money, but the Democrats as a party had committed themselves more deeply to complicity with the silver movement than the Republicans. In the early part of the session of Congress it was supposed that the Silver Bill would pass the House of Representatives, which is overwhelmingly Democratic, by a majority of about forty, and after passing the Senate also, which is Republican, by a very small majority, would be vetoed by the President, under cover of whose veto some of the Republican senators would probably have voted. But the general alarm of the commercial world, and not of the commercial world only, but of the vast army of military pensioners and all who had fixed stipends, produced such an effect on Congress that the Bill unexpectedly received what proved to be its death-blow for the session in the Democratic house. The wording of the paragraph in the Democratic platform, which affirms that the dollar unit of coinage of both metals must be of equal *intrinsic* and exchangeable value, is deemed by the friends of honest money more satisfactory—at least less unsatisfactory—than the corresponding paragraph in the Republican platform. There is little delusion about the subject on either side except in minds rarely gifted, as some minds are, with the power of self-mystification on economical subjects. Nobody who seriously considers the matter from an independent point of view can suppose that it is possible to make silver by legislation equal in intrinsic value to gold, or to have two different standards of value at the same time. The silver men want to have the community compelled by law to take their commodity for more than it is worth, and the politicians in general desire or fear the silver vote. That is the whole account of the matter. To avoid alienating the grand army it is proposed to insert in the Bill a clause enacting that the pensions shall still be payable in gold; this is a virtual admission by the framers of the amendment of the real character of the Bill. No silver man when the Bill had passed would take silver for gold in his own transactions. By issuing base money and making it legal tender the United States Government would break the faith of existing contracts, as it did by forcing creditors to accept inconvertible and depreciated paper under the Legal Tender Act.¹ The

¹ I was once taken to task by a high authority for saying that the Constitution of

Supreme Court has, unfortunately, upheld the power of the Government to do this. But there are not a few who believe that the judgment of the Supreme Court in this case was political. The spectacle of the two parties proclaiming that they dare not refuse to do wrong for fear of losing votes and of a selfish interest enabled, by playing on their mutual fears, to lay the community under contribution, is not edifying or consolatory to the friends of free government. But it is a spectacle which all countries under the party system exhibit, and to which the advocates of that system will some day find it necessary to turn their attention. The power of selfish or fanatical combinations, regardless of the broad interests of the commonwealth, and bent only on the attainment of their exclusive object to force legislatures to do their will by taking advantage of the balance of party, is an evil which of late has been disclosing itself, and to the growth of which, when the representative is turned into a mere delegate, it is difficult to assign a limit.

Both parties pay a nominal deference to the principle of the Civil Service Act, but it is vain to suppose that a machine can do without spoils. Who will work for the machine without being paid, and without assiduous and expert workers devoted to the business how is a machine to be kept on foot? How, again, is a political party to be kept on foot without a machine, especially in times when there is no great question at issue to bind men together by their natural interest in it, and incite them to spontaneous effort? The machine and a provision of spoils by which those who work it may be paid seem to be the inevitable outgrowth of the party system, as the party system again seems to be almost the inevitable outgrowth of the system of elective government; for how, but by means of organised party, is any cohesion to be produced for the choice of representatives, or for any other purpose, among the innumerable and unconnected particles of political power? The world is now brought face to face with this problem, and will have presently to solve it or to move on some new line.

The main issue, however, in the coming contest will be Tariff Reform. On this momentous subject the line is now clearly enough

the United States forbade legislation impairing the obligation of contracts. It is true that the express prohibition applies not to the Federal Government, but only to the States. But such legislation is prohibited to the States apparently as a thing evil in itself, in conjunction with bills of attainder and *ex post facto* laws, things evidently evil in themselves, and the granting of titles of nobility, which is evil in a republic. Whatever is prohibited as evil itself is regarded as morally renounced on the part of the prohibiting power. If the express prohibition is not extended to the Federal Government the reason seems obvious: the Federal Government has nothing to do with contracts, which lie within the jurisdiction of the several States. Moreover, powers not expressly given to the Federal Government are withheld, and no power of altering contracts, or doing what the Legal Tender Act implies, is given. There can be little doubt in regard to the Legal Tender Act what was the real mind of legislators who had passed through the experience of Continental paper.

drawn between the two parties. The Democrats 'straddle' no more, they distinctly renounce protectionism as robbery of the many for benefit of the few, and the imposition of duties for other than revenue purposes as a breach of constitutional principle. The Republicans, on the other hand, nail their protectionist colours to the mast, only qualifying their profession of the old faith by the addition of reciprocity which they owe to the comparatively liberal genius of Mr. Blaine, and which formed the plank whereon, in the great shipwreck of the last Congressional election, most of the survivors reached the shore. This is, of all American questions, the one which has most interest for foreign nations, and in particular for Great Britain. What the decision will be it is very difficult to say. The emphatic condemnation which the McKinley Act received in the last Congressional elections would naturally seem conclusive. But the feeling appears to have considerably abated. The interests favoured by the Act will, of course, fight hard for it, while those that it has damaged are politically as well as commercially weakened, and commerce generally has adjusted itself to the new arrangement. This is a political advantage, which, unhappily for free trade, is enjoyed by all protectionist legislation. It is, moreover, to be constantly borne in mind that the portion of American commerce affected by any tariff is comparatively small. The Union is a continent producing almost everything of importance except tea, coffee, and spices within itself. The bulk of the trade is between States, and the article of the Constitution which prohibits any States from imposing import duties is practically the largest measure of free trade ever enacted, and is the real source of the prosperity perversely attributed to Protection. The present protectionism of the United States is the survival of the war tariff sustained by the interests to which it gave birth, and by the party which carried on the war. But with the aid of patriotic sentiments and antipathies it gained an amazingly strong hold on the minds of the American people generally, and even now an economical reformer takes his political life in his hand if, instead of talking of tariff reform, he frankly declares in favour of free trade. That it is possible to enrich a country by taxation seems a proposition too absurd to be entertained by any rational being; but, as we know to our cost, the American people have by no means been alone in failing to see its absurdity. The great fact that protection does not really raise wages has begun to dawn upon the mind of the American mechanic, as the increase of the mechanic vote in favour of tariff reform shows. The professors of political economy in the universities have hitherto been on the side of free trade, and have consequently been branded by the protectionists as unpractical, that is, disinterested. But their allegiance to commercial liberty is beginning to be shaken by the growth of 'Socialism of the chair.' The question between protectionism and free trade, or, to speak more accurately, between pro-

tectionism and a revenue tariff, will be the grand issue in the approaching contest. The silver question will come second. If the United States embrace free trade, Canada must follow suit. Voluntarily, whatever abstract resolutions her Parliament may pass, she will not reduce the duties on British goods, at least so long as her Government is under the influence of her protected manufacturers. The protected manufacturers encourage the movement in favour of preferential trade with Great Britain only as the means of diverting the mind of the people from reciprocity with the United States. Much of our 'loyalty' springs partly from the same source.

The Democrats write economy on their banner, and the inscription may well be popular. The prodigality of the last Republican Congress was extreme. It is true that in the vast annual expenditure the army pensions counted for no less than one hundred and thirty millions of dollars, and that, while all deplore so enormous an outlay in private, no Democrat dares any more than a Republican to say a word against it in Congress. Even the Southerners, who are paying for their own subjugation, have as members of a Federal party the fear of the army vote before their eyes. But it is the obvious tendency of protectionism to increase expenditure in order that there may be an apparent necessity for taxation, since taxation without apparent necessity, simply for the purpose of keeping up the price of manufacturers' goods, if it is not too monstrous to be practised, is too startling to be nakedly avowed. The Republican leader in the last Congress did not shrink from saying that he considered public prodigality a good thing. Had the minister of a monarchy said this, loud would have been the declamation against the insolence of despots who shamelessly feed their extravagance with the earnings of a plundered people!

Another issue, and a tremendous one, is that of the treatment of the South. Out of the grave of slavery has arisen a question between races which a party government seems powerless to solve. A question between races can, in fact, be solved only by a power placed above both of them. The Imperial Government was able to solve, with tolerable success at least, the question between the black and white races in the West Indian colonies, because it was placed above both of them; much as the Russian Government, being supreme, was able to arbitrate between classes, and effect without bloodshed or disturbance the emancipation of the serfs, while in America the emancipation of the slaves could be effected only by a civil war. The negro in the South is now (and the Southerners do not conceal it) in a state of political suppression. He is not allowed to cast his ballot, or it is not counted if it is cast. He is the political client of the Republican party, to which he owes his emancipation, and for which, if he were allowed to vote, his vote would generally be cast. To enable him to vote, the Republicans brought in what was called

the Force Bill, giving the Federal Government power to guard the process of elections, with a view to the protection of electoral freedom. But any interference by the Federal Government with elections was viewed as usurpation, and the Bill becoming manifestly unpopular fell to the ground. The Democrats on their platform trample on its memory. The present Republican platform demands, obviously with reference to the suppressed negro, that every citizen of the United States shall be allowed to cast a free and unrestricted ballot in all public elections; in other words that the Force Bill shall in some form be revived. But it is not likely that any such policy will be adopted. Whichever party may triumph, it is pretty safe to predict that the negro at the South will be left in his present state of political subjection. Nor are all his Northern friends disposed to deny that this may be on the whole the best provisional settlement of a desperate problem, provided that the personal and industrial rights of the negro can be preserved. But there is another paragraph in the Republican platform obviously relating to the negro in the South, which denounced 'the continued inhuman outrages perpetrated upon American citizens for political reasons in certain States of the Union.' The reasons for which the outrages are perpetrated are not really political, but social. In many cases they are acts of lawless and brutal revenge for rapes committed, or alleged to have been committed, by negroes on white women. But the lynchings of negroes are numerous and frightful, nor does the practice show any tendency to abate. In some cases the negroes have been burnt alive. The other day a negro accused of an outrage on a white woman was tied to a tree, his clothes having been first saturated with petroleum, and burned alive in presence of thousands of spectators, the injured woman putting the match to the clothes with her own hand. It is obvious that that sort of thing must be repressed if the honour of the United States as a civilised nation is to be upheld, and the Republican party alone can be expected to make even an attempt at repression. The Democrats enjoy what to them is indispensable, the support of the solid Southern vote, and on the subject of negro wrongs their platform observes a significant silence.

The Republican party is the more intensely American of the two, partly because it retains the tradition of the war, and it forms the principal seat of whatever there may be of national aspiration. Its patriotism and its protectionism in fact are closely allied. Its platform accordingly contains a re-affirmation of the Monroe doctrine together with a profession of belief in 'the achievement of the manifest destiny of the Republic in its broadest sense.' But the Republic is now so much distracted internally by the contest between the two factions for supreme power, and so much divided into local interests, each of which has a veto on national policy, that the pursuit of any object of national aspiration requiring a far-sighted and steady policy

is almost hopeless. Towards Great Britain the demeanour of the Washington Government is likely to be the same whichever party may have in its hands the department of State. Both parties alike are influenced in their behaviour to England by the Irish vote. If, on the one hand, a Republican President-elect signs an address apologising for Irish outrage, a Republican Secretary of State sends Mr. Egan as minister to Chili, and a leading Republican senator palliates the Phoenix Park murders; on the other hand a Democratic President ostentatiously breaks the rules of international courtesy in the dismissal of a British ambassador, and his incivility is a tribute to the same power of evil. Democrats and Republicans alike have publicly voted for resolutions of sympathy with Irish disaffection in American legislatures, and taken part in the Congressional reception of Parnell, while they have alike acknowledged in private the violation of international decency which such intervention in the affairs of a foreign country involved. This subserviency of American parties and of the American Republic to the Irish vote is a bad omen for free institutions. But who can cast the first stone? What is it but subserviency to the Irish vote that at this moment has brought Great Britain herself to the verge not only of dismemberment but of social revolution? Did not Canadian Legislatures pass Home Rule resolutions? Did not a leading Canadian politician, and one who has just been knighted for his loyalty, subscribe to the Parnell fund, and carry a vote of censure on the renewal of the Crimes Act? Do we not hear complaints of the same influence in other colonies, and are we not told that in Victoria the tariff hostile to British trade was first imposed by the help of the Irish vote?

We must not, however, ascribe too much to Irish influence, or suppose that whenever an American President takes what he thinks a patriotic line in diplomacy he has his re-election in view, and is pandering to the Irish or the anti-British vote. The British press unfortunately stirred up ill-feeling at Washington at the crisis of the Behring Sea negotiations by its comments on the Chili affair. It assumed that President Harrison must be appealing to jingo sentiment for an electioneering purpose when he demanded satisfaction of Chili. He could not be appealing to jingo sentiment, for the simple reason that no such sentiment prevailed. There was not the slightest wish to trample upon Chili. President Harrison is intensely, perhaps somewhat narrowly, American and very tenacious of his purpose; but he is thoroughly honest, and he was simply insisting upon what he believed to be his right. In the Behring Sea case again President Harrison was assumed by part of the British press to be indulging in electioneering bluster. But here again he was merely showing himself characteristically tenacious of what he believed to be his right. After all, though Mr. Blaine may have taken untenable ground on points of law, is there not something to be said from the practical

point of view on the American side? An animal valuable to commerce breeds on the American coast. It is wandering in its habits and liable to be exterminated unless the sea is patrolled. Who is so designated by nature to patrol the sea as the power upon whose coast the animal breeds, and which is also the tutelary power of those parts? The seclusion and remoteness of the Behring Sea, though they do not make it a close sea, are a practical element in the case. Any separate arrangement between two maritime powers for a close season is as much a limitation of the freedom of the sea as anything claimed by the United States.

When Englishmen resent the unfriendly attitude of American diplomacy, they ought to bear in mind that, irrespectively of Irish influence, there is a cause of constant irritation in the political position which Great Britain chooses to retain on the American Continent. Suppose, as has been said before, that Scotland were a dependency of the United States; that like them she were republican; and that she were openly cherished and abetted by their politicians as a nascent power of antagonism to England, and as an instrument for preventing the consolidation of the island and the extension over it of English institutions. Would not England be galled by the intrusion, and would not her irritation mark itself in the demeanour of English diplomacy towards the United States? Great Britain herself may never give any provocation to the Americans, but a Tory government of Canada under English protection may. The Canadian Government like other party governments must live; to live it must make political capital, and this it is sometimes tempted to do by pursuing a spirited policy towards the United States beneath the shield of the imperial country and at her risk. Ask any British ambassador at Washington whether he has not occasionally had trouble of this kind. At the last Canadian election the Tory prime minister of Canada and his colleagues made a distinct appeal to dislike and suspicion of the United States. Their followers of course improved on their example, and the platforms rang and the walls were placarded with insults levelled against the American people and their flag. The ministers afterwards wished to disavow or explain away their offensive utterances, but the American Government had secured accurate reports. Were Great Britain to withdraw politically from this continent Anglophobia would subside and the Irish vote would lose its power. Petty questions such as that of the fisheries or Behring Sea, if they could any longer arise, would no longer assume an angry or dangerous character. If the British people choose to run the risk for the sake of the grandeur, well and good; only let them understand the risk they run, and, if the Americans seem sometimes unaccountably disagreeable to them, let them remember that Great Britain keeps a perpetual thorn in America's side.

Both platforms contain fresh evidences of the power of the foreign

vote. In both these are censures of Russia, the firmest friend of the United States in their sorest hour of need, for not allowing her whole realm to fall under Jewish exploitation; and in one there is a censure on her for her treatment of the Lutherans, intended of course to propitiate the German vote. The motive is too palpable to be mistaken; there is no clause in either platform censuring Turkey for her oppression of the Armenians, or breathing sympathy for any other foreigners who are wronged but have not a vote to represent them in the United States. The Jews apparently are fast gaining influence, and are likely soon to add America to the number of their conquests. They are getting American journals into their hands, and they have already got into their hands a considerable share of the wealth of the North and, as we are told, a still larger proportion of the wealth of the South. There is in some quarters a slight reaction of national feeling against their growing ascendancy; but money at present rules the world.

Some words in the Democratic platform, if they are to be taken as referring to Canada, seem to indicate a consciousness that the Canadian vote is becoming something of a power in the United States. There are now believed to be a million of Canadians south of the line, and they are still going over in streams. There is a large colony of them at Chicago, where the Democratic convention was held, and its platform composed. Of late they and the British in the United States have been getting themselves naturalised, which for a long time they generally refused to do. The British and Canadian votes combined must now be a not inconsiderable force, and should they ever become anything like a counterpoise to the Irish vote the effect on the demeanour of the politicians will soon appear.

The contest is likely to be close. The shrewdest and most independent judges appear to think that the odds at present are slightly in favour of Mr. Cleveland. They assume that he will again have a good deal of the independent support which he received in his first contest, though the special objections to Mr. Blaine which caused a number of old Republicans on that occasion to turn against their party do not exist in the case of Mr. Harrison, whom nobody accuses or can possibly accuse of corruption. They must also assume that the schism between the Cleveland and Hill sections of the party, desperate as it has seemed, will be healed, as the most desperate schisms in American parties have before been healed, by party discipline when the day of battle comes. Perhaps they think that whatever weakness it may leave will be countervailed by the similar schism between the Harrison section of the Republican party and the Blaine section to which the most active workers belong. But they do not pretend that the result is certain. Allowance must be made for the disturbing influence which may possibly be exercised by sectional votes, such as those of the Prohibitionists, the Labour

party, and the Farmers' Alliance; though as a rule these sectional votes have hitherto, when the contest commenced, been pretty well absorbed by the great parties, and have not played the important part which they threatened to play. The only thing which is certain is that between this time and next November there will rage over the United States a vast faction fight, attended by no small portion of the moral evils of a civil war. In the meantime a similar faction fight has been raging over Great Britain with instructive incidents. To win a party victory men otherwise most upright have been ardently supporting a policy which Bright said, probably with truth, that hardly any of them sincerely approved, and which they must see is, to say the least, not unlikely to lead to the dismemberment of the realm. Englishmen have not scrupled to accept the aid and sympathy of England's bitterest enemies. Social passions, the most malignant and dangerous have been deliberately and systematically excited for an electioneering purpose. Christian statesmen have appealed to the hatred of the masses for the classes, and have laboured as it seemed to poison the heart of society. Men who owe everything to culture have taught the people that intelligence is the inveterate enemy of justice. Men identified with property have pandered to vague hopes of public plunder. Promises of revolution ecclesiastical, political, and social have been used by men who can scarcely themselves be revolutionists as bribes to the ignorant portion of the electorate. It is difficult, in short, to see what will be left for the next faction fight to destroy. Unless the world can find some way out of party government, the next generation is likely to see serious times.

GOLDWIN SMITH.

IN DEFENCE OF 'SHORT SERVICE'

THE system by which the army is maintained and recruited has so many aspects, imperial, military, and financial, that it is hardly matter of wonder it should receive constant attention in Parliament and the Press. Lately, the discussions on its numerous features have been more plentiful and critical than usual, and so varied are the conclusions arrived at that the public are apt to become wearied and bewildered by the incessant strife of conflicting opinions.

Having studied somewhat carefully the details of its past history, and the changes carried out of late years, I am in hopes I may be able in the following pages to lay before the public a short summary of facts, taken from public and official sources, which may tend to elucidate the present condition of the army in relation to its rank and file.

At the outset, there is one consideration which, in the past at all events, has exercised a powerful and disturbing influence in the arrangements of military recruiting. In the years gone by a standing army was regarded as a somewhat dangerous institution in its possible and prejudicial influence on public liberty. One result was that at the termination of any foreign war in which the country had been engaged, the forces were in a great measure disbanded, and the existing arrangements for recruiting put aside. There was thus no continuity of system.

The Royal Commission of 1867¹ said :

The military history of this country, even up to the date of the last great war in which we were engaged, shows that it has been our practice, during periods of peace, to reduce our military establishments to the lowest possible point. . . . No preparations for a state of war were thought of, and the consequence has been that when war occurred everything had to be done in a hurry at the most lavish expense. . . . Men were enrolled and sent half-trained into the field, material manufactured, transport provided, and accommodation for the sick and wounded devised and organised. . . .

All this is true enough, and as a consequence the history of the past is a record of wasteful haphazard expedients, hastily adopted to meet emergencies as they arose, and as hastily thrown aside when

¹ *Royal Commission on Recruiting, 1867, p. xv.*

the crisis had passed. Fortunately of late years a more rational policy has prevailed. The army is no longer regarded as an element of danger to liberty, but rather as a force essential to the defence and safety of the Empire at home and abroad; and the arrangements for its due efficiency have assumed a more permanent and sensible character.

During the great wars at the end of the last and beginning of the present century, various systems of recruiting were tried in turn. Life service with high bounties, long service with pensions, and short service were adopted, and were sometimes all in force at the same time. The stress was so great that debtors and even criminals were pardoned on condition of serving with the army abroad. Mr. Clode says that during the Peninsular war 'three regiments were thus raised and others recruited.'² The levy and bounty money paid in those days for recruits was enormous. For instance, in 1808 it exceeded 40*l.* a man; and even boys under sixteen years old and five feet two inches in height cost upwards of 28*l.* each.³

By Mr. Pitt's Militia Act of 1804 every soldier joining the army through that force cost 43*l.* in bounty alone. It must be borne in mind that these large sums were paid before the recruit had been trained, or had done a day's service. The system of bounties which continued from the earliest days down to 1870 was not only wasteful, but led to demoralisation, drunkenness, and desertion.⁴ Notwithstanding the excessive expenditure involved, the plan failed in its main object of providing sufficient recruits, and the army at several critical periods was lamentably behind in its numbers. For instance, at the beginning of the Peninsular War our forces were 42,912 men short of the desired establishment.⁵ Again, during the Crimean War the deficiency was no less than 46,658.⁶ Such are samples of the manner in which we struggled through great wars, squandering millions, and even then not attaining the desired object. The army of Peninsular days, recruited as I have described, was in some respects as defective in quality as in numbers. The Duke of Wellington, writing in 1809 to Lord Castlereagh, said:

It is impossible to describe to you the irregularities and outrages committed by the troops. . . . We are an excellent army on parade, an excellent one to fight, but we are worse than an enemy in a country; and take my word for it that either defeat or success would dissolve us.⁷

And so on, over and over again. The British soldiers of those days were no doubt turbulent and difficult to control, and had many faults,

² *Clode's Military Forces of the Crown*, vol. ii. p. 25-80; and *Recruiting Commission of 1861*, p. v.

³ *Recruiting Commission of 1861*, p. 327; and *Militia Report of 1877*, p. 545.

⁴ See *Reports of Commissions on Recruiting*, 1861, p. xiii.; and 1867, p. x.

⁵ *Militia Report of 1877*, Appendix xvii. p. 546.

⁶ *Commission on Recruiting*, 1867, p. 221.

⁷ *Gurwood's Despatches*.

but they also had the fine qualities of their race; and many a battle they fought and won for England, not only in Europe, but also in establishing the Empire in India and in other foreign lands.

Let us pass on. During the long peace which followed Waterloo comparatively little attention was paid to military matters, until 1847, when a new system was introduced, which virtually amounted to twenty-one years' service, with a small pension varying for private soldiers from sixpence to a shilling a day. It produced a well-drilled army of men, between eighteen and forty years of age; but some were too young and many too old for tropical climates, or for prolonged campaigning, whilst the total cost for pensions would, had the plan continued and with our forces at their present strength, have amounted to nearly 3,000,000*l.* per annum.⁸

The system of 1847, however, was not only costly but unpopular. In 1858 upwards of 20,000 men deserted.⁹ In 1859 the establishment was short by 13,647 men.¹⁰ And although the men were better paid, clothed, fed, and generally cared for than in the days gone by, the establishment was maintained with difficulty; and between 1861-1869 the average number of recruits obtained annually was only 12,546.¹¹ An additional cause of the unpopularity of the service was due to the fact that the majority of the infantry battalions were widely dispersed all over the world, in distant and often in unhealthy islands and colonies, where they were of no real use, and as a consequence the men passed two-thirds of their time abroad.¹² One of the first measures of the late Lord Cardwell on becoming Minister for War in 1868 was to withdraw many of these scattered garrisons. There were at that time only forty-six battalions at home. There are now sixty-three. In 1867, General Peel, then Minister for War, alluding to recruiting difficulties, said that 'the question now is whether the British army should be allowed to collapse.'¹³

The real fact was that, up to that period, the regiments of the line, composed of men enlisted for long service, were kept abroad for twenty years or more, and of all the thousands of men in the ranks but few ever returned home. The poor people of England naturally looked upon enlistment for their sons with dread, as being equivalent to a sentence of perpetual exile, and of probable death.

But whatever may have been the merits and shortcomings of the various arrangements before 1870, they all failed to produce a reserve. The army, such as it was up to that date, had no elasticity for war. One or two efforts had been made, but had failed.

⁸ *War Office Report*, January 1889, No. 392.

⁹ *Recruiting Commission of 1861*, p. iii.

¹⁰ *Recruiting Commission of 1867*, p. 267, and p. viii.

¹¹ *Annual Army Return*, 1880, p. 21.

¹² *Recruiting Commission of 1867*, p. xv.

¹³ *Hansard*, February to March, 1867.

When a great war occurred, the only method of increasing its numbers was by the slow process of recruiting, so that often the campaign was at an end before the augmentation had been realised. For instance, Mr. Sidney Herbert, in speaking of the force sent to the Crimea in 1854, said :

The army in the East has been created by discounting the future ; every regiment at home or within reach, and not forming part of the army, has been robbed to complete it.

The Committee of 1855 on the state of the army before Sebastopol, reported that :

The men sent to reinforce the army were recruits who had not yet become fit for foreign service. When the Duke of Newcastle acquainted Lord Raglan that he had 2,000 recruits to send him, he replied that 'Those last sent were so young and unformed that they fell victims to disease, and were swept away like flies ; he preferred to wait.'

At that very time, the force in the Crimea, from deaths, wounds, and sickness, was diminishing at the rate of about one hundred men a day !

Again, alluding to the measures taken in 1857 to quell the Indian Mutiny, the Recruiting Commission of 1861 stated :—

That, although authority was given nearly three years ago . . . to raise an additional number of 65,000 men, and although in order to facilitate that operation the bounty was increased and the standard . . . lowered to such an extent as to bring boys instead of men into the ranks, the establishment of the army is not yet quite complete.¹⁴

In 1867 yet another Recruiting Commission was formed, and, whilst fully alive to the necessity of a trained reserve, they confessed themselves unable to say how it could be done. They stated :

Wars will be sudden in their commencement and short in their duration, and woe to that country which is unprepared to defend itself.

Then they went on to say :

Under these circumstances we are *not* prepared to propose any plan as one that may be relied on to secure a large army of reserve.

Their chief recommendation was that the soldier should have an addition of twopence to his daily pay, which was granted. It was well meant, but twopence a day is hardly sufficiently heroic a measure to meet such a crisis as that indicated by General Peel.

The above condensed remarks and references will perhaps suffice to demonstrate the difficulties which had been experienced in bygone

¹⁴ *Commission on Recruiting*, 1861, p. iii.

days in recruiting the army, and in maintaining forces adequate for the defence of the increasing Empire, and for taking a part in great campaigns. The old arrangements, costly as they were, had, over and over again, proved themselves defective and specially unsuited to modern requirements. With all Europe in arms, we could no longer rely on an army devoid of reserves.

In March 1869, Mr. Cardwell, then Minister for War, speaking in the House of Commons, indicated his policy as being in favour of shorter enlistments, and in the following year introduced the measure on which the present system is founded. The Act of 1870 affirmed the principle of short service and reserve, and of amending the enlistment laws. It was tentative at first, and chiefly limited to Infantry, but has now become practically universal. Without entering into details and minor alterations since made, it will perhaps suffice to say that the present arrangement, with certain exceptions, involves a service for private soldiers of seven years with the colours and five in reserve. This, of course, is a much longer period than is in force with the Continental Powers, but it is due to the special conditions of our Empire, and to the necessity of maintaining about 105,000 men in India and the Colonies, involving also the dispatch of about 17,000 men annually for foreign reliefs.

It is, I think, evident that the alterations which commenced in 1870 involved a radical change in the general conditions of army service, and it will be interesting to consider them in some detail immediately; but before doing so, I would point out one or two other reforms, almost equally vital, which originated at the same time. Mr. Cardwell, having the courage of his opinions and confident of the success of his scheme, boldly abolished the vicious old system of bounties on enlistment; and he also adopted the principle of localisation of regiments by counties, and of thus bringing the Militia and line into more close association.

These great reforms obviously required considerable time before reaching maturity, but as more than twenty years have now elapsed since their introduction, ample materials are available for forming correct conclusions on the important points involved, and I propose to discuss them under three main heads:

1. The effect of the new terms of service on the population.
2. The financial aspect of the question.
3. The general efficiency of the army.

Although many doubts existed at the outset as to whether short service, reserve, and localisation would prove acceptable to the people at large, the results quickly became manifest, and the Army Returns presented annually to Parliament soon gave ample proofs of the increasing popularity of the new arrangements. For instance, in the old days between 1830 and 1839 we only obtained about 9,000 recruits yearly. Again, between 1861 and 1869 the average was

12,546;¹⁵ that is, under a long service system, with high bounties and pensions. Directly the change was made in 1870, notwithstanding the abolition of bounties, the number of recruits steadily and soon largely increased. Between 1870 and 1879 the annual average was 22,885, and between 1880 and 1889 it amounted to 30,638.¹⁶ In 1891 rather more than 36,000 recruits joined the army. These figures speak for themselves, but it must be borne in mind that the results are not merely proofs of popularity. They are far more than that, as we have accumulated a reserve which now exceeds 70,000 men, and is running up to 80,000—that is, a reserve of thoroughly trained men in the prime of life, in addition to those in the ranks.

One great reason why the shortened period of service has become acceptable to the people at large is that the soldiers who return home are not, as of yore, very limited in numbers and composed chiefly of men over forty years old, prematurely aged by exile in distant and unhealthy climates. On the contrary, thousands of young men about twenty-six or twenty-seven years old now come back, improved not only in discipline but also by their experience in various parts of the world, receiving in round figures about 21*l.* deferred pay on return to civil life. During last year, for instance, nearly 18,000 men¹⁷ joined the reserve. The old feeling that the man who enlisted was virtually lost to his family and friends is dying out, and is becoming a thing of the past. In short, the chief conditions of the problem are entirely altered by the introduction of short service.

The history of localisation is marked by the same satisfactory features, and is proving an important factor as to army recruiting. For instance, in 1883 only 24,247 infantry soldiers were serving in their county regiments who were born in the district, whilst in 1891 these numbers had increased to 53,480.¹⁸ Again, in 1865 only 1,701 militia-men joined the regular army, as compared with 13,937 who did so in 1891. The Wantage Commission, whatever opinion may be held as to its various and costly recommendations, at all events spoke plainly on the above-named points.¹⁹ It reported that the question of long as opposed to short service was not now open to argument; that the latter was an absolute necessity. Again it said, 'the evidence as to the value of the territorial connection' is overwhelming,' and added that the double-battalion system is the most economical and best machinery for furnishing foreign drafts and reliefs. So far, therefore, it would appear that the old and apparently insuperable difficulty of obtaining recruits has at length been solved. This of itself is a national benefit, especially in these days when the expansion

¹⁵ *Annual Army Return of 1880*, p. 21.

¹⁶ *Annual Army Return of 1890*, p. 28.

¹⁷ *Preliminary Annual Army Return, 1892*, p. 32.

¹⁸ *Annual Report of Inspector-General of Recruiting, 1892*.

¹⁹ *Report of Lord Wantage's Committee, 1892*, ¶ 11 and 18.

of the Empire demands more soldiers than ever. We are progressing in the right direction at all events.

The financial aspect of our present military system is one not only of great interest, but by some people will perhaps be regarded as more important than any other. A short consideration of it from that point of view will therefore be instructive. In the first place, the enormous expenditure of former days in bounties and levy money is in a great measure saved. Then again, the pension list is decreasing. Had the old plan continued, with the army at its present strength the annual cost would have been nearly 3,000,000*l.* sterling per annum. It will now gradually decrease to a normal of 906,700*l.* It is quite true that the deferred pay of twopence a day which accumulates during a soldier's service with the colours, and is paid to him on going into reserve, is a form of pension, and must, therefore, be taken into account. The normal is estimated at 633,000*l.* a year. Then again, the reserve pay is a considerable item, and is estimated at about 495,000*l.* annually, but of course we obtain a valuable equivalent. The general result of the substitution of short for long service, with all the above items included, will be a saving in the normal of 21·71 per cent. for Great Britain, and of 47·2 per cent. for India.²⁰ So that whilst the armed strength of the country is much greater than of yore, the proportionate cost will be considerably less. These facts deserve careful consideration. It may be said that the annual estimates do not show much evidence of gradual economy, but on the contrary are rising. That is true, and the reply is that the Empire and our responsibilities are also rising. During the last few years we have annexed a large part of Burmah, have assumed certain responsibilities in Egypt, and our Indian Empire is held to require a considerably larger force than heretofore. For instance, in 1871 the total strength of the army serving at home and abroad was 192,665—whereas in 1890 it had risen to 209,221—exclusive of reserves.

There is another point connected, not only with recruiting and finance, but with the general welfare of our forces, which is but little known, but which has an important bearing, and that is the marriage question. So long as a system of twenty-one years' service continued, a married establishment of 7 per cent. for non-commissioned officers and men was recognised, the wives and families being provided at home and abroad with quarters, fuel, light, and transport. In India 12 per cent. were allowed, the women and children also receiving pay. The cost was considerable,²¹ but that was the least part of it. The women and children suffered great hardships in being constantly

²⁰ *Actuarial War Office Report*, January 1889, No. 392.

²¹ For instance, when Surveyor-General of Ordnance in 1881, I found that the annual cost for providing new married quarters alone had averaged about 21,000*l.* a year for several years previously.

moved, and in tropical unhealthy climates the mortality was great, and when war occurred they were left like waifs and strays in garrisons, and their condition was truly deplorable. There is, however, a still worse aspect of the case.

It must be borne in mind that the army as a whole consisted twenty years ago of something like 180,000 men, between the ages of eighteen and forty, 93 per cent. of whom were not allowed to be married. This state of affairs was neither natural nor desirable, and infallibly gave an evil reputation to barrack life, and powerfully contributed to render army service unpopular. Under the present conditions, when the great majority of our soldiers who go abroad as single men, return to civil life, quite young and with money in their pockets, they can then marry at will; and even if called out for war, their families, instead of being strangers congregated in garrisons, will at all events remain for the time in their homes, and will, no doubt, be objects of sympathy to and be cared for by the neighbours. Since 1870, under the new system, the married establishments moving with the army have steadily decreased. For instance, there were in India in 1876, 6,050 women and 11,882 children, whereas in 1881 the number had fallen to 3,740 and 6,548 respectively.²² The army as a fighting body is thus not only saved in great measure from misery and expense, but is more unencumbered and free for action. It is not necessary to enlarge on this subject, which is one but little known; but I feel sure that the public, when acquainted with the general facts, will recognise its moral and social importance.

Amidst all the discussions regarding the army, the great question after all is the general efficiency of the forces, and whether the changes made in recent years have injuriously affected them in any way. Judging from the numerous and varied criticisms, it seems often assumed that whereas the army of bygone years was, at all events so far as its numbers went, a force to be fully relied on for war-like operations, our battalions of the present day are somewhat overcharged with undersized youthful striplings unfit for the field. Admitting the necessity of elasticity for war, opinions apparently incline to the view that the efficiency of the men in the ranks has been somewhat sacrificed to the creation of a reserve, as if one were antagonistic to the other. Fortunately, we have ample data on which to form correct conclusions on these important points.

The following table, illustrative of the condition of the non-commissioned officers and men as to age at two periods, 1871 and 1891, is worthy of careful consideration.

²² These figures were obtained at the War Office, and I have not been able to get more recent ones.

*Ages of non-commissioned officers and men serving in January 1871 and 1891 respectively*²³

Year	Proportion per 1,000 men			
	Under 20	Between 20 and 30	Over 30	Total
1871	190	400	320	1,000
1891	158	748	94	1,000

The above figures are remarkable in many ways. The alleged accumulation in recent years of young soldiers under twenty is at once disposed of, the proportion being considerably less than of yore. There is also no sign that the formation of a reserve has injuriously affected the quality of those serving. The evidence is all the other way. What, however, is still more striking is the present composition of the rank and file as compared to the past. Under the old system up to 1871, the number of men serving between twenty and thirty years old was less than half, whereas it has now risen to more than three-quarters, of the whole. The army in 1871²⁴ consisted of 183,471 non-commissioned officers and men, and in 1891 of 202,088. The number at each date between twenty and thirty years of age is, therefore, a simple mathematical sum, and is as follows: 1871, not quite 90,000; 1891, rather over 151,000. The figures quoted, be it remembered, take no account of the reserve, which is running up to 80,000 men—men thoroughly trained, and who are earning their livelihood in civil occupations ready to rejoin should war arise. I believe that every officer of experience, British or foreign, will agree that the army of 1891 is far superior in point of age to that of former

As regards the size of our soldiers the following figures will be interesting:

*Minimum height of infantry recruits*²⁵

	Feet	Inches
England . . .	5	4
Germany . . .	5	1·6
France . . .	5	0·6

There are no fixed measurements as to chest or weight in Germany or France, as with us. The medical examination of our recruits is very strict. For instance, the rejections in 1890 amounted to 397·43 per 1,000.²⁶

There are two great facts which must be kept steadily in view—one, that an army is maintained for war, and must be elastic; the

²³ *Annual Army Return of 1880*, p. 58; 1891, p. 86. It must be borne in mind that the men in the ranks in 1871 were those enlisted for long service.

²⁴ *Ibid.* for 1880, p. 8; and *Preliminary Army Return*, 1892, p. 8.

²⁵ *Lord Wantage's Committee of 1892*, Appendix xvi.

²⁶ *Army Medical Report for 1890*, p. 33.

other that private soldiers gradually deteriorate in time of peace if kept many years in the ranks. With the European Powers the problem is far more simple than with ourselves. They have merely to train men as fast as they can, and in such numbers as may be deemed requisite; whereas we have to accomplish two objects. Firstly, to maintain an establishment of about 100,000 men serving abroad, and to provide annual drafts to replace casualties by death, invaliding, and expiration of their terms of service; and secondly, to mature an adequate reserve at home for a great crisis. The old plan did not, properly speaking, accomplish either one or the other. Our policy is expressed in the following sentence: 'In time of peace the army feeds the reserve, in time of war the reserve feeds the army.'

In the consideration of the foreign duties which devolve upon the army, it is often supposed that long service is, at all events, best adapted to meet Indian requirements, on the two grounds that young soldiers die rapidly in tropical climates, and that the system of frequent reliefs is a costly process. Neither of these views, however, will bear the test of careful examination. With respect to climate, the Report of the Sanitary Condition of the Army in India,²⁷ said:

The mortality of boys, and of all under the age of twenty, is much lower than it is ever afterwards.

Again—

Upon the whole, early entry into India appears an advantage, not only at first but in after-life.

Dr. Brydon said:

The death-rate of 1871 shows that the death-rate for the men above thirty has been consistently double that of men below that age.

Again, Dr. Beatson, Inspector-General of Hospitals in India, said:

All experience proves that there is no such thing as acclimatisation of Europeans in the plains of India.²⁸

The Report of the Army Committee of 1880, presided over by the late Lord Airey, gives the following figures²⁹ as regards India:

<i>Number of deaths on the average of ten years, 1867-76</i>					
					Per 1,000
Under 20 years old	8.88
Over 20 and under 25	16.06
„ 25 „ 30	18.96
„ 30 „ 35	27.45
„ 35 „ 40	38.71
„ 40	54.89

²⁷ *Sanitary Condition of the Army in India*, 1863, pp. xi and x i.

²⁸ *Army Medical Report of 1872*, p. 161.

²⁹ *Lord Airey's Committee of 1880*, p. 19.

Similarly, the proportion of invalids sent home was

					Per 1,000
Under 25 years old	25·84
Over 25 and under 30	37·88
" 30 " 35	36·12
" 35 " 40	78·11
" 40	186·30

The above statistics appear to prove that men should be sent out to India young, and after a service of a few years should not be allowed to remain. If soldiers who have served for a lengthened period die twice as fast after thirty as they do when under that age, it seems quite clear that they should not be kept there so long.

Valuable evidence in corroboration of the above figures was given by Brigade-Surgeon Staples recently before Lord Wantage's³⁰ Committee.

The real fact is, that in the old days regiments proceeded to India with long service men, and often remained for twenty years or more. Consequently as the time passed away the casualties amongst the older men must have steadily increased, and the drafts to replace them have become larger. In short, the regiments gradually died out, and of those who returned the majority were the young ones who had gone out last. The arrangement had not, therefore, even the merit of being cheap. So far from a short and limited period of service not being adapted for India, it is the only system which ought to be allowed on the grounds of humanity, efficiency, and economy. An Actuarial War Office Report of 1880 showed further that the average of service in India under the old plan was only four years and ten months,³¹ so that the effort to keep up a force of old soldiers in India solved itself. A few veterans, no doubt, lingered on, the survival of the strongest. Under these circumstances it is as well to look facts in the face and to act accordingly; and as it is admitted that our army in India is now thoroughly efficient, that is of itself a sufficient argument for continuing a system which has led to so desirable a result.

There is one difficulty as to the young men going into reserve each year which remains to be noticed—namely, that of obtaining employment for them in civil life on their return home. A voluntary association with that object in view was formed in 1885, and so far as its means have allowed has had considerable success. During 1891 it was instrumental in obtaining 2,614 good situations for these men.³² Lately the Postmaster-General has opened his department to the reserve, and the various railways in the kingdom have now

³⁰ Lord Wantage's Committee of 1892. *Replies to Queries* 11981-11998, and 12016.

³¹ *Actuarial War Office Report*, December 3, 1880, No. 256, p. 4, ¶ 11.

³² Chief office, 12 Buckingham Street, Strand, London.

adopted the same plan ; so that with these facilities, and with the co-operation of other departments of the State, the difficulty will ere long be overcome, to the advantage of the public service, and with increased popularity to the army.

Before concluding these remarks on the present condition of our forces, it will be interesting to quote one or two other facts of a satisfactory character which bear on the subject. The great Act of 1870, introduced by the late Mr. Forster, and which has had such an excellent effect, not only on the education, but on the character and conduct of the people generally, has been equally beneficial in the ranks of the army. For instance, in 1872 the proportion of men serving of 'better education' was only 137 per 1,000, in 1889 it was 854.³³

Again, as regards conduct. In 1868 the proportion of courts martial per 1,000 was 144 ; in 1889 it was 54.³⁴

Number of soldiers in prison on the 31st of December—in 1884 the numbers were 2,249, and in 1889 1,292.³⁵

I have thus endeavoured in the preceding remarks to give a short historical account of the various systems of recruiting the army which were in force in the days gone by, and of the general effect of the changes made in recent years. It appears to me abundantly clear that the system of short service and reserve introduced in 1870, whilst it is more acceptable to the people at large, at the same time is less costly and far more efficient than those which preceded it. It is also well adapted to the special requirements of the defence of the Empire. I therefore place the facts before the public for their consideration, as the improved circumstances do not appear to me to be fully known and appreciated.

JOHN ADYE.

³³ *Annual Army Return of 1890*, p. 85.

³⁴ *Annual Army Return of 1880*, p. 44 ; 1890, p. 57.

³⁵ *Report on Military Prisons*, 1890, p. 5.

THE RELEASE OF ARABI

I have to a small degree tried to use the verse : 'If thou seest the violent oppression of the poor or the subversion of justice, marvel not at it, for the Higher than the Highest regardeth it,' Ecc. v. 8. Not that I am inclined to be silent on these matters if I think I can do any good ; but it comforts me to think that one can get access to a Higher than they. Arabi will be back in a couple of years, say eighteen months. I think they are very critical in Cairo, and the day I called on you, I went to Brett and begged him to urge Government to assemble the notables at once. Napoleon suffered far worse from the revolts of Cairo than from the troops. Colvin is to be recalled. (*Extract from an unpublished letter of General Gordon, dated Southampton, December 26, 1882.*)

It is just ten years since in the pages of this Review I first pleaded Arabi's cause. The moment of my writing was a critical one for his fate. English war-fever was at its height. Arabi, at the head of a peasant army hastily got together, was in arms against England. His character public and private had been blackened by our diplomacy to excuse its own shortcomings ; and the cry was loud for the blood of the 'rebel.' Sir Garnet Wolseley had sworn that he would shoot this public enemy out of hand the moment he could overcome and capture him ; and hardly a section of English home opinion would hear of so much as an inquiry before execution.

I, who knew the man, his honesty of purpose, his high ideals as a reformer, and the depth of the misery from which he had attempted to raise and had succeeded in arousing his fellow-countrymen, the timid fellahin of the Nile, saw that a vast injustice was being done, and spoke out all I knew both as to the honesty of the national movement and the worth of its leader. I did this less in the hope of preventing the threatened carnage than to mitigate the after-vengeance when the peasantry should have laid down their arms.

My pleading had a partial success. The butchery of Tel-el-Kebir could not be averted ; nor the restoration of the Turco-Circassian tyranny at Cairo. But the reign of terror, begun by Riaz Pasha under the protection of English bayonets, was cut short. An inquiry, more or less formal, was made into the events which had caused the war. There were almost no hangings or shootings ; and Arabi, recognised by Sir Charles Wilson and Lord Dufferin for the honest man he was, retired to his captivity in Ceylon with less than the full punishment usually meted out to patriotism in the East. He did not

die at our hands, though the exigencies of our diplomacy needed that he should disappear.

To-day I plead his case once more, in the hope that now when the new Parliament assembles after the elections there may be found a sufficient body of liberal-minded and just members to insist with the coming Government that after so many years of unmerited wrong this poor patriot should be released. It is indeed time that the scandal of his internment in a British possession should cease, and that during the remaining years of his life he should be permitted to return, if not to Egypt, where he might have the sad satisfaction of witnessing the partial accomplishment by strangers of his native programme, 'Egypt for the Egyptians,' at least to the society of men of his own language, faith, and customs nearer home.

I can state his case better now than I could ten years ago, inasmuch as I have a far fuller knowledge both of the facts of the quarrel forced upon him with England and of his relations with his fellow-countrymen. In the interval I have become a resident in Egypt with ample time and opportunity to investigate past history and current events; and I can speak with certainty on matters as to which in 1882, while the war was raging, I could only guess. Alas! too, each year has added fuller reason to my vain regret at the immense wrong done, when, instead of permitting and fostering their attempt at self-reform, we imposed on the Egyptians the sorry substitute of our Anglo-Indian dry-nursing, with its paltry material prosperities and its immense moral and political degradations!

To make plain Arabi's case, it is necessary to remind those who have forgotten the rising of 1882 that the Egyptian fellahin, the old indigenous peasantry of the Delta, composing nine-tenths of the total population, are a race quite distinct in blood, character, and language from the few hundred Turkish and Circassian families who govern them. For many generations these 'Circassians' have treated the fellahin as slaves, forcing them to labour without wages, ruining them with taxes and impositions of all kinds, prostituting the law to their own caprices, and excluding all but themselves from a share in the government. Arabi, a 'fellah' born, was the first, as he has remained the only, member of the oppressed race who in modern times has attained to power, and the first who was able to lift up his voice—and who did lift it up—without fear to claim for the fellahin equal rights with their oppressors. This is his great and overwhelming title to the respect of all lovers of liberty.

The history of his accession to power is briefly as follows: The son of a small peasant Sheykh, near Zagazig in the Eastern Delta, he was given a good Arabic education by his father, and entered the Egyptian army in the time of Saïd Pasha, where by his high character he gradually rose to the rank of lieutenant-colonel, and the command of a regiment—a most unusual advancement for one of his

fellah birth and purely native training. The years from 1870 to 1879 were years of terrible suffering to the fellahin. The Khedive Ismail, after having possessed himself of all the available wealth of the country, had contracted a foreign debt of 95 millions sterling with European speculators. These, supported by their Governments, had bled the peasant population to the last piastre. When I first knew Egypt in 1875, the fellahin in rags were being scourged in the villages by the Circassian agents of the bondholders so as to produce what little stores they might still possess of hidden silver to pay the coupon. The women were selling their few trinkets in the market, and starvation blank and pitiless was staring them in the face. In 1876 and 1877 many thousands, men, women, and children, died for want of food, and still the Circassian whip went round, and with it the European usurer who advanced the sums required for the taxes at 100 per cent. upon the peasants' land. Out of this intolerable state of things the national fellah movement sprang: a movement directed, first against the Circassian tyranny, secondly against the European horse-leech, its prompter and taskmaster. If ever there was a just cause of revolt in the history of human suffering, it was this. If ever there was reason for the sympathy of honest men of all countries it was here in rural Egypt.

In 1879 things came to a first crisis. All the savings of the peasantry were gone, and their farming stock, and the money they could raise upon their land. Ismail contemplated bankruptcy. Then the English and French Governments intervened to the extent of having Ismail deposed. Tewfik Pasha, Ismail's son, a young man of untried character, was placed on the Khedivial throne, and a European financial tutelage was appointed to set the revenue in order. This introduced some method into the finances; and, if it had been established five years earlier, or had been more intelligent of the country's needs, it might have arrested the progress of the fellah revolution. But its action was too late and too limited and too ignorant to be of any solid service to the fellahin. Beyond regularising the taxation the new *régime* made no attempt at reforms. Every peasant proprietor was already hopelessly in debt, and the control offered him no prospect of escape from ruin. The Anglo-French *régime* was essentially a system for the benefit of European trade, not for the relief or redress of native wrongs. The native law courts became under it more corrupt than ever; and the European tribunals established for civil suits between natives and Europeans shamefully abetted the foreign usurer in his work of spoliation. When Arabi arose to preach his gospel of resistance, the fellah's last possession, his land, to which he passionately clung, was passing from him rapidly and surely under pseudo-legal process protected by the Government. Justice for the natives was everywhere being made subservient to Government demands. Drink, prostitution, and usury,

the three gifts of European civilisation to the less 'enlightened' races of mankind, were being forced upon the old-fashioned morality of the East, under sanction of law and in the interests of European trade. No effort whatever had begun to be made at the reform of any abuse not directly connected with the increase of the revenue. The administration had become more galling and more Circassian than it had ever been. Ismail the old tyrant was gone, but in his place as Jack-in-office, with absolute authority and supported by the Anglo-French control, had been placed Riaz, a Turco-Jew Pasha of the worst type, feared for his arbitrary methods, and despised for his discreditable antecedents. Arrests and deportations without trial to the Soudan were the order of the day of prominent Sheykhs of the fellah class; and the *régime* was becoming daily more and more intolerable to patriotic men. It was the attempted arrest of Arabi, who had been among the earliest apostles of fellah liberty, that brought him into full notice as leader of the national movement. I need not recount the story already well known of his treacherous invitation to a wedding ceremony, of his seizure by Riaz, and of his release by the soldiers of his regiment. What is not as well known is that the Khedive Tewfik, young in his office and jealous of his arrogant Circassian Minister, who despised him as a degenerate Turk, was in secret accord with the National party during the whole of the six months which ended in Riaz's overthrow on the 9th of September, 1881, and in the establishment in the spring of a fellah government under constitutional guarantees. This fact, though well known to our diplomatists, has never been officially admitted by them, because inconvenient to their arguments; but the knowledge of it—and it is really beyond dispute—places in strong relief the gratuitous nature of their subsequent intervention between the Khedive and his new Ministers, who, but for their intrigues, might have worked harmoniously together in the common interests of their country.

Arabi's attitude in all the events of the year that led him at its end to power was dignified and moderate. Never in the history of any nation was a revolution so quietly effected or with so little violence.

On the 9th of February, 1882, the fellah struggle was finally crowned with success. The Khedive signed a decree granting a Constitution on European models, and Arabi and others of the fellah party were called to office as a cabinet responsible no longer to the Khedive alone, but to the popularly elected Chamber of Delegates. There was rejoicing that spring in Egypt, universal, heartfelt, and outspoken, such as had not been known for centuries. The Circassian tyranny was broken, and the fellahin, confident in the man of their own race and choice, looked forward to a renewal of the golden age—perhaps unreasonably, but still with a courage which in itself was the first and most important step towards their national redemption.

And so it might have been but for the sullen opposition of the English and French controllers. These scented in the new constitutional régime a danger to their supremacy, and set themselves to work by every means to prejudice European opinion against the fellah Ministry. The story of their intrigues I have already told in the pages of this Review. It is perhaps the most disgraceful episode in Anglo-Oriental history. Allying themselves (I speak principally of the English controller, Sir Auckland Colvin) with the *débris* of the Circassian party, they succeeded little by little in detaching the Khedive from his allegiance to the constitution he had granted. They defamed the fellah Ministers in the European press, threatened the members of the Chamber with the terrors of European intervention, and finally by their representations of insecurity to European life and property (the country being in reality quite tranquil) obtained the despatch of a fleet to Alexandria and the delivery of an ultimatum demanding the dismissal of the constitutional Cabinet and the restoration of the Khedive's absolute power. It is difficult at the present moment of Home-Rule doctrines to realise the fact that it was Mr. Gladstone's Government which consented to such an unholy intervention.

I have often asked myself, in view of all that has since happened, whether I did rightly at that crisis in using what influence I had with Arabi and the fellah leaders in encouraging them to stand firm; and as often, and weighing all the chances, I have satisfied myself that I was not wrong. What indeed would have happened if Arabi had been false then to his principles, if he had accepted the bribe of 4,000*l.* a year which was offered him, if he had bowed to the threats of Sir Beauchamp Seymour and Dervish Pasha and Sir Edward Malet, if he had basely left the country, after having handed over the War Ministry and the command of the troops to the Circassian Omar Lufti? Is there the smallest chance that liberty would have gained thereby, that the Parliament would have been respected or the unhappy fellahin have found another champion? No; there is no chance. The Anglo-French régime would have gained a new lease of life. The Circassians would have exercised their vengeance unchecked; and the sympathy of civilised humanity would have been estranged from a people which, after all its brave boasting, had not had so much as the courage to stand up once and be beaten. It needed the 'object lesson' of a war to convince Englishmen that the Egyptian fellah had wrongs at all; it needed the cannonade of Alexandria, the despatch of 30,000 British troops, the expenditure of I know not how many millions sterling, the disaster of the Soudan, and Gordon's death.

Such is briefly Arabi's record as a patriot, his claim on honest men's regard. But how about the legal aspect of his case as a prisoner in English hands? Is the Government justified, even from a technical

point of view, in retaining him a prisoner, in refusing him a healthier climate nearer home, and in turning a deaf ear to all demands, now that he is old and nearly blind, for his release?

In order to answer this question fairly, I have lately re-read the mass of correspondence in my hands relating to Arabi's abortive trial and the compromise of his claim to a public hearing, which was forced upon his legal defenders in November 1882. This correspondence is of the most intimate kind, and relates in almost daily bulletins, and with ample detail, the progress of—I will not say the 'trial,' for trial there was none—but of the diplomatic manoeuvring under the pseudo-legal forms of a secret court-martial to prevent the scandal of his formal acquittal. These contemporary letters are convincing on the following points: That on all charges of moral guilt affecting his character as a man of honour and humanity, Arabi stood acquitted in the minds of those English officials who had been appointed to watch the proceedings on behalf of our Government. Sir Charles Wilson testifies officially to the fact that none of these charges had been established against him in the preliminary sittings of the court-martial; and so strongly was Mr. Beaman, the English interpreter of the British Agency, and who had acted in that capacity with Sir Charles Wilson, affected by the light thrown on Arabi's integrity, that he resigned his post under the Foreign Office, and generously devoted himself during the remainder of the trial to the service of the prisoner's defence. The letters are most interesting, especially as to the Circassian origin of the Alexandrian riots, which were planned by partisans of the reaction to discredit Arabi. They deal convincingly with the pretended misuse by Arabi of the flag of truce during the bombardment, and which had been adduced by Mr. Gladstone in Parliament as one of his reasons for sending troops to Egypt, and it is made clear that Arabi had not in the smallest point overstepped his right as a civilised belligerent. He had spared the Suez Canal out of an exaggerated respect for a great monument of progress. He had been scrupulous in his good treatment of his prisoners of war. He had everywhere protected the lives of Europeans, their property, and their interests; absolute order had reigned through Egypt during the two months the war had lasted under his command; and the only property that had suffered had been at Alexandria, under provocation of the bombardment, and in the confusion of its military evacuation. At Alexandria alone in all Arabi's conduct of the war is there the suggestion of a doubt whether he might not have done more, as an ideally humane commander, to neutralise the work of destruction begun by Sir Beauchamp Seymour. He might, perhaps, have employed the troops in putting out the conflagration, instead of looking to their safety and withdrawing them from the burning city to the lines of Kafr Dawar. But even here Sir Charles Wilson testifies that no incriminating charge is made

out against him; and, as a fact, Alexandria was looted and burned, as far as it was not burned by the bombardment, by bands of military stragglers and Bedouins after Arabi had retired with the main army through the Rosetta gate.

The sole remaining head of accusation against the prisoner disclosed in the letters is the political one of his 'rebellion.' This, it is clear, it was most important for the English Government to prove, for on it rested their own sole legal justification in making war. Nevertheless, on this point too, the evidence the letters give is altogether conclusive in Arabi's favour. His legal position as towards the Khedive and the British Government is shown to have been from first to last correct, and if it had been allowed to be argued in court Arabi must have obtained an acquittal. It could have been proved to the hilt in any fair-dealing court—(1) That Arabi, in defending the forts of Alexandria as War Minister against Sir Beauchamp Seymour, was acting with the full approval of his colleagues in the Cabinet, of the Sultan's representative Dervish Pasha, and of the Khedive himself, as recorded in the minutes of the Council; (2) that the Khedive continued to support his action, and, indeed, to order its increased energy, as long as he believed him likely to be successful; nor was it till the defence of the city failed that Tewfik went over to the stronger side. With regard to this I once received convincing testimony from one of our most distinguished naval commanders, who related to me that, a few days after the bombardment, he had called on the Khedive, and that the Khedive had naively described to him his doubts and hesitations as to which side he should commit himself to—how he had been at first convinced of Arabi's power to hold his own against the fleet, in which case he would have shared the national victory—and how great had been his astonishment when, watching the engagement from the roof of his palace at Ramleh, he had seen the ships unharmed and the fire of the forts silenced; (3) that Arabi's position, even after the Khedive had deserted the national cause, remained legally correct. According to the Constitution of February 1882, it was enacted that in case of a quarrel between the Khedive and his Ministers, the National Assembly should be summoned, and that only on their failure to support the Ministers could the Ministers be legally dismissed. Arabi was, therefore, in his constitutional right in disregarding the Khedive's dismissal, the alleged reason of which was that he had not defended Alexandria with sufficient vigour, seeing that the Assembly had not been summoned, and that the large majority of its members had remained with him and had given him their support in continuing the war. Apart, however, from the Constitution of February 1882, his defence of the country against a foreign invader was abundantly justified by Mohammedan law and tradition. The Khedive, by going over to the enemy, had forfeited his legal claim to the obedience of his Moham-

medan-subjects, and the National Council assembled in Cairo had become the *de jure* as well as the *de facto* local authority. In its name and by its order Arabi had taken command of the army of defence, and continued to act as its servant throughout the war. (4) With regard to the Sultan's proclamation of 'rebellion,' there neither was nor is any proof that it was really signed; I believe, as a matter of fact, it never was signed. Certainly it was never published at Cairo; nor were the Nationalist leaders aware of its existence except as a rumour during the last few days of the war. On the contrary, they remained in friendly telegraphic communication with the Porté till the very last without receiving any order to lay down their arms. Arabi's action, therefore, was throughout unimpeachable in law, and he could not, if his case had been fairly heard, have been convicted of rebellion.

Nevertheless, as I have said, it was a diplomatic necessity with our Government that Arabi should be proved a rebel, and that the trial should be compromised in such a way as to secure this end. Very early, indeed long before Lord Dufferin had reached Cairo, I, in England, had received notice from a sure source of this, and that it was proposed to deport Arabi to the Fiji Islands, and I had warned our friends in Cairo of the danger and urged them to stand firm. But the pressure put upon them to compromise the trial by a plea of guilty was too strong; and though disappointed at the time, I quite admit now that Messrs Broadley and Napier had no choice but to comply. The nature of the pressure exercised was this. Without the support of the British Agency no fair or open trial at all could be obtained. Riaz Pasha, Arabi's old Circassian enemy, was Minister of the Interior and of Justice (!), and he not only held practical control of the legal proceedings, but could and would have imprisoned any witnesses venturesome enough to give evidence in Arabi's favour. Already more than one had been spirited out of the country, and it was only the fear of English intervention that protected the prisoner from being murdered without more ceremony in his cell. A mock trial would doubtless have been instituted, some charge not involving the discussion of political matters would have been brought against Arabi, his guilt would have been proved by suborned evidence, and his execution would have followed, or at least a sentence of prolonged imprisonment which would have resulted in his death. His case of defence would never have been heard at all. Even supposing a partial protection of the prisoner's life from such attempts, it would have been easy to let the case drag on till the defence fund was exhausted. The Parliamentary proceedings had lasted six weeks, and had cost already 3,000*l*. The prisoner was a poor man with no available funds, and his friends in England could only go to a certain point in their expenditure.

The terms imposed in a deciding interview with Mr. Broadley
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are recorded in the following telegram, dated the 29th of November, 1882 :—

Arabi gives us written authority to act with discretion in concert with Dufferin, who proposes Arabi pleads guilty on formal charge, rebellion; others abandoned; sentence read commuting punishment to exile—exile simple on parole—good place, which you can settle with the Foreign Office—perhaps Azores; suitable allowance granted; compensation for loss of property entailed by sentence.

With this we had to be content. It was a sad disappointment to us in England, even more than to Arabi himself, who was glad to have obtained with this compromise a promised cessation of the prosecution of his friends and followers. We had counted on a full and public clearing of his political no less than of his moral character, and we knew that we should have obtained this if the Government had not at last tricked us out of its promised 'fair trial.' But we had to be content with saving the prisoner's life, and there seemed good prospect then that he would return in a short time to Egypt, and be once more acknowledged for what he was, the founder of Egyptian liberty. It is certain that in the month of December it was being seriously discussed how to re-establish constitutional government at Cairo, that it had been all but determined to replace Tewfik by another prince of the Khedivial House, that Sir Edward Malet was to have been recalled as well as Sir Auckland Colvin, and that Sir Charles Wilson, so friendly to the Nationalists, was to have been appointed to the Cairo Agency. General Gordon's letter, quoted at the head of the present paper, refers to this prospect, at least as regards Sir Auckland Colvin, and to the intention of the Government before long to recall Arabi. It may too, I think, be inferred from Lord Granville's despatch to Lord Dufferin on the 8th of December, 1882, where he says :—

I have the honour to inform your Excellency that Her Majesty's Government are of opinion that Arabi should be sent to Ceylon, at all events for the present. They do not think, however, that that colony must necessarily be his final place of residence. (B. B., Egypt, 1883, No. 1, p. 81.)

It would be a long story to explain why this more liberal policy designed for the reconstruction of Egypt on a basis of self-government was abandoned in favour of the present policy, which has for its object the permanent retention of the country as an annexe of our Indian Empire. Suffice it to say that it was changed, and with it the more honourable intention with regard to Arabi. The initial act of injustice, which it was intended to atone for when public opinion should have forgotten a little the story of the war, has now become a permanent wrong-doing, crystallised by the Foreign Office into the formula that 'it is impossible for Her Majesty's Government to interfere.' Yet it is none the less a wrong because it is officially laid aside. Consider what it would be in private life if we had had a

quarrel, let us say, with a tradesman who we thought had cheated us, and had obtained his imprisonment on false evidence, and then found out that it was not he, but ourselves, who had been in fault—and what if we were still to refuse to move a hand to help him out of gaol on the plea that the law must take its course and it was not our affair!

Yet this is precisely the reasoning of our officials about Arabi—and, because it is a public, not a private, matter; they consider themselves doing God and their country a service. Truly, in Gordon's words, we have need, for our consolation at such an astonishing subversion of justice, to remember that there is a Higher than the highest who regardeth it!

WILFRID SCAWEN BLUNT.

Crabbet Park, Sussex:

July 11, 1892

(Tenth anniversary of the bombardment of Alexandria).

AN ANGLO-SAXON OLYMPIAD

MUCH has been written within the last few months upon a suggestion which I ventured to make in an unsigned contribution to the columns of *Greater Britain*, advocating a periodic festival for the English-speaking races. I do not disguise from myself the fact that the great attention which the scheme has received and is receiving is largely due to the hearty approval which Mr. Froude gave to it from its birth, and that perhaps owing to his benediction it now possesses the goodwill of so many leading men of varying shades of political opinion wherever the English language is spoken. The powerful political support given to it is also to a large extent to be explained by the fact that the members of our race are desirous of 'some sort of monument of their brotherhood,' to quote a South African writer upon the subject, while despairing for the time being of a federalist parliament and a commercial union for the Empire.

Here, however, let me disclaim for my scheme any such ambitious pretensions as imperial federation. It cannot be imperial federation, because it invites the Americans of the United States—one-half of the English-speaking race—to come in; and they are coming in. Again it is not imperial federation, because it aims at the formation of no political or commercial Zollverein, nevertheless the imperial federalists are supporting the idea, because they recognise that it is calculated to establish that unity of sentiment without which no political compact is likely to endure. I here refer to those ardent and patriotic souls who hope and write in the belief that closer cohesion and not the uprising of political nationalities awaits the widely separate portions of the gigantic Empire which look to the throne of the Queen and Empress as the crowning piece of the British political constitution. But it has the goodwill of statesmen who have never been attracted by imperial federation, holding that none of the plans for political and commercial union which have been put about so generally in the last few years are of a practical character; as well as the favour of men who, as the Master of University College, Oxford, once espoused imperial federation, but have found it on inquiry a baseless fabric.

I only claim for the scheme recognition as a fraternising force through the proposed competition in athletics, in industry, in art, and

literature for the English-speaking peoples, and, with special reference to the physical competitive section of the scheme, an honest effort to raise the standard and objects of athleticism. Such an institution, as the *Melbourne Argus* well observed, would enable men to meet, and it would create a multitude of private interests and friendships which would not be lost sight of or ignored, whatever the course of politics might be. It would keep the feeling of kinship among those who speak the same language and have inherited the same customs. It would strengthen that healthy liking for outdoor sport which the Anglo-Saxon has alone maintained in Europe since the Greeks degenerated, and it would symbolise to some extent that great ideal of the training of a nation, the harmonious discipline of the body and of the mind. The principle of the scheme is based essentially on that of the family; it involves no artificial ties; on the other hand, it is the embodiment of free and unfettered gatherings which are now worked only in an irregular and haphazard way, as a recognised sign of the unity of the English-speaking race, scattered throughout our ocean commonwealth. 'Your proposed English-speaking festival,' writes Dr. Weldon, Headmaster of Harrow, 'may prove to be the Olympian Games of a larger world than the Greek.' Again writes Mr. George Curzon, the Under Secretary for India, upon the same subject:—

I do not in the least demur to the comparison with the Olympian Games and other Hellenic contests. It is precisely the same spirit of emulous but friendly rivalry, of absorbing popular interest, and of patriotism that you want to excite, and that should be stimulated in a far greater degree among the people of an empire that covers the globe than it ever was amid the dependencies of a small nation restricted to the Mediterranean.

Considering the support which the scheme is receiving from the imperial federalists, as one of the means to their end, it would seem almost unkind to remind them that such a gathering as I suggest is the only possible sign of union for the English-speaking race, if eventually the colonies throw off certain special restraints; but such a contingency has to be faced. Outside of the strictly imperial federation ranks, I have been struck with nothing so much, in the multitude of correspondence which I possess from all sorts and conditions of men, as the constantly recurring expression of belief that in the athletic section of the scheme is an opportunity for the further cultivation of friendship with the United States. 'If it were adopted it would be comprehensive enough to include the citizens of the United States' is a sentiment which has constantly been written in various phraseology. It is no breach of confidence, I think, to say that more than one of Her Majesty's representatives in the colonies have expressed such an opinion; and I cannot help expressing the thought that both these expressions of opinion, reflective probably of the popular feeling, as well as the expressions of the colonial press in

Australia and South Africa on identical lines, convey a most startling sign of that drawing together in sympathy on the ground of a common origin which ought to be fostered outside of political and fiscal relationship. Nor is this feeling confined to the home-staying or colonial English-speaking man, for nowhere more than in Boston, in New York, and in the university centres of the United States of America has the scheme been so warmly welcomed as a possible approximation, if expense does not stand in the way. When I last heard from America an endeavour was being made to form a committee to promote the organised discussion of the scheme. Some of my American correspondents are writing to me in such a manner to hurry on the scheme that you might imagine they were going to die to-morrow. These facts, however, show that in America as well as here and in the colonies it is being much discussed, and that those who favour it are bracing themselves to mount the difficulties previous to its practical realisation. I am fairly astonished at the strong latent desire which evidently exists among representative men at home, in the colonies, and in the United States to strengthen the bonds of friendship between English-speaking men resident within the British Empire and in America. One of the critics of the scheme has said that its fundamental principle is sentiment, one, if not the strongest, mainspring of human action. More mistakes in life, political and social, have, I believe, been made through ignoring this motive power in human life, and more administrative successes have been secured by its utilisation, than any other influence which prompts men to do or not to do, not even excluding the universal thirst for gold.

Writers in the newspapers have made such astounding statements as to what my scheme is, and as to what it is not, that I really sometimes have great difficulty in recognising my own handiwork. Let me remind those who have discovered imaginary details, and saddled me with all sorts of statements, that the only precise declaration that I have made upon the subject is a letter to the *Times*, in which I merely indulged in general principles. Nor am I prepared immediately to go very much into detail until I hear from those gentlemen who are working with me in the colonies and America. I should like, though, to make a few tentative suggestions later on which have occurred to me respecting the athletic section of the scheme, for it is that portion of it which is making most progress, and which those whom I have consulted in the matter are inclined to think is the most feasible and practicable at present.

The scheme, as originally designed, was divided into three sections—industrial, intellectual, and athletic. The two first sections were sketched with the Imperial Institute very much in view, and I hope that when that organisation gets into good working order, the executive authorities there will make their own the suggestion for a

small, business-like exhibition to be held every four years, during which scientific, commercial, and industrial conferences might be held among representatives of the Empire. The results of their deliberations might be summarised and sent to all parts of the Empire as a record of progress, and containing hints for future development. I also suggested that it would be desirable, if possible, that representatives of labour from the colonies should come to England at those times, and have organised opportunities put within their reach to see the wonderful greatness of England in all directions of industrial thought and work. I have since noticed this latter proposition has been adopted in Melbourne respecting the Chicago Exhibition, and that a movement has been started by Mr. Barnet, an architect residing in the Victorian capital, to arrange for a visit of a party of artisans of various crafts to the Chicago Exhibition. Mr. Barnet's proposal is being cordially supported by the Trades Hall Council, who have invited delegates from the Working Men's College, the Victorian Institute of Architects, and the Builders' and Contractors' Association to meet at the Trades Hall to discuss ways and means of carrying Mr. Barnet's proposal to a successful issue. It is proposed that the selection be made from young Victorian working men, probably those in the last year of their apprenticeship. Surely a little money spent in this way towards encouraging industrial knowledge *within the Empire* would be most useful.

Under the culture section of the scheme is suggested the foundation of national or imperial scholarships (there are none in existence yet) of science, art, literature, history, and technical education, to be held for four years, open to all enfranchised subjects of the Queen and their families, and the examinations for them to be held simultaneously in different parts of the Empire—say London, Sydney, Melbourne, Adelaide, Ottawa, Toronto, Cape Town, Barbados, &c.

For the establishment of these scholarships the mother country would, of course, have to bear the brunt of finding the endowment. Such scholarships would distinctly encourage intellectual attainments in the colonies, and tend to discourage growing materialism there. In this matter it is the duty of the mother country to make a stand, and endeavour to induce the youth of the colonies to resort to the intellectual centres of the Empire, while not interfering with educational efforts in the colonies. I think that both these industrial and intellectual proposals would do much to stamp out the growing provincialism within the Empire, and the conceited purse-proud ignorance which is threatening to destroy it. Both these industrial and intellectual proposals, if carried out by the Imperial Institute organisation, would help to destroy also the museum-like character which threatens it. The *Cape Times*, in the course of a leading article upon the culture section, remarks that it is proposed that the

Convenience of colonists should be met by selecting several centres of examination for national scholarships in science, arts, literature, and technical education. To this feature of the scheme no admirer of the ancient university system of the mother country can reasonably take exception. By college endowments the peasant lad was raised to the level of the peer. The endowment of study to the extent now suggested would enable many a young colonist, the son of his own works, to take his place in the nurseries of intellectual life in Europe, and to win, if the grit be in him, the highest prizes open to European students. Scientific and technical education have become factors nowadays in the problem of national supremacy. The issue of the commercial and industrial struggle of the world must mainly depend on the practical scientific education of the people of each nation, and the proudest of us will confess that for such education the intellectual centres of Europe must be sought for many a year to come.

Among educationalists who regard favourably the culture section, I may specially mention the names of Dr. Boyd, the Vice-Chancellor of Oxford University; Dr. Temple, the Bishop of London; and Dr. Saumarez Smith, the Primate of Australia. I think that if the ties of a common literature and of common intellectual aspirations were further organised, a strong bond for the race might be formed. The colonies and America no doubt still acknowledge England as the intellectual centre of the race and language, certainly in the past, perhaps, also, in the present, and the intellectual connection which the scheme implies might be made much more of a fraternising reality than it is at present. Nor do I suppose the Americans would pass a law to prevent scholarship money from coming into the country. But I am not disposed to dwell at length on either of these two sections of the scheme, for it is the athletic portion which we are most engaged in pushing to a start. By thus beginning on the sporting side, the arena of faction is left altogether, and large classes are reached in the colonies who would take an incredible interest in their champions. Mr. James Service, the ex-Premier of Victoria, says:

I think it would be well to limit the scheme in the first place to contests mainly of a physical character, which would possess the greatest attraction for the youth of the Empire. The periodical gathering once established, it could, and no doubt would, be gradually availed of for other purposes, literary, commercial, scientific, social, religious.

When once the principle of the scheme is established, it will be found to be capable of indefinite application.

It is a matter for speculation that the athletic, the more barbarous portion of the scheme, has, to use a common phrase, 'caught on' in popular estimation; but the voice of the people has often been proved to be the voice of God, and splendid institutions without men sound in wind and limb to work them will not ward off national decay, so let us use the popular mind as we find it, and work out, if possible, the athletic part first.

For the sake of argument I originally suggested that the contests

should not be further extended than running, rowing, and cricket, and I still think they are a big field in themselves, but I do not see why other athletic contests should not be added, either as an integral part of the scheme or as side shows, if thought advisable. These contests, it was advised, should take place subsequent to preliminary championship meetings, say in America, Australia, and South Africa. I hazarded the opinion, to which I still adhere, that no money prizes should be given at all, but that instead some symbolic trophy be given to the victors in each event of the athletic contests: some gift from the race or nation to the man which would be treasured. I pointed out that though such a prize might be of the simplest character in itself, perhaps a medal of the plainest design, showing a wreath of oak-leaves encircling the victor's name and the character and date of the event, still it would carry with it not only fame and honour, but there would be in such a memorial the elements of fortune and a successful career, if properly and judiciously used in the country which the winner had championed. I do not think I am alone in the belief that there is too much 'pot-hunting,' and that this sort of inclination is not confined alone to the baser sort of athletes. I have been told by the press that I do not understand the inner workings of the modern athletic mind, or else I should never have made the proposal that there should be no monetary prizes. To such writers I can only say that if what they say is true, the sooner the inner workings of the athletic mind are altered the better it will be for genuine sport in this country. But I cannot believe that motives are so irremediably sordid, when I know it to be true that the university athletes contest on the Thames and at Queen's Club for the honour of the victory alone. But I do know that the non-professional sportsmen of this country have to contend with serious evils which are creeping into the arena of their contests, and it has, therefore, occurred to me that, as probably university athletes are those who are most removed from suspicion, my proposal should first take shape among them, and, of course, I include in this proposal not only present members of the universities, but alumni. Into this foundation might also come those athletic associations which are conducted on the same rules as the Oxford and Cambridge associations. Perhaps not one of the best athletes of the day would be left out of such an arrangement. If this idea was carried out, we should then have a body representing the amateur athletes of the United Kingdom, controlled by the best traditions of university sport; and I am sure the tendency of such a body would be to raise the whole tone of amateur athletics in this country, and preserve it when raised. Hear what one of the best American athletes says upon this point of view, writing to me about the scheme:

The university men are the kind of men that we should like to have in this country, and I suppose it is the same with you over there, for it is to the colleges,

after all, that we look for pure athletics. It hardly seems necessary to throw the entry list open to the world; if it is thrown open to the universities of the world, and for the rest invitations, this arrangement would fulfil the purpose quite as well. A committee from Harvard, Yale, and Princeton in this country would very easily invite outside athletes if they were desirable. That would take in all the best athletes in this country, at any rate it probably will in England.

A gathering under the auspices of Yale, Harvard, and Princeton Universities in America, and in England under the auspices of Oxford and Cambridge, would assuredly grow to be one of the greatest athletic gatherings of the day. Many difficulties regarding differences in rules and as to qualifications would be thus avoided, as well as aversion to mix with each other, which has caused the suggestion that the, in my opinion, very undesirable arrangement should be made of several classes of competitors. Of course, if 'professionals'—the modern gladiators, as they might be called—come in, they must be by themselves, but it will be time to grapple with any difficulty of this sort when it arises. There is nothing on the horizon at present, certainly not in America, and in South Africa I have put those who are forming an Amateur Athletic Association for that great colony in conference with Mr. Herbert, the Secretary of the Amateur Athletic Association in London, who is an able guide and counsellor. Nor do I fear difficulties in Australia, for the athletic portion of this scheme has another counsellor and guide in Mr. B. R. Wise, a former President of the Oxford University Athletic Club, and lately Attorney-General of New South Wales Government. Of course, the best laid plans may come to nought, but we are doing our best to promote a thorough discussion of this scheme, which may be attended with far-reaching results, both to sport and to the race. These, of course, are only generalities; when we come to details much more serious difficulties will have to be faced, and the creation of funds will not be the least. The Americans have already suggested that every alternate contest shall be held in the United States, and have hinted that

If this matter of an International Athletic Festival to be held every three or four years is to be taken up seriously, what more auspicious year to inaugurate it than that of our World's Fair, when the eyes of the universe are upon us?

If this friendly but aggressive spirit of emulation continues among our cousins in the United States, a body which would be thoroughly representative of the amateur athletes of England will have to issue a general challenge to the whole English-speaking race to run them, row them, jump them, or anything else they like; and though we are so frequently reminded of our dotage, I don't think we shall come off so badly.

Those who are working away at this scheme are not troubling themselves about cricket, for as the popularity of the game now stands, and as everything in this contest will have to be first class with no hand-icapping, cricket resolves itself into an affair between Australia.

and England, though Lord Harris thinks that if a South African and other second-rate elevens had a chance of competing with first-class teams during the festival, such a trial would do them good. It is a matter, however, not worth troubling about, for both the Secretary of the Marylebone Cricket Club and the Secretary of the Oval, with other well-known cricketers, favour the scheme, and will use all their influence to work in with it. Lord Sheffield's generous offer to take out a team to Australia, to play three test matches, ought to be a direct incentive to wealthy Australians to take away from their cricketing teams who visit this country the stigma of being as much animated by financial aims as that of the desire to keep the game alive. But these remarks only by the way, as well as the passing thought that the present visit of New Zealand athletes to compete in the championship meeting is an object lesson in favour of my scheme. Suppose, instead of the present team being merely New Zealand athletes, they were a team representative of the whole of Australasia, after preliminary contests, with what international interest would their career be watched; and it would have cost no more to send Australasian than New Zealand champions, whose expenses, I believe, are defrayed by their club, aided by public subscription. During the whole of their tour a federated Australasia would have sympathised in their defeats and their successes, as a federated Australia, for the time being, shared the anxieties of the cricketers' tour. With regard to rowing, I will only say in a general way that a race between the winners of the Oxford and Cambridge boat-race and the winners of the Yale and Harvard boat-race would be very interesting—I think even more interesting, because the idea is already popular, than between eights representing England and America, and that such a contest would be almost perfect if Australia sent also its inter-university winning crew to compete against the representative of the older branches of the English-speaking race.

If, contemporaneously with this festival, carefully selected bodies of men representing the military and naval resources of the Empire, especially India, could be gathered together, an instructive mutual lesson might be given. As suggested originally, the War Office, with its efficient transport service, could economically arrange this martial fraternisation, and, wherever he is, the soldier must be kept by the taxpayer. If a pageant is to follow the proposed contest, we must have some red coats and picturesque costumes. In India, it may here be remarked, the Viceroy, the Governor of Madras, and the Governor of Bombay favourably regard the general scope of the scheme, and are ready to give it a helping hand when more matured.

So much, then, for the general outline of this proposed festival, during which a consultative and informal council of the race should take place, for there are many questions upon which the common counsel of the race might be of great service and help to avoid many

unnecessary difficulties, long since solved by one but novel to another section of the race. If worked in a proper way, the proposed festival would attract a large number of leading men to the mother country, and the result of their deliberations or discussions might be put in some formal shape. At any rate, whatever is done, red-tapeism must be avoided, and any action even indirectly suggestive of patronage or control on the part of the State must be unhesitatingly discouraged.

J. ASTLEY COOPER.

THE LAST GREAT ROMAN

IN the course of that curious medley—partly amusing, partly tedious—*The Doctor*, Southey moralises on the uncertainty of fame. ‘What do we know,’ he asks, ‘of Ethan the Ezrahite, and Heman and Chalcol, and Darda, the sons of Mahol, whom it was accounted an honour for Solomon to have excelled in wisdom? Where is now the knowledge for which Gwalchmai ab Gwyar, and Llechan ab Arthur, and Rhiwal-lawn Wallt Banadlen were leashed in a triad as the three physiologists or philosophers of the Isle of Britain, “because there was nothing of which they did not know its material essence, and its properties, whether of kind, or of part, or of quality, or of compound, or of coincidence, or of tendency, or of nature, or of essence, whatever it might be?” . . . Are there ten men in Cornwall,’ he continues, ‘who know that Medacritus was the name of the first man who carried tin from that part of the world? What but his name is known of Romanianus, who, in St. Augustine’s opinion, was the greatest genius that ever lived? And how little is his very name known now?’

It humbles one to realise that immortality is a matter of chance; that no sooner is one who has borne a leading part in the affairs of his country, or even of his planet, laid low, than his memory is exposed to a process, which works ever faster as each new page is added to the world’s history—the process of effacement.

Effacement—the result neither of the historian’s neglect nor of popular caprice, but of some inscrutable agency which, while it allows certain personalities to be kept in remembrance of the nations, causes others to sink in the vast unrecorded host of the dead. *Vixere fortes*—names that once must have sounded from every lip have ceased to be uttered, or are repeated but as unsuggestive syllables: countenances before which men must have bowed in reverence or cowered in fear would cause no thrill to-day if they appeared in our streets. Rulers of men—kings, statesmen, soldiers, lawgivers; teachers of men—priests, poets, artists, philosophers—we know but a fraction even of the names of those whose words and works are bearing fruit among us to this day. It is difficult to trace this process to any cause more definite than chance. To every cabdriver the name of Julius Cæsar presents the image of a real personage; but mention

the name of Septimius Severus, and even in this the twenty-first year of compulsory education you will not find one in five hundred who remembers anything about him. Yet, of the two Emperors, the influence of Severus upon our national habits and laws has been the more direct and enduring.

So fitful a record is human history—so capricious the decree which weaves some names into the people's fancy and enshrines them in ballad and tradition, while consigning others to oblivion or, at best, to neglect.

Objection on ethnological grounds may be taken to the title of this paper, for the Roman race endures, of course, to this day, and many illustrious names examples of its ancient virtue occur in modern history; but, limiting the word to its imperial, yet narrower significance, of those who sustained a great part in the last scenes of the mighty empire overturned by Alaric the Goth, there was none who bore himself so bravely, or who did so much to avert the calamities which quenched European civilisation, as Flavius Stilicho, chief minister and master-general to the Emperor Honorius. The indifference with which his memory has been treated is not *caruit quia vate sacro*, for Stilicho had his devoted and perhaps over-unctuous panegyrist in the poet Claudian; but lately it has been stirred by odious charges against his integrity; and Mr. Bury, in a work of much interest,¹ has presented an estimate of this great commander's character and motives which seems to be as much exaggerated in one direction as Claudian may have been in the other. Mr. Bury has accumulated every shred of evidence in favour of Rufinus, the minister of Arcadius, and in detriment of Stilicho, the minister of Honorius; and it concerns us to review the character of the last Roman ruler who administered the affairs of the British provinces.

Born of a race which historians call Frankish, anthropologists term Teutonic, and we generally speak of as German, Stilicho seems to have been the embodiment of those stout qualities of mind and body which have made the Germanic race the dominant people of the modern world. All we know of his parentage is that he was the son of a German cavalry officer. Stilicho was a soldier almost from boyhood. He entered the army shortly after the battle of Hadrianople in the year 378 A.D. That battle resulted in the most frightful calamity that had, up to that time, overtaken the eagles of Rome. It was the first forerunner of that long series of disaster, in which the great fabric of the Empire, already rent by its own weight from summit to base, was to crumble to irretrievable ruin.

A defeat involving the death of the Emperor Valens, two master-generals, thirty tribunes, and forty thousand men of lower rank, might easily have roused the Roman commanders, if anything of the ancient

History of the Later Roman Empire, by J. H. Bury. London, 1889.

spirit remained, and recalled them to the sterner discipline that had fallen out of fashion; it might have wakened the people from the indolence that had grown with their increasing wealth. Alas! for the days of Rome's greatness, when long marches, heavy armour, and simple fare were the soldier's training. There had grown up a sentimental dislike to impose upon men any hardship or fatigue that might be dispensed with. Those who are lapped in luxury grow incurably selfish; it interferes with their own ease to see others labouring under heavy burdens. So it had come to pass, even under the soldier-Emperor Theodosius, that the voluptuous contagion had affected the army in all its ranks. One after another the legions were allowed to lay aside their defensive armour; to rely on bows and arrows, slings and catapults, rather than on sword and spear—on rapid evolutions rather than endurance of fatigue. Constant parades in heavy marching order (and heavy marching order was no figure of speech in the days when the equipment of a foot soldier was equal to more than half his own weight)—constant parades in heavy marching order were the only means by which men could be trained to endure their load in the field; yet even the thoughtful historian Josephus betrays the drift of popular sympathy when he observes that the Roman infantry differ little from mules of burden.

So the cuirass, the heavy spear, even the helmet, were condemned as barbarous and obsolete—laid aside in time of peace, the men could not endure their weight in war; and this at the very time when the most formidable enemy of Rome—the Goth—was clothing his troops with chain-mail and plate-armour.

At a time when a nation's wealth is increasing steadily, when comfort becomes common in every degree of life and the luxury of the rich becomes excessive, it is very difficult to convince people that hardship is part of a soldier's calling, and that breach of discipline must be severely punished. Thus, two years ago, when, a battalion of Guards becoming insubordinate, mutiny was visited by imprisonment of the ringleaders and the regiment was sent to Bermuda, certain well-meaning folks raised an outcry, and a meeting was held in Hyde Park to protest against the harshness of the sentence. But all history teaches us this, that unless an army is kept in perfect discipline and subordination, it is not only a costly, but a dangerous encumbrance.

However, in joining the Roman cavalry, Stilicho entered a branch of the service which had in no degree deteriorated; on the contrary, since the days of Julius Cæsar, 400 years previous, the cavalry had constantly been growing in importance and efficiency. Under the Republic each legion (numbering 5,000 or 6,000 strong) included about 300 cavalry, divided into troops of fifty to act on the flanks of each cohort or battalion. But under the imperial government, as the resources of the provinces were developed, a large force of cavalry was

organised in separate regiments, quite distinct from the legions, and recruited almost exclusively from men not of Italian race. Indeed, the legions themselves contained, in these later days, but a small proportion of what we should understand as Romans, i.e. natives of Italy. Abundance of employment in the households or on the country estates of the great plutocrats made Italians laggard to enlist; and the ranks were filled for the most part with men drawn from all parts of the vast territory in Europe, Asia, and Africa over which the sway of Rome extended. The legion which remained longest in Britain—the Sixth, known by the proud title of *Victrix, Pia, Fidelis*—was composed at first of Spaniards and Gauls; latterly, no doubt, it would largely consist of native Britons. Attached to these legions there were troops known as auxiliaries, native regiments raised in every province of the Empire, just as we have native Indian regiments at this day.

Young Stilicho's extraordinary stature and strength, his skill with bow, broadsword, and javelin, soon brought him into notice and secured his promotion. Claudian, whose verse has suffered unfairly in Hawkins's limping translation, records the impression made by his hero's first appearance :

Where'er thou movedst through the city space,
To thee, though but a soldier, crowds gave place;
The silent homage of the people shown
Anticipated honours from the throne.

He cannot have been more than five-and-twenty when the Emperor Theodosius, with a soldier's sure instinct, chose him to conduct a difficult and delicate embassy to the Persian court. On his return from this mission to Constantinople, where Theodosius then held his court, Stilicho received a dazzling reward for his success in the hand of the beautiful and accomplished Serena, niece and adopted daughter of the Emperor. Thenceforward his rise from one important office to another was rapid, till, about the year 385, he was appointed Master-General of the cavalry and infantry, an office combining the military power of a modern commander-in-chief with the political influence of a secretary of state. At a time and under a constitution in which diplomacy was but thinly veiled strategy, such an office as this implied a position of power to which we can only find a modern parallel in that lately held by Prince Bismarck.

But it was not during the lifetime of his patron that the full force of Stilicho's character could take effect. Theodosius, one of the few rulers to whom, by catholic consent, has been accorded the title of 'the Great,' overshadowed the personalities of all his subordinates. The sagacious politician and successful soldier who prevailed to reunite under his personal sway the two realms of East and West, endured no rivalry in his rule. He was the last who governed this vast dominion as a whole; at his death, in 395, the Eastern Empire passed to his son Arcadius, the Western to his son Honorius.

A parallel has been suggested between the relations of Stilicho and his master and those of Prince Bismarck with the Emperor William. But Theodosius was a far stronger character than the late German Emperor. The former acted in concert with, but would not be controlled by, his minister. Nevertheless up to a certain point there was much in the German Bismarck that recalls the German Stilicho. Each was the iron link uniting throne and people; each was charged with maintaining the authority of a number of empty thrones; of framing and enforcing laws on conquered nations, and keeping a restless population in fairly good humour; of remodelling the army, so as to hold by the sword that which the sword had won.

But, with the death of either Emperor, the analogy ceases. With his last breath in 395 Theodosius committed to Stilicho the care of his two sons.

It is vain to speculate how the whole tenor of mediæval and modern history might have been altered had Stilicho proved equal to the task of advising and controlling both the boy Emperors, Arcadius and Honorius. It was a magnificent scheme: it failed probably because its execution exceeded the power of mortal man; for we can trace no weakness of resolution, no flaw in design, no failure of courage and sagacity in the soldier-statesman who undertook it.

Even the unsuccessful attempt to carry it out shows the grandeur of Stilicho's character. Relentless in the chastisement of revolt or of opposition to his will, he rarely stooped to the cruelty that was so characteristic of the times, and which stained in places even the bright record of Theodosius. For instance, when the repeated treachery of Rufinus, the minister of Arcadius at Constantinople, made Stilicho resolve on putting him to death, the decree was carried out without compunction by Gainas the Goth; but the Grecian law, which involved in the execution of a traitor that of his wife and family also, was set aside in compliance with the higher law of Christian mercy, and these were allowed to end their days in a monastery.

Stilicho was ambitious, no doubt, and it has been said that ambition is but an exalted form of selfishness; nevertheless he disdained to enrich himself after the custom of the great lieutenants of the day. Though he was never deterred from conquest by the cost, yet he did not hesitate to sacrifice projects, however brilliant, if the road to success was not clearly mapped before him. Thus, when the death of Rufinus set free the administration of affairs at Constantinople, he undertook himself to be the administrator of both Empires, till the time should come for welding them together once more in a mighty whole. But it was soon revealed to him that the subtle and jealous temper of the Greeks made impossible their fusion with the sterner races of the West: there is then no trace of hesitation in the promptness with which he relinquished the design, withdrew to

Italy, and devoted himself to strengthening the dominion of Honorius.

It testifies to the Master-General's fidelity that throughout his whole career he bent his whole energy, not to his own aggrandisement, but to maintaining the dignity of the miserable weakling Honorius, in whose name every act of state was performed.

Revolutions in those days came suddenly and were transacted swiftly. By his influence over the army and their devotion to him, the Master-General might, had he been so minded, have become Emperor of the West; but, from first to last, he never seems to have faltered in loyalty to Honorius. In this loyalty his detractors detect nothing loftier than astute statecraft and selfish prudence. It was simpler and safer to rule in the name of an imperial puppet than to run, in his own person, the hazards besetting the Emperor himself. To one of Stilicho's mental fibre and military genius, the tedious ceremony of the Court would have been intolerable; he preferred the reality to the semblance of power. On the other hand, it must be granted that, in whatsoever degree his purpose may have been moulded by expediency, in effect Stilicho carried to splendid fulfilment the pledge given to the dying Theodosius, and, by watchful devotion and firm administration, postponed for a few years the dissolution of the Empire.

Yet this Honorius was but the sorry scion of a noble sire. He was but ten years old when he succeeded to the Imperial diadem of Theodosius; a child with all the feebleness and none of the charm of childhood. Radicals might use as arguments against the system of hereditary rule the timidity and gluttony which were the salient features of the boy-Emperor's character—the constitutional indolence that was only interrupted by punctual attention to the wants of his poultry.

Stilicho was to return once more to Greece. Alaric, king of the Goths, had invaded Attica with a powerful host; the despised barbarian had profited by the advance of military and scientific knowledge, till he proved himself an over-match for the troops of Arcadius on more than one field. Already Corinth, Sparta, Argos, and Megara were heaps of smouldering ruins, to linger among which was intolerable because of the stench from thousands of dead bodies. The roadways were encumbered with corpses and with heaps of spoil flung aside by the conquerors, who cared only to load their cars with the choicest portions. Of the country people, those who had not been slain among the ripening crops had fled to the shelter of the mountains and Arcadian woods; women perished beside husbands and children, except such as were spared to pay the more frightful penalty of beauty. Even Athens was on the brink of destruction, when some spark of compunction or prick of shame made Alaric refrain at the last moment from handing the city of Minerva over to

torch and sword, exacting instead, as a ransom, almost the whole funds of the town as well as the wealth of its citizens.

It was then, in the extremity of their distress, that the very men who had plotted the ruin of Stilicho, repeatedly attempted his assassination, and finally expelled him from their shores, implored him to return to save them. Desolate as their country was, distracted as they themselves were by opposite counsels and treacherous intrigue, surely it must have been an evil experience for these ministers of Arcadius when they had to crave for the return of the great general they had driven into exile. It has been alleged that, in this prompt response to the appeal of his ancient colleagues, Stilicho had secret hopes of restoring his own influence at Constantinople and resuming the attempt to rule East and West as one Empire. Be that as it may, there was something of steel in the man who could smother all resentment for past injuries.

It would have been easy for him to find an excuse for not lending succour to Arcadius, had he wished for one. There was hard fighting going on in Africa. Gildo the Moor, Roman governor of the African provinces, had proved faithless to his allegiance. He had raised the standard of rebellion, proclaimed the independence of the African provinces, and, with an army of 70,000, very nearly succeeded in establishing it.

It is well known now that, in this, Gildo received secret aid and encouragement from the court of Constantinople, though it is difficult to believe that Stilicho had any suspicion of it at the time. Having regard to the promptness with which he responded to the appeal of Arcadius, his knowledge of these intrigues implies almost superhuman magnanimity.

Landing a large army near Corinth, he drove before him the forces of Alaric, and, after several days of hard fighting, invested the position of the invaders on the flanks of Mount Pholoe. Then, for the first time, the two greatest commanders of the age stood face to face; for the first time Stilicho received proof that there existed another not inferior to himself in military genius. By a well-conceived but hazardous flank march, Alaric drew his army from the maze of entrenchments cast round his position by the Roman general, and made good his escape into Epirus. Delivered from imminent annihilation, he at once entered into negotiations with the ministers of Arcadius, who concluded a treaty with the invader who had laid their noblest cities in ashes, drained their treasury, slaughtered their unresisting countrymen, and covered with infamy their wives and daughters. Under the treaty Alaric was declared Master-General of Eastern Illyricum, while the reward bestowed on Stilicho for preserving the existence of the court of Constantinople was a command to withdraw at once and for ever from the dominions of Arcadius. It is at this point in the career of Stilicho that the chief charges

preferred against him, and endorsed by Mr. Bury, take their rise. That writer states his belief that the German Stilicho had been all along the confederate of the German Alaric, and that he connived at the Gothic general's escape from the entrenchments of Mount Pholoe.

For such a supposition (he says) we might find support in the circumstance that the estates of Rufinus were spared by the soldiers of Alaric: it would be intelligible that Stilicho suggested the plan in order to bring odium upon Rufinus.

Surely this is the exaggeration of suspicion. That Alaric's soldiers spared the property of Rufinus suggests to plain folk an understanding between Alaric and Rufinus; but Mr. Bury's imagination, possessed with the blackness of Stilicho's character, strains at this gnat of explanation and swallows the complicated camel of his own creation. The only other evidence of collusion between Stilicho and Alaric which he adduces, consists in certain negotiations which were entered into, broken off, and from time to time renewed. But are not these just what might have been expected to take place between a sagacious minister and a powerful foe?

Stilicho had implacable foes elsewhere than in Constantinople. Palace intrigue throve apace in the atmosphere of Honorius's luxurious court at Milan; to Olympius and other ministers of State and court officials he was the object of bitter jealousy. That his position remained supreme, in spite of repeated absence on military service, was due in great measure to the watchfulness and ability of his wife Serena. Claudian's eulogy upon those whom it was his interest and office to exalt must be received with reserve, but less emotional writers of that time have testified to the character of this remarkable woman. In proportion as Germanic influence increased and German ministers became more powerful, the vivid, swift wits of women swayed more and more the slower minds of men. In the East, Eudoxia, wife of Arcadius and the child of German parents, possessed an influence in politics not less than that of Serena in the West.

In dealing with the rebellion of Gildo in Africa, Stilicho availed himself of the deadly hatred that existed between that usurper and his younger brother Mascazel. He placed the latter in command of three Gallic legions and a body of Nervian auxiliaries—a force that bulked respectably on paper, but, so sadly were the legions shrunk from their ancient strength, numbered but 5,000 all told. It was a mere handful in presence of the 70,000 that swarmed round the standards of Gildo; yet the same discipline which, in the same continent, has enabled British troops in late years to prevail against a fanatic rabble, justified Stilicho's bold design. Intrepidly and skilfully handled by the Roman general, his well-armed veterans brought the disorderly mob of savages to utter rout, and put to flight the

usurper and his staff. Gildo soon after perished by his own hand, and the African provinces were once more secure.

Well had Mascazel done the work committed to him; but in certain corrupt conditions of the State conspicuous success is more dangerous than failure; he was destined to add one more to the dismal catalogue of those whose devotion Rome rewarded with death. A mystery covers the brave Mascazel's fate and casts a deep shadow across the bright record of Stilicho. That the brilliance of the Moor's exploits should excite jealousy among the carpet-knights who thronged the palace of Honorius was but natural; the ascendancy he had gained in Africa, coupled with his own position as son of a powerful Moorish prince and brother of the two fallen tyrants, Firmus and Gildo, may have excited reasonable apprehension in the minds of Imperial ministers; the Government may have held proofs, of which we now know nothing, that Mascazel, like other successful generals, was the head of a dangerous conspiracy; but that his brother-in-arms and commander, whose commission he had so gallantly carried out, should have connived at his assassination, implies perfidy we would fain disbelieve if we could. Yet it hardly admits of doubt that, if Stilicho did not, as has been alleged, by his own act force Mascazel over the parapet of a bridge, across which they were riding together, he watched him fall over and withheld the assistance that might have saved him from drowning. For such a horrid act of treachery it would be hard to find excuse, even in the moral code of a violent age.

Africa having been subdued, Stilicho concentrated his attention on home politics. Serena, his wife, was first cousin to the Emperor Honorius; the tie between the real and nominal rulers of the Empire was now to be strengthened by the marriage of Honorius with Maria, the daughter of Stilicho and Serena. Sentimentally, the occasion was sombre enough, involving as it did the union of a blooming girl to a sickly pusillanimous boy of thirteen; but its political importance fired Claudian to his highest poetic flight. The Fescennines in which he sings the nuptials are the most musical verses he ever wrote.

For some years before this, events in the British provinces had been the cause of much anxiety, especially in that part of the island lying between the walls of Hadrian and Antonine—that is, including the greater part of what are now the Scottish lowlands. Incessant raids by Picts from the north and by Scots from Erin had wasted the district of Strathclyde, recently formed into the separate province of Valentia, and corresponding pretty nearly with the modern Scottish lowlands. The people had, in some degree at least, become Christians; but between the Nith and the Mull of Galloway, shut off from Strathclyde by a rugged mountainous tract, lived the Attacott Picts of Galloway, still pagan, and of restless, warlike habits—*bellicosa hominum natio*, as Jerome calls them. Time after time their insurrections had been quelled by the Roman generals and their fighting

men enrolled as soldiers and sent to the Continent; but, as soon as the land became repeopled, hatred of their hereditary foes, the Britons of Strathclyde, impelled them to fresh hostilities. This might be tolerated so long as the Romans had plenty of troops at their disposal to restore order; but now, when every cohort that could be moved was being drawn away to strengthen the defences of Italy, it became necessary to extinguish the perpetual feud. It seems to have occurred to Stilicho that the most effective way of civilising the Attacotts was to make Christians of them. It is not clear what creed he himself professed. Christianity was at that time the religion favoured by the Government, though, even in Rome, the temples of the dethroned gods still drew many worshippers. The Arian heresy had rent the Church into two hostile camps; thousands of both sexes were flocking into the newly founded monasteries; the ardour of missionaries grew as fresh fields were opened to them. Stilicho was probably philosophically indifferent to all religions alike; but, having resolved on the conversion of the Attacotts, he set about it with characteristic energy. He would no doubt apply to the Pope, Siricius, for a competent preacher. Of priests there were plenty in Rome, but not all of the stuff to make good missionaries. St. Jerome lashed the luxury of his brethren of the cloth at that period.

There are others [he says] (I am speaking of my own order) who enter the priesthood and diaconate in order that they may visit women with greater freedom. All their care is about their clothes and that they are sweetly perfumed, and that there should be no wrinkles in their boots. Their hair is crimped with curling-tongs, their fingers glisten with rings, and, lest the damp street should soil their soles, they mince along on tiptoe. Such seem to be rather bridegrooms than clergy.

But although in this, the fourth century after Christ, there were priests of the worldly type of the *abbé* of the later French monarchy, there were also others of stricter life and simpler habits. Of the latter stamp was a young man, Ninian by name, the son of noble parents in North Britain, who had been in Rome for some years preparing for the priesthood. Fired with the dauntless energy of six-and-twenty, chastened by the searching discipline imposed by the Church upon her novices, possessing in addition the advantage of high lineage, which was no mean qualification among the Picts—a people who of all others set great store by birth, making all things, even office and occupation, hereditary—Ninian was the very man for a hazardous mission among a savage nation, commonly reported to be cannibals, and upon him the duty was wisely laid. The success of Ninian's enterprise is well known. Landing on the stormy coast of Galloway, he built, within sound of the waves of Solway, the *Candida Casa*, or White House—the first Christian church of stone in Alba—and from that centre converted to Christianity, first the

Attacotts, and then the Picts north of Forth and Clyde. In almost every county of Scotland place-names carry the memory of the first bishop of Galloway through the fifteen centuries, that have rolled by since his death.

Ninian's mission began in 396, and its result justified the diplomacy of Stilicho. The conversion of the Attacott Picts was followed by some years of tranquillity in North Britain—a state of matters to which, it must be confessed, the presence of the veteran Sixth Legion—*Victrix, Pia, Fidelis*—in no small degree contributed. But the day was at hand when the Roman power was to be for ever withdrawn from Britain. War clouds, long lowering, began to roll nearer and darker along the Alps; every soldier that could be mustered must be recalled to defend the heart of the Empire. Recruiting was almost at a standstill. Could the mere human clay have been found, the fiery genius of Stilicho would soon have hardened it into warlike material. But the indolent patricians, themselves averse to the fatigues of military life, sapped the strength of the army by the enormous retinues which they vied among themselves to maintain. Tens of thousands who, in simpler times, would have filled the skeleton ranks of the legions, were employed on the country demesnes of these magnates. Further, an incredible number of able-bodied citizens were withdrawn from the service of the State by the monastic impulse, under which men of all ages, taking on themselves extravagant vows, shut themselves up in religious houses or trooped off to the desert in the train of some fanatic eremite.

Alaric showed signs of stirring from his five years of inaction in Illyricum; inaction which, according to Mr. Bury, was part of the treasonable compact with Stilicho—which seems, however, more likely to have been necessary to prepare a sufficient force till a favourable moment arrived for a descent upon Italy. Now he began his advance, and so irresistible did it appear that, if we may believe Claudian, Stilicho withstood alone, and, for the time, successfully, Olympius and the other ministers of Honorius, who frantically urged the Emperor to fly to Gaul. But at the moment an arduous expedition had to be made into the heart of the Rætian Alps, where Alaric's agents had been fomenting discontent among the loyal mountaineers. Once established among these mountains, the Goth might have held the plains of Lombardy at his mercy. Not an hour could be spared; to the physical difficulties of such an expedition in winter was added the perplexing diplomacy essential to its success. In a business of this nature, requiring the highest qualities of generalship and statecraft, Stilicho could rely on no one but himself; so, leaving the court at Milan but weakly guarded, and trusting to return before Alaric could cross the frontier, he set sail with his army up the Lake of Como. But the seasons played him false; the furious floods which, when the snow begins to melt, fill the river-beds of northern Italy, were this

year delayed by prolonged frost and opposed no barrier to the advance of the Goths.

In the next few weeks followed some of the most exciting military episodes the world has ever seen; one regrets that the chivalrous fancy and graphic touch of Washington Irving was never enlisted for their description. Stilicho, returning from a successful expedition among the Alps, was horrified to find the country between the Addua and Milan overrun by Alaric's troops. Honorius was shut up in Asta, a town of Liguria (known to modern tourists by the sweet *vino d'Asti*), where he had been overtaken in full flight to Gaul.

Time was everything; once let the impious hand of the Goth touch the sacred person of the Emperor and the spell would be broken—the name of Rome would be no more. All the bridges were in the enemies' hands; to attack and carry them would take too long. But Stilicho—the old cavalry officer—knew the arm on which he could rely, nor did he so rely in vain. Putting himself at the head of his cavalry, he swam the Addua, swept across the fifty miles of plain that lie between that river and Asta, cut his way through the besieging army, and, entering the town, brought confidence and counsel among the distracted fugitives. An exploit such as this were in itself enough to make a soldier's fame. How the gallant general's heart, wearied with the devious toils of statecraft, must have burned as he rode among his veteran troopers!—how he must have scorned the cravens to whom he had been obliged to entrust his Emperor! But more and weightier work remained to be done. The little force within the walls was beset by the far-reaching lines of Alaric. Could Stilicho rely on the messengers he had sent to recal the legions from Spain, from Gaul, from Britain? and would these legions arrive in time? They did. One by one they poured through the Alpine passes; gradually there was drawn around the besieger's lines a second line of entrenchments, till Alaric was himself beleaguered. Finally, on Easter Sunday, the 29th of March, 403, was fought the great battle of Pollentia, which forced Alaric to raise the siege and to withdraw towards the north-west frontier.

In this, the second time when these great rivals crossed swords, Mr. Bury sees nothing but a bloody farce. He affirms a secret understanding between Stilicho and Alaric, because the Gothic host, instead of being cut to pieces, was allowed to draw off. It is difficult to recognise sober judgment in this suggestion, or to believe that these great commanders were such finished actors.

In rear of this invasion another vast wave was gathering, and three years had scarcely run before it, too, broke on the Italian frontier. Rhodogast or Radagaisus, the Vandal, at the head, it has been said, of 200,000 fighting men, invested Florence, to the relief of which city the never-resting Stilicho advanced.

The strategy which had broken the strength of Alaric at Mount.

Pholoe and at Asta was here repeated; fortified lines were drawn round the army of Rhodogast. The Romans, drawing plentiful supplies from the Tuscan plains behind them, lay securely within their entrenchments, watching the besiegers die of starvation. With the death of Rhodogast, the dispersion and captivity of his surviving troops, Stilicho was hailed once again the deliverer of his country.

So far at least as a country so far declined *could* be delivered; but the national spirit was incurably diseased. Stilicho was painfully aware that his military resources were at an end. The army that overthrew Rhodogast was the sole and last army of the Empire. Alaric was still restless and threatening: if he could no longer be fought off, he must be bought off. It must have been a bitter thing for the proud Master-General to sign the bond under which Alaric, in consideration of a stipulated annual subsidy, renounced the service of Arcadius and vowed fealty to Honorius. When this was charged against him as proof of treason—when his impeachment in the Senate was called for by hungry rivals—might not Stilicho have turned on them and said, ‘Give me men, then! Had I but men, do you think I would stoop to pay tribute to the barbarian whom I have already twice overthrown?’

The end was at hand—the shameful, cruel end. Honorius, by this time five-and-twenty, lent an easy ear to the suggestions of Olympius, ever the rival and bitter enemy of the Master-General. Working upon the dread of assassination, which, it is said, continually haunted the miserable Emperor, Olympius persuaded him that Stilicho was plotting his death. By this means he obtained complete influence over Honorius, and inspired in him sullen resistance to his father-in-law’s policy. The mind of the public, meanwhile, was poisoned by reports, diligently circulated, of alleged intrigues carried on by Stilicho and Alaric; indignation was inflamed by the payment of the tribute, until he who had been the army’s idol and the people’s hero became the object of hatred and suspicion. At last—oh, shameful day for Rome!—the mask was flung aside, and on the eve of the departure of an expedition to Gaul, Stilicho’s most trusted ministers and generals were massacred at Pavia.

Stilicho was at Bologna when the news reached him. He had still around him a devoted band of officers and troops ready, as many of them were to prove, to shed the last drop of their blood for him. They called passionately upon him to lead them against the traitor Olympius and to let them sweep out the swarm of human vermin from the Palace. But, for the first time, Stilicho hesitated, either in rare indecision or, as his admirers declare, from horror of civil war; and eventually, being attacked by a body of Gothic soldiers, he was forced to fly to Ravenna.

Then was enacted the same remorseless iniquity that had required the services of the elder Theodosius, Mascazel the Moor, and many

another Roman general. Flavius Stilicho—a patriot so devoted, a commander so capable, a statesman so sagacious, that, had its corruption allowed, he had prevailed to restore the Empire in all its vigour—was dragged from the Christian altar where he had claimed sanctuary, and, without form of trial, was butchered by the orders of one not fit to lace his shoes.

Among all the beasts that breathe the air of heaven there is none so treacherous or so bloody as man. Not content with the murder of Stilicho, the Roman Senate decreed the extirpation of his family. Eucherius, his son, was led to the scaffold; a year later, Serena, the dauntless, the wise, the watchful, was strangled on a trumped-up charge of idolatry, and that at the very moment when Alaric, whom there was now no one to withstand, was thundering at the gates of Rome. The Christian Emperor Honorius was made to divorce his wife on no other pretext but that she was the daughter of Stilicho.

Thus is brought to a close the record of the Last Great Roman. Served by him as a country may but rarely be served, the Empire was never again to receive the devotion of a soul so great or a head so wise.

HERBERT MAXWELL.

GLOBE-TROTTING IN NEW ZEALAND

It is not quite evident why in the present day globe-trotting should be considered such an inadequate and frivolous mode of gaining information, unless it be that the facilities of travel lead some to wander aimlessly over the world, without taking the trouble to cultivate their powers of observation or to interest themselves in the novel scenes and ideas presented to them. The shortest visit to a new country affords a more distinct picture of its life and scenery than the perusal of many volumes of travel, studied by a warm fireside in a comfortable house at home. Sir John Lubbock says in his *Pleasures of Travel* that 'the world belongs to him who has seen it;' and there is no doubt that a tour in New Zealand endows the wayfarer with a possession well worth acquiring. A great deal has lately appeared in print concerning the social and political aspect of the Australasian colonies, and the globe-trotter with pen in hand must beware of trotting over ground so full of bogs and quicksands. But it may perhaps be excusable to attempt to record impressions of the beauties and wonders of antipodean nature, and to share a new acquisition with those 'toilers and spinners' whose leisure is insufficient to enable them to read the more perfect descriptions which are to be found in every library.

There are two ways of reaching New Zealand from Australia, the pleasanter being to go by Tasmania, where the first thing that strikes the eye is the increase of colour on the earth, and the decrease of brilliancy in the atmosphere. The country seems greener, and the sky greyer, than in Australia; and this difference becomes still more marked on arrival in New Zealand, where a new vegetation, and the complete absence of the eucalyptus, or gum tree, of our 'island continent' changes at once the whole character of the landscape. We were told on landing at the Bluff, a port at the southern extremity of the South Island, that we should now see the most southerly lamp-post in the world; but this satisfaction, if it were any, was speedily snatched from us by the reflection made by some one else, that there were probably lamp-posts nearer the South Pole, in Tierra del Fuego. And here is an instance of the difficulties which beset the traveller who attempts to draw general conclusions from his own experience, for it constantly happens that two apparently good authorities tell

him diametrically opposite things in the course of the same day. He soon discovers that it is extremely difficult to glean accurate information on the spot, and he probably takes refuge at last in year-books and other statistical works of the kind. Perchance he asks which is considered the more important town, Dunedin or Wellington? He will possibly be told by the first person he meets that Wellington has this distinction, as it is the seat of government; the next person will doubtless explain that Dunedin is a long way ahead of Wellington in trade and commerce, and that it is a much finer town with a larger population. To some one else he perhaps remarks, 'How extremely interesting the Museum is at Christchurch, with its huge skeleton of the wingless bird Moa. I am told it is the finest existing.' 'Oh, dear, no,' the Dunedin man will reply, 'there is a far more perfect specimen in Dunedin, which possesses the rudimentary wing bone; if you are interested in such things you must not leave the country without seeing it.' To some one else he may observe 'What a fertile valley that of the river Taieri seems to be; is it true that the best New Zealand cheese comes from that district?' The answer is promptly made, 'Certainly not: all the best cheese comes from the farms on the Canterbury Plains round Christchurch.' Of course the political views laid before the unfortunate individual who hopes to understand something of the feeling of the people are still more divergent, and this no doubt is very much the same everywhere; but what I think noticeable in New Zealand, as well as Australia, is the want of any standard of generally accepted views, which causes great local jealousies on all subjects. There seems an absence of established opinion and acknowledged leaders; but this probably is characteristic of a new country, where intercommunication is difficult, the distances great, and everyone chiefly occupied in making a comfortable livelihood. Judging by external appearances, this is very generally achieved; and the prosperous air of well-being which predominates in New Zealand makes it hard to realise what must have been the aspect of the country when the first settlements were established some fifty or sixty years ago.

Although the sovereignty of England had been proclaimed as early as 1787, the colony of Wellington was only founded in 1839 by Lord Durham's Land Company, and Christchurch by the Church of England Society under the auspices of Lord Lyttelton in 1850. Christchurch is now the centre of the fertile Canterbury Plains, but at that time there was scarcely a tree in the district—no wood for building or warming purposes, no native animals of any kind, nothing whatever for the colonist except what he brought with him. There were no remains even of savage life, for to that part of the South or Middle Island the Maori tribes had scarcely penetrated. Now you find a bright cathedral city, with comfortable houses and pretty gardens, and the winding river Avon, flowing slowly through the town,

overhung and hidden by beautiful weeping willows, said to have sprung from a cutting brought by a settler from Napoleon's tomb at St. Helena. It is one of the few places in the colony where you feel transported again to the green peacefulness of the mother country, and there is a certain charm of languor in the long, broad, fertile plains around, terminated on the horizon by a chain of pale blue hills, whose peaks are outlined in winter by a thin covering of snow. In Dunedin, on the other hand, which was founded later by a Free Kirk of Scotland Company, you distinctly feel that you are in a Scotch town, with its handsome buildings and busy streets. Everything reminds you of the solid substantial earnestness of the Scotch people. It stands on a deep inlet of the sea, but the channel is too shallow to allow the largest class of vessels to anchor at the quays, and much of the shipping remains at Port Chalmers, about nine miles distant. If Dunedin has a prosperous and busy air, Wellington seems impressed with a sense of its own importance. A man-of-war lies in the harbour, and the Government offices, said to be the largest wooden buildings in the world, remind you that this city is the seat of government. Owing to the proximity of the volcanic regions and the frequency of earthquakes, a large portion of the houses are built of wood, which somewhat mars the general aspect. But of all the chief towns of New Zealand, Auckland has by far the best situation. The lovely harbour, with its numerous smiling islands, is certainly one of the finest of all the magnificent harbours of the southern hemisphere, and its charms so absorb the visitor that the town, which covers a good deal of ground, hardly receives its fair share of attention. It comes next to Dunedin in population, and was virtually the capital until Wellington was recently selected on account of its more central position.

To return to globe-trotting. The first trip we made on arrival was to the West Coast Sounds (Southern Island), in the steamer provided by the Government for various work and inspections along the coasts. It is called the *Hinemoa*, after the princess of the Maori legends on Lake Rotorua. She is described as having been of wonderful beauty, and sought for in marriage by two rival suitors of a neighbouring tribe. As her family would not permit her to marry the one she preferred, the story relates that one moonlight night she swam four miles across Lake Rotorua, guided by the sound of his flute, to the island of Mokoia, where he lived. Being without clothes, and perhaps a little cold, she hid herself, on landing, in a sheltered pool of natural warm water, still called after her, 'Hinemoa's Bath.' She was found here and carried off by her favoured lover. Her name is handed down in many of the native love-songs of her race, and the inhabitants of this island are proud to claim descent from her, though her subsequent adventures do not seem to have been equally successful.

Of these romantic Maoris we saw no trace as we steamed slowly up and down eleven of the thirteen sounds, each one differing from the other, and their beauty culminating in the last—the far-famed Milford Sound. When Captain Cook was exploring the coasts he penetrated into some of these inlets, but the entrances to many of them are almost invisible from the open sea, owing to the bold overlapping cliffs and headlands which protect them. Many abler pens than mine have described how the sea appears to have forced and eaten its way between precipitous mountains on either side, and has swept round into secluded bays, flowing softly inland, for distances varying from ten to twenty miles. This land-locked water, which lies still and calm, overshadowed by the hills, is so deep throughout that our ship was frequently made fast to the trunk of a tree on shore. The mountains often rise quite abruptly from the water, and are covered with luxuriant vegetation. Against the grey stone above, the eye catches the crimson glow of the red-flowering rata; below is a wilderness of green creepers and mosses, while the spreading fronds of the tall tree-ferns stand out brighter and more conspicuous than the evergreen and non-deciduous trees and bushes around. We were travelling in the month of February, which is late in the antipodean summer; but there is no season of the falling leaf in the New Zealand forests, and trees called by the settlers native beech and birch belong to pine tribes unfamiliar to us in the Northern hemisphere. The ridges of mountains which surround and beautify these arms of the sea form an impenetrable barrier between them and the rest of the island. There is no resting-place for the foot of man in the steep thickets overspreading them, and only two discovered passes give access to the lake district on the other side. All is absolute solitude and silence, save where here and there a cascade breaks over the precipices in silver threads, or volumes of water roar with their never-ending rush into caverns of rock below. No four-footed animals exist here; and during the nine days that we were steaming about, the only vestige of human life was one deserted hut—usually the abode of a solitary man, whose food-supplies are brought once in six months by the *Hinemoa*, and who appears alternately to assume the character of a hermit and a mineralogist.

The whole region is uninhabited and unexplored save in Milford Sound, where an energetic settler has reached the glacier on Mount Pembroke (6,700 feet high), and a gentleman from Wellington has ascended the bold, bare, rocky Mitre peaks (5,550 feet), and where also is a small prison settlement in charge of a head gaoler and seven warders. The prisoners are employed in making a road through one of the two passes to which I have alluded above. They move about quite freely, and the imprisonment only consists of being unable to get away from the settlement without being either drowned or starved to death. The gaoler seemed to have no power to make them

work, and to judge from the progress of the path, which we followed up to a lovely little lake in the Bush, they must spend their time very pleasantly and very idly. It is difficult to convey any idea of the charm of our walk to Lake Ada, by the side of a rapid rocky torrent, and on the edge of an unknown depth of forest. The tall timber trees, whose interlacing branches were laden with trailing creepers, shut out all view of the sky; but the sunlight glittered in showers of gold on a carpet of maidenhair, umbrella, and brilliant todea ferns, contrasting with the deep brown stems of the tree-ferns, which stood like sentinels around. Amidst this tangle of vegetation the only signs of life were a few birds. The Tui, or parson bird, a rather large blackbird with a white feather on each side of his neck, giving the resemblance to a clergyman's bands from which he gets his English name, whistled a clear trilling song, something between that of the thrush and that of the nightingale; the yellowish-brown bell-bird from time to time piped a note as clear as a silver bell; the beautiful large white-and-blue pigeon flew in and out among the trees; and in the branches hopped, chirping and singing gaily, numbers of native canaries.

It is a curious fact that these islands were devoid of human inhabitants and four-footed animals when the Maoris, who brought with them the rat and the dog, first landed in New Zealand. Several varieties of more or less wingless birds, however, existed; and unless we take into consideration occasional lapses into cannibalism, these formed the only carnivorous food of the wanderers. In Darwin's *Voyage of the 'Beagle'* there is no mention of these birds in his account of his visit here; but their disappearance suggests the idea that wings may be a development produced by the necessity of self-preservation, owing to the depredations of man and beast.

We were fortunate enough to procure live specimens from some of the prisoners in Milford Sound. The Kiwi is a brown night-bird, about the size of a guinea-fowl, with a long, narrow, curved beak, with which it pierces the ground to satisfy its appetite with worms and grubs. It has fine long pointed feathers, of which the Maoris make feather rugs by working them together with flaxen threads. The Kakapo resembles a large bright green parrot, and is very handsome. The Wika, or wood-hen, is the most common and the smallest. The Kiwi, or Apteryx, has the least developed wing, and approaches most closely to the now extinct Moa, or Dinornis, of which, as I have before remarked, there are some fine skeleton specimens in the museums. Those at Christchurch run to a height of eleven feet, but lack the rudimentary wing-bone; in Dunedin there is one with it attached, and a beautiful skeleton is to be seen in the Natural History Museum in London. We had quite a collection of live birds on the *Hinemoa*, as we captured various specimens of young black swans, paradise duck, and penguins, when boating

from the steamer. The method was to row after a young bird till it got frightened and dived, and finally, when tired out, it was caught in a sort of landing-net at the end of a long bamboo cane. The captives were destined for various zoological gardens, as unfortunately there seems a prospect of many of these native birds dying out, probably owing to the depredations of tourists and sportsmen. On this account the governor has lately caused a large island in one of the Sounds to be set aside as a reserve, where they will be neither shot nor captured for any purpose whatever. In addition to the wingless birds, there are fifty-nine different land birds, and many more water birds abound on the rocks and islands in the south and west. Penguins exist in multitudes, and our captain told us thousands of them swim away in the summer towards the South Pole to feed, whence, in spite of having traversed many leagues, they return so fat that they can hardly stand. When travelling, they form themselves into compact bodies, on the sea, of several hundreds each, and spread themselves out in line, at just sufficient distance to enable one group to communicate by a cry with another. It was explained to us that this curious and intelligent mode of proceeding was to enable them to search the sea for land, and to avoid missing it by a mistaken direction; but it seems hardly likely that their annual migration should be quite as vague as that would suppose, or that birds of a previous year should not remain as guides for a younger generation.

Besides curious birds, we saw many strange and gruesome fish in the Sounds, usually large in size, and some with beautifully brilliant scales. A large blind eel that we caught was a very horrible object in spite of its bright pink colour. It writhed like a gigantic snake, and two faint white spots showed where its eyes should have been. Off Stewart Island we dredged for oysters, which were excellent, and also secured a collection of rare and lovely shells, including several specimens of the '*Imperator imperialis*,' with its lustrous pearl-like surface. It is now found plentifully, which does not diminish its beauty, but only its value, for it was at one time believed to be extinct and therefore very precious to collectors. Before we returned to the Bluff we landed at a half-caste Maori settlement on Stewart Island, which is the third of the New Zealand group, and where the inhabitants seem to indulge in the same love of bright colours and European dress that we noticed also in the native villages of the Northern Island. They lived chiefly by fishing and on 'mutton birds,' a kind of seagull, ingeniously preserved, salted, and smoked in kelp. This seaweed is found in large quantities on the shore, and it can be blown out into large bladders about a yard long and sometimes eighteen or twenty inches wide. Wherever there was a flaw or hole, it was rendered air-tight by the insertion of a shell underneath, tied round tightly on the outside with native flaxen twine, and then the bag was filled with dried birds and carefully closed.

We met with no more Maoris till we reached the North Island, where they have their principal settlements. They are believed to have arrived in canoes from the Malay or Polynesian Archipelago, about five or six hundred years ago. The physique of those we saw was somewhat disappointing. The brilliant reds and yellows of their garments gave no picturesqueness to their European costume, nor did it enhance their dark hair and eyes, and their olive-coloured, much tattooed faces. Perhaps the hideous practice of tattooing may account for some of the incongruity of their appearance. The wooden huts or 'wharries,' with one room only, of which their villages or 'pahs' consist, are lined and thatched with the *Phormium tenax* or flax, and the Toe-toe, which closely resembles pampas grass. The tall, graceful, upright heads of this plant grow very plentifully along the edges of the creeks and streams, and form perhaps one of the most striking features of the otherwise somewhat bare volcanic country usually called the Hot Lake District. The scenery here produces the impression of being literally the end of creation, where the formation of the earth's crust is still incomplete, and where every rift shows the great motive power that underlies the surface of the globe; invisible fire in all its manifestations—an irresistible agency, controlling, creating, crushing, consuming. And in daily companionship with this mysterious force lives half-savage man, quite undisturbed by its marvels and dangers. For the Maoris build their 'wharries' in the centre of all this turmoil. The pools of boiling water in the proximity serve to cook their potatoes and other food with ease and rapidity; and they spend their days bathing and lounging in those of cooler temperature, while the geysers around throw up their scalding fountains, and the steaming mud gurgles on every side. One of the most weird sights of all is the 'Devil's Blow-hole' at Wairaki—a large natural pit or shaft in the side of a wooded hill, from which every two or three minutes issue immense volumes of pure steam, with a distant subterranean roar, like the groans of some gigantic monster imprisoned in caverns below. The view from a spot near here is very striking, especially on a moonlight night. A long, narrow valley, or ravine, through which flows a stream of hot water, leads down to the open country; small clouds of white steam float out from the ground among the trees and vegetation along its side; one geyser after another, as far as the eye can reach, throws up its fountain of pearl-like water; and only the solemn mysterious booming, which you almost feel coming from the earth beneath you, breaks the silence of the fantastic scene.

It is strange that the great eruption of Mount Tarawera in 1886, which destroyed the wonderful pink-and-white terraces, and in which over a hundred of the Maoris were buried alive, should not have frightened them away from these disturbed regions; but their lazy habits make them cluster round the haunts where they can bathe, wash, cook,

and keep warm without effort, while the tolls they levy on travellers who visit these natural wonders support them sufficiently in other ways. A native woman who acts as guide at Whakarewrewa, was one of the survivors of this eruption, and the remnant who were saved had taken refuge in her 'wharrie,' which was all but submerged in the showers of sand and mud, that devastated the whole Maori village of Waitapo. Accidents are of frequent occurrence here, even in everyday life. Natives who live in these regions of nether-world terrors are often scalded to death in boiling mud, or entombed in burning clay, and we arrived just after such a misfortune had occurred to a young girl who had gone out to collect herbs for cooking purposes. She stepped off the beaten track to reach what she required, and was immediately engulfed in the soft burning bog, and scalded up to her waist before her screams could bring assistance. The natives held a regular wake, or festal meeting, before her burial, and the corpse was kept visible on the bier for three or four days. The funeral ceremonial included plenty of eating and drinking, and consisted of howling dirges and lamentations called 'tangis,' joined in by all the members of the tribe. The annual Maori horse-races were taking place in the neighbouring town, and had also been numerous attended by natives, who had come for them from the surrounding 'pahs.' The effect of this combined revelry was very conspicuous in many of those we met riding home in the evening, much the worse for drink. Some of their women were with them, and rode astride at full gallop, jolting up and down, frequently with a wretched baby tied to their shoulders, its head wobbling loosely about in a semi-detached manner that looked both ludicrous and uncomfortable.

The finest of the Maoris are to be seen in what is called the King Country and on the Wanganui River, where they are less in contact with white people, and less spoiled by the adoption of European habits. Some of the severest battles with the English settlers were fought about here, and by the treaties subsequently signed a great portion of the land is reserved to the natives. We were unable to visit this district, and the next tribes we saw were those of Russell, a township in the Bay of Islands, where they came off in their war-canoes to greet the Governor, and afterwards executed a war-dance in his honour. The canoes remain unchanged in construction from those in which they originally sailed when they first came to New Zealand, and are long and narrow and painted outside with rude designs. The one in which we were taken ashore was paddled by about thirty men seated in couples in the bottom of the boat. Their leader keeps time by waving a handkerchief, and the fifteen couple of short narrow paddles dip in and out of the water quite regularly, and so sharply and quickly that it appears as if the canoe was only being propelled by a series of umbrella-sticks.

The idea of the war-dance with which they subsequently in-

dulged us is that of a miniature sham-fight organised as a reception for the visit of another tribe. The performers were all lying in ambush, and rushed suddenly out, wildly waving their spears and 'meres,' while the leaders, shouting and yelling, performed all kinds of jumps, gyrations, and contortions, making hideous grimaces, their pink tongues lolling out of their tattooed mouths, and their eyes rolling as if they would fall out of their heads. The grotesqueness of the whole was completed by the various stages of European attire in which they appeared, for the chief performer wore a billycock hat and a suit of blue serge. Perhaps the native dress might have added grace to what seemed mere antics in coats and trousers, but we saw no Maoris in the costume of their race. It consists of a kind of kilt called a 'pehi,' usually made from the long leaves of the *Phormium tenax*, rolled up into hollow canes of equal length, and fastened on to a band woven from the same plant, while a rug, also of this flax, into which long threads of black are worked at regular distances, is thrown over the shoulders for warmth. The *Phormium tenax*, or New Zealand flax, is used by the Maoris for almost every conceivable purpose; but now that they can more and more easily procure clothing and other necessities from Europeans, all these native articles, as well as their strange carvings and feather rugs, are gradually dropping out of sight, and are no longer made or used to any great extent. The indiscriminate alternation of European and native habits and clothing cannot be very healthy, and may partly account for their increasing mortality.

Even more destructive of vigour is the custom before alluded to which prevails in the volcanic districts, where the women and children spend most of the day sitting and bathing in the hot pools that abound. The globe-trotter passing through the Hot Lake District will not fail to be beguiled into some experience of this latter amusement, for he will find in the open air most picturesque bathing-places, warmed in the great cauldron of Nature herself. For the arrangement of these delightful baths, the streams flowing from the hot springs and geysers are widened out into a small lake or reservoir, and the bottom is levelled and gravelled. The banks are overgrown with ferns and mosses, weeping willows drooping their branches into the water, while the whole is surrounded with a wooden paling which effectually screens the bather, who disports himself in clear, skyblue, hot water, and thus combines the various attractions of a flowing stream and a hot bath in the open air. There are, of course, some springs which are medicinal, and for these there are regular systems of treatment, but a great many are only impregnated with sulphur and soda, and perhaps a little iron, and may be freely used by any one.

In the Southern Island none of these peculiar natural features exist; its scenery and characteristics seem to the ordinary observer to belong to a more advanced period of the earth's formation, with

evidences of glacier, instead of volcanic, action. A great chain of high mountains stretches along the western side. Beautiful lakes lie at the base, where the rivers which irrigate the eastern plains take their rise. We were not able to visit Mount Aurangi, also called Mount Cook, about 2,000 feet lower than Mont Blanc, nor had we time to see the Tasman Glacier, said to be the largest in the world. It is about twenty miles long and of an average breadth of two miles. Our chief excursion was by steamer to the head of Lake Wakatipu, which curls round among the mountains for about fifty miles, and is somewhat in the shape of the letter S. The view up the valley at the end gives a magnificent amphitheatre of snow-capped peaks, with the snowy mass of the giant Mount Earnshaw in the distance. The settlers show a want of originality in giving such names as Ben Lomond, Lochnagar, the Dart, Kingstown, Queenstown, to antipodean localities. Neither do such names as Tooth Peaks, Round Peaks, or the Remarkables, sound very romantic, though they are perhaps easier to remember than more local words would be. It is, however, the same with the trees, birds, and flowers; the native beech, the native robin, the native rose, bear but slight resemblance to their namesakes in Great Britain, and do not recall the same ideas. With the exception of the weeping willows, very few British trees are to be seen, and these, in adapting themselves to the country in which they find themselves, are leafless for a very short period.

We landed and spent two days close to where the glacier streams flow into the lake, at a tiny village called Kinloch. It consists only of a small wooden hotel, a post-office, and one other wooden house, where lives an old man who keeps a couple of boats. He has nine sons, who all stop at home and work as boatmen, shepherds, and woodmen. In the colonies, where labour is scarce and expensive, the settler who has the largest family has the greatest chance of prosperity, and these nine stalwart men enabled their father to lease large tracts of wood from the State, to cut and dispose of it without expense, and to use the land thus cleared as pasture for cattle and sheep. In this part of the country, where there was but little bush, we were struck with the small amount of forest, and the hills had a bare, sterile, and uninhabited appearance. It resembled wild and much-magnified Scotch scenery, and, in spite of the fine colours and outlines, the grandeur and vastness of the surroundings gave a longing for the charm of comfort and plenty produced by the smiling shores of Como or Lucerne and the green meadows of Windermere and Ullswater. The small hotel and post-office are kept by an Irishman and his wife, who emigrated thirty years ago. Here again their prosperity is due to the number of their children, and the Psalmist may truly say of the colonist, 'Happy is he that hath his quiver full of them.' The father keeps the post-office, the mother manages the hotel and dairy; one daughter does the cooking, the other the

household work; one son keeps the stables and acts as guide and conductor to the visitors, the second takes charge of the farm and cows and pigs, and the third, a boy of thirteen, milks the cows, feeds the poultry, cleans boots, knives, and does odd jobs. We made great friends with the mother, a delightfully old-fashioned, homely woman, but had great difficulty in persuading her to tell us what part of Ireland she came from. At last, after many questions, she said she came from Mitchelstown, and added with much emphasis, 'But, dear lady, the Mitchelstown people were not nearly so wicked then. We cannot understand why they will not now live peacefully and happily in the old country.'

It is curious to hear how, in the out-of-the-way districts, the settlers of thirty or forty years ago object to the modern democratic notions of the Government. We met with an old Scotchman, not far from here, who had leased a small settlement, and we asked him about the new Tax on Landed Property, and the Eight Hours Question. Both seemed to excite his indignation. 'I don't believe in strikes and unions,' he said, 'they just ruin everyone. I was in Lanarkshire during a coal strike as a boy, and that gave me a lesson. There's a deal more harm and suffering comes from a strike than any good that it gains. And,' he continued, 'suppose I make a contract to do a piece of fencing or other pressing work for any one, and in order to finish it by the time required I have to work, and to get others to work, pretty hard—well, if I belonged to a union I should not be allowed to work more than eight hours a day, and should not have finished it in time to take the next job!'

We had lovely summer weather while among the mountains in February; the oats were ripe in the valleys, and were being harvested, while accounts from England told us of severe and continued fogs. However, we were soon to discover that even antipodean summer weather was not all sunshine. The New Zealand railways are still very much in their infancy, and consist chiefly of single lines, with express trains running perhaps only three times a week. We left Lake Wakatipu, after a thoroughly wet day, having arranged to catch one of these, and go through to Dunedin; but we reckoned without any knowledge of the rain in the Southern hemisphere. When we had accomplished about two-thirds of our tedious journey, amid torrents of rain, we were stopped at a small wayside station, and were told that, owing to the weather, the service had been delayed and that we must wait for the south train. Gradually it leaked out that in many places the line was under water, and we went slowly on till we arrived at a station, that looked like a miniature Noah's ark, and where the water quickly extinguished our engine fires. The Taieri river was in flood, we were thirty miles from Dunedin, and it was reported there were heavier floods farther on. There was nothing for it but to leave the train and find beds as best

we could at a little town called Milton. This was no easy task, as the train was full of passengers, and the inns small and scanty. The accommodation was very primitive; there were bead mats, antimacassars, a pianoforte that seemed to have known better days, and a motley company. The next day at noon we dined at a real old-fashioned *table d'hôte* with the landlord, a quaint and hospitable old Devonshire man, and some dozen commercial travellers. The food was good and substantial, with plenty of Devonshire cream as well as fresh butter. Tea or plain water seemed to be the only drink; and we had observed that even in the railway refreshment-rooms, where we often dined, tea and coffee were always handed round as a matter of course, while beer or wine had to be specially ordered.

Our time was limited, and Milton did not offer many attractions with continued rain and a falling barometer. We heard the railway was flooded to within about ten miles from Dunedin, but we determined to make an effort to go by road in time to catch the steamer leaving for Wellington and the North Island. When we had driven about ten miles through much deep water, we met a cart bringing the mails, and the driver informed us that the floods were decreasing and we might get through in tolerable safety if we took a certain innkeeper with us who knew the way well and could guide us through the most dangerous parts. The road was like the bed of a river—the water dashed along with violence on every side, rushed through the bottom of our carriage, and entirely covered the front wheels. When we approached the town of Greymouth and emerged at last on to a slight hill, we came in full view of the plains, which had become one large sea of thick yellow water, stretching for miles and miles. Far away, as it seemed, over this waste of surging water, which carried harvest and cattle with it, only the top of the railway bridge marked the real bed of the river, and showed the height to which the flood had risen. Sundry white specks were dotted about like lighthouses in the sea, and here and there was a flat punt or canoe, moored to what looked like the top of a gatepost, the only means of access or escape for the unfortunate farmers on the fertile plains of the river Taieri. The embankments had given way, and the destruction of the harvest and a great portion of the stock was the result.

For the last four or five years these farmers had been struggling with unfavourable seasons and unripened corn; this season, when the crops were magnificent, the deluge had swept them away. It seemed a cruel fate, but we were a little consoled in Dunedin as we were told by one of the oldest residents that the disaster was not an unmixed evil. After a few seasons' drought, the land became infested with grubs and insects, and needed this cleansing to renew and purify the soil. The inundations are of course worse in summer than in winter, as the rivers take their rise in the mountains, where the snow melted

by the summer sun increases the volume of water swollen by the autumn rains. When we reached the large woollen mills at Mosgiel Station, within fifteen miles of Dunedin, we were able to join the train and proceed without further adventure. In about a week the water had subsided; and although such destruction may occur only once in fifteen years, it shows with what difficulties and drawbacks the colonists may have to contend, and what marvels their energy has accomplished in little more than forty years.

The acclimatisation societies have introduced many products that render life agreeable, and have also undertaken various useful experiments. Live salmon, trout, deer, and different kinds of game have been imported with success, and the rabbits have not yet become the veritable plague they are in parts of Australia. The coast abounds in fine natural harbours, and much money has been spent upon them. Shipping brings trade and wealth, and with the sea as a means of transport, it is not perhaps surprising that the railway system is still incomplete. A favourable climate, fertile land, and valuable coal may also be mentioned among the many resources of these small islands, which under a careful and judicious Government promise a vast and prosperous future to the energy and perseverance of the inhabitants, as well as much pleasure and profit to the globe-trotter.

M. A. A. GALLOWAY.

SWANTON MILL

IN a paper contributed to this Review a year or two ago I committed myself to the statement that Norfolk had never produced a poet or novelist;¹ that in East Anglia there was a conspicuous absence of anything like romance or that which we understand by *sentiment*; that 'we have no local songs or ballads, no traditions of valour or nobleness, no legends of heroism or chivalry,' and that 'the temperament of the sons of Arcady is strangely callous to all the softer and gentler emotions.'

I have been rather severely taken to task in some quarters for this expression of opinion; but my critics have never been able to produce any evidence to prove that I was wrong. In the main the verdict is a true one. I still hold that 'the temperament of the sons of Arcady is strangely callous to the softer and gentler emotions,' and that *in the main* there is among them no poetic sentiment and no romantic passion. But though it be true in the main, I am beginning to think that, among that mixed multitude, in which the Teutonic and Scandinavian elements have been somewhat curiously blended with other elements which we may call what we please, and among whom a certain undemonstrative stolidity and reticence is a marked characteristic, there lurks under the surface more romance than I had given them credit for. I am beginning to think that it is not so much because these people are incapable of tenderness and heroism as because they hate talking about it, that Norfolk exhibits so strange a dearth of legends, songs, or hagiology. Going in and out among them, I find more fragments of family history than I had expected to meet with, which go far to prove this; and though these are for the most part mere scraps and wreckage, yet the cumulative evidence is increasing upon me, and I should rejoice if, on reconsideration, I should find myself compelled to pass a less melancholy judgment upon the people who have received me not unkindly and among whom it is my lot to live.

Meanwhile I have thought it only fair that the following narrative of facts which have come to my knowledge bit by bit during the last few years should be made public. It is a tale that will soon be quite forgotten unless it be put on record; and though I have a morbid

¹ Mr. Rider Haggard is not strictly of Norfolk descent.

dislike to being accounted a mere storyteller, and a certain horror of a clergyman pandering to the prevailing taste of readers whose first and last desire it is to be amused, I yield to the importunity of some whose advice has rarely led me wrong, and give to the world, if the world cares to have it, one more of

The short and simple annals of the poor.

If the story be pronounced after all a vapid sort of romance, I can only reply that it is the best I have to offer. If, on the other hand, it might seem very easy for a writer of fiction to have constructed out of such materials a work of art wherein the facts should fall into their proper places as subordinate incidents in a drama with a well-constructed plot—again, I have only to answer that I am not ambitious of joining the great army of modern novelists whose gift of making so much out of so little I sometimes envy and always admire. That gift has not been bestowed on me. The tragic and pathetic sides of life are so constantly turned on us whose daily duties bring us into close relations with the sorrowing and the dying, that I for one have a shrinking from dwelling upon the more frivolous scenes and circumstances which form the staple of other men's lives. When, as sometimes happens, the story of a career which from first to last is one long tragedy comes to my knowledge, I cannot free myself from the sombre hues which colour every incident in my own mind. I cannot relieve the shadows with lighter touches as others can. I am a mere prosaic annalist or chronicler; I can but speak as I know.

As you drive down the hill on which stands Swanton Church, with its tower rising up so tall and self-asserting, a landmark to the country round, you see the river Wensum winding 'at its own sweet will' through the rich meadows in the plain yonder, with many a turn and bend, while the swans are sailing on its surface and the cattle loitering lazily in the marshes, and the great house with its woods and park on the high ground, and its long range of conservatories glittering in the sun. When you get to the bottom of the hill, the road takes a sharp turn to the right and crosses the river by a bridge, and just before you reach the bridge you find yourself in face of one of those captivating little bits of landscape which the artist always loves to dwell on, and which I never pass without thinking, 'What a picture Constable would have made of that!'

There is the old mill-dam and the old mill-pool. Far away the river, as far as the eye can follow it, smooth, hushed, glassy, you might almost think it motionless till it reaches the dam; and then, with sudden gentle leap, it tumbles down a humble cataract into the pool below; and there so restless are the bubbles and the foam that you find it difficult to believe the eddying water is inanimate. Behind the gabled house, where in old days the miller lived, there are

poplars and willows and alders. Sometimes the water-ousels may be singing in the reeds, and sometimes you may see a team of horses just taken to the watering-place, or an angler casting his fly for the trout that rise and flash only to laugh at him. You see all this as you take the turn in the road, and if you are wise you check your horse and muse, for it is a sight to gaze at. You expect to see the mill, but there is no mill there; it was pulled down many a long year ago, though they still call it Swanton Mill; and peradventure an idle wish comes upon you that the old mill were still standing. But it has gone.

At the beginning of this century the mill was in full work, and it was worked as a paper-mill and they drove a fair trade there. The business was managed for the executors of a former proprietor by a Yorkshireman who in prehistoric ages had dropped down from the northern skies, none could tell how, and had speedily shown his great capacity, and gradually got the direction of the whole concern into his own hands. His name was Singleton Gidlow. He was a man of great stature and great vigour of mind and body; he had a family of three girls and a boy. When my story opens he had recently lost his wife, and the loss had embittered him. Always a hard man, he became morose and irritable, and his children were afraid of him. The eldest daughter was a girl of seventeen; she kept the house, the younger sisters helping her in her domestic duties; the brother was sent to a boarding-school and only lived at the mill in holiday time. Trade was carried on in those days very differently from now. Gidlow was his own traveller, and was very frequently away taking orders for his paper from Lincolnshire to Essex, and one of his fancies was always to drive a pair of mules tandem. His neighbours were constantly prophesying that he would come to grief some day; that mules were cantankerous brutes not to be trusted; that Gidlow was a 'silly-consighted' man who thought he could tame anything; and, though undeniably the mules were mastered by him and it was suspected that 'he knew how to whisper 'em,' yet they'd get the mastery of *him* some day or assuredly kick the brains out of one of those daughters of his, 'for all they was tarred with the same brush' and had enough and to spare of their father's spirit. In very truth they were full-blooded, fearless, passionate lasses—Hannah, the eldest, haughtily domineering, and assuming all the airs of a grown woman over her sisters, who were respectively one and two years her juniors, and by no means inclined to submit to her authority.

The trade at the mills was brisk and required the employment of several horses; the office of stable-keeper was an important and responsible office, and he who held it had a great deal thrown upon his hands, and required to be a man of resource and some force of character. A day or two after Gidlow had started on one of his long journeys, the stable-keeper and his second in command were out together breaking in a young horse who had shown signs of very

unusual viciousness. No one could tell how it happened, but the brute seems to have run away. It was late on one autumn evening—the workmen were just knocking off work, when they saw the trap come tearing down the road from Bawdeswell, the drivers having lost all control of the furious animal, which swerved just as it reached Swanton Bridge, went crashing against the great timber post that stood there, swerved again, and leapt clear into the stream, carrying the gig and the drivers with him. Both men were killed, one of them being simply drowned, the other with his skull frightfully smashed by a kick from the maddened horse as he was clambering up the bank. Young Hannah Gidlow came out, bare-headed but resolute. Everybody else had lost all presence of mind. The only thing saved from the accident was the horse; the gig and wheels had broken away and were in the Wensum. The colt, trembling with vice and terror, was caught by a young fellow named William Gant, who, without uttering a single word, led the animal gently into the stable, where he saw to his wounds—for of course he was badly cut and scarred—rubbed him dry, tied him up to the manger, and then, shutting the door behind him, returned to the scene of the disaster, his hands in his pockets, saying nothing, and looking on with apparent indifference. The women were screaming, the men were demoralised; the cry was repeated again and again, ‘What’ll our master say?’ Hannah Gidlow went from one to another; they were deaf as adders, one and all. The poor wretch with the shattered skull—a sickening spectacle—was lying there. The people stood away from him. The corpse of the drowned man was not found till next morning. Almost breaking down, the high-spirited girl cried out at last, ‘Isn’t there a man among you that isn’t drunk or a fool?’ ‘I ain’t!’ said a voice at her elbow. The speaker was young Will Gant, still with his hands in his pocket like a man waiting for a job. ‘It’s a mercy, there’s somebody with a dash of sense. Will! what’s best to do now?’ ‘There’s a heap of things to do, miss, seems to me. The best thing is to take that body into the house, and the next is to send for the coroner.’

‘A still strong man in a blatant land’ is sure to be wanted sooner or later, and Will Gant, though he was barely two-and-twenty, was wanted now. At the end of a week Miss Hannah, in her imperious way, had installed the young groom as head of the stables; and when Mr. Gidlow came back he at once confirmed the appointment, his quick eye seeing at a glance that here was the right man in the right place. When Gidlow went away next he bade his daughter keep an eye on Gant, and in all innocence she obeyed the order, and was brought into frequent relations with the master of the stables, whom she looked upon as her special *protégé*. The girl was left in sole charge of the whole establishment now; her sisters were increasingly rebellious, jealous, suspicious, and ready to invent anything that might humble

their elder. Violent quarrels arose; the younger girls put the elder into Coventry, and for weeks would not speak to her. She for her part grew fretful, vindictive, querulous; she was thrown upon Will Gant and her own resources, and felt keenly her isolation. Once when Gidlow came back he noticed the change in the look and tone of Hannah. He asked what it all meant. There was an explosion. Complaints and recriminations were tossed about as usual. 'I'll tell you what I'll do,' he burst out—'I'll marry again if you three can't agree! I'll find some one to keep you in your places, since you can't keep peace as you are!'

'It's all that Will Gant!' broke out one of the sisters. 'It quite turned Hannah's head when you let her make Will stable-keeper.'

'Hold your noise, you minx!' cried her father. 'That was the best piece of work your sister ever did in her life, and she has more wit than the lot of you.'

'Well, father,' said the girl, 'you just wait and see. We've got eyes if she's got brains. You wait and see!'

It was his first warning, but there was so much evident spite and resentment in the tone that Gidlow took no notice. Hannah flushed up, glared at the speaker, half rose from her seat, recovered herself by a great effort, and went on with her knitting, fanning her wrath with the breath of scorn.

Next day young Sabine Gidlow came home. Will had gone to fetch him from school, and the boy was in wild spirits. They all came round him, for he was their idol. As the girls hung about their brother and plied him with questions thick and fast, his father looked on wondering, speechless, bursting with pride in the son who had grown so tall that his trousers were half way up his legs. 'My eye, what a swell Will Gant is, father!' he cried, breaking out into a joyous peal of laughter. 'He's like a regular gentleman dandy in those top-boots. Oh, my eye! how he did go on about Hannah! Miss Hannah had made a man of him—Miss Hannah was this and that and everything. He talked as fast as a cheap Jack on market days, as if he'd got it all by heart. What have you done to him, Hannah, that he's found his tongue at last?'

They all laughed boisterously—all except Hannah. She turned pale and then crimson, stammered out some weak protest, and darted out of the room on some lame excuse. Gidlow laughed at the fun and covered Hannah's retreat.

It was his second warning, but it was lost upon him. When he remembered it in the aftertime he gnashed his teeth in rage and shame at his own blindness.

That same night there was an important family council, and Gidlow made a startling announcement to his children. The executors had sold their interest in the mill, and there was to be an auction of all the live and dead stock upon the premises. Gidlow himself had thought it all over many and many a time. He had long known

what was coming, but his father had died a year or two before, leaving behind him a little estate heavily mortgaged, which the son had determined to clear of its encumbrances. This had taken all his savings to accomplish; for in those days the law charges were exorbitant, and paying off mortgages was a serious undertaking for any man. When the executors offered to let Gidlow have the business of the mill on easy terms, he told them bitterly that he had hardly a hundred pounds to his name—nothing, in fact, but the score or two of freehold acres and the old house which his forefathers had lived in as sturdy yeomen, and which was but a poor place enough compared with pleasant Swanton Mill. But the temptation of setting up as a gentleman and living on his own property was irresistible. He was hardly fifty years old. There were wars and rumours of wars 'in the air,' and those were roaring times for the farmer. He looked the matter all round, and he had made up his mind. In his own house and on his own land it would be hard indeed if he could not do better than his neighbours. At any rate he would try.

To the children now fast growing up to maturity the prospect seemed immensely attractive. In Norfolk they were looked upon as aliens. Society they had next to none, and their father's frequent absences had become more and more trying now that there was discord in the house, and quarrels were of daily occurrence with no one to appeal to when disputes, which might have been settled easily if the head of the family had been there, were renewed from time to time. Sabine was to go back to school for another quarter. Gidlow was to make one last journey to clear up business transactions, and then farewell to the mill! What a welcome they would get in the Yorkshire home!

Sabine went back to school in due course, and Gidlow went off to fulfil his business engagements. The quarrels began as before. Hannah had a bad time of it. Did her sisters really suspect anything? Was there any ground for suspicion? Who knows?

One evening—it was winter now—Jane, the second daughter, came in with a mocking curtsy, and, putting all the sarcasm she was mistress of into her voice and manner, drawled out, 'Will Gant wants to speak to Miss Hannah. He is particularly anxious to receive Miss Hannah's orders, unless Miss Hannah is *very* particularly engaged.'

Hannah rose with a frown and a sneer on her face, taking no other notice of sister Sally's irritating giggle, and at the front door found Gant, with his hands, as usual, in his pockets, and his head bent moodily looking at the ground. 'Well, Will, what's the matter?'

'Nothing much, miss, only about my going away, miss!'

'You going away, Will? What do you mean?' The young man was feeling for his words, which would not come. He kept his eyes fixed on the ground. 'What do you mean about going away? Why should not you stay where you are? But Will! . . . Why shouldn't you come with us? Maybe father would like to have you. I know

I should. Why you're almost—a kind of friend, Will. Why shouldn't you come along with us?' .

Slowly, like one in pain, the young fellow made answer.

'I ain't fit for heaven, miss—and there ain't a chance for me staying there, not yet. I'm going soldiering—maybe they'll take me as a horse soldier; I'm going to enlist—to fight the Frenchies—King George wants such as me.'

Without thinking what she was doing, she went close up to the young fellow and put her hand on his arm. It was a fatal step. He lifted his eyes, fixed them upon hers, and listened.

'Don't talk like that, Will—dear! Suppose they shoot you? I can't bear to think of that! Oh! why will you talk of enlisting? You're much too good for that! It's dreadful—dreadful.' Losing all command of herself, she let her head fall upon her own hand, never heeding that hand was holding Will Gant's arm, and burst into tears.

Five minutes later sister Sally crept out from the house and found the imperious Hannah still sobbing, but her head was upon Will Gant's breast, while he held her clasped in his arms. Coming upon them noiselessly, she heard his voice struggling for utterance with his deep emotion.

'What did I mean by heaven—miss? I—meant—this—'

There was a mocking cry, an outburst of bitter laughter, a wild start of terror. The next moment Hannah was standing in the doorway, like one walking in her sleep, wide-eyed but seeing nothing. She staggered to a chair, and leant over the table holding her head between her hands. Then, as if just awaking from a dream and speaking to herself, in perplexity she muttered rather than said:

'What does it all mean? I can't tell how it happened. . . . How *did* it happen?'

'Oh, dear me!' cried Jane, with all the spite and hardness in her coming out in the harshness of her shrill and cruel tone. 'Oh, dear me! Hannah! if you don't know, why, how should we? Of course it never happened before! Oh, dear, no! Will Gant took you for some one else, and thought he was kissing some one else, and that's how it happened, if you want to know!'

Wild as a Mænad, her heart and brain aflame, the frantic girl hurled herself upon her sister, tore at her hair, beat her savagely about the face, then clutched her with a fierce grip of both her hands round her throat, trying with all her force to strangle her. If there had been none to help she must have succeeded in her mad attempt, for Jane was as powerless as an infant and was fast losing consciousness. By chance the poker had been left in the fire and forgotten; it was now red hot. Sally, the younger sister, made a dash at it, and coming to the rescue struck out fiercely as for the dear life. The blow fell heavily upon Hannah's bare arm, which dropped—unbroken; but severely burnt.

When Gidlow returned ten days later, the girls, very much frightened and having no one to take counsel with, had at last come to an agreement. Hannah for her part promised that she would never see Will Gant again alone; the other sisters for their part bound themselves to tell no tales if only the true explanation of her burnt and blistered arm were kept secret. Hannah was possessed by only one bewildering dread. Her own violence had revealed to herself the dreadful possibilities lurking in her nature; she had had some glimpses of the frightful ferocity that she more than suspected her father was capable of. Sleeping or waking, the conviction took possession of her that if Gidlow got to know her secret he would certainly murder Will Gant. She would promise or do or suffer anything to save the young man from a hideous doom which she could not doubt was hanging over him. For her sisters, they too shared this fear; and with it came a confused suspicion of serious consequences likely to result, when their father might vent his rage upon them, and, as he had done more than once before, look out for or invent some plea for excusing his eldest and favourite daughter and throwing the weight of the blame upon the younger ones.

So it came to pass that, by a little lying all round, Gidlow was made to believe that Hannah had stumbled over the hearthrug and fallen into the fire. It might have been worse: she had saved herself at the cost of a burnt and wounded arm.

The time for fitting came. After much discussion it was finally arranged that Gidlow with the two younger girls should begin the first day's journey, driving the two mules tandem as far as Spalding in Lincolnshire, where business of some sort would detain them for at least two days. Hannah, in the meantime, was to ride Big Dan, the other mule, staying one night at Lynn, the next at Spalding with some kind friends who had offered to take her in. The tandem would make another halt at Grantham, and there the party would meet and arrange about the next stages.

In the grey dawn of a Monday morning in February Hannah made her start before the others. In those days there was open country along the whole line from Swanton to Lynn. The distance as the crow flies is about twenty-two miles. But the tandem had to keep to the roads, such as they were. At Lynn, Gidlow heard that some one had caught sight of Hannah on the mule jogging along over Weasenham Heath. He heard no more of her. He arrived at Spalding just as the sun went down: the mules had covered more than fifty miles in little more than ten hours. Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday went by, and no Hannah. Jane and Sally meanwhile were having a merry time of it among new friends, who welcomed them joyously, and Gidlow's business had kept him fully occupied—so occupied indeed that he was compelled to remain at Spalding longer than he had intended. Still no Hannah! On Friday morning the party set out upon their second long stage, having left word that

Hannah was to follow them to Newark, where again there would be a halt, and where they would spend the Sunday.

Since the memorable evening when things had come to a crisis the two younger sisters had never once left Hannah alone. Young Gant tried the usual lover's devices to see her, but in vain. For more than a week her wounded arm kept her in her room. When Will came to ask for orders Jane went out to him, haughtily telling him what to do, taking care that he went about it. 'Was Miss Hannah ill?' 'Yes,' and no more. He lingered, and was asked what he was waiting for. Slow of speech as always, he made no answer, but looked sheepish and moved off. There was an ominous sullenness in his manner, a perplexity in his look, a dangerous ferocity to the underlings who were his helpers in the stable. This went on down to the very hour of the family's departure. Will brought round the mule for Hannah to mount, strapped her valise behind her saddle, and stood at the animal's head looking moodily on the ground. As she came out, with her father and sisters round her, the tears were running down her cheeks. They were all agitated, even Gidlow himself. A few words of sobbing good-bye to the dear old home, a turn of the poor girl's head, a wave of her hand, a quick glance at Will, who had not the courage to turn his face up to hers, a desperate cut with her whip which Big Dan resented by a vicious swerve, and then she was off at a quick shambling trot, with never a look behind her. She was gone. Jane fetched a long breath, a sigh of great relief, and ten minutes later the tandem was at the door. 'You've been a real good fellow, Will Gant,' said Gidlow. 'You'll look after things well till the sale is over, I know, and Mr. Govans will settle with you to the last farthing, lad. I've made that all straight. Good luck to you, Will; keep your spirits up. You're the right sort, and I reckon there's more than one that'll want you down here without your coming north. And, Will, here's a *vale* for you.' The guinea dropped on the ground. Will did not stoop to pick it up, but took off his hat with one hand, while with the other he gave his master the reins. There was hardly the sound of a good-bye. The mules were fresh and started badly, as they always did. The last they saw as they took the turn in the road, leaving the mill behind them for ever, was Will Gant still standing by the gate, his eyes fixed on the ground.

An hour later he mounted the best horse in the mill stable, and, starting off at a gallop, he was making for Lynn straight as an arrow. He scarcely got half way. An hour after sunset he came back to the stable leading Big Dan, the mule, by the bridle. Then he went to his mother's cottage as usual, and there was Hannah! How or where they were married, I cannot learn, but that they were admits of no question.

At this point my information is vague and fragmentary. News

travelled slowly eighty years ago or so. It was ten days before the truth became known to Gidlow—then it burst upon him like the shock of an earthquake. The two girls, waxing more and more frightened, and having such good reason for suspicion, told their father all they knew. He turned upon them like a wild beast. Nothing could persuade him that it was not all a plot; they had lied, they had betrayed their sister and himself, they had brought dishonour upon his name. He would make their lives a curse to them as they had blighted his. For the vile girl that had left him to take up with a stable-boy, he would never see her again; she was no daughter of his. Let all the fiends tear her! For the man that had stolen her, let him keep a day's journey from the reach of his arm if he hoped to keep a single unbroken bone in his accursed body. 'When my boy Sabine grows up, he shall hunt him down and blind him!'

Long years afterwards there was one who never could speak of her father's ravings without a shudder of horror. One order he laid upon his children. Let no one of them ever dare to open a letter from Hannah or write a line or send a message! If they did, his curse should light upon them, body and soul. And this he kept on repeating again and again at intervals whenever the evil spirit was raging within him. A month after he had settled upon his property—if indeed there could be any *settling* now—he married a widow with some small portion. Her chief attraction was that she was said to have nagged at her first husband till he had hanged himself. Let her nag at those lying hussies that had mocked him! In this instance he missed his mark; the woman became cowed and afraid of him, and she grew to pity the poor girls and tried to shield them from his violence. It was all in vain. The home became absolutely unbearable. First one and then the other daughter ran away and took to domestic service. Young Sabine, too, left him and married badly. A year or two later the young man got hurt in some accident, and, after lingering a few weeks, died in great agony. The father was at his son's bedside when the end came, and as he bent over the poor young fellow—quite unmanned by this time, baffled, despairing—the last words he heard from the dying lips were, 'Pray God, forgive poor sister Hannah!' Gidlow dashed his clenched fists into his eyes with all his force. One of those eyes was hopelessly blinded; with the other he saw but imperfectly to the end of his miserable life.

Fifteen years had passed since the elopement. During those fifteen years Hannah had brought no less than twelve children into the world; ten were living. She was only in her thirty-fourth year—her husband some five years older. When the story of their clandestine marriage became known all Norfolk was virtuously indignant. The farmers—there were no *large* farmers in those days—would have nothing to do with Will; he could get work nowhere. Some of his

few friends strongly advised him to leave the neighbourhood; but nothing would induce him to stir. From Hannah's side he would never move again. For weeks at a stretch he was left without employment. Once or twice he heard of a place that was vacant for which he knew he was fit. He would trudge off doggedly, make application for it and get back the same night scarcely able to crawl, and always with the same result. Nothing came. His little savings were exhausted before the second year was ended, and the second child appeared. How they kept body and soul together no one could understand. At last the forlorn condition of the little household stirred the pity of the neighbours, and moved by the sight of the haggard and ragged young man at church, which he never missed attending—some one sent him a new smockfrock. It was laid at his door one night without the sign of who the sender was. He had never worn the labourer's dress till now. Next Sunday he appeared in it, thankful that he could cover what few shreds of clothing hung together upon his lean body. When Hannah saw him first in the smockfrock she broke down. 'Has it come to that, Will? Oh, what have I brought you to?' He bowed his head humbly, and in his slow way made answer: 'I'd go through it all again—for you, my lass; you're worth it all—except when I think of you—and then—' He turned away his face and shivered.

Things mended a little from this time—a little—a very little. He never complained—he protested he was never hungry. Gradually he sank to be a mere farm-labourer and proved to be a very excellent and trustworthy one; but he was never seen inside the public-house, and obstinately refused to touch the beer which used to be dealt out by the farmers pretty freely. But those poor children had ravenous appetites, and at last he found himself compelled to take the odious parish allowance which was distributed in the old days, for there were now ten of them; two had died—the neighbours whispered, from actual starvation—shortly after their birth.

Fifteen years! What that household must have gone through during that dreary time, who can imagine?

'Gant! here's a letter for your missus! That come out o' Yorkshire, that du. You needn't be lookn so skeered, baw; there ain't nothin to pie!' The speaker was the village carrier, who brought parcels and letters once a week from Norwich. Gant looked hard at the letter as the bearer held it out to him; he seemed as if he were not going to touch it. 'What's up wi' you, man? That ain't pisun! Lay hold on it!' He took it with an evident struggle, without a word of thanks, and went on his way to his work, for it was early morning. When he got home in the evening he laid the letter on the table before his wife, again without a word. With her heart beating fast—for she knew her father's hand—she broke the seal and read aloud:—

'Hannah! Your brother is dead. You spoilt my life, and I swore I would never see you again. I've broken the great oath I took by writing to you as I am doing now. Come and humble yourself as I am humbling myself. Come and beg my pardon and I'll forgive you, though I cannot forget. You must come alone. The villain that stole you and the children you have brought him I will never see. Leave him, and you have my promise that you shall never want again. Your father,

'SINGLETON GIDLOW.'

She laid the letter upon the table, took up the baby that was kicking in her lap, clasped it to her bosom, covered it with kisses, but could not speak for weeping.

Will Gant moved into the tiny bedroom and brought from it a little paper parcel. Deliberately unfolding this, he laid a golden guinea upon the open letter, and for once in his life the words came, clear and decided, with a dignified fluency that his wife had never had experience of before and never heard again.

'That letter, Hannah, is either what the parson calls the voice of God, or else it's a message from the prince of the devils. You may take your choice. I'll never stand in your way this time. He that wrote that letter tossed that guinea to me when I saw him last. If you choose to go to him, it'll pay your way. But if you go, you stay; so help me, God! The little ones and I will hang together; there's something tells me we have seen the worst now. But tell that man from me that we don't want forgiveness. If that's the word, let him come here and ask it on his bended knees. If we give him pardon, the babes in the churchyard that pined at your dry breast can't give it him; and if there's a holy God in heaven He won't forgive him neither, till he comes and asks forgiveness here.'

He waited for his answer; he did not wait long. She rose, her baby in her arms, and stood face to face with her husband.

'Go, Will? You never spoke a hard word to me before. Do I deserve it now? Go? If staying by your side meant burning flame, I'd never stir a step. Father?' Who's my babe's father? And this one says he'll never set his eyes upon our little ones. Would you curse one of them whatever came? Will! you must think very, very ill of me. What! I turn my back upon my darlings, because he turned his back on you and me! For shame, Will!'

Another twenty years went by. Gant was right: he and Hannah had seen the worst when old Gidlow's letter arrived. One by one the children all left the nest, and all were off their parents' hands. Indeed, they all married and set up for themselves humbly enough, but honestly. A rumour came that old Gidlow had died 'ever so long ago' and had left all he had to his widow, then another rumour

that Mrs. Gidlow was bedridden and 'grown' silly.' Will Gant got into some position of trust as a buyer of horses. He had the opportunity now of saving money, but unfortunately the chance had come too late. When he died he was hardly sixty, and there were only a score or two of pounds to his credit in the bank. He had a long and trying illness. One night he feebly called his wife: 'Hannah! I'm dying now. I want to die with my head against your heart.' I'd like to feel it near me, beating for both of us. The desolate woman had been watching him alone for weeks. During that time she had scarcely had her clothes off. Now as she leant back upon the pillow by her husband's side a very swoon of drowsiness overcame her, and she fell into a deep sleep. There she lay with his head upon her bosom, never stirring till she felt the cold cheek freezing her life's blood. He had been dead for hours.

Clannishness in Norfolk is very strong, and at funerals the family gatherings are often very large. But there were no railways among us fifty years ago, and only three of Hannah's children saw their father laid in his grave. Of the others, some had died and the rest were far away 'in the shires.' The youngest, who had no family, outstayed the other two; her husband told her she might remain with her mother 'a whole fortnight.' One day, as the visit was drawing to its close, the daughter asked, 'Did you ever have a sister Jane, mother?'

'Yes, I had. What of her?'

'I think she's alive, mother. Leastways there was a sort of a lady that was staying with Farmer Brown last year, and I heard say that she 'put on parts' a good deal, and folks used to make fun of her. She used to say she was a Gidlow before she married, and they tell me she's a sort of a housekeeper in some great house near by. But I never set eyes on her, and I didn't take much notice.'

Blood is thicker than water, they say; and when Hannah was left in her loneliness—an old woman before her time—she felt a sudden yearning to see her sister, whatever might come of it. She had never passed a night out of the humble cottage to which Will Gant had brought her when she was in her teens. Now she resolved to find her sister Jane. It was a long time before she could trace her out. At last she discovered that Jane, who had been for several years a widow, was in some position of trust at a great house. 'I think it was the Lord of Salisbury's,' says my informant vaguely.* Hannah locked up her house and started on her pilgrimage. After days of travel, which can hardly have improved her appearance, dusty, soiled, and weary, she rang at the bell of the great house and timidly asked to see 'Mrs. Jones—Mrs. Jane Jones.' The servants appear to have been insolent, laughed at her, and told her to go away. The old spirit came back upon her, and she proudly protested she would never move

* I suspect this conjecture was a mere guess, due to the fact that we have heard so much of Lord Salisbury of late.

from the door till she saw the *lady* she had a right to see. It ended by the appearance of a dignified personage in black silk, 'with a great gold chain round her neck,' who received her with immense haughtiness and railed at her roundly.

'Woman! who are you? They say you're my mother—Mother? Mother indeed! You!—Why!—'

As she was speaking poor Hannah was silently undoing her sleeve. Then she bared her arm; and there was the old scar of the cruel burn, the ineffaceable memorial of the fierce battle of long ago.

'What! Oh! Lord have mercy upon us! Can it be? Why you're never really my sister Hannah?'

She would not stay the night. She returned as she came. There is no reason to believe that the sisters ever met again. Hannah did not long survive her husband. His little savings just sufficed to keep her out of the workhouse, but very little more. Once, when some one had the audacity to refer to Hannah's early *escapade*, hinting at it having been a scandal to be regretted, she fired up fiercely: 'Sorry! Who talks of being sorry? I was proud of the dust he trod on—my Will! I never asked *you* to come and darken my door. You may go out of it now and never come back. When you're gone there'll be more light to see by—you may shut that door behind you!'

She had been dead a year or two when there appeared in the newspapers an advertisement for the right heirs of Singleton Gidlow. There was a great deal of correspondence, and the lawyers were very busy. I suppose they could not find any entry of the marriage of Will Gant and his wife. Such matters were managed very irregularly in those days, and none of the children could give any information on the point. There were faint remembrances of their parents having kept their wedding day with some semblance of festivity when fortune began to smile upon them in the later years. But Will was always reticent, and as fast as they grew up the family moved off here and there. Hannah never knew what it was to have a daughter who was in any sense a companion to her.

One of the sons—a very poor creature—tried hard to establish his claim to Gidlow's 'property,' but it all came to nothing. When he died his wife treasured up the rather voluminous correspondence which was carried on, but at last threw it all into the fire. Whether there is any other possible claimant, or where the estate was situated, I cannot tell.

When I tried to pick up some more scraps of information and fuller particulars, I was repulsed somewhat tartly. 'I know my father stole my mother—that is all I know. But, Lor'! she was as bad as he was—o' course she was!'

Shocked by the callousness of the rebuff, I asked no more, and shall not ask again!

AUGUSTUS JESSOPP.

THE FRENCH EMPRESS AND THE GERMAN WAR

A REPLY

THE character of this Review is so well established that whatever is published in it demands careful consideration, and of necessity not only has great weight in the formation of public opinion, but in questions of historical interest will be quoted by those who may endeavour to enlighten posterity as to the causes which have led to important results and revolutionary changes in the constitution of the great nations of the world.

Among the events which have taken place of late years, it is probable that none will have more far-reaching results than the war which brought about the downfall of the French Empire under Napoleon the Third, the establishment of the German Empire and of the French Republic, which have both of them now attained a maturity of more than twenty-one years.

The review by Mr. Archibald Forbes in the August number of this Review of a book which has been recently published anonymously under the title of *An Englishman in Paris* is a case in point, and if the statements in it should be correct, they will be of great value to the historian; it is therefore desirable that before they are accepted their accuracy should be tested in such a way as either to confound or confirm them.

At the outset, the reviewer attributes the authorship of the book in question to the late Sir Richard Wallace; he says that throughout the book the identity of the author discloses itself repeatedly, that he lives with, travels with, visits with 'his near relative,' who therefore he assumes to be no less a person than his father, the third Marquis of Hertford, of whom Sir R. Wallace was an illegitimate son. He adds that he reveals himself as having 'a near relative,' an officer on the staff of General Vinoy, and because the reviewer had known a young 'Capitaine Edmond Richard Wallace,' the son of Sir Richard Wallace, in that position, he infers that the author must be this young man's father; and lastly, because the author alludes to 'a connection of mine by marriage,' who was a general officer *à la suite* of the Emperor, and because on the morning after the great

defeat at Sedan, General Castelnau was pointed out to the reviewer as 'the brother-in-law of Richard Wallace,' and Lady Wallace, who still survives to lament the loss of husband and son, is stated in the Baronetage to have been a Castelnau, he sums up the case, and finds a verdict that 'such evidence is conclusive, and Sir Richard, indeed, has disguised his identity so thinly that he might as well have allowed his name to go on the title-page of the book.'

Sir R. Wallace has been dead some years, and therefore, if he had written it, he had no option as to placing his name on the title-page; but happily there are those alive who are in a position to state that the theory as to the authorship built up by Mr. Forbes in his review is absolutely incorrect.

I have full authority to state that Lady Wallace is extremely annoyed that the authorship of *An Englishman in Paris* should have been attributed to her late husband, and I am equally authorised to state that not a line of the publication came from Sir Richard's pen, and that those intimately connected with him must at once recognise the fact that these memoirs were not the result of his experiences.

After this authoritative and absolute denial of Sir Richard Wallace's authorship, I think it may reasonably be inferred that the anonymous author is either an individual to whom the various incidents in his life and relationship, except that of paternity, which is Mr. Forbes's assumption, apply, or else he must have grouped his memoirs in such a way as intentionally to lead his readers to the inference that they were from the pen of Sir Richard Wallace, who, from his connection and position as a wealthy Englishman, was so highly respected in Paris, that Mr. Forbes considers the author's description of himself on the eve of the Franco-German war, as 'probably the only foreigner whom Parisians had agreed not to consider an enemy in disguise,' must apply to Sir Richard Wallace.

If the facts as related had been really attributable to Sir Richard Wallace, they might have obtained considerable credence, but such is not the case, coming as they do from the pen of an anonymous writer, who would appear to have endeavoured to personate Sir Richard Wallace; otherwise so astute a writer as Mr. Forbes would not have been so misled as to recommend the work to the notice of the readers of this Review as bright and engaging, and 'to the best of deponent's knowledge and belief' true.

The part of the memoirs to which Mr. Forbes particularly directs attention is that which concerns the period of the Empire, to be found in the second volume, of which he says that the Empress is perhaps the most prominent figure. Mr. Forbes states that he does not formulate the conclusions to which the comments of the Englishman in Paris directly point, but professes in part to quote and in part to summarise those comments, and so leave the reader to form

his own opinion to what extent the responsibility for the ignoble collapse of the second Empire rests on her whom the malcontent Parisians were wont to style 'the Spanish woman.' He then, as proof that the Englishman's 'honesty and candour are conspicuous,' relates a story which tends to the honour of the Empress in refusing to be surrounded at her wedding by a brilliant escort of ladies, the records of some of whose lives were so doubtful that, according to the Emperor, they dared not brave public opinion by forming part of her *cortège*. Instead of this being a proof of honesty and candour on the part of the author, it looks much more like a trumped up story borrowed from the thousands of canards which, as I know from having been in Paris at the time of the wedding, were then flying about; propagated in many cases by women who were jealous of her advancement to the lofty position of Empress, and by Royalists and Republicans who bore a deadly hatred to the Empire, and were grievously troubled at the possibility of its being perpetuated in the person of a descendant of the Emperor.

Before giving credence to such a story, the question may well be asked whether the Emperor, who certainly was no fool, and was well able to judge of the effect of his actions, especially in the principal Courts of Europe, would have dared to attempt to foist upon his bride women such as those described by the author. Mr. Forbes quotes the writer as saying—

Knowing what I do of Napoleon's private character, he would willingly have dispensed with the rigidly virtuous woman at the Tuileries then and afterwards, but at that moment he was perforce obliged to make advances to her [to which Mr. Forbes adds] at the instance of the lady he was about to espouse.

It is much to be regretted that Mr. Forbes should have emphasised this ridiculous story, especially as the Emperor was perfectly at liberty at any time to cease his addresses to this beautiful lady, whom he was about to lead to the altar. Mr. Forbes, after having, as he considered, established the honesty and candour of the author in relating a story which, in his own words, proved the 'rigidly virtuous' character of the Empress, proceeds in the following paragraph of his review to direct attention to a scandalous story, in which the Empress is described as a parvenue of a low and immoral type, so vulgar that the Englishman states that the translation he gives of a remark she made 'inadequately represents the vulgarity of the original.' He thus attributes to her a character diametrically opposed to that which his honest and candid author had already established for her, when, as a price of her rigid virtue, she might have had to submit to the loss of a crown.

It is unnecessary to enter further into the numerous scandalous stories affecting the character of the Empress, or the cowardly nature of the attack thus inflicted by an anonymous writer upon a

lady who, while she filled one of the most exalted positions in the world of politics, was surrounded by enemies, who watched all her movements, and were only too anxious to detract from her merits, and to bring her into contempt, as a means whereby they could injure the Empire they so cordially hated. The Empress may well despise these horrid imputations on her private character, which, being dictated by malice, their author knows would, if related of a private individual, render him liable to heavy penalties for slander, but for which, from the position of the lady to whom his scandals refer, he well knows she cannot take proceedings against him, and is therefore defenceless; a fact which, whether the stories are true or false, if the author had been worthy of the name of Englishman, would have caused him to refrain from publishing them.

Having thus prepared his readers by calling attention to scandals which seriously affect the private character of the Empress, the reviewer calls attention to what the Englishman in Paris expresses as his conviction that 'war was decided upon between the Imperial couple,' and as proof relates a conversation with M. Ferrari, described as the 'intimate of Emile Ollivier's brothers, and so a likely man to have exclusive information,' which is about as good an authority as would be a story relative to a resolution of the highest importance, involving the possibility of war, decided upon at a morning meeting of the Cabinet, and the correctness of which was vouched for on the afternoon of the same day by a so-called intimate friend of one of Lord Salisbury's brothers. Such a story would simply be regarded as ridiculous in this country, and would be rejected as utterly unworthy of credit, and it is upon such evidence that this so-called Englishman endeavours to prove that the Empress

will not cease from troubling until she has driven France into a war with the only great Protestant Power on the Continent, and will prove the ruin of France.

The author does not attempt to, and, if he did, would find great difficulty in reconciling this view of the political objects of the Empress with his statement that she encouraged the Emperor to the utmost to take the command of his army in the Crimea, when he was fighting as an ally of the most Protestant Power in the world. In making this charge, the author trades upon the religiously fanatical character imputed to the Empress by many of her enemies, which, however, is quite opposed to the religious opinions she really holds, according to which, while acting up to the precepts of her own Church, she not only tolerates the religious opinions of others, but thoroughly believes that they are to be respected when their acts are the result of the principles they conscientiously believe.

As to the alleged ambition of the Empress, which the Englishman describes as such that he even hints that she desired to get rid of the Emperor by the hands of the enemies of France, in order that

she might reign as Regent, the whole story is made up of *on dit*, carefully strung together by the reviewer to sustain this view. The ambitious character of the Empress, however, may be measured by the following anecdote of events connected with the war in Italy in 1859.

When the Emperor left Paris to take command of the army in the field, the Empress was nominated Regent, and as such presided at the Councils of the Ministers until the Emperor returned and reassumed the reins of government. Her Majesty then, as a matter of course, ceased to be present at the meetings of the Ministers, who had been so much struck by the soundness of her views, and by the able manner in which she had presided over their meetings, that they unanimously, and without her knowledge, requested the Emperor to allow her to continue to be present at their consultations; and she accordingly attended them from that time until the appointment of M. Ollivier as Premier, under the enlarged liberties granted by the constitution then newly promulgated by the Emperor, when she ceased to attend their meetings. The author does not appear to attach much value to the characters of M. Ollivier and his colleagues, who he says repudiated the precedent set by his predecessors and avoided informing the Empress on State affairs; and then attributes to them the singular weakness of reversing a decision one day, which they had agreed to on the previous day, on account of a strictly private conversation between the Emperor and Empress which 'the intimate of Emile Ollivier's brother' said he 'knew for certain lasted till one o'clock in the morning.'

Mr. Forbes directs attention to the cruel and iniquitous suggestion that, after the reverses at Spicheren and Worth, 'the entourage of the Empress began to think of saving the Empire by sacrificing, if needs be, the Emperor.' The anonymous author does not pretend to determine 'how far the Empress shared that opinion,' contenting himself with stating some facts for the truth of which he 'can unhesitatingly vouch;' which, however, lead up to the conclusion that she did share that opinion, because he says she virtually discountenanced the return of the Emperor to Paris, although aware that he was the victim of a cruel disorder, which had been seriously aggravated by his Majesty having undergone much riding on horseback since joining the army. The question of the Emperor's return to Paris at that time was in all probability one which was most anxiously discussed, and under the peculiar circumstances many if not most persons who might have given serious attention to the question would have advised that it would have been most unwise for the Emperor to return to his excited capital after 'the double defeat the army had suffered under his leadership,' and before he had had a single success, but the whole sting of the question as regards the Empress is the reported idle remark of a lady-in-waiting, which prefaces this question, and tends to

induce any careless reader to impute to the Empress a deliberate desire to bring about the death of the Emperor.

The Empress knew perfectly well, before the rupture with Prussia had resulted in war, that the Empire had nothing to gain by it, if successful; but if success were not to follow the French eagles the result would, in all human probability, be disastrous to the Empire and bring about the ruin of the Emperor, of herself, and of the prospects of her much-loved son. How, then, is it probable that she did not share the well-known desire of the Emperor to avoid war? It is certain that the cause of the war must be sought for elsewhere than by attributing it to the Empress; and it is probable that revelations which may possibly emanate from the great ex-Chancellor of Germany may at some future day throw a light which will not only remove the charge from the shoulders of the Empress, but place it on much broader and stronger shoulders, that are more capable of sustaining it.

I will conclude with one more observation as to the authorship of this book.

The Empress, after having occupied for many years one of the most exalted positions in Europe, is now, as Mr. Forbes describes her, 'a bereaved and desolate lady,' having gone through trials and afflictions the parallel of which can scarcely be found in the history of the world. She has lost her husband, who was one of the best friends England ever had in France, and with him her crown; and after educating and cherishing until manhood her son, the Prince Imperial, who was one of the most amiable, intelligent, honourable, courageous, and right-thinking youths I have ever had to deal with,¹ she still lives to lament his death by the hands of the enemies of our Queen and country, and, sad to relate, under circumstances which make every Englishman blush for the honour of the British army.

The Empress has, notwithstanding, established her home among us, and, while enjoying the friendship of the Queen, has won the respect and esteem of all Englishmen whose opinions are worth having. She only seeks to end her days in quiet and peace, entirely withdrawn from the gaieties of the world and from political strife. I cannot help believing, therefore, that if Mr. Archibald Forbes, who is so well known for his straightforward and manly conduct and unswerving probity as a recorder of great events in war, had not been misled by his belief as to the authorship of this scurrilous work, he would not have adopted the course of reviewing it in such a way as to cause pain and anguish to the much afflicted and grossly maligned Empress and to recommend it to the British public as bright and engaging.

J. L. A. SIMONS.

¹ The Prince Imperial was a cadet under my charge while Governor of the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich, for nearly three years, from 1873 to 1875.

THE ITALIAN COLONY ON THE RED SEA

I

THE history of colonial conquests repeatedly presents certain fundamental features ; for the same unswerving laws that govern natural phenomena also rule the social world. Similar causes tend to produce similar effects always and everywhere, modified, here and there, by the action of other and diverse causes which vary according to place and time.

Obligatory expansion, conquest ever widening against the will of the conqueror, and a metropolitan policy which aims at a definite end, political or economic, generally attaining a result altogether different from that which it at first aimed at—these are the two characteristic and fundamental features of the history of the most diverse types of colonies from India to America.

Nor has the experience of Italy been different on the Red Sea. When, at the beginning of 1885, the first Italian soldiers were sent to the Red Sea, nothing was further from the minds of government and people in Italy than the idea of forming a large colony on those remote shores, dismembering Abyssinia, and pushing their frontier southwards as far as the river Mareb, in sight of the mountains of Adua, and westwards to within a short distance of Kassala.

No economic and social motives, no hope of finding there lands for our emigrants, hardly that of procuring a market for some of our manufactured goods, but motives exclusively or almost exclusively political, urged us to the Red Sea, where, as every one knows, the combined military action of England and Italy was to be the first active manifestation of a similarity of interests and aims, destined to be developed later on in quite another theatre.

Many people thought that these political motives had failed when the sad announcement of the fall of Khartoum and the death of Gordon reached Europe. But this unhappy event could have no effect on geography ; it could not lessen the importance of Egypt and the Red Sea, nor even divide the political interests of England

and Italy. In the meantime fresh local events forced Italy, almost in spite of herself, not only to remain in the country, but to expand and form a vast colony on an area of almost 200,000 square kilometres.

The Italian possessions on the Red Sea, classically named by Signor Crispi the Erythrean colony, extend along 1,236 kilometres of coast from Ras Kasar to Ras Segian. 652 kilometres south of Ras Kasar is Ras (Cape) Endedah, the southern limit of the Bay of Hauakil. The Italian possessions south of this cape are of little importance. They penetrate but a short distance into the interior of the continent, as far as the uncertain eastern boundary of Abyssinia, and constitute a long sandy strip, exposed to the full glare of the sun, inhabited by predatory tribes of nomadic Danakil. Assab, the port of this district, is politically important for the relation of Italy with Shoa, where France and Russia offer an active opposition to Italian influence. It can have no commercial importance, nor make head against the competition of the French port of Ras Gibut, until a direct and safe road has been discovered to Wogerat. The most important part of the Italian possessions, that which forms the special subject of this essay, is that enclosed on one side by the 652 kilometres of coast extending from Ras Kasar to Ras Endedah, and on the other by an irregular line, which, turning westward from Ras Endedah, rises to the eastern crest of the Ethiopian table-land, follows the course of the Muna, the Belesa, and the Mareb, till it touches, at twenty miles distance from Kassala, the frontier of the Italian and English sphere of influence, following the line of which it reaches the sea again at Ras Kasar.

This stretch of land, equal to about a third of Great Britain, including the countries which have long formed a bone of contention between Egypt and Abyssinia, may be divided, in regard to the practical ends of Italian colonial activity, into two regions—that which has a torrid climate, rising to about 1,000 metres in height, and that of a temperate climate, formed of the most northerly part of the Abyssinian table-land, lying above that level.

It is unnecessary, in speaking to English readers rich in long colonial experience, to describe all the differences which arise from diversity of climate in the various parts of the Erythrean colony; they need only pass their own colonies in review to foresee the general direction of the future of each of these regions, and to judge of the different aims that should inspire the course of action which ought to be taken by the Italian Government in treating them.

On the table-land, fresh and salubrious, the efforts of the Italians should tend to form a colony fitted to serve as a partial outlet for Italian emigration, and so to constitute a new society—Italian in race, language, and feeling—as England has done in Canada, in Australasia, and America, where the rupture of political ties and the

cooling of filial affection cannot cancel identity of origin, language, and customs. The plain, of torrid clime and uninhabitable by Europeans, must be treated like the English colonies of the Crown. The greater part of the manual labourers must consist of natives, and the Europeans, necessarily few in number, must be confined to the direction of affairs. But, although a knowledge of the different climate of the two parts may be sufficient for the determination of the aims to be kept in view, it remains to be proved whether the natural conditions of those regions, their productiveness, their agricultural and commercial resources, be such as to promise a future compensation for the no slight sacrifices which Italy has undergone to acquire them, and will long undergo to preserve them.

Italian public opinion is not yet entirely decided whether to preserve, abandon, or limit the possession of Italy on the Red Sea, and hence it has by no means prescribed for itself a settled course of colonial policy.

Last year the question was warmly discussed in Parliament, and still more warmly by the press; and even now the probability of the partial or total abandonment of the colony, although diminished, has not altogether disappeared.

A long time is wanted before a colony can grow out of infancy, and can begin to give visible results, capable of earning the goodwill of the taxpayers who bear the burden of its support in the metropolis. If these results are delayed and the sacrifices continue great, the nation may grow tired and conclude that it is not just to offer up the real living and pressing interests of the present generation as a holocaust to the problematical and doubtful good of generations still to come. This burden is, at present, extremely heavy. For the year 1891-92 the sum of 10,429,900 lire, which has been allowed for in the Italian budget, of which 7,679,900 lire represents military costs, will probably be insufficient to meet the outlay; and in addition to these figures we must calculate 1,424,000 lire, the revenue of the colony itself.

These expenses may be little by little reduced, if events turn out propitious, but the reductions, besides being precarious and uncertain, will never be of great importance. The colony, as we have seen, is large. Tigré and the Soudan are restless and dangerous neighbours; the Assorta, the Bazè, the Barea, although more or less subject to the Italian government, are turbulent and predatory; the Abyssinian chiefs untrustworthy, changeable, often tempted to return to their adventurous and predatory life. Account being taken of all these considerations, the military forces actually in the colony do not exceed by a single man what is barely necessary to guarantee its defence and safety—essential conditions for the development of agriculture and commerce. The burden laid on Italian taxpayers can therefore

be reduced rather by the development of the local resources than by retrenchments; and especially by the increase of customs, consequent on the growth of commerce. If this result can be attained quickly, Italian taxpayers, finding their burden lightened, will give up all thought of abandoning the colony. If matters turn out thus, Italy will reap great economic, political, and social advantages; and England will also realise no slight gain from a political and military point of view; for she will thus find in the Red Sea a power of like interests with herself in the great events that are preparing in the future, and which will be decisive for her position in the world.

II

The countries which compose the Erythræan colony have come but recently under civilised government; there is wanting, therefore, that accumulation of observations and experience without which we can form no sure judgment as to their powers of production, and can make no forecast of the degree of their future prosperity. The few data we possess would lead us to form good hopes. Massowah, which is its port and capital, is painted by many writers as a hell, and there is no doubt that the persistence of an elevated temperature at all times and in all seasons renders its climate disagreeable and debilitating.

It must be confessed, however, that it is a hell of very pleasant aspect. In the evening both the city, properly so called, and the peninsula of Abdel-Kader, where are the great military establishments, shine with a thousand lights, and innumerable flamelets wandering hither and thither mark the course of the little boats over the crystal mirror of the harbour. The shores and the mole swarm with a many-coloured crowd; the cafés are well filled and glittering; and all this *ensemble* of nocturnal life reminds one of Venice and her lagoons. Later on a stranger and more original spectacle is offered to the tourist. The city is transformed into a vast bedchamber; the whole population, European and native, male and female, spread out before their doors, or on their terraces (if the house has more than one story and has a terrace), their *angareb* (bed made of leathern straps), lie down in a state of nature or nearly so, and sleep soundly until the Southern Cross disappears from the horizon. After a very brief silvery twilight, the rays of the tropical sun burst forth without warning, falling straight down, splendid but scorching, upon the sleepy city, and oblige the inhabitants to seek shade and cool in their houses.

During the day the feast of light and colour is at the same time so brilliant and so sweet that, were it not for the temperature, one could imagine oneself in a spring day in the Gulf of Naples; for that vaporous mist which, in Southern Europe, generally renders the

heavy sultriness of the summer heat visible and tangible, so to speak, is for the most part wanting.

The surroundings are for the greater part of the year verdant, although with plants unserviceable to man; the isle of Seek-Said especially is of a depth of green which recalls that of Devonshire; in the middle distance, towards the south, the bluish and imposing masses of the Ghedem; still further off, as a background, the lofty chain of Abyssinian mountains.

Massowah presents but little of the appearance of an Oriental city. Those who have never been in the East have doubtless read descriptions of Eastern towns, built in an amphitheatre with narrow lanes, small white houses interspersed with orchards and gardens, here and there large leafy trees, forests of minarets. Nothing of all this at Massowah; the only thing that recalls to the traveller the East and Islam is the governor's palace, built in the Saracenic style, which faces him as he enters the port, and a modest minaret to the left. As a contrast one sees on the right the wooden or brick barracks of the troops, the Naval Hospital, and the European *villino* of the military engineers. On the left, along the coast, is a row of houses built by Italians in the Italian style, but for the verandahs; and beyond the mole, and close by the already-mentioned governor's palace, the two new great buildings for public offices, which look very much like the hotels at Brighton and Spezia.

But a few steps into the interior of the city reveal quite a different spectacle. On penetrating into the native quarter you pass without warning from Europe, not to the Mahometan East, not to the East described by Théophile Gautier, not to the East of the *Thousand and One Nights*, which you left behind you at Cairo, but, retracing with one bound the stream of the centuries, you find yourself transported into an encampment of prehistoric men, or of savages from the furthest and most inaccessible parts of Africa. There are low huts in the form of little domes, some of straw, some of matting and sail cloth; through the cracks can be seen ragged, half or wholly naked women, boys and girls squatting down or stretched at full length, sleeping or chattering, without distinction of age or sex. The populous villages of Otumlo, Moncullo, Zaga, Archico present the same appearance. Nevertheless these men are not savages; they are heirs of a civilisation which, among nobler races, brought forth a noble bloom; they bear impressed on their features the characteristics of the Caucasian race, and speak one of the purest and best preserved of Semitic tongues, the Tigré, related to the ancient Gheez. For many centuries they have had intimate relations with the entire East; for many centuries they have been Mussulmans, and Islamism is a great and beautiful religion of elevated morality, of simple and comparatively reasonable dogmas, of a form of worship which speaks to the imagination and the heart.

Massowah has now 17,588 inhabitants, besides the garrison. The natives are 14,521 in number, almost all Mussulmans; the Italians 359, Greeks 276, Banyans 153; the rest are Asiatics and Africans from various parts. The commerce of Massowah reaches on an average about thirteen million francs a year, and is almost entirely a transit trade between Europe and Asia on the one hand and the Erythrean colony, Abyssinia, and the Eastern Soudan on the other. The principal articles of trade are *durra*, skins, cotton goods, mother-of-pearl, gum, and floss-silk.

The *durra* comes chiefly from India and goes to Abyssinia. The Abyssinians themselves could produce and export a great quantity of it, if they were less indolent; in recent times, however, the *epizootia* has destroyed their oxen, and they do not know how, nor have they the physical strength, to cultivate the soil with the mattock.

The skins come from Abyssinia and that part of the Soudan which still keeps up some communication with the Colony. The mother-of-pearl is gathered in the Dhalak Islands and goes principally to Vienna by way of Trieste. The cotton goods come from England, and still more from India. Under various forms, appearing now as the elegant and ample *shamma* of the Abyssinian, now as the short scarf (*futah*) which girds the loins of the Beni-Amer, and of the Beduin Samhar, they constitute the entire dress of the Abyssinian and the Soudanese.

The Samhar is the hilly and undulating zone of variable breadth between the Abyssinian table-land and the sea; it has no fixed boundary, but may be said to finish at the foot of the hill of the Dongollo, which, among woods of wild olives and sweet-smelling jasmine, leads to the fertile valley of Ghinda. This valley, only sixty kilometres from Massowah, lies 1,000 metres above sea-level; its climate is warm but not tropical, it has two rainy seasons, and is the antechamber of the fresh and salubrious table-land.

The plants, which grow uncultivated in the Samhar, besides the luxuriant wild grass, that after the rains supports numerous cattle, are the *Acacia spinosa*, various *Asclepiadeæ* (*Stapelia angolensis*), *ghersa* (*Salvadora persica*), senna and balsam (*Balsamodendron africanum*, Arnott). Where there is a little water, as at Saati, Archico, Moncullo, almost every kind of vegetables to be found in the kitchen gardens of southern Europe grow luxuriantly. The acacia of Samhar yields but little gum, and that not good; but as yet no attempt has been made either to acclimatise there the more productive trees of Kordofan, a country no less arid and hot, nor to introduce other productive plants. If, by means of Artesian wells, an abundant supply of water could be found in the Samhar, it would become a somewhat fertile country. The first attempts are but just begun; and at present opinions vary as to their probable success.

The road to Ghinda from Samhar offers, as far as the Pass of the

Albaroba, the marvellous spectacle of a tangled and varied vegetation, where tropical plants rise alongside those of temperate climates, and creepers form draperies and festoons round the trees of lofty growth, such as tamarinds, tamarisks, sycamores, olives, and kolkwals. These last, tall, solemn, and dusky, form the almost exclusive vegetation from Albaroba to the Devil's Gates, which are over 2,400 metres high. The whole of this eastern Ethiopian slope abounds in wild olive trees, as do also other parts of the colony; in the lands of the Marea and of the Mensa, and along the declivities of the Upper Mareb, there are regular forests of them, from which, if they were grafted, much oil could be obtained. Experiments to prove this will soon be made. The Abyssinians are greedy of oil, but few of them know it is the produce of the tree so common among them. I remember one day at Az-Taclesan, in the Dembesan, I had invited an important chief to lunch. Together with his band of followers came Barambaras Menelik, a comparatively civilised youth, who wore his white *shamma* and silken shirt with elegance, and bore on his head a lion's mane, a distinction awarded to those who have killed the noble beast. In fact, he had killed an extremely strong one . . . through his attendants. He would eat no meat, for fear it had been killed by Mussulmans, but greedily devoured two boxes of sardines, licking his taper fingers after them. 'How is it,' I asked, 'that as you like oil so much, you do not try to make it?' My question was foolish, but I asked it to see how he would get out of it.

'And how is it made?' he inquired.

'It is obtained from the fruit of a tree very common in your country.'

He answered: 'We have not this tree.'

'There it is,' and I showed him a fine group of large gnarled olive trees. He looked with wide-open eyes, and then said with more incredulity than surprise: 'I believe you, because your word is like that of God; you are great and I am little; you are master and I am slave; but, if this were not so, I should not believe you.'

The truth is that he did *not* believe me.

At the Devil's Gates the scene unexpectedly changes; a single step of your mule suddenly transports you from wooded, bushy, rocky Africa into the Roman Campagna. It is the vast Ethiopian table-land, bare of trees, cut into here and there by deep ravines, presenting shell-like depressions and terraces. The Italian part is 125 kilometres long, from the crest of Gundet to that of Mogosaa, and bears so strong a resemblance to the country between Sebastopol, Baidar, and Bagtcha-Serdi, that many a time from the banks of the Upper Mareb I could imagine myself back again on the slopes of the Tchernaisa in the Crimea. Further north, beyond the shell-like depressions of Maldi and the valley of the Imer, the table-land is more uneven. The terraces and open plains are replaced by valleys and smaller irregular

depressions; vegetation again becomes varied, luxuriant; nature looks moist and fresh, and, were it not for the presence here and there of some tropical plants, would recall many of the valleys of England and of southern Scotland.

The climate of this table-land is almost everywhere pleasant and healthy for man; but it is doubtful whether it is propitious for agriculture, partly on account of the disparity of temperature between night and day, but chiefly by reason of the distribution of the rains.

The average annual rainfall is not less than that of southern Italy, but it is packed into a few days, from June to September. Cereals are the principal objects of culture, and especially, from 1,800 to 2,000 metres above sea-level downwards, the *durra*. At higher levels the *teff*, a cereal very highly esteemed in Abyssinia, is cultivated, and it appears that it is also possible to raise wheat. Above 1,600 metres barley, *degussa*, *scimberă*, lentils, chick-peas, peas and other leguminous plants can also be cultivated, from November to June, in the interval between the harvest and the seed-time of the principal crops. The wild vine, although it has given its name to that part of Abyssinia which lies between 1,800 and 2,500 metres above sea-level (Uoina-Dega), is now very rare. It was once cultivated, but Kings Theodore and John had it rooted out. Besides the cultivation of cereals, of the olive, and perhaps of the vine, it would be as well to attempt on the Abyssinian table-land the raising of cotton, coffee, and tobacco. Cotton was at one time, during comparatively peaceful periods, one of the principal products of Seræ, which paid its tribute in this material; and a recent experiment made at Keren in Senbait yielded a harvest of thirty times the quantity of seed sown, and this of good quality.

The result of the cultivation of coffee is doubtful, while that of tobacco may be considered certain in some places, as for instance in the neighbourhood of Keren, for it was attempted with good results under the Egyptian rule.

III

But whatever may be the agricultural potentiality of the Erythraean colony, the native will certainly not be the one to develop it. Every moral and physical attribute necessary to render him capable for this work is wanting. In the Samhar the climate necessitates the employment of native labourers, and this is another obstacle to the success of the colony; but on the table-land, if Italian colonisation is to succeed, the gradual substitution of the colonising race for the natives will be the necessary, perhaps the involuntary, result of the settlement. The substitution of the superior for the inferior race is a necessary and inevitable phenomenon where two races come in contact in surroundings favourable to the superior; it is an appli-

cation of Darwin's law which governs the world ; but it need not be fulfilled barbarously or cruelly. Sometimes it works itself out automatically, notwithstanding the greatest equity and benevolence on the part of the conquerors. To cite two examples only : who can say that the Maoris of New Zealand are now treated badly ? Nevertheless they are disappearing, and their melancholy song is a sad but instructive lesson in the philosophy of the history of colonial policy :

As the Pakéha fly has driven out the Maori fly,
As the Pakéha grass has killed the Maori grass,
As the Pakéha rat has slain the Maori rat,
As the Pakéha clover has starved the Maori fern,
So will the Pakéha destroy the Maori.

In the United States of America injustices were sometimes, but not always, committed ; the colonists remained in many places at a fair distance from the Indian reserves. But the very activity of civilised man, the cutting down of the forests, the tilling of the ground, even at a considerable distance, sufficed to drive out the bison, and so to condemn the Indian to starvation. This is what has occurred very recently in the reserves of Standing Rock, Cheyenne River, Pine-Ridge, and Rosebud.

The laws of Nature are what they are, and false philanthropy, which is often mere hypocrisy, more frequently aggravates than minimises their results. Italy must commit neither injustices nor cruelties ; but her aim on the Abyssinian table-land must be to constitute an Italian society, not to attempt the impossible, that is, the transformation of the moral and physical constitution of the natives. For the natives of the colony of Abyssinia, unlike many of those of the Soudan, bear, in their moral and in their physical constitution, the indelible marks of a progressive race-degeneration and rapid decay. In Abyssinia alone the population in the last twenty years has diminished in the frightful proportion of seven to three. The Abyssinian, like the inhabitants of the Erythrean colony, whether they be Christians or Mahometans, fixed or nomads, agriculturists or shepherds, inhabitants of the breezy mountains or of the torrid plains, have, in spite of those exterior differences, an intimate resemblance that cannot escape the notice of the ethnographer. Their history, religious faith, mode of dressing, tenor of life, differ in different places, and so differ too the proportions of the crossings with other races ; but nevertheless, amid all the crossings, two elements are common among all—the Semitic element, which has come over from Asia at various times, and the Negro element, which has its origin in Africa. When did the first people of Semitic race come over from Asia and pitch their tents on the Ethiopian table-land ? Men of science and learning dispute the matter ; neither do I believe that the difficult problem can be resolved with any degree of accuracy until the Amharic, Tigrine, Tigré, and Gheez languages have been better studied.

It will then be possible, from the quantity and quality of roots which these tongues have in common with the most important Semitic languages, to infer the probable epoch of the separation; though even this may mislead us, as later emigration from Asia and relations with Semitic peoples have to be accounted for.

Thus, among the numerous Judaic customs met with in Abyssinia, among the practices prescribed in Genesis, Exodus, Numbers, Leviticus, which are carried out more or less scrupulously in Abyssinia and the Erythrean colony, at the present day, how many date back to the common origin, and how many have been introduced later by Hebrew merchants (Falashas) or by those early Christian missionaries of the first centuries, who belonged to the faction most attached to the ancient traditions of Israel?

This, at any rate, is certain, that the inhabitants of the Erythrean colony and of Abyssinia have brown skins, Caucasian features, and have in common the other principal physical and moral characteristics. Their courage is impetuous, but not constant, and they have but little power of resisting adverse fortune; they are not fierce, taking into account their state of civilisation; but are gentle, talkative, cheerful, docile, gay, thoughtless, improvident, disinclined to work, which they despise. They bear up against privation, but have little muscular force. Their physical constitution is very poor; they suffer from rheumatic affections, consumption, *tænia*, syphilis, anæmia, nervous exhaustion. It is rare to see old men among them; the women, very beautiful in their first youth, soon grow withered. From my tent I could hear the hollow, lugubrious coughs of the men of our escort the whole night through, as they gathered round the fire; yet these men were agile soldiers, capable of traversing fifty kilometres a day without growing tired, dancing and singing on the march.

So much for the points of resemblance; the chief difference that divides them is religion, although they are not ardent fanatics as a nation. Among Italian subjects, the Christians seem to me more intolerant than the Mussulmans, as they confound country and religion in one hereditary and traditional sentiment; whilst the Mussulmans have hardly ever formed part of a united, stable state, and they have been too lately converted to Islamism to be profoundly penetrated by its spirit.

The population of the provinces formerly subject to Abyssinia, Okule Kuzai, Hamasen, and Seræ, is Christian. We have no data for determining its number; it is certainly much inferior to that of the 23,000 Mussulmans who inhabit the rest of the colony (with the exception of a certain number of Catholics among the Bogos). The Christian Abyssinians subject to Italy are chiefly of the Coptic form of belief; traces of Byzantine influence are clearly to be seen in some of their forms of worship, in the rude and childish frescoes, in the vestments of their clergy and their liturgic chants.

These external resemblances are of greater advantage to the Russians (who have chosen the court of Menelik in Northern Abyssinia as their field of action) than identity of dogma. The Russians insist on the religious brotherhood which binds them to the Abyssinians, and their efforts, although apparently confined to Shoa, cannot avoid making themselves also felt in the Italian possessions. The Christianity of the Abyssinians is to a great degree nominal; and in spite of their love of theological discussions, with which soldiers and porters often while away the night round their bivouac fires; it seems impossible that their minds, quick but uncultivated, can have any real appreciation of the subtleties of Christian dogma. The only part of the Christian religion which inspires real feeling in them is the passionate, almost chivalrous worship of the Virgin Mary, the highest ideal of which they are capable. It is Goethe's *Ewig Weibliche*, revealing itself to them personified in that sweet figure, the only one that permits them to see in the woman something higher than the simple instrument of sensual pleasure.

There is not the slightest fear that a community of religious faith should induce a great number of the Mussulman subjects of Italy to take part with the Dervishes. On the contrary, they nourish a bitter enmity against these latter, have suffered much from them, and have more than once made war against them. This feeling against the Dervishes is indeed common in all the north and east of the Soudan.

Mahdism is no spontaneous rebellion of the inhabitants of the Eastern and Northern Soudan, but an invasion from the south and south-west between 12° and 9° of latitude. The Dervishes are nomads, called Baggara (cow-breeders), from Darfur, Bahr-el-Ghazal, and Kordofan, who had always refused tribute to the Egyptian Government. These men, dragging forcibly in their train the Takruri of Galabat and other intermediate tribes, have invaded Eastern and Northern Soudan, over which they tyrannise cruelly, neither agriculture, cattle-rearing, nor trade being possible under their rapacious rule. The present Caliph who has succeeded the Mahdi, Abdullah-El-Tabaschi, is, as his name indicates, a native of Tabascha, a province of western Darfur. Among the minor chiefs, only one here and there, like Osman Digma, comes from the north-east. The Takruri, the Dabbaina, the Hallenga, the Bisciarin, the Adeb-Scefa, the Scinkurie, the Hamkam, and, speaking generally, all the populations tyrannised over by the Dervishes, including those which formerly took part with them, as for instance the Hadendoa, the Khamilat, and the Gemilhab, would rise up like one man to shake off the yoke, if they were sure of not falling back into the power of Egypt, and if they were supported and directed by a European Power.

This situation should form at a proper time the subject of an

interchange of ideas between Italy and England, with a view to the interests not only of the two friendly nations, but also of civilisation and humanity.

IV

The natives of the Erythrean colony will never be able to keep up an extensive trade, nor lessen in any considerable degree, by increasing the custom duties, the burden laid on the Italian taxpayers.

But Massowah is not only the port of the colony; it is also, on account of its geographical position, the natural port of Central and Northern Abyssinia, and of the Eastern Soudan. Abyssinia has been called the 'Switzerland of Africa,' though perhaps the 'African Montenegro' would be the more fitting name. The further one proceeds southwards, the more considerable germs of future wealth does one come across, but to develop them a laborious people would be needed, well ordered and tranquil; a people, in fact, the opposite of the Abyssinians.

From the end of the sixteenth century to the present time Abyssinia, with the exception of brief intervals, has always been a prey to anarchy and civil war. The comparative peace which now reigns there will certainly not survive the aged Menelik.

Besides this, the state of the roads, which permit transport only by the very costly means of mules, is a very great obstacle to a trade necessarily consisting chiefly of skins and cotton goods, which are voluminous, heavy, and of little value. Besides hides, now diminished in number on account of the *epizootia*, Abyssinia could export butter, gold, ivory, wax, civet, and coffee, the greater part of which products would have to be sent by the camel road through Kassala, rather than by the mule track through Adua and Asmara.

The principal, almost exclusive, imports are white cotton goods, red spun goods, blue floss-silk, and *durra*.

The importation of *durra* must necessarily diminish; for if peace and order reign in Abyssinia, it will again be produced in the country itself, while if, on the other hand, civil wars continue, the communications will be interrupted, and the population will lessen. In any case the accumulated reserves are diminishing, because of late years the importation of *durra* has been out of all comparison greater than the exportation of Abyssinian products. In the last year only, the importation of *durra* reached almost 3,000,000 *lire*. What a long, sad, uninterrupted procession have I seen, along the road from Massowah to Abyssinia, of weak, emaciated, exhausted creatures, climbing the tiring steep, loaded with burdens of *durra*. They preferred the long double journey to the attempt to till the soil; and to procure that *durra* some had taken their arms to Massowah, others a hide, others again some piece of money which had been buried for long months under the well-known sycamore, or

under the marked stone to hide it from the rapacity of a Debeb or a Sebat. Not always did these unfortunate *meskin*, thus loaded, return to their fatherland; fatigue, hunger, weakness, often killed them on the road, and it was no rare thing to see, early in the morning, corpses still warm, half devoured by hyenas. This short description will serve better than tedious, unreliable statistics to show what sort of a market Abyssinia promises whilst it is inhabited by Abyssinians.

The commercial future of the Erythrean colony depends almost entirely on the Eastern Soudan, whose fertility is well known, and which embraces the provinces of Taka, Galabat, Kedaref, and part of Sennaar.

Galabat and the neighbourhood of Kassala are unhealthy but fertile, watered by the regular inundation of the Gash; less unhealthy, but no less fertile, is Kedaref, where, on account of its fortunate geographical position, has been founded the famous emporium of Suk-Abu-Sin, which rose into importance immediately after the Egyptian conquest. Thither flocked, for every kind of exchange, Beduins, Fellaheen, people from Darfur, from Fazogil, from Dar-Bertat, Abyssinians, Galla, Dinka, Scilluk, Takruri, and even negroes from the Wadai.

The products of Abyssinia and of the Gallas found their outlet at Metemmeh, the chief town of Galabat, which is within the Italian sphere of influence, where they were exchanged chiefly for cotton goods.

Four-fifths of Kedaref were devoted to the cultivation of tobacco; there, and in Galabat, cotton was also cultivated and was then sold to the Abyssinians for the manufacture of their *shamma*.

The Soudan possesses three great means of ingress and egress; the Nile, Suakim, and Massowah. The Nile is the natural road for products of the country north of Berber; for those of the south, the ports of the Red Sea are more convenient, for merchandise would more easily from Berber reach the Red Sea at Suakim than Cairo and the Mediterranean, because the Nile between Abu-Hammed and Korosco is not practicable for commerce. From Khartoum to Cairo there are five changes owing to the cataracts, and from Abu-Hammed to Korosco or Wadi-Halfa the torrid desert Atbai has to be crossed. From Wadi-Halfa the Nile is again the means of transport, but the cataract of Assouan is only passable for fifteen or twenty days in the year. Suakim is then the natural port of the greater part of the country south of Berber, including Kordofan and part of Darfur.

On the other hand, the natural port of the Eastern Soudan, i.e. Galabat, Kedaref, Taka, and part of the Sennar, is Massowah. There are three great routes from the Eastern Soudan to the Red Sea:—

1. The Nile for Khartoum and Berber and the camel road from Berber to Suakim.

2. The camel track, Kassala to Suakim.

3. The camel track, Kassala to Massowah. Between Metemmeh in Galabat and the Red Sea, whether viâ Kassala or Khartoum, there is a common tract of 209 kilometres as far as Suk-Abu-Sin. From Suk-Abu-Sin to Suakim, by way of Khartoum, the distance is 1,119 kilometres, or thirty days' route, partly by river, partly by caravan. Viâ Kassala, the road is only 662 kilometres, or twenty-two days to Suakim, and 648 kilometres to Massowah, taking seventeen or eighteen days. The route Kassala to Massowah is much better than the route Kassala to Suakim, and with its natural advantages of climate, water, &c., makes a saving of at least forty francs a ton on the transports.

V

It is then evident that the natural port of the Eastern Soudan is Massowah; while that of all the other vast countries south of Berber is Suakim. In favour of this last port, the White Nile, navigable from Khartoum to Gondokoro in every season, acts as a powerful magnet, extending its attraction as far as Darfur, Bahr-el-Ghazal, and the equatorial provinces.

Here a question arises. Will England be acting in accordance with her real interest if she opposes any efforts Italy may eventually make to attract the trade of the Eastern Soudan to Massowah? Is it to her interest to seek to go against geography by trying to draw it to Suakim?

I believe then that England would gain nothing if this trade were directed to Suakim rather than Massowah; because, whichever of these two ports is preferred, English and Indian manufactured goods will always be in request above all others. For above all other industrial products, cotton goods have been, are, and will always be, principally, nay almost exclusively, in demand among the Soudanese, and in these Italy could compete with England and India only by having recourse to a system of customs duties which would dry up the public revenue at its very source. The Indian industry has known better than the Italian how to adapt itself to the taste of the African consumers. Massowah is 2,300 nautical miles from Naples, and 1,964 from Bombay; sailing vessels can ply between India and Massowah, and besides this there is in this case no Suez Canal to levy a tariff of 950 lire on every ton of the ship's burden; lastly, labour is cheaper in India and cotton is grown on the spot. England, in its turn, possesses cheap coal, large factories, great capitals, experienced technical skill.

There is thus no great industrial interest which could induce England to seek to deprive Italy of the sole means of lightening the burden imposed on her taxpayers by the Erythrean colony. The advantage she might find in increasing the customs duties of Egypt

cannot be compared with that she would draw from cultivating the very lively and cordial feelings of friendship and sympathy now felt for her by the Italian Government and people. Englishmen and Italians should, then, be convinced of this double truth. While it is true that it is to Italy's interest to seek the friendship of England, it is none the less true that it is to England's interest to seek that of Italy. The dangers which threaten the two Powers are the same, and spring from the same source, while the nation which menaces the one is now intimately bound, without written treaty it may be, to that whose attitude more especially threatens the other. The solidarity actually existing between these two nations should draw tighter the bonds which unite England to Italy.

A glance into a future, less distant perhaps than at first appears, shows clearly that it is greatly to England's advantage to see Italy firmly established on the Red Sea. And in order that this end may be attained, in order that Italy may preserve the Erythræan colony, and thus have a joint interest with England in withstanding the common danger likely one day or other to arise on the Persian Gulf, or even, perhaps, on the opposite shore of the Red Sea, the development of traffic with the Soudan must not be delayed too long. The increased revenue, derived from the colonial customs duties through the revival of trade, would reconcile the Italian taxpayer to the colony by affording him relief from burdens which are now almost too great for him.

In tracing the confines of the spheres of influence of Italy and England respectively, regard should have been had to the natural situation of the two ports, Suakim and Massowah, and to the geographical conditions of those countries. Unfortunately such has not been the case in the protocol signed on the 15th of April, 1891, by the Marquis di Rudini and Lord Dufferin. In this document a line is followed which would be hurtful to the future of the Erythræan colony, and perhaps sow the seeds of future discord between England and Italy, if both nations were not united by the strong ties of sincere and cordial friendship and of very important common interests. To conform to the legitimate interests of the two contracting parties, the demarcation of their respective spheres of influence should follow the indications afforded by nature and geography. If it does not do this, if it separates inland markets from their natural ports by including them in different spheres of influence, that is to say, if it is purely arbitrary, or if it is drawn in such a way as to render it impossible for one part either to reap any profit from her possessions or to lighten the burden she has to bear to maintain them, then it is clear that the demarcation cannot be considered either as just or definite, nor can it be said to respond to the interest the Powers have in pursuing a united and harmonious line of action. The sphere of influence preserved to Italy by the Anglo-Italian protocol of the 15th of April, 1891,

is bounded on the north and west by a line drawn from Ras Kasar, on the Red Sea, to the intersection of the 17th parallel north latitude, with the 37th meridian east of Greenwich. After following this meridian as far as 16° 30' north latitude, it turns straight to Sabderat, leaving this village to the west. From Sabderat the line trends south to a point on the Gash, on Lower Mareb, twenty English miles above Kassala, reaching the Atbara 14° 55' north, at a place which Münzinger, in his well-known map, marks as a ford.* Hence the demarcation line follows the Atbara as far as its confluence with the Khor Kakamot, whence it turns west till it meets the Khon Lemsén, descending this river as far as its confluence with the Rahad. Lastly, after following the Rahad until its intersection with the 38th meridian east of Greenwich, it follows this line southwards, until it joins the line of demarcation agreed upon in the preceding protocol of the 24th of March. With this latter line, however, the present article is not concerned.

One of the principal drawbacks of this line of demarcation seems to be that it excludes Kassala from the Italian sphere of influence, although over Kassala passes the shortest road between the production and consumption markets of the Eastern Soudan and the Red Sea. The protocol seems to thus neutralise all the geographical advantages of the position of Massowah, and to render quite illusory the other apparent advantage conceded to Italy by the inclusion of Galabat within her sphere of influence.

To this objection it may be answered that the same protocol recognises the right of Italy to effect, in case of need, a military occupation of Kassala and the adjacent country as far as the Atbara.

It is true that this right of occupation is temporary, and subject to specified conditions; but since, according to the spirit of the protocol and the very nature of things, the Italian Government is sole judge of these conditions, the province of Taka, with Kassala its capital city, may be considered as included in the Italian sphere of influence.

With this interpretation we may consider as satisfactory the demarcation of the 15th of April, 1891, from Ras Kasar to Gos Redjeb, but the legitimate interests of Italy require that Kedaref should also be included. For this reason the line must, sooner or later, be carried sensibly westward to that tract which lies between the right bank of the Atbara opposite Gos Redjeb as far as the twelfth parallel, or at least as far as the point of intersection of the Rahad with the present line of demarcation. This is absolutely necessary, because the geographical position of Kedaref renders it the principal feeder of the trade of Massowah, not only on account of the trade proper to the town itself, but also on account of that of Galabat which is in the Italian sphere of influence, but which cannot communicate

with Massowah, except by way of Kedaref, until new roads with sufficient water have been discovered. The reader who has followed with attention the earlier part of the article will be convinced of this without further explanations. It is impossible for loaded caravans to go from Galabat to Massowah by way of Abyssinia, because the roads through Abyssinia, especially that through Metem-meh, Gondar, Baso, Adua, are exceedingly difficult for mules and absolutely impassable for camels. Now the trade in weighty goods cannot be carried on by means of mules, as transport would be too dear, a mule carrying 80 kilogrammes while a camel carries 225.

Of what use is it to Italy, then, that her sphere of influence should include Galabat, if she has no possibility of communicating for trading purposes with that country, and of drawing its trade to Massowah? Neither would this detriment done to the port of Massowah be of any advantage to Suakim, and so indirectly through Egypt to England, for Italy has the right of occupying Kassala, through which passes the road between Kedaref and Suakim.

It results, then, that the existing delimitation between the two spheres of influence is to the disadvantage of Italy and Massowah, without being of advantage to England, Egypt, and Suakim. The protocol simply makes it impossible for Galabat and Kedaref either to export their own products or to import those of Europe and India.

The road between them and the sea should be under the influence of one Power alone, not of two, and this Power, for the reasons already set forth, can only be Italy, the nation that already possesses Massowah, their natural and nearest port. The control of this tract of country by Italy is as much to the interest of England, and even of the Eastern Soudan, as it is to that of Italy itself.

The protocol of the 15th of April did not entirely overlook this fact, and even tried to obviate the drawbacks I have referred to in Article IV., which runs thus :

Italy shall have for her subjects, for the nations under her protection, and for their merchandise, the right of passage free of all duties along the road between Metemmeh and Kassala, which successively touches El-Affareh, Doka, Suk-Abu-Sin (Kedaref), and the Athara.

But how can England carry out the obligation she has thus contracted towards Italy? How can she ensure her a free passage through Kedaref, if Kedaref is now in the hands of the Dervishes? Strictly speaking, she would be obliged to reconquer it, and to spend blood and money to attain a result which certainly would not be worth such a sacrifice. And the moment Italy occupied Kassala, England would have to cross Italian territory to ensure the Italians that free passage which they, being nearer, could obtain for themselves more easily and cheaply, whether by means of arms or of friendly treaties. And if England cannot or will not herself carry

out Article IV. of the protocol (and it is certain she will not undertake sacrifices so entirely out of proportion to the results to be obtained), she cannot make any objection if Italy takes measures to carry it out herself. This means, in other terms, that if that country is ever to be opened up again to commerce, it must by the nature of things come within the sphere of Italian influence.

For the present, however, it is not under Italian influence, and Italy, therefore, cannot even undertake friendly negotiations to reopen it to trade; while England is also prevented from doing so by material and political difficulties which are for the present insurmountable. The protocol of the 15th of April, which prevents Italy from opening negotiations with the chiefs commanding in Kedaref, thus shuts up the riches of those countries without benefit to anyone, except perhaps to the Dervishes. The best thing to do, therefore, would be at once to correct the protocol, mapping out a stable, definitive, just, and rational delimitation, such in fact as really to render harmonious the interests of two nations that have so many reasons for being friendly, and not to suffocate every hope of a commercial future for the Erythræan colony.

The great struggle between the two best represented races of the Indo-European family, Anglo-Saxons and Slavs, which occupy the greatest part of the world, and are still disputing so much of the rest, will be fought out not only on the banks of the Bosphorus and at the Khyber or Bolan Pass. One day or another some important episodes of the world-wide drama will take place on the Red Sea, and England will then be none the worse for the alliance which the existence of a flourishing Italian colony on that important passage would, almost of necessity, procure her. English statesmen should think of this. The Russian frontier in Armenia is but as far as the length of Great Britain from the Persian Gulf, and only 800 miles from the Red Sea.

A. DI SAN GIULIANO
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THE PROTECTIVE COLOUR IN ANIMALS

By the protective colour in animals is meant that tone and tint which they inherit by nature and always wear, or are able to assume by degrees, or suddenly at times of emergency, for purposes of safety against the attack of enemies, or of disguise when preying upon other creatures. Every reader of Mr. Bates's delightful record of his wanderings and research on the Amazons will readily understand the heading of this short paper, and recall with pleasure many striking examples of this strange peculiarity. He writes as a man of wide research and accurate scientific knowledge, titles to which I can make no claim. But, after reading the marvellous story of his eight years' patient toil in the forests, swamps, and jungle of the great river, the question occurred to me whether, if the whole of that vast region was crowded with such curious wonders in the insect world, some traces of like and kindred marvels might not be found here at home, among the fields and woods of England. The same laws which rule the world of nature there must, one would think, hold good here, similar causes being at work, and like results bound to follow. The more I thought of this, the more convinced was I that the reasoning was sound and the inference a fair one.

Now, it so happens that I live in what is called a good 'birdy' country. I am shut in on all sides by wide stretches of woodland, in which you may wander on for hours through the green grass-roads, and easily lose your way, groves of thick undergrowth, and avenues of beech and other trees that have weathered the storms of a hundred winters. Besides these, come many acres of wild No-man's land, where things have had their own way from time immemorial, with rich meadows and clear streams, hill, valley, and plain. I have been out and about in all weathers, winter and summer, at all hours of the day and not a few of the night, and, being but a poor vicar in the wilderness, have had to make my way on foot. This has given me many chances of observing for myself the varied round of ceaseless life among trees, plants, and the living creatures with which such a district abounds.

Compared with Mr. Bates's marvellous stage, this of course sinks

into insignificance, though still not unworthy of notice. He tells us, for example, of one single district—'Ega'—in which he found 7,000 species of insects and 550 distinct varieties of butterflies; whereas we have in England but 60 distinct butterflies, and about 1,000 moths. Our world of observation, therefore, is in point of numbers comparatively small; but, being part of a greater whole, must be ruled by kindred laws. To make my meaning clearer, I will cite from his record only a few examples of the protective colour in animals, as he noted them, and then look nearer home.

He tells us of a monstrous spider, *Mygale avicularia*, with a body two inches long and legs when expanded reaching to seven, who kills small birds, and hangs them up in a larder of thick web for future use. This robber carries on his murderous trade with cunning dexterity for which the poor finches are no match. His huge brownish body being thickly covered with coarse grey hairs, and exactly matching in colour the trunk of the tree in some rough crevice of which he lurks unseen, he is ready to pounce out at a moment's notice upon his hapless prey when once entangled in the fatal web. Another monster of the same genus, 'five inches in expanse,' of a brown tint with yellowish lines on his thick hairy legs, is equally rapacious, but, carrying on his depredations only at the door of his den in the brown earth, needs no protecting colour, as he comes out only at night when all about him is in shadow. Next we have a green snake (*Dryophis fulgida*) who, when hunting for green frogs and lizards, winds in and out among 'the flexuous stems of creeping plants, and so closely resembles them in colour as almost to defy detection even by the keenest eyes.' Close at hand among the bushes may be a huge grasshopper, whose broad forewings when closed are of the exact colour of the leaf on which he rests, so that his disguise is perfect, and he chirps on in safety. Yet, if the lizard, instead of haunting the green, leafy thicket, be of that species found crawling over the walls of buildings in the city, he puts on a totally different appearance from that of his own kindred in the forest, or even in the interior of houses, being of the exact hue of the ruined stone and mud walls on which he is found; while the house-lizard is speckled, and of an ashy-grey tint like the ceiling on which he rests, and for clinging to which his feet are specially adapted.

At Ega, again, was a tribe of large caterpillars, which differed from the others in possessing the art of fabricating cases out of broken fragments of wood and leaves, in which they lived secure while feeding and growing. Of these, some built their cases of small bits of stick, knitted together with fine silken threads, and so forming tubes like those of the caddis-worms in our own chalk streams, with which every trout, and every true angler, is so well acquainted. Others—*Sacco-phora* (sack-bearers)—choose leaves for the same purpose, and form

an elongated bag, two and a half inches long, open at both ends and lined with thick soft web, which, being too heavy for the caterpillar to sustain while crawling, he cleverly fastens by a few threads to adjacent leaves or twigs, and yet so that his house may swing free in the passing breeze. But all these cases alike—the same one rule being observed as to the safest tint and colour of appearance—and a host of similar ones easily cited, are simply types of what is going on throughout the natural world.

Of this domain a few sections have been carefully explored, many only in part, whilst vast regions of insect life yet remain not only unexplored, but full of strange contradictions and anomalies, which baffle and perplex the investigator, on the very edge of mysteries beyond his ken.¹ One is obliged to say 'vast regions' if we take but the word ocean as a field of inquiry, and think of what lies hidden in that infinite domain. The dredger, for example, along the Australian coast brings up in his net huge tangled masses of reddish seaweed. These being placed in a bucket of water, resolve themselves into long streaming fronds of weed, swarming with tiny crabs, shrimps, and misshapen twisted pipe-fish, so exactly resembling them in colour as to be hardly distinguished, clinging on to the stalks and leaves, so as to deceive the eyes of the sharpest enemies. The less perfect the concealment, the greater the chance of being eaten, so that while the bright-coloured or spotted creatures are easily seen and quickly devoured, those of the exact brown and grey tint survive. In obedience to this same law live all the creatures that haunt the soil of the deep sea: the sole and the flatfish assume the very colour of the mudbank or sand on which they rest, while the shrimps on which they feed change their hue to grey, green, or brown, as best serves the chance of escape.

Turn from the sea to the land, and it is still the same among beasts, birds, reptiles,² and even butterflies, caterpillars, spiders, moths (more rarely, as belonging to the dusk of night), and insects. Thus we have a Malay moth (*Kallimacha paralekta*) that always rests among dead or dry leaves, itself having leaf-like wings of a brownish hue, here and there spotted with touches of colour like those on the fungi among the leaves or foliage about it. To this

¹ What is to be said, for instance, of a certain tribe of large *Saùbra* ants, in each nest of which three classes of workers are found—two having hard, polished heads, but the third with heads thickly coated with hair, and having in the middle of the forehead a twin ocellus, or simple eye, totally differing in structure from the ordinary composite eyes on the side of the head, and entirely wanting in the two other orders of workers, and unknown in any other species of ant? What has evolution to say to these Cyclopes?

² Reptiles: 'In the short space of a mile you will find, if you look, three kinds of the same species of adder—red with black markings among the ruddy whortle bushes; bronze-green and black under the fir trees; bronze-red on the sandstone littered with fiery dead leaves of the bramble.'—*Wild Birds and their Haunts*, by a Son of the Marshes; p. 6.

class belong the stick and leaf insects, the 'mantis,' or praying insect, exactly matching the twigs and leaves of the trees on which they feed, resembling in this respect several of our own 'looper' caterpillars, so-called because in walking they hunch up the middle section of the body into a sort of loop, in colour and shape like the stems and branches of the sallow on which they feed, and easily



escape detection, while they have the still stranger power of stretching out their bodies in the air at an angle of 45° without any support, merely holding fast to a twig by their hind feet, as if about to leap from one bough to another.

Where the foliage and the prevailing hue and general tone of surroundings are of one uniform colour, to that general tone the creature becomes gradually assimilated, with greater or less safety to itself as the disguise is true or fails. In Arctic regions of unchanging snow the only safe dress is, of necessity, white, and the ermine, the ptarmigan, and the willow-grouse have, therefore, fur or plumage of snowy whiteness. With the fox and the hare it is equally the same, and the main chance of the hunter and the hunted being one—Master Reynard that he may escape notice in watching for and pursuing his prey, and poor Puss in trying to hide from and baffle her cunning foe—are alike arrayed in spotless fur.³ In the great Sahara desert, which is by no means so devoid of life as people imagine, Mr. Tristram tells us that reptiles, birds, and insects all copy the grey of the surrounding waste, and thus escape, where otherwise they would be instantly seen and in peril.



But now for a few examples nearer home, which have fallen under my own immediate notice. Round about my house is a tangled shrubbery of stunted brushwood, with here and there a silver birch, young beech, and Scotch fir; and in one corner stands an old outhouse, where a pipe is good at all seasons. It is half in ruins, and while there one day I noticed that the dingy old brown and grey

³ The raven, a true Arctic bird, powerful enough to fear no enemy, always retains its sable coat, and, feeding on carrion, has no need for concealment.

wall was spotted with oddly-shaped blotches of a darker tint, that looked like damp. That same evening, however, I found that the blotches had all disappeared, though more rain had fallen and the roof was full of holes. The next day they had all come back. When this had happened a second time, I looked more closely at the strange marks, and, to my surprise, found them to be living creatures, small moths, in fact, with folded or outspread wings, clinging fast on to the crumbling wall. From dusk until dawn they had been out on the wing in the fields and woods—their chief enemies, the birds, being asleep—but at daybreak came back to their old place of safety. The shrubbery was dangerous because the ground was thickly covered with green ivy and still greener periwinkle and moss, where sparrows, finches, and tits were always hunting for food, and they would have been soon snapped up. On the old weather-stained wall they were safe.⁴

One always associates webs with spiders, and on this old wall spiders abounded, and among these I noted three things. Few built any webs, and those who *did* so set up their trap in some corner or crevice, while they mounted guard an inch or two away. But whether in webs, or not, all the spiders were of that brown or grey tint which exactly matched the colour of their lurking-place on the wall. Those without webs rolled themselves up into tiny balls, their legs being carefully drawn in, so that, if discernible at all, they simply looked like little spots where damp had come through. There they lay perfectly still as if dead, but ready in an instant to pounce on any stray fly that chanced to come within reach. Possibly round each of these solitary robbers were spread a few threads of invisibly fine web, undetected by me, but fatally convincing to the tiniest midge that

The spider's touch so infinitely fine,
Feels in each thread, and lives along the line.

Along the edge of the wood, just outside the shrubbery, runs a winding rough path, leading at last to a piece of wild country we call 'No-man's Land.' In summer this is fringed with flowers of all kinds, and the air swarms with butterflies and other insects. One hot morning in August I went up that path in search of a clouded sulphur butterfly (*Colias edusa*), then just out. As I went on I saw perched on a cluster of white flowers—wild carrot—a large white butterfly with his body half buried among the blossom. I touched him with my fingers, and shook the flowers sharply, but he never moved. On looking closely, I found that a snowy-white spider

⁴ All through the winter these moths entirely disappeared; but on the 3rd of April of this year I found four of them in their old quarters, the number gradually increasing every week during the wave of sultry weather, but again disappearing when snow and bitter cold set in.

hidden among the blossom had seized on him from below, killed him with one fatal bite, and was then sucking his blood: all spiders being furnished with two pointed blades, used as lancets, but also serving as suckers. This special robber had a fat puffy body, and long thin legs with which he held fast his prey, and so tightly that I drew him out of his lurking-place still holding on to the dead body of the poor butterfly. On that same cluster of flowers, there were three other white spiders of the same kind, and of so venomous a nature that on afterwards dropping two of them into a bottle of spirits of wine, one instantly seized the other and bit his legs off. Close at hand, among the neighbouring flowers and grass, were scores of spiders, brown, yellow, and grey, but no white ones anywhere but on the white clusters of carrot.

Whether this particular variety of *Arachne* was originally white, or had become so by constantly hiding among white flowers, living there and on butterfly diet, I cannot say, though I know of one small species of caterpillar which when feeding on yellow lichen is always yellow, but if found on grey lichen has assumed a tint exactly matching his surroundings; the change of hue being, no doubt, owing to the colour of his food. By the same law, just now at Paris, white pinks are being turned into emerald green by putting them into water in which bright green paint has been dissolved.

But let us now leave the tangle of wild carrot, and take a winding path into the wood itself, and find ourselves in an open glade of old beech-trees, now in their full summer glory. The underwood has been cleared away, and the ground is thickly carpeted with the brown leaves of a hundred autumns. Foraging among the pile at the foot of a giant beech, the first to notice a strange footstep is a little brown squirrel, who flies off to the other side of the trunk almost before we can get a glimpse of him. Once away on that other side, in a trice he is half-way up the tree, and before we reach it is calmly looking down from the end of a bough thirty or forty feet overhead, and barking in his own peculiar fashion at the intruder. Being of a russet-brown and grey, he needs no protecting colour, and, in fact, can hardly be made out among the grey twisted boughs, where he knows he is safe.

After turning over the dead foliage at the foot of the tree, and sadly disturbing a spider or two, a beetle, and a troop of ants—all of a brown and yellow hue—we suddenly come upon what looks like a small packet of dark leaves oddly stuck together, but is, in fact, a specimen of the large lappet-moth that, with folded wings of dark brown, would deceive a hundred enemies, so exactly does he resemble a bunch of ruddy beech-leaves. Fifty yards away, at the foot of a silver birch, the wind has cleared away the dead leaves, and laid bare the soil of sandy chalk and black earth. Turn this over with your stick, and, if your eyes are used to the work, you may make out a

few little, nimble, wriggling creatures, 'weevils' (*Cleonus nebulosus*), hard to see, and harder to catch. They are all of a grey tint, spotted with black, and so close a match for the dark soil as to be barely detected; while in this very wood, not half a mile away, among the dusty chalk soil, you shall find creatures of this very tribe, and a host of other insects, that, instead of black and grey, puzzle you in a disguise of dingy white.

If you go to the north side of the next great beech, whose stem is covered with grey and brown lichen and moss, and search carefully a few feet from the ground, the chances are that you will find one or two carpet-moths, whose wings and plumage of mottled grey exactly match the colour of their bed. They have taken up their station of diurnal rest in a northern aspect, I suppose, as being out of the glare of the sun; and you might pass by the tree a hundred times, nay, look closely at it, without detecting a single moth, unless you were aware of this singular habit. There they rest securely during the day, safe not only from your detection, but from the sharper eyes of tits and other small birds who haunt every grey and mossy trunk in the wood. And it is not only moths and other winged creatures who thus contrive for their own safety, but caterpillars, a dull, stupid race, to whom one is slow to give any capacity for gumption throughout their whole career. But as I write the words 'dull' and 'stupid,' I am suddenly compelled to qualify them, as I meet in Miss North's charming volume of *Recollections* with a caterpillar of rare intelligence :

At Rio (she says) I met with a very common inhabitant of the tropics, a huge caterpillar who built himself a sort of crinoline of sticks, and then covered it with a thick web. This dwelling he carried about with him as a snail carries her shell, spinning an *outwork* of web round the twig of a pet tree, by which his house hung, leaving him free to put out three joints of his head and neck, and eat up all the leaves and flowers within reach. When the branches are bare he spins a bit more web on to a higher twig, bites through the old one, jerks his whole establishment upstairs, and begins eating again. He had a kind of elastic portico to his house, which closed over his head at the slightest noise, the house shutting up like a telescope, and then when all was quiet again, out came his head, down dropped the building, and the gourmand again set himself to his task of continual feasting. At last came the sleep of the chrysalis, and he finally became a poor, dowdy moth.

We have among our English caterpillars no such clever and intelligent architect as this, but yet among them will be found a large number in whose habits and ways of life are many points of curious interest, and who mainly owe their safety to the same law of colour which protects the rest of the insect world. Among the brown twigs of the oak, or the stems of the broad-leaved willow, scores of small larvæ may be found, each having a trick of cocking himself up (like the 'looper') in an erect position, or at an angle of 45°, while resting between meals, and, being of the exact hue—yellow, grey, or brown—of their surroundings, thus escape all notice. One

may be smooth and shining like a young twig, the next slightly rough, with a row of knobby excrescences along his body, which pass muster for buds. But in spite of all these cunning disguises, caterpillars as a race are hard driven for existence, the wonder being that so many escape. Out of the million of eggs laid in a single season, a vast number are devoured by birds, washed away by heavy rain, or destroyed by intense cold. Yet thousands survive all these mischances, and the wise mother who lays the egg takes care not only to deposit it on the plant exactly fit for the food of the future caterpillar, but on the under-side of such leaves as most nearly resemble him in colour, and thus give him the best chance of escaping notice.⁵ In this matter a mistake might be fatal, and she never makes it.

Thus, the common white butterfly (*Pontia brassicae*) lays her eggs on the leaves of the cabbage, which are just of that hue of pale yellowish green most nearly resembling the colour of the future brood of caterpillars. The small tortoiseshell and the peacock butterfly follow the same law in laying their eggs on the common nettle, the stalks and leaves of which are mostly of a dingy greenish grey, with here and there a vein of darker colour, and thickly covered with hairy points. The larvæ of both these species are also hairy and spined, the one being of a dull mixture of greenish grey and brown, with paler lines at the sides, and the other of a greyish black, faintly sprinkled with white; both safe among the crowded hairy leaves of the nettle in colour and general appearance.

When the caterpillar, says that keenest of all observers, Mr. Grant Allen, lives on a plant like grass, the ribs or veins of which run up and down longitudinally, he is usually striped or streaked with darker lines in the same direction as those of his food-plant. When on broader leaves, having a midrib and branching veins, his stripes run obliquely at exactly the same angle as those of the leaf. And of this I find ample proof in the larvæ of a score of small butterflies to be found in this very wood.

In the thicket outside my house is a hedge of privet and a bush or two of common lilac, on which feeds the caterpillar of the privet hawk-moth, three or four inches long, of a bright pale-green colour, striped at the sides with lilac and yellow, altogether a most attractive and dainty morsel for a hungry bird, and, one would suppose, certain to be devoured before he is a week old. Take him away from his native habitat, and you feel sure that in such bright array he cannot escape notice. But put him back on his native stem, retire for ten minutes, and on your return you will find it hard to discover him, though you know he is there. The tit on the next bough does

⁵ In exact accordance with this law, we find that, 'Such is the instinct of the mother locust that in no case has she been known to deposit her eggs in uncultivated ground. A million locusts may alight on a field, but not one egg will be there laid.' *Locust War in Cyprus*, by C. F. Gordon Cumming.

not know of his presence, and passes him by unnoticed. The larva of the death's-head moth (*Atropos*), a still larger caterpillar, of the very same colours and build, owes his safety to precisely the same causes. Go into the potato-field beyond the hedge, and the man at work there will tell you that he has been on the look-out for weeks past, and though promised threepence for every specimen, has found but one. The colour of the creature harmonises exactly with the yellow and green of the potato-plant and pale purple of the flowers. Next month *Atropos* will be still harder to find, for as autumn draws near, and the stems and leaves turn more and more yellow, an amazing change takes place in the whole appearance of the huge caterpillar: his bright colours begin to fade, and a tinge of yellowish brown spreads over all his body, a sure sign—as the entomologist knows—of his being about to bury himself in the brown earth and change into a chrysalis, as the plants die down into dingy russet.

After this, it seems but a trifle to notice (as Mr. Allen bids us) that a certain little grey-green caterpillar feeds on the sea-buckthorn, whose leaves exactly match his colour, and that he has one red spot,⁶ in size and colour like that of the red berries growing beside him. Whether the elephant hawk-moth caterpillar—of a huge size—has a pair of silvery spots like great eyes, which actually terrify small birds, who take him for a snake, is a matter of faith which the reader may accept or decline as he thinks good, though such is the record.

Of our English butterflies few are of so bright and glaring a colour as to suggest that to it they owe their safety, most of them when on the wing appearing either black or of a mixed brown and grey tint, likely to attract little notice. But the common white and the sulphur when flying in the sunshine seem to call for the special attention of birds, and yet, after years of careful watching, I have rarely seen a white butterfly, and never once a sulphur (far more dazzling in colour), chased by any bird. One sultry day in July I once came upon a tangle of yellow and white flowers, on which I counted sixteen splendid specimens of the sulphur, all busily feeding. They were but just out of the chrysalis, and lazily flitting from flower to flower. Close at hand were scores of insectivorous birds, but for a long hour, during which I watched them, the gaudy butterflies were left unmolested.

Then we have a family of moths (*Geometræ*) most of whose larvæ, like the hawk-moths', support themselves for hours together, during the intervals of feeding, by holding on to a twig by their posterior legs, and stretching out at an angle of varying degree with the

⁶ A still greater marvel occurs in the case of the sloth, who hangs from the branches of trees with his back downwards. On that back is a curious buff-coloured spot, which would seem to serve only to make him conspicuous, his long, coarse, grey or greenish hair being like tree-moss, and therefore protective. But the orange-coloured spot is of vital service when it lies close to the tree, looking then exactly like a piece of branch where the rest has been broken off.—Wallace, p. 202.

branch, the body stiff and rigid, and ending in a knob at the head, and resembling a bud; so far, no doubt, a defence against birds. As for the hairy rough tribe of caterpillars—woolly bears—so common in every hedge and roadside, and so easily seen, they need no disguise, for no bird seems to care to meddle with them, as they are said to be of a bitter and nauseous taste. Most of them are of a dark colour, and if attacked have an odd trick of rolling themselves up into a ball and shamming dead, while they wound the hand that touches them, with hairs as tormenting as those of the stinging-nettle, and possibly irritate the throat of a small bird in the same fashion. Much the same trick as shamming dead is that of a certain carrion-beetle, with a shining orange-coloured thorax, who, to hide his bright colours from inquiring eyes, rolls himself into a small lump that looks like a rough stone. Few birds touch him, and other enemies pass him by unnoticed, so perfect is his disguise. So much for the wood.

But come now away out into the winding path towards the Beacons, and we presently reach a dry, gritty road, bordered with furze, heath, and genista. Few butterflies are to be seen, but among the few is the grayling (*Hipparchia semele*),⁷ a very dainty local fly, of a sombre colour, the underneath of whose wings are of a lovely mixture of brown and grey, exactly like that of the broken, flinty, or dusty ground. *Semele* is never an easy butterfly to capture, but what makes it all the harder is an odd trick she has of stopping suddenly in her zigzag flight, dropping down upon the stony road, and there resting where it is next to impossible to discover her. Her only object must be to elude pursuit, as in the case of a rarer and more elegant butterfly, the painted lady (*Cynthia cardui*), whom I have known to remain settled on a stony road for more than ten minutes, baffling the eye of the pursuer, and then suddenly starting up almost from beneath his feet.

The same instinct—if instinct it be—seems to guide the dull stupid caterpillar, who, when he has changed his skin for the last time, and is about to enter into the state of a helpless pupa, lays all his plans to ensure future safety. Some, especially among the moths, go down just below the surface of the ground, and there quietly wrap themselves up in a silken web, thickly granulated with the earth in which they lie, and hardly to be distinguished from it. A few others, e.g. the goat-moth, actually bore into the heart of a tree or a stray piece of wood, or creep into the hollow stem of a plant, or suspend themselves to the under-side of leaves; but always choosing that retreat of a colour most likely to escape notice. Some, again, fashion for themselves a sort of leathery case, or cocoon, of the exact grey or brown tint as the stem or bark to which it is fastened; and specially noticeable in this way is the larva of the puss-moth, which feeds on

⁷ The caterpillar of the grayling is of a dull grey, striped with green, and among the roots of grass, on which it feeds, equally secure and equally hard to find.

the willow, and sticks on to the grey bark a little domicile shaped like a limpet.

As we get onwards towards the Beacons the whole face of the country is of a wilder, rougher cast. Brambles, furze, and stunted juniper take the place of flowers, until we pass into a tangled thicket of underwood, with here and there a twisted oak grown grey with age. This is No-man's Land. We have to push our way through thick bracken, already beginning to turn brown under the fierce sunlight, when all at once, not thirty yards away, out from among the tall ferns stalks Master Reynard, himself the lord and master of the domain. At the first glance he looks more like some half-bred red and brown mongrel dog than an old fox. It is but for a moment, for he has either heard or scented an intruder long before we saw him, and in a trice slinks off among the brushwood, as ruddy as the bracken that hides him—so that *his* colour, too, is of good service when on the watch for a plump rabbit, or one of Mr. Gaiters' pheasants. He is a well-known robber, and only last year led the hounds ten miles away across country, down into the valley of the silvery Itchen.

It is a lovely valley and a lovely stream, as in the days when Walton wandered there and sang its praises; as full also of goodly trout, among which we shall find our next example of protective colour. Such of my readers as are lucky enough to know 'The Weir' and its kindly owner will recall the sunny rose-garden through which the river there flows, and the long stretch of swift water rushing out under the two archways of the old grey mill. That pool contains some scores of trout, each having a special marking and colour of its own, as I proved one sunny day of May last. Between the two swift currents, close up to the wall, there is a bit of still water, and into that I threw a small 'quill-gnat.' It was taken almost instantaneously, and in a few minutes I had landed a strong well-made fish of about one pound. He was in perfect condition, but from head to tail of a dark olive-greenish grey, dotted here and there with a faint spot of red. My next trout dashed at the fly mid-stream in the swift water, and after a hard fight was soon out on the grass by the side of his companion. He was over one pound, in equally good condition, but without a tinge of olive in his entire complexion, being altogether of a pale steely grey and silvery white, with a few spots of blackish purple, still fewer of crimson. This pool was shut in by one or two troublesome bushes, and more or less in the shade. My third fish I took a hundred yards lower down, in a broad, open shallow, where the sunlight fell brightly on a bed of tawny gravel. He weighed three-quarters of a pound, was in admirable condition, but as unlike his two companions of olive and silver grey as a trout could well be. He was a blaze of colour—his arched back of a fine mellow brown, his belly of golden yellow, thickly sprinkled with drops of bright red, and a

dorsal fin tipped with crimson. Yet, all three fish out of the same stream, close neighbours, and of the same exact genus, whence the difference? The first, in olive grey, had his home under the dark archway under the mill, the sides and soil of which are thickly covered with moss and weed of blackish green. There he lived and mostly fed. The second, in steely grey, kept out in mid-stream among long streamers of grey weed, on a soil of chalky greyish white; while the third, of gay colours, sailed to and fro in the broad light, where weeds, pebbles, and sand sparkled in the sunshine, and his crimson spots grew brighter as the flush of summer came on. Each fish was of that exact shade of colour most resembling his surroundings, and best suited for his own safety and means of living. Nor is this all the marvel. Send number three, in all his gay colours, to live for a few days under the dark archway, and he will come out into the still water black as night; while, if transferred into the shallow, number one would in less time be as gay and lusty as the bravest trout in the pool. In proof of this, take a single example.

Having once taken, in a Dartmoor stream, a small trout of a dark olive brown, I carried him off at once to a neighbouring cottage, and there set him in a large basin of clear spring water. The basin was lined with snowy white, and the next morning my sable troutlet had lost every shade of black, and was robed in silver grey almost as white as the walls of his prison. To make assurance doubly sure, I then filled the basin with a mass of dark brown moss and weed out of the stream, and the next day found that the captive had resumed his old tint, and was hardly to be discerned from the sombre surroundings in which he loved to hide.

Qui color albus erat nunc est contrarius albo.

Of this strange power in fish my angling note-book offers another simpler, but not less striking, example. Dartmoor fishermen will remember the two rivers, Meavy and Cadover,⁸ which meet in a pool of swift water below Shaugh Bridge, one of the most picturesque valleys in all Devon. Through one of the arches of that old mossy pile of grey granite glides the silver Meavy, after a quiet course over beds of grey pebbles and sand. Through the other with fury dashes the rough brown water of the Cad, after a winding descent from the rocky heights of the Dewerstone, direct from the dark peaty soil of the moor. In that pool I once took, at successive casts, two trout of similar size, shape, and weight, one of silver grey, like a salmon-peel, and the other of so black and dingy a garb that I almost doubted his being a trout, and was inclined to say of him

Hic niger est: hunc tu, Romane, caveto—

throw him in again, he is worthless.

⁸ These two streams mainly form the river Plym.

Some miles lower down the Plym flows at the foot of the once famous Cann quarry of pale-blue slate, with fragments of which the bed of the river is there lined. All along that reach the young trout obey the law of their being, and assume a garb of greyish blue, like that of the salmon or grayling, on such scanty diet being thin and few. Not far off is a deep pond shut in by trees, once the site of a copper or tin mine. The water is of a pale green, and the fish, of the same unhealthy complexion, have large dropsical heads and greenish bodies. Hard by this, into a piece of dead water, left by the last flood, I once threw a fly in passing; instantanly up came a fish, about as big as a small herring, and brown all over as a ripe filbert. So extraordinary was his appearance, in fact, that I hardly knew him to be a trout at all. The pool in which he had lived for a month or two was carpeted with brown and red leaves of the beech, which had thus dyed him brown as a gipsy.

This, however, was of course an exceptional case, not in accordance with that strange power, which (says Mr. Allen) many, if not all fish possess, of voluntarily

altering their colour to suit their surroundings by forcing backward or forward certain pigment-cells, or chromatophores, above the others, whose various combinations produce at will almost any required shade or tint.

Such are a few of the facts that have come under my own observation in a lonely nook among the Hampshire woods. And these, so far, corroborate the well-known general theory as to protective colour; but they leave me still in the midst of a crowd of mysteries, contradictions, and anomalies, out of which I cannot see my way.

If some certain birds, insects, and caterpillars, and fish have, or assume, a protective colour, how is it that others, equally abundant and equally thriving, set all this *régime* at defiance? If the peacock and tortoise-shell butterfly pick out the nettle for their dingy brood of caterpillars, why does the comma select for her brood of brownish-red caterpillars the hop, the nettle, and the honeysuckle, where their colour at once betrays them? Along the coping and in the crevices of an old grey brick wall I often find the grey and brown chrysalides of certain small moths and butterflies, exactly matching the colour of their hiding-place, and therefore safe; but not twenty yards away, hung on to a withered stalk or twig, I also find the chrysalis of some other similar flies, yellow, black, or brown, and certain, therefore, to be detected by the first hungry sparrow or tit that comes by. Why so much clever foresight in the one case, and none in the other? Again, our English grasshoppers are all of a green or brown hue, eminently safe among brown and green grass; at Cannes they are red, green, and blue, among grass like our own; and a recent naturalist tells of a swiftly flying creature found there, as big as a hornet, of metallic lustre, with the wings of a dragon-fly and the tail

of an earwig! By what possible law of selection or survival of the fittest could such a monstrosity have been devised, and be now found in abundance?

If by wise and infallible instinct the honey-bee builds her waxen cell with unvarying geometric skill, and always in a secure place, and the tit constructs her nest with unerring sagacity where it is securest and hardest to find, why does the house-martin persist, as she often does, in fixing her hut of clay in the corner of a window where it is washed away by the first storm of rain, when other sheltered windows are close at hand? No such fatal mistake in nesting is ever made by scores of other birds; and the puzzle remains that instinct, 'in some cases so far above reason, is in others so far below it.'⁹

For twelve successive years past a long-tailed tit has built her nest and brought up her brood of six or eight young ones in a pillar-post box just outside my garden gate, though the hollow is but twelve inches by eight, often crammed with letters and newspapers, and the only entrance a narrow slit of one inch by four. Where did she acquire her taste for a literary home, and how was it handed on to successive mothers? One would like to know if the young birds of this year, who are to be the parents of future broods, retain a recollection of the old nursery in that dark and crowded letter-box, and go back to it when the warm days of April stir in them new thoughts of love and nesting. As I now write (April 20) a tit has again taken possession of the box (now thickly carpeted with moss and feathers), and is clearly intent on laying, fighting fiercely against the intrusion of all missives for the post. Incredible as it may seem, a post-card dropped into the box at 4 P.M. to-day was found half an hour later under the laurel-hedge some twenty feet away. This was again posted, but shortly after thrown out into the road with edges much torn and bitten. Jacob, the postman, therefore has orders to clear the box as gently as he can, and call at the house for letters.

The clever, educated intelligence of this tit is beyond dispute, and in strange contrast with the ignorant folly of a certain swallow, who, says Gilbert White,

for two successive seasons built her nest on the handle of a pair of garden shears that were set up against the boards in an outhouse, and therefore had her nest ruined every time they were used.

Kirby and Spence tell us of an encounter between a parasitic golden wasp and a mason-bee, in which such an amount of intelligence was shown by both combatants as leaves one in doubt which to admire most. The bee had nearly finished one cell, and flown away for a fresh supply of pollen and honey. In comes the parasite wasp, entering head first, to examine the premises, then exit, next crawling in again tail first to deposit an egg. Suddenly the bee

⁹ Gilbert White.

returns, attacks the enemy, who rolls herself up into a ball, and is thus proof against sting and mandibles. But one point of attack is left open, and this the bee at once seizes, and with her sharp mandibles cuts off the four wings of the wasp, and drops her *outside* to the ground. This done, she re-enters the cell, deposits some pollen-paste for the young grub, and flies off again. Scarcely is she gone when the poor parasite revives, and, true to her instinct and her object, creeps up the wall into the cell, deposits an egg against the side below the level of the pollen-paste, so as to prevent her foe from seeing it on her return!

Referring to facts of this kind, and citing a curious case of a sand-wasp finding its way home under circumstances of peculiar difficulty, Mr. Bates says :

This amazing action of the wasp would be commonly called instinctive, whereas it here proves itself no such mysterious and unintelligible agent, but a mental process in each insect, differing from that in man only by its unerring certainty.

In an infinite number of cases instinct would seem to be an infallible guide, in others a mere undistinguishing limited faculty, blind to every circumstance that does not immediately concern self-preservation or the propagation or support of the race. Which is the true definition?

Slight gradual changes or differences of colour, or even of habits of life, or varieties of species, may be easily accounted for by the latter theory, but there are still not a few points which it will not even remotely touch. How, for example, first came about the fixed determination of a butterfly or insect to lay her egg only on one or other leaf of a certain kind and colour? How did that butterfly or insect itself come into existence, but from an egg? And if so, who laid it? Or again, why did the primary caterpillar, when about to change into a chrysalis, crawl away to a leaf or hiding-place of his own, or some other safe colour? Or, if he did *not* thus select a safe habitat, how did he escape being devoured?

These, and a score of other such puzzling anomalies beset me as I look into the great book of Nature, and turn but a few leaves; while if one but thinks of man, the highest and most perfect of creatures, as evolved out of a primal morsel of protoplasm, still greater perplexities await one. Passing over the well-worn crux of 'the missing link,' which may or may not be found, why in the ceaseless, ever recurring generations of men does *clear* trace of the law of heredity so seldom appear, or why is that law so often violated? Mr. Dodson, for example, may marry Miss Fogg, and their firstborn son turn out a sleek and pious grocer who sands his sugar and waters his tobacco, a Pecksniff, a Bill Sikes, or a Lord Hatherley, while the daughter of the house shall be Mrs. Nickleby, Florence Nightingale, or Elizabeth Brownrigg.

Dr. Beddow tells us that there is a direct relation between men's pursuits and the colour of their hair. An unusual proportion of men with dark straight hair enter the ministry; red-whiskered men are apt to be given to sporting and horse-flesh; while the tall, vigorous blonde men, lineal descendants of the Vikings, still contribute a large contingent to our travellers and emigrants. The plumage of canaries can be considerably altered towards red or orange by feeding them on a stimulating diet of red pepper, and though this may fail for humankind in general, something might be done towards increasing the pigment in the hair, and give hope to many a melancholy owner of grey locks. Suppose, for a moment, that a protective colour, like that which obtains in the fields, woods, and hedgerows, ruled in the world of men, what an amazing change would ensue in the outward appearance of affairs! If a rogue could but at will assume the perfect guise of an honest man, and the gilded wasps of society appear as mason or honey bees, or were saints and sinners alike compelled to wear their own unmistakable livery, what a changed world would this of ours be! If men, like canaries or caterpillars, could but change their complexion by change of diet, mode of life or pursuit, then we might indeed imagine an alderman, after years of calipash and calipee, assuming the hue and the shape of a turtle. Scrooge, the miser, after a life of secret hoarding, would turn as yellow as his guineas; Mr. Carcass, the butcher, would become as rubicund as the beef on his stall, instead of appearing as a trim, dapper, pale-face in a frock coat; and Ferret, the poisoner, as black as the black arts on which he thrives.

But outside the limits of a nightmare dream no such world is possible. We have to be content with a medley of far more sober realities, where, though 'white spiders' mostly come to grief, the confidence trick still flourishes, and 'men are mostly fools.' 'It is an age,' says a profound thinker, 'of weak convictions, paralysed intellects, and growing laxity of opinion.'¹⁰ There is an intense struggle for bare existence ever going on, but the fittest do not always survive. There are many wise men; but of many a wise man will it never be said:

This fellow's wise enough to play the fool,
And to do that well demands high wit,

while the foolish one, in cap and bells, apes wisdom, and, save in his own country, is not without honour.

B. G. JOHNS.

¹⁰ J. S. MILL.

CARLYLE AND THE 'ROSE-GODDESS'

'COPIE, di copie, di copie!' exclaims an Italian expert, shaking his head at the confidence with which historians of the younger school quote the records of the Escorial, of the Vatican, as if every paper and parchment that bears the signature or superscription of Gonzalo Perez or the Borgias must be of guaranteed authenticity—a witness, as it were on oath, to questions of circumstance, date, and place. If the archives of the State contain documents copied from the copies of copies, so the records of that unconscious palimpsest, the brain, are often edited and re-edited until the final picture is a mere ghost of the original fact. Many of the visions and voices which we take for unchanged impressions of the past are mere modern reminiscences of older recollections of earlier remembrances or traditions of events and persons.

The cautions thus suggested must hold for the tablets of the memories from which the following narrative has been drawn. The statements here made have, however, been carefully tested by all available means, witnesses have been questioned and cross-questioned with Socratic rigour, and other precautions taken to preserve the data of actual contemporaneous knowledge from subsequent embellishment and mutilation.

The letters and *Reminiscences* of Thomas Carlyle contain minute accounts of his acquaintanceship with the Stracheys and Bullers, and their relative, Miss Kirkpatrick. During the first London, or Irvingite, period of his life, Mr. and Mrs. Strachey, my father and mother, were, with the Irvings and Montagus, his principal friends, and he was a constant visitor at my father's town house, as well as at his country place at Shooter's Hill, near Woolwich. The Irving chapter of the *Reminiscences* has a portrait of 'Examiner' Strachey, who in previous years had been in high employment in Bengal, and at the time in question was one of the examiners of correspondence at the East India House. Carlyle calls him a 'genially abrupt' and taciturn utilitarian, 'willing to speak, and doing it well, in an ingenious way,' who indulged at times in 'a pretty vein of quiz,' but, 'beyond all things, loved Chaucer and kept reading him.' He omits one feature of the 'Examiner's' individuality, which specially concerns us here.

Candide's maxim, 'Il faut cultiver notre jardin,' was my father's guide in the material as well as in the mental sense. When he had drafted his despatches to Lord Hastings or Lord Amherst, and analysed the human mind with his colleague, the elder Mill, and debated the *Canterbury Tales* with their fellow third examiner, Peacock, the novelist, it was his dear delight to prune and water his roses. The results of this 'scant manuring' were, however, indelibly stamped on Carlyle's memory, for he calls the grounds of Shooter's Hill 'an umbrageous little park with roses, gardens.' Other allusions to this horticultural speciality of the place will be quoted presently, and I hope to prove that the 'Examiner's' maiden-blush, cabbage, and dark china roses deserve a corner in literary history, if not by the side of the mythical flowers of the Island of Rhodes, or the Whites and the Reds of the immortal scene of the civil factions in *Henry the Sixth*, at any rate in company with 'the roses of Bendemeer's stream.'

Carlyle's references, of whatever date, to the mistress of Shooter's Hill are in a uniform tone of veneration and affection. On her death, twenty-five years after these times, he called her, as will be seen, the oldest and dearest friend of his lifetime. After the lapse of another period of almost equal length he spoke with unabated warmth of her charms, faculties, and virtues. His matured opinion of my mother appears in the following passage from the *Reminiscences*, which explains how Edward Irving was the pivot of Carlyle's intimacy with his Shooter's Hill friends:

It was in these first months of Hatton Garden (Irving's first chapel), and its imbroglio of affairs, that he (Irving) got me appointed tutor and intellectual guide and guardian to young Charles Buller and his boy brother, now (1866) Sir Arthur and an elderly ex-Indian of mark. . . . Irving's preaching had attracted Mrs. Strachey, wife of a well-known Indian official of Somersetshire kindred then an 'examiner' in the India House, and a man of real worth; for, diverse as his worth and ways were to those of his beautiful, enthusiastic, and still youngish wife, a bright creature, given wholly (though there lay silent in her a great deal of fine childlike mirth withal, and of innocent *secular* grace and gift) to things sacred and serious,—emphatically what the Germans call a *Schöne Seele*.

Mrs. Strachey sympathised with the Hatton Garden 'Message of Salvation,' but she did not participate in the subsequent Pentecost of the Caledonian Chapel when the building echoed to shrieks of 'Lall, lall, lall.' Hers were the mixed motives of theological and intellectual curiosity which attracted half London to the prophet's ministrations. The Scotch miniature painter, Robertson, brought Irving to her house, where he met her sister Mrs. Buller, who had been known in Calcutta as 'Titania,' and also as the 'Queen of the Ganges'; 'a very beautiful, still very witty, graceful, airy, and ingenuously intelligent woman,' says Carlyle, 'of the *gossamer* kind.' Once the preacher protested against the admiration of which he was the object, and said, pointing to an infant on the hearthrug, 'I know a young man

in Scotland who is as superior to me as I am to that child. His mind is like a kaleidoscope!' This hint was followed by the despatch, on Irving's recommendation, of the *par nobile fratrum*, Charles Buller and his brother, to Edinburgh University, where the kaleidoscopic genius, who was none other than Carlyle, became their tutor. He was highly appreciated by parents and pupils alike, and his treatment was rather that of a friend than a pedagogue. But minor collisions and conflicts arose, and it followed, from Carlyle's intense subjectivity of character, that, according as the tutorial relationship ran in a smooth or a rough groove, his estimates of Mrs. Buller pointed to opposite poles of the compass. At first 'Titania' was 'one of the most fascinating, refined women I have ever seen;' the worthy sister of the *Schöne Seele*; and he said, 'the people treat me with a degree of respect which I do not deserve.' A year later, when the fairy queen's habits and cookery were not to the tutor's taste, and because she had the audacity to contemplate a residence in France, she was metamorphosed into a hard, frivolous frump, and even into an 'ancient dame,' although she was hardly forty—the age when, in Plato's judgment, women come to perfection—and still in full possession of the stately beauty which led her admirers to compare her with Madame Récamier, to whom Mrs. Buller bore a certain resemblance. 'Titania' became 'light, giddy, vain, and heartless,' a piece of worldliness with 'fine lady ways, crotchets and caprices,' and 'irresolute and foolish fluctuations,' 'a sort of heathen,' 'a fluttering patroness of routs and operas,' and, in fine, a member of the 'flaunting, painting, patching, nervous, vapouring, jiggling, scolding race of mortals.' These suggestions of 'the vile hag, dyspepsia,' are strongly deprecated by Mr. Froude, who objects that Mrs. Buller 'probably had never flaunted, painted, or patched in her life,' and remarks that only a woman of her high discernment and forbearance would have tolerated the tutor's strange humours and pretensions.

The Shooter's Hill family included a cousin of the house, Miss Kirkpatrick, the 'dear Kitty' of whom the letters and *Reminiscences* constantly speak in such intimate, caressing language. Her father was Colonel Achilles Kirkpatrick, who was resident at the Court of the Nizam of Hyderabad, in the Deccan, during the Governor-Generalship of Lord Wellesley. In conjunction with the Minister Meer Alum, Colonel Achilles weaned the Nizam from his sympathies with Tippoo Sahib, brought him into alliance with the British power, and effected the disbandment of his French contingent. Meer Alum was of Persian blood, a Barmecide, a Saiad, or descendant of Mahomet, and he had a niece named Mehr-un-nissah. The Begum Nissah was married to 'The Glory of Battle' (by this appellation the Colonel is still remembered in Hyderabad), and one of their children was the Miss Kirkpatrick here in question. Miss Kirk-

patrick's wealth was not that of Ormuz, but her surplus money sufficed for the gratification of costly whims, and it was her pleasure to expend 500*l.* on Edward Irving's comfort. Carlyle remarks that 'the noble lady' (Mrs. Basil Montagu) 'spread sofas' for the preacher. The Shooter's Hill cousins did more, for they bought them. Purchasing upholstery to the said amount, they installed it in the preacher's half-furnished house at Islington during the absence of the occupiers, who, on returning from a journey, found their drawing-room resplendent with inexplicable elegancies of damask and rosewood. The 'beneficent fairies' were quickly unmasked, and Irving's gratitude was manifested by a gift to the younger lady, to which we shall revert below. The mansion thus beautified was shortly afterwards the scene of an incident, of which Carlyle, writing some five-and-forty years later, gave this account :

After an early dinner at Irving's house, there drove up in a brave carriage a strangely complexioned young lady, with soft brown eyes and floods of *bronze-red* hair, really a pretty looking, smiling, and amiable, though most foreign bit of magnificence and kindly splendour, whom they welcomed by the name of 'dear Kitty'—Kitty Kirkpatrick, Charles Buller's cousin, or half-cousin, Mrs. Strachey's full cousin, with whom she lived.

The meeting at the Irvings paved the way for an invitation to Shooter's Hill, which Carlyle visited for the first time in the prophet's company.

I remember (he writes), on our approach to the house, the effulgent vision of 'dear Kitty' busied among the roses, and almost buried under them, who, on sight of us, glided hastily in.

The full-length likeness of the Rose-goddess in a subsequent page of the *Reminiscences* will bear comparison with Goethe's idyll in *Werther* of Charlotte cutting the bread and butter. It concludes :

Amiable, affectionate, graceful, might be called attractive (not *slim* enough for the title 'pretty,' not tall enough for 'beautiful'); had something low-voiced, languidly harmonious; placid, sensuous, loved perfumes, &c.; a half-Begum in short; interesting specimen of the semi-Oriental Englishwoman. Still lives, near Exeter (the prize of some idle ex-Captain of Sepoys), with many children, whom she watches over with a passionate instinct.

The style is by no means, as Buffon has been made to say, the necessary reflex of the man ; and Carlyle, whose character and conversation, as Mr. Froude justly says, were entirely free from venom, had his pen full of it. It may be safely asserted that the written remark on 'his singular dear' Kitty's husband would never have passed his lips. The said ex-Sepoy was an officer of Lord Anglesea's crack regiment, the 7th Hussars, a man of fine presence and unusual charm of personality, by whose side the half-Begum attained the happiness and harmony of life which was not predestined to any sharer of the lot of Thomas Carlyle—facts well known in Cheyne Row.

Miss Kirkpatrick will now concern us in another way. On the
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death of my father, not long posterior to these transactions, the family migrated to Clifton. When *Sartor Resartus*, which was published in the separate form in 1839, arrived at our house, the volume came into the hands of the eldest resident son, by whom, after some ineffectual scrutiny of the mysteries of Baphometic fire-baptism, and a baffled search on the map of Germany for Weissnichtwo and Entepfuhl, it was placed on the maternal reading-table without further remark. Having herself accomplished the perusal of the 'Tailor Patched,' Mrs. Strachey put the question to her son: 'Do you know what all this is about?' The reply being in the negative, she proceeded to expound the allusions to places and persons in the chapters of Book II. entitled 'Pedagogy,' 'Getting under Way,' and 'Romance,' which, she remarked, were as plain as noonday.

The *dramatis personæ* of *Sartor Resartus* are, to some extent, to use Carlyle's language, 'clothes-horses,' on whom the new symbolism of coats and breeches is hung. But the love episode is a story of itself. The young Diogenes Teufelsdröckh formed a friendship with Herr Towgood, or Toughgut, a young man of quality connected with the Counts of Zähdarm, whose castle stood amidst rich foliage and rose clusters on umbrageous lawns. By the Frau Gräfin, Excellenz, Diogenes was invited to an 'æsthetic tea,' at which he met 'the Rose-goddess,' Blumine, who was 'young, hazel-eyed, beautiful, and someone's cousin': also the dialectic marauder, Philistine. Between Diogenes and his Aurora, or Morning-Star, blissful bonds were soon forged, to be as rapidly dashed asunder by superior order, whereupon their lips were joined together, *more majorum*, for the first and last time, and Teufelsdröckh was 'made immortal by a kiss.'

Carlyle has explained that Diogenes T. is a type of his youthful self, and that Entepfuhl is his native village of Ecclefechan. A clue to the love story he has not furnished. Mr. Froude guesses that the Rose-goddess is Margaret Gordon, a young person who squelched Carlyle's love for her in his schoolmaster days in a letter which is extant, and throws more light on his external individuality than on her own. An earlier commentator thought otherwise: 'The story of the book,' said Mrs. Strachey to her son, 'is as plain as a pikestaff. Teufelsdröckh is Thomas himself. The Zähdarms are your uncle and aunt Buller. Toughgut is young Charles Buller. Philistine is Irving. The duenna cousin is myself. The rose garden is our garden with roses at Shooter's Hill, and the Rose-goddess is Kitty.'

The identities which were then plain to an expert with my mother's peculiar personal and topographical knowledge may be traced now by anyone who compares *Sartor Resartus* with the *Reminiscences*. The *Waldschloss* of Graf Zähdarm, Excellenz, is a palpable though glorified replica of Shooter's Hill.

'Tis the place, and all around it as of old the curlews call

—that is, the ancient odour of roses is there. 'Examiner' Strachey's house, as was seen on a previous page, stood in 'an umbrageous little park with rose gardens,' and on Carlyle's first vision of 'dear Kitty' she was 'busied amongst the roses and almost buried under them.' According to *Sartor Resartus*, the noble mansion of the Zähdarms stood in 'umbrageous lawns,' in propinquity to a garden house hardly inferior to itself, which was 'embowered amid rich foliage, rose-clusters, and the hues and odours of a thousand flowers.' The characteristic flower is as plentiful as it was on the nascent Island of Rhodes. When Blumine appears on the scene we read: 'now that Rose-goddess sits in the same circle with him.' But this only brings us within the propylæa of our edifice of truth. As Teufelsdröckh's ecstatic condition develops, the Rose-goddess grows into a dawn myth. We read in *Sartor* of the 'many-tinted radiant Aurora'—of 'this fairest of orient light bringers,' of Blumine as being in very deed 'a Morning-Star,' which appellation is given her more than once. 'The sentence of this Latin is,' to quote the 'Examiner's' favourite Chaucer, that Miss Kirkpatrick's christian-names were Catherine *Aurora*!

That Blumine personified Miss Kirkpatrick has always passed in the family for a certainty, requiring no more discussion than the belief that Nelson stands on the column in Trafalgar Square. To myself, my cousin said that the love chapters of *Sartor Resartus* were *Dichtung und Wahrheit*, a mixture of poetry and prose fact, and she once observed that she had taken Tummus to task on the subject of the final gush, remarking, 'You know you were never "made immortal" in that manner,' whereupon they both laughed 'without intervallums.' Mrs. Phillipps, who survived till 1890, further said that the words in *Sartor Resartus*, where Teufelsdröckh is 'ushered into the garden house, where sat the choicest party of dames and cavaliers,' exactly described the circumstances of Carlyle's visit to Shooter's Hill with Irving, when he saw 'dear Kitty busied among the roses.' As regards the identification of Graf Zähdarm, it should be observed that in the lady's copy of *Sartor* there stand, in her hand writing, the words 'Charles Buller, senior.' Other members of the family at once recognised the father in the humorous picture of the Count in the Latin epitaph in *Sartor*, and the son in the descriptions of Toughgut. My cousin used to mention the journey detailed in the *Reminiscences* which she made to Paris in 1824 with Mr. Strachey and Carlyle. While in the French capital Carlyle had other human interests besides the old geometer Lagrange and Trismegistus Laplace. On one occasion he exacted from 'Miss Kitty' the loan of a writing-apparatus, which he was afterwards with difficulty persuaded to restore to the owner. The *corpus delicti*, an oblong rosewood box, with a silver-topped inkstand, is still preserved. This was probably the ink-

stand into which Carlyle dipped his pen when he favoured Miss Welsh with the praises of her rival, which drew from her this sarcastic recommendation :

There is —— with 50,000*l.* and a princely lineage and ‘never was out of humour in her life’——with such a ‘singularly pleasing creature’ you could hardly fail to find yourself admirably well off.

Our Blumine further said that the chapter in *Sartor*, ‘Everlasting No,’ exactly reproduced certain moods of Carlyle’s temper during the visit to Paris. Another relic of that period is a Petrarch given to my cousin by Edward Irving. On the title-page is the inscription :

To my dear friend and benefactor, Catherine Aurora Kirkpatrick.

The erasing line was drawn by the lady’s hand, and the date, ‘January 12, 1825,’ is her addition. A gift from her to Carlyle was a present which he ascribes to Mrs. Strachey, ‘the most superb writing-desk I have ever seen.’

Carlyle’s retrospective opinion of the situation at Shooter’s Hill, written forty years later, deserves notice : ‘It strikes me now more than it did then, that she (Mrs. Strachey) would have liked to see “dear Kitty” and myself together, and continue near her, both of us, through life.’ This passage in the *Reminiscences* drew forth a strong denial from Blumine. Its probability may be gauged by certain remarks in Margaret Gordon’s above-quoted letter to her dismissed suitor, and is corrected by the hint in *Sartor Resartus* that the dissolution of Teufelsdröckh’s ‘love-mania’ was ordained by the ‘Duenna-Cousin.’ The actual occurrences called for no such intervention. But, looking to the rigidity of the matrimonial laws of the Medes and Persians of seventy years ago, there is no risk in asserting that, if the adoration paid to Blumine had emerged from the silent, platonic shape, Diogenes would actually have heard from his Rose-goddess that ‘they were to meet no more.’

On some of these points fresh light has been lately thrown by the publication of a dolorous novel by Carlyle, entitled *Wotton Reinfred*. It says little for the depth of Grub Street acquaintance with Carlyle’s writings that criticism has not remarked that this story is the protoplasm from which *Sartor Resartus* was afterwards evolved. The transmutation of the dull metal of Carlyle’s ‘first manner’ into the pure gold of *Sartor Resartus* is a remarkable instance of the metamorphosis of genius. Compared with the heavens-messenger Blumine, radiant as Sirius or Arcturus, the heroine of *Wotton Reinfred* is but, a ‘pale reflex from Cynthia’s brow.’ Still, the two ladies are one and the same. When Miss Montagu first appears, like Blumine she figures as Aurora. ‘And she—oh fair and golden as the dawn she rose upon my soul.’ Some crucial examples will show how the two stories run together on all-fours, and how striking is the identity of phrases, sentences, and paragraphs.

Wotton Reinfred :

Jane Montagu was a name well known to him : far and wide its fair owner was celebrated for her graces and gifts ; herself also he had seen and noted ; her alim daintiest form, her soft sylph-like movement, her black tresses shading a face so gentle yet so ardent ; but all this he had noted only as a beautiful vision which he himself had scarcely right to look at, for her sphere was far from his ; as yet he had never heard her voice or hoped that he should ever speak with her.

Sartor Resartus :

Blumine's was a name well known to him ; far and wide was the fair one heard of, for her gifts, her graces, her caprices. . . . Herself also he had seen in public places ; that light yet so stately form ; those dark tresses, shading a face where smiles and sunlight played over earnest deeps ; but all this he had seen only as a magic vision, for him inaccessible, almost with reality. Her sphere was too far from his. . . .

The skit on Irving in the derived work is absurdly serious in the *Grundschrift*, where the quality of humour, so conspicuous in *Sartor*, is, to use Carlyle's phraseology, 'fatally deficient.'

Wotton Reinfred :

A vain sophistical young man was afflicting the party with much slender and, indeed, base speculation on the human mind ; this he resumed after the pause and bustle of the new arrival. Wotton, by one or two Socratic questions in his happiest style, contrived to silence him for the night. The discomfiture of this logical marauder was felt and even hailed as a benefit by every one ; but sweeter than all applauses was the glad smile, threatening every moment to become a laugh, and the kind, thankful look with which Jane Montagu repaid the victor. He ventured to speak to her ; she answered him with attention ; nay, it seemed as if there were a tremor in her voice ; and perhaps she thanked the dusk that it half hid her.

Sartor Resartus :

There talked one 'Philistine,' who was dominantly pouring forth Philistinism. . . . We omit the series of Socratic, or rather Diogenic utterances, not unhappy in their way, whereby the monster, persuaded into silence, seems soon after, to have withdrawn for the night. Of which dialectical marauder (writes our hero), the discomfiture was visibly felt as a benefit by most ; but what were all applauses to the glad smile, threatening every moment to become a laugh, wherewith Blumine herself repaid the victor ? He ventured to address her, she answered with attention ; nay, what if there were a slight tremor in that silver voice ; what if the red glow of evening were hiding a transient blush ?

As in *Sartor*, so in *Wotton Reinfred*, the knot of the intrigue is untied by the descent of an unsympathising female relative from the machine.

Wotton Reinfred :

Jane Montagu had an ancient maiden aunt : . . . the old lady was proud and poor ; she had high hopes from her niece, and in her meagre hunger-bitten philosophy Wotton's visits had from the first been but faintly approved of.

Sartor Resartus :

He even appears surprised at the 'Duenna cousin,' whoever she may have been, in whose meagre hunger-bitten philosophy the religion of young hearts was from the first faintly approved of.

These words are followed by the famous reflection that a Mrs. Teufelsdröckh would have been unable to afford to assert her respectability by keeping a gig—the author's first symbolical use of that vehicle, which he employs with such extraordinary effect in the finale of the *Diamond Necklace*. This *locus classicus* has no equivalent in *Wotton Reinfred*.

After such specimens, a harmony of the respective parting scenes would be superfluous. The agreement is complete, except that, unlike Diogenes T., who 'was made immortal by a kiss,' Wotton Reinfred only embraced vacuity.

Toughgut's post in the finale of the older story is filled by an officer who, however, is only Miss Montagu's potential husband. The *Reminiscences* speak of Miss Kirkpatrick as becoming the 'prize of an ex-Sepoy captain.' Here is the equivalent passage in the novel:

'Good God!' cried Wotton, starting from his seat, and pacing hurriedly over the floor, 'can you not spare me? What have I to do with Edmund Walter? The tiger-ape!' cried he, stamping on the ground, 'with his body and shoulder knots, his smirks and fleers! A gilt outside, and within a very lazar-house! Gay speeches, a most frolic sunny thing; and in its heart the poison of asps!' . . .

By-and-bye came reports that his Jane was to be wedded—wedded to Edmund Walter, a gay young man of rank, a soldier, and, as Wotton rated him, a debauchee, but wealthy, well-allied, and influential in the county.

'Tiger-ape' reads very like 'ex-Sepoy captain' writ large, and an officer of the 7th Hussars with his busby and aigrette and various crimson and gold splendours—worth 500*l.* as he stood—might well have posed for Edmund Walter.

That *Wotton Reinfred* was in hand in 1827 and 1828 we know from Carlyle's correspondence: like Mr. Froude, he thought it 'went wholly to the fire.' The paragraph just quoted seems to indicate that it was not finally laid aside before 1829.

On the identities above traced a final remark may be allowed. In 1892 to have sat to Carlyle for Blumine may seem a scarcely lower honour than having been the original of Lotte, or the Maid of Athens. While men of culture now rank *Sartor Resartus* with the great masterpieces of European prose, the taste of that day dismissed it as 'damned stuff!' In such circumstances, ambition for the *digito monstrari* could have spoken with no force to the first interpreters of the symbolism of the Rose-goddess and her attendant train.

I now descend to a time within the horizon of my own distinct recollections—viz. to 1842, when Carlyle paid us a long-promised visit at Clifton. His arrival was preceded by a correspondence between Mrs. Strachey and his wife on the subject of his wants and habits. To the question, 'How was he to be made comfortable?' Mrs. Carlyle

replied, that 'she had never been able to find out that, and could only say, as his own mother did, "he's gey hard to deal with:"' he must smoke a long clay pipe after breakfast, and that not in the garden but in the house. And then a question—poultry were to him *anathema maranatha*—had we any cocks and hens? No 'demon-fowls' existed, and the tobacco problem received a suitable solution. Amongst the propensities of my youth were conjuring, the use (or misuse) of model machines, and chemistry, the latter mainly directed to the generation of the more fetid and explosive elements and compounds, on which account a room had been set apart for my pursuits. On the day succeeding Carlyle's arrival he was conducted after breakfast into this temple of science, where, after lighting his long clay, he attended with due reverence to an exposition of the character of the substances and apparatus before him. He was next required to undergo a lecture on the first principles of chemistry and physics, and a demonstration of the electrotpe (then a novelty), which was followed by the production of chlorine, or some other equally deleterious gas or mixture. The capital display of the sitting was an exhibition of the Marquis of Worcester's rotatory glass steam-engine, conducted with such vigour as nearly to end the existence, or, at any rate, the eyesight of the sage of Chelsea. The presence of so great a man called for extra stoking; the result was that the Marquis of Worcester's engine, being unable to emit its steam in sufficient quantity, exploded with a fearful crash, the boiler bursting in Carlyle's face, which was spurted over with the steam and boiling water, and bombarded with a shower of broken glass. Happily, it was not my destiny to play the part of a modern dog Diamond by depriving mankind of *Past and Present*, and the biographies of Cromwell, Sterling, and Frederick the Great, so that no mischief was done.

In his hostess Carlyle had a conversationalist not unworthy of his steel, and a portion of the 'solid day' was consumed by them in protracted talks. Though not a Madame Dacier, her scholarship enabled her to read the Old and New Testament in the Hebrew and Greek scripts; mistress of French and Italian, she was now becoming well acquainted with German. Her intellectual horizon was of large extension, and on closing her favourite Epistle to the Hebrews, a *Calvin's Institutes*, or *Luther on the Galatians*, she would soon be lost in Sismondi's *Italian Republics*, or *The Excursion*, or *Wilhelm Meister*, or *Jack Sheppard*. Carlyle's beliefs or unbeliefs were far from her. In his religious phraseology she saw a mere apparatus of decorative language—a vesture, to speak with Teufelsdröckh, of words employed in their 'non-natural' sense. To him heaven was a phase of human thought; prayer a silent aspiration of the mind; sin an infraction of the eternal verities of the universe. How did the faith of Socrates or Cicero differ from that? Carlyle was sur-

passed by his hostess in knowledge of the Bible and of the classics of theology. The same may be said of their common friend and her neighbour, John Sterling, with whom, on the terrace that joined their houses, she often debated the arcana of reprobation and grace. The intellectual disagreements of the hostess and the guest extended beyond celestial topics; but, thanks to the abnormal development in both the disputants of that useful corrective of heat in argument, the sense of the ridiculous—which, according to Carlyle, is 'very indispensable to man'—their discussions were never acrimonious.

Although Carlyle was devoid of the æsthetic sensibilities, he was taken to a party at the house of my married sister, where, despite his recorded contempt for the portion of mankind that listened to Paganini, he attended with propriety to some solos executed by that great violinist H. C. Cooper. During the pause for supper, the hero of the evening was button-holed by a local clerical magnate, whose attitude towards the new philosophy, if not that of a proselyte of righteousness, was that of a proselyte of the gate. They got into a warm controversy on matters of faith, and when Carlyle said, 'If a man's maker bid him go to the bottomless pit, he should go,' the clergyman asked, 'What do you mean by the bottomless pit?' the answer was: 'Sir, I mean the pit of love and despair; and now, sir, we will go back to the fiddlers.' Saying which Carlyle triumphantly returned to the drawing-room.

Our guest was more impressed by some performances of my own of the necromantic order. In allusion to Sir Walter Scott, the Houdin or Maskelyne of the day had styled himself 'the Wizard of the North:' an appellation now conferred on me by Carlyle, in sign of his approval of my skill as conjurer. Some time after this, my fulminating habits having subsided in favour of exertions of a literary character, which were stimulated by the example of the family friend, a magazine was founded by me with the help of some schoolfellows, and I usurped the functions of editor. By a special vote of the proprietary, Carlyle's name was placed on the free-list, and copies of the *Totteridge Miscellany* were duly forwarded to Chelsea. In due course the subjoined acknowledgment was received by me, as the Croker or Empson concerned:

Chelsea: 3 March, 1844.

Dear Little Wizard,—I have received two numbers of your ingenious periodical, the second of them this morning, and have to return you my thanks and congratulations. I find it a very handsome enterprise this of yours, and cannot but think you have a fair augury both of pleasure and profit from the same. It will be new satisfaction to my little Wizard of the North to burn off his fireworks in this literary form; may he prosper with them, our present little Wizard, as he used to do when they consisted of chemical gases and such like! We all know with what dexterity he used to go off, ever at the right moment, and with what brilliancy to blaze, in that latter department—astonishing the minds of beholders. The like good speed attend him here. Need I wish him better?

With many kind wishes to my little wizard friend, and his periodical literature, and other honest achievements and improvements,

I remain (in good hopes of him),

Most sincerely his,

T. CARLYLE.

Not long afterwards we were overtaken by a calamity which caused genuine grief to Mr. and Mrs. Carlyle. A brief excursion to Naples having stimulated my mother's love of the arts, literature, and natural beauties of Italy, she decided to make a protracted sojourn in the Peninsula, but was attacked at Perugia by an illness to which she succumbed. Communication of this mournful event was made by my sister's husband to Carlyle, from whom the annexed letter of condolence was received in return :

Chelsea : 7 December, 1846.

I receive with deep sorrow, as you may imagine, your melancholy news this morning. Your noble mother now gone was the first friend I acquired in this country, was the oldest and dearest friend I anywhere had in the world ; a truer, more generous, or higher soul I have never known. And now, all on a sudden, she is snatched away, I am to see her face no more, to hear her kind voice, or commune with her noble heart no more.

In such cases words are very vain ; nor will I add any. I desire to offer an affectionate sympathy to Mrs. Hare, in this her great distress : let her live worthy of such a mother. There is no other consolation but what lies in that direction.

With many thoughts which it would be profane to write ; with remembrances which will not quit me while I live, I remain with true participation,

Yours faithfully always,

T. CARLYLE.

Were other evidence wanting, this touching letter would be testimony enough to the depth of Carlyle's regard for his 'oldest and dearest friend.' The Mentone memoirs of 1867 thus summarise her character :

To this day, long years after her death, I regard her as a singular pearl of a woman ; pure as dew, yet full of love ; incapable of inaccuracy to herself or others.

In such terms he always spoke of her to the last, and it may be truly said that in the friendship which united her and the Chelsea household there was never 'any variableness or shadow of turning.'

During an educational residence in London in 1848, I was frequently in Cheyne Row. In Mrs. Carlyle's lifetime, company was received in the room on the ground floor facing the street. A sofa stood in front of the windows, on which, when there was 'æsthetic tea,' or a single guest, the 'gnädige Frau' sat behind her cups and saucers, while her husband occupied a chair between her and the fire, beyond which, and opposite the hosts, was the visitor's place. Adaptation of his topics to his audience was not Carlyle's speciality, and there were times when his speculations and language were too

transcendental to be understood of immature youth. The intelligence must, however, have been dull, indeed, that was not struck by his phenomenal command of words, the variety and aptness of his metaphors and illustrations, and by the torrents of racy, humorous expression which poured from his lips. Mr. Froude's verdict that in conversation Carlyle was No. 1, and no one else anywhere, may be open to revision. His impromptu style was, doubtless, preferable to the 'book-in-breeches,' learnt-by-heart manner of Macaulay. Still, good talk, in the Johnsonian sense, is unconstrained dialogue, and Carlyle's was oratorical monologue, oracular as the voice of Delphi, and calculated to suggest meditation rather than reply. After an evening in Cheyne Row, Socrates or Frederick the Great might have said: '*C'est magnifique, mais ce n'est pas la guerre.*' Again, his voice, though of fair baritone resonance, was hardly majestic, his delivery constantly sank into a sing-song recitative, his *obligato* laughter, or guffaw, was hearty, but had not the genuine Homeric ring, while his Border twang by no means suggested to a Southron's ear the tone of 'the eternal melodies.' The flow of reason in Cheyne Row was powerfully and agreeably stimulated by Mrs. Carlyle. At this time, if there were any remains of the beauty with which she has been credited, she was somewhat worn for her years, was always witty, spoke with a strong infusion of the accent of Caledonia stern and wild, had great stores of miscellaneous knowledge, and was rated by some who had access to the intellectual queens of the London society of the time as 'the cleverest of all the clever women.' But she did not carry the heavy conversational guns which Mrs. Grote, for instance, would sometimes bring to bear, making her utterances sound like the deliverances of wisdom heard in some hoary Grecian temple. Regard for her could not make her intimates love her lap-dog, a fussy sofa-pet of one of the mongrel pre-fox-terrier types, which was in the habit of obtruding its presence in ways detrimental to conversation and to the visitor's temper.

The revolutionary events of 1848 were, of course, the frequent subjects of Carlyle's talk. With the 'oppressed nationalities' of the period he had little sympathy: partial exceptions to his indifference had a personal origin, and were owing to his acquaintance with Louis Blanc, Mazzini, and other refugees. He was very fond of making fun of Louis Philippe and Monsieur Guizot, as the ensuing example shows. He mentioned that he had received 200 letters requesting him to lecture on this or that subject (subsequently, no doubt, to the course on Heroes, which was his fourth experiment of the kind), but that his rule was to decline, as the business was disagreeable, and, in England, held to be undignified. He would, however, now suggest that Guizot should go round lecturing on Revolution, showing the ex-king on the platform as a kind of grand experimental illustration of his thesis. Thackeray has said: 'Women are great brutes to each

other.' According to my knowledge, historians are open to some little reproach of this kind: their inter-vituperation is endless. As to Carlyle, from first to last he was in the habit of speaking of Macaulay as a humbug; his estimates of his rival's power and performances always required the application of a multiplier of at least ten to bring them within the neighbourhood of the truth. When the first two volumes of the *History of England* appeared, the Rev. F. D. Maurice, with whom I was acquainted, praised the work to me in a warm and adequate manner, remarking that it showed a marked advance, both in substance and style, on the brilliant but less solid *Essays*. Carlyle would not hear of this, and contemptuously replied: 'Reading Macaulay is like going into Howell and James' shop.' For the judgments of Mr. Maurice he had otherwise some esteem. He expressed high approval of the little periodical called *Politics for the People*, a cheap organ of Christian quasi-democracy, which Mr. Maurice had just started in conjunction with Kingsley, but thought that the hewers of wood and drawers of water, to whom it was addressed, would not read it, which was so. Of Kingsley, as poet at least, his opinion was very low. He said that he had stuck at the third page of the *Saints' Tragedy*, called it 'delightful' in the sarcastic sense, and spoke of the book as worthless except for the presence of Maurice's admirable preface. If the whole of Carlyle's correspondence with members of the several branches of our family had been preserved it would have filled a chest. But carelessness, liberality to collectors of autographs, and systematic habits of letter-burning have reduced the original bulk to a very small residue, of which surviving fraction only a portion is suitable for present publication. I quote a letter addressed by Carlyle in 1848 to the eldest of my brothers, who had published an essay on *Hamlet*, in which he preferred the interpretations of Coleridge against those of Goethe:

Chelsea: 20 December, 1848.

I looked over the copy you gave me (for which were, *silently*, sent many thanks) when it arrived here: I had much to praise in the gentle, assiduous, and pious spirit with which the task had been undertaken and performed; a really careful, industrious, lucid, and luminous *reading* of the play of *Hamlet*; and, I pleased myself with the hope that your literary tendency would yet lead you into still fruitfuller fields, towards the *reading* and interpretation of objects much more in need of being 'read' (some of them), and better worth reading too, than the play of *Hamlet*. 'Amlethus,' I find from old Saxo, is nothing but a Norse myth, adumbrating the course of the sun and annual seasons; a dream of the human brain, instead of a created fact of the Almighty Maker; towards which latter class of objects, I persist in believing, the *thought* and reading-faculty of all serious men decidedly directs itself. What say you now to taking up a *biography*, of some noble man, unknown or misknown to the vulgar, much to their damage; some bit of authentic historical narrative and delineation, *worthy* of a human soul's taking trouble with it? Such things your eye will discover if it look earnestly; such things are the *real* poems and dramas (God himself the author), which it best of all beseeems a man to try if he can do a little towards interpreting.

Of your manner of writing I will say only that it has many good qualities *in esse and in posse*, and that I know no rule so important as this one, which, indeed, if well understood, includes *all* rules whatsoever: 'Be wisely brief.' Brief, not in phrase only, but still more in *thought*. Divide the living from the dead! let nothing of extraneous or *unessential* enter into your living figure (if it is to *live*). Everywhere hit the nail on the *head*, and do not strike at it again!—With many thanks and regards,

Yours ever truly,
T. CARLYLE.

Some modern critics would say that in the *Frederick the Great* the maxim 'Be wisely brief' is seriously transgressed. When involved in that work, Carlyle's conversation and correspondence were thickly larded with growls at the 'nightmare king and his century: What have I to do with this man,' he said, 'or he with me?' My avocations having called me to Stuttgart, I made some report to Carlyle on the local situation. His reply, of which portions are appended, shows the pessimism with which he regarded his prospects of success in his great enterprise:

Chelsea, London: 5 June, 1857.

I got a very pleasant letter from Stuttgart a long while ago, giving pleasant intimations of the scene round you in that old Würtemberg metropolis. . . . One thing is very certain to me: If you are as well off as my wishes for you indicate, there will be nothing to complain of. I will hope not only that you are happy for the present time; but that you are daily gathering new culture, experience, solidity, and not only knowledge but wisdom—daily new ability to do your work in this world well—which by-and-by may amount to something far better than being 'happy.'—*Oremus, speremus*.

I can send you no news of England, nor any even of myself—life with me, for these twelve or twice twelve months past, having been but a dark and indeed almost deadly struggle in the abyss of German historical stupor—endeavouring (with almost no success at all) to extract some human record of Frederick 'the Great,' as he is called, out of that alarming element. Never in nature had I the notion before of such a task as this proves to me, in this place, at this time of day, in these circumstances generally! But I may get it done (*ill* since *well* is impossible); *done* on any terms if so much life be allowed me. And, indeed, that is pretty much the one hope I have left—that of getting *rid* of this intolerable torment—that has made my life *black* (as it were—yes, and even *base*, as it were) for five or six years past! The cause of my writing at present is that same business: to get a little light from you perhaps, about a point of Würtemberg history which will come to concern me by-and-by.

He proceeds to unfold a *vexata quæstio*, too esoteric for statement here, which he had been unable to solve by the help of his London books. Parts of the conclusion of the letter are worth quoting, especially the familiar compliments, so frequent in the *Frederick the Great*, to the historical Dry-as-dusts of Germany. He says:

I know the *Pfaffs*, the *Spittlers*, the &c. &c.: Ach Gott! the only *human* book I ever read on him (a certain Duke of Würtemberg) (and that by no means a first-rate one) is Strasse's *Life of Schubart*; and he does not touch on any subject at all. . . . Judge if I want to know the *particulæ*, which no Prussian blockhead

will say one word of to me! . . . What does Stuttgart say, especially what do its Antiquar bookshops say of all this? In fact, what am I to say, or think? If there is any knowledge procurable, I ought to try fairly for it; if there is none, I shall in that case know what to say. In short, turn over this matter well in your head (there is no hurry about it); and see gradually whether you cannot pick up an old book or two, &c. &c., or in some way help me. And so adieu for this time.

Yours always truly,
T. CARLYLE.

Circumstances prevented the researches in question, being undertaken, but being subsequently in Holland I stumbled on some original documents of value relating to his nightmare, which were placed at Carlyle's disposal. He replied in a letter from which the following characteristic sentences are taken :

Chelsea: May, 1863.

I am struggling, with all the strength I have, to get that unutterable book gathered into finis in some honest way. For six or eight months to come, my slavery is far beyond that of any penal colony or treadmill: but *then* perhaps I shall get done.

Carlyle's growls at the 'nightmare' king had no intermission. Here is another specimen from the quiverful extracted from a letter addressed to my eldest brother at a somewhat earlier date than just quoted :

Chelsea: 28 January, 1856.

No book I ever undertook has been such a misery to me, from causes extrinsic and intrinsic, as this of *Frederick the Great*; thoughtlessly gone into, and in which I am still sunk overhead, uncertain yet whether I shall ever get out of it alive. Innumerable things are proven in that enterprise; this, which is worst of all, that I have literally no motive to proceed, except the conscientious reluctance to be quite beaten; that, in fact, I have little real love for Frederick, and for his century, and its works and ways, contemptuous abhorrence rather than love.

It will give me real pleasure to see you again, which by some happy chance I hope to do before long. I expect to be steady here, sunk in my sad Brandenburg element of 'barren sand' for many months to come.

I am always, with many affectionate regards and recollections,

Yours sincerely,
T. CARLYLE.

For the five or six years previous to the battle of Sadowa, and a similar period posterior to the battle of Sedan, my recollections of Carlyle show a hiatus. In this interval his wife died, and he set himself to compose the *Reminiscences*, whose publication caused such lamentable rending of 'the sacred body of Homer,' and he was overtaken by old age. To this time belongs a letter addressed by him to Blumine, who had one day unexpectedly appeared in Cheyne Row :

Chelsea: 24 October, 1858.

Dear Mrs. Phillipps,—Your little visit did me a great deal of good. So interesting, so strange to see her we used to call 'Kitty' emerging on me from the dusk of evening, like a dream become real! It set me thinking for many hours, upon times long gone, and persons and events that can never cease to be important and affecting to me. That of postponing dinner was a mighty indifferent matter—so

unluckily it always is in this house! But I grudged to be specially unwell that day (below par, in regard to sleep, &c. for three weeks past), and never fairly to see you except in *chiaroscuro*, while you talked. I might indeed have ordered candles (or lighted the candles that were); but I never thought of that simple expedient, or if it did suggest itself, rejected it as a disturbance or intrusion. You must mend that by making me another visit when the lights are better disposed towards us. With a great deal of readiness I send you the photograph which you are pleased to care for having: sorry only that it is such a grim affair (thanks to time, and what he brings and takes), though indeed this was never much a *bright* image, not even forty-eight years ago, when your bright eyes first took it in. As to visiting, I grieve that I am no longer fit for that operation; so sad, so weak and nervous; tumbled to pieces by the racket of a late dinner, &c., and generally, as net results, losing all power of sleep on such occasions. I tried the adventure twice last year for a few days each time; but found I really must not again. Sandhurst, therefore, especially in this season, I fear is forbidden altogether, but if you stay in Aldershot till winter go, and if there are railways to the neighbourhood, I will flatter myself with coming thither some day, and making a call of three or four hours, which really is the safest plan. My capabilities, you see, are very limited, and are not likely to become less so; my right hand itself is unwilling now and then even to write; and in effect all round me is the sound as of *evening bells*, which are not sad only, or ought not to be, but beautiful also, and blessed and quiet. No more to-day, dear lady: my best wishes and affectionate regards will abide with you to the end.

Yours ever truly,
T. CARLYLE.

Carlyle is not generally ranked with the great artists of the epistolary style. His correspondence, in his middle and later periods especially, has little of the gaiety, eloquence, and epigram with which the letters of Byron, Scott, and, to take a recent name, of M. Doudan, brim over. In certain cases, however, where veracity and deep feeling inspired the matter and the manner, he has risen above himself. Of this it will perhaps be thought that an example has been furnished in his expressions of grief on the death of his Shooter's Hill friend, and the letter just quoted is a pleasing proof that he could excel in a kindly, natural vein. Written by a gallivanting old gentleman like, for instance, the Lord Jeffrey of the *Reminiscences*, this epistle would not of necessity indicate the existence in past times of passages of sentiment between the parties concerned. Coming from Carlyle, to whom, both from temperament and habit, the language of the *pays de tendre* was an unknown tongue, it is difficult not to read between the lines of the letter the sense of the confession of Dido—*agnosco veteris vestigia flammæ*.

G. STRACHEY.

SOME TALK ABOUT CLERGYMEN

It was a lovely afternoon, the perfection of an English summer's day. The bees hummed lazily amidst the fragrant blossoms of the lime-trees, and the scent of new-mown grass was gently wafted by the breeze across the neighbouring fields, whilst a party of men and women, of what might popularly be called 'the world,' sat in front of a large red-brick Georgian country house, under the mighty branches of a far-spreading cedar. Wagner's music, modern art, and snatches of politics had formed the subjects of their conversation, when there was a little lull, and a voice was heard to say: 'It really is most distressing.' The speaker was a lady, tall and blonde, dressed charmingly in the fashion of the day, modified by good taste, and idealised by a fine sense of the artistic.

Lady Clarence leant back and sighed. 'Mr. Baynes,' she continued, 'has been guilty of another domestic riot in my household. Yesterday he came up here, and sent for Mrs. Todds, our house-keeper—a family institution, you know. "Mrs. Todds," he said, "you are allowing one of the servants to fall into bad ways. He never attends Divine service in the afternoon." Harry was sent for, but remained obtuse, whilst Mr. Baynes poured forth upon his devoted head the vials of his wrath. After he had gone I asked Mrs. Todds what she thought,' continued Lady Clarence. "'Oh, my lady, I've lived with good families all my life," was her reply; "and when I think of Mr. Baynes I say to myself: 'Poor lamb! you are very young!'"

'Yes,' murmured Algy Dundonald, 'I can quite understand his parishioners rushing into any extreme—joining the Salvation Army, or becoming Buddhists after a sufficient experience of his teaching. Mr. Baynes, however, amuses me. I like to see him "toss and gore a Dissenter." The air is thick with quarrels wherever he goes.'

'I like missionaries,' said a very distinguished officer to a pillar of the Church. 'They are a sure and certain source of war.'

'Mr. Baynes's energy would, I admit, be better employed, as far as you are concerned, in Uganda or Cashmere; but then the British taxpayer gains, and for his sake you should be willing to suffer gladly.'

'He is a specimen of a class that is rapidly passing away,

and I love to preserve examples of the antique in religion as in art. Now that faggots and stakes can no longer be used for human sacrifices, Mr. Baynes is an anachronism. But what a happy man he must be, no criticisms vex him, no modern learning disconcerts him !'

'Whatever may be the hardships of other people, we have only cause to congratulate ourselves,' said Horace St. Aubrey. 'Our clergyman, Mr. Townshend, has plenty of common sense, and always does the kind thing with judgment. He does not fear to speak out, but never says a disagreeable thing unnecessarily. The village have only one fault to find with him, and that is that he will not take sides in a quarrel, and there is only one feeling about him—affection united to esteem. Last year, when all the poor people were laid low with influenza, good Mr. Townshend and his curate toiled up and down the steep hills of Worsley parish, carrying large baskets laden with puddings and jellies for the poor and the sick. They spent their days in putting on mustard plasters and linseed poultices, in cheering the sick, and in consoling the dying. Some months afterwards, when it was known that the bishop was coming to Worsley for a confirmation, several of the leading Dissenters of the parish called at the vicarage in a deputation. They came to express their respect for the vicar, and at the same time to say that they should like to be confirmed, "if it did not mean that they would have to give up chapel entirely and always go to church."'

'Come, Aunt Lizzie,' interrupted Algy Dundonald, 'you know so much about clergymen and good people, that you must tell us some of your experiences.'

The lady he spoke to was no longer young; she had about her that special grace of a woman who has been of the world, but who has acquired only its graces, without any of its puerilities or frivolities. Her face reminded one of some head of Juno, in the perfection of its majestic outline and splendid contour. But through the cold marble of classic sculpture there breathed a spirit of tenderest Christianity; a world of pity and love seemed to be expressed in all her movements and in every fold of her grey dovelike dress. Her voice was singularly soothing, full of a certain soft languor. In any one else this peculiarity would have excited a sense of irritation; but in her, such was the charm she exercised, that it seemed to her listeners as if the wings of angels were hovering round her as she spoke. The worldly in her presence became unworldly, the frivolous were touched with a passing sense of the vanity of all things, and the hard and cold yearned for a time for the denial of self.

'Well, let me think,' said Mrs. Mortimer, with her dreamy smile, 'of some of the different types of clergymen I have known. My first recollection is of a Mr. Stuart. He was an intimate friend of my father's, and quite of the old school. The poor people loved and respected him, in a sleepy, gentle way. His one form of religious

consolation consisted of a chapter read aloud from a red-velvet, silver-clasped Bible. His manners were those of a courtly dean of the last century; in all he did there was the flavour of stately reserve and the perfume of a classical education. The way in which he bowed to my mother, or handed her to her carriage, were all relics of a courtesy of a bygone age. When he first came to live at Morstand he wrote a certain number of sermons, which were regularly preached at certain intervals. Many now, to me, are like *les neiges d'antan*—lost and forgotten. But I remember one or two—one on the “sin of drunkenness,” preached as a gentleman would preach on such a subject, in a spirit of modest reserve and sobriety; and another “on the duties of husbands and wives.” All his subjects were treated very quietly; and in looking back I cannot help feeling about them that they were absolutely free from all sense of advertisement, or any attempt at a bid for cheap popularity. If he quoted from classical authors it pleased his congregation, for they used to say with pride: “We have a real gentleman to preach to us.” Only once this good man stirred me to the inmost depths, and that was on the occasion of my brother Charlie’s death. He was killed out in the Crimea, so young—only nineteen. He had been through the Alma and Inkerman, and met his death by the explosion of a shell in some little engagement that was hardly thought worthy of a name. I remember so well my mother’s passionate grief, and my father’s stern face of anguish, which he tried to mask under an Englishman’s reserve. Ah! that discourse of Mr. Stuart’s was a very wonderful one, and the echoes of his genuine human sympathy come back to me even now, through the mist of years. There fell upon the church as he mounted his pulpit a great silence, for as old Towler the sexton said afterwards: “Us knew as us was going to hear the Word of God.” His simple faith shone like a star in the night, and his affection for us all, as an intimate friend, called forth the gentle sympathy of those honest hearts that were present there. I can see all the good folks now, in my mind’s eye, swinging themselves backwards and forwards in their old-fashioned black suits or dresses, amidst the high-backed pews. Only one sentiment pervaded us all, making all the little world of that far-off West-country parish kin.* Mrs. Towler told my mother afterwards that the words of his reverence “was genuine medicine.” And “lor, bless you! it was so brought into my mind, that I had to lay hold tight of my Bill when I see’d ’er after that blessed sermon, to make sure as I had still got ’er by me.” “And oh! my lady,” said that excellent old body, blushing at being carried away by her own feelings in a visit of condolence, “I be sorry for you, for I mind Maister Charles when ’er used to ride the white donkey.” Every Sunday night Mr. Stuart used to dine with my father, and they used to drink the Queen’s health together in an excellent glass of port; after which the servants were assembled in the

hall, with strict reference to their rank and precedence. Then Mr. Stuart would read them a chapter from his Bible and give them his blessing, and so they departed. Old Towler's epitaph of Mr. Stuart was not without a humorous pathos: "When 'er read, it war grand; when 'er preached, it war 'vine; when 'er singed, it war hathenish." For our dear old vicar had one weakness—to sing loudly, without due reference to the laws of harmony.

'After that,' continued Mrs. Mortimer, 'I forget who was Vicar of Morstand for some time, as I married early, and saw but little of the clergymen there. But about 1870 I remember an ethereal, fragile-looking young clergyman, who had come from the North. I got to know him very well after a little while, for he was very shy and reserved at first. I then discovered him to be a man without any vulgarity—a pure white soul that exercised over all the influence of some little "schoolmaster Mark." When he had been with me for an hour, although perhaps our conversation had only related to blankets for the poor, or beef and pudding dinners for the old and rheumatic, I always felt as if some angel had visited me. It was not what Mr. Grey said, for his language was often commonplace and hesitating; but a spiritual halo shone above his head, and I felt, as he left me, as if I had been reading some exquisite chapter from one of Arthur Stanley's books, or more probably as if the Lord had revealed Himself to me afresh through some little humble act of reverence for His poor. Mrs. Towler, grown old and feeble, used to say: "When I sees Parson Grey, I feels as if I clapt my Sunday bonnet on in a twinkling." These words might seem only to us a simile of vulgarity, but to the poor it is not so. The Sunday bonnet to the overworked labourer's wife is synonymous with rest, and means leisure to enjoy their only Poetry. Mr. Grey treated the village boys as if they were little princes, and was so good that he made other people good by being with them. His life was Christlike in its simplicity. When the small-pox broke out, as it did at Morstand, owing to the return there of a young sailor from Plymouth, who had in him the germs of that dreadful malady, Mr. Grey never hesitated in visiting him. I can see before me now the little picture of the old vicarage, with its porch interwoven with honeysuckle and monthly roses—his young wife Dora, heartbroken at the danger he had determined to incur, had sent for me, hoping that I might induce him to remain away—I can see her now, clinging to him fondly, reminding me of Millais's sad picture of the "Huguenot Lovers." "Do not go—do not go to Tom Jackson," she was moaning like a wounded child. His answer comes back to me—it was at once so playful and so solemn: "My darling, I cannot afford remorse—it is too great a luxury for a poor man like me;" and then he kissed her tenderly and left her. I never saw him again.

"Tom Jackson, a Yorkshire man by descent, who had strayed into the West country, said to me some time afterwards, when he had

recovered : " Lor' bless yer, missus, it war but a little chap, nor a frail ; and although mun never banged about powerful with the spirit, nor wrestled with devil-chop, like parson as is now, but kept ~~he~~ 'ould 'un in back place, I'm sartin that mun went up straight into the blue, and is just lying noo in the arms of Jesus."

' Did you not know a Mr. Tally ? ' inquired Algy of his aunt. ' If I remember rightly, you tried to reclaim him, and he was your guest for a long time at the " Laurels. " '

' Oh yes ! ' murmured Mrs. Mortimer. ' It was a sad story, but the end is a bright one. Mr. Tally was a curate for some time under our clergyman, Mr. Lucan. He came to Haverston with the reputation of being an eloquent preacher. He had a ready flow of words—really a great facility of speech, and never seemed to hesitate for a word. Besides this, his sermons seemed full of fervour and earnestness. You know that our kindly old vicar, Mr. Lucan, belongs to the old High Church school, " high and dry " as it is called, and now one may add, " he is almost blind and deaf. " So that the change from old age and dulled mental power to the warmth of youth and eloquence worked like a charm upon the people, and they crowded to the church as if drawn by magic. One Good Friday evening he preached a sermon that moved us all. He painted vividly the Lord's crucifixion, and thrilled us all by his picture of " man's ingratitude, of God's pity and long-suffering. " Coming out from church, I begged him to be my guest at supper. I thought, as he entered my house, that there was something unusual in his expression—something wild and exaggerated in his gestures. But I could have no doubt as to the true state of things when he said to me in a loud husky voice : " Give me beer, more beer ! It takes a lot of alcohol, Mrs. Mortimer, to preach such a sermon as that. " '

' Well, Aunt Lizzie, what did you do ? ' inquired Algy.

Aunt Lizzie gave a faint smile, and replied in her quietest tone : ' I kept him till I cured him ; and now he is doing honest work in Paris, giving lessons in English at a French school. '

' Well, ' exclaimed Algy, ' you really are wonderful ! Now, Aunt Lizzie, I believe, if the devil himself were to pay you a visit, you would not revile him, nor blame him, for the muddle he has made of this poor world ; but you would just weep over him and pray for him, and when he went away he would leave you quite touched, and hell would be paved afresh with good resolutions. Do you know our Dean ? No ? Well, then, you ought to. I wonder which of you is the most unworldly ? Hugh Denby, his son, is a great friend of mine. Last year he told me a story about his father. The Dean, you must know, never keeps a day to himself, but toils and moils, worse than any waiter at a Swiss hotel, at parish teas, with church addresses, and at workhouse fêtes. One day he suddenly arrived unexpectedly in the little parish of Hewley-on-the-Hill.

There is no resident squire there, and as the vicar was ill he went, before addressing the people in the church, to old Mrs. Quantop's, the miller's wife. That good lady, alas for his comfort ! was out, with the key of the larder safe in her pocket. The servant-wench hunted high and low for a few eggs to poach ; but it was winter-time, and the hens declined to oblige, so that nothing could be found to place before his lordship but a hunk of cold pork. "I, myself, could not touch it," said Hugh ; "it seemed to me indigestion visible and materialised. But my father said : ' Why are you so fanciful ? Nothing makes us ill if we do not think about it.' " "It is all very well for you," grumbled his son, "you are a spirit that just runs a body for the present ; that poor body of yours is harder fagged than I ever was at school." Then he said, looking at his father gravely : " You are, indeed, a slave-driver to your body ; for it is in truth to you a miserable ' rag.' "

' Preserve me from your Dean,' said Horace St. Aubrey. ' Let us remember that, if the laity suffer sometimes at the hands of the inferior clergy, they in their turn are subject unto their bishops. I have no doubt that they still have to practise " the dropping down deadness of manner " which Sydney Smith said " Bishops like best in their clergy." How bitterly they must regret that they no longer have the witty Canon to describe their woes, or make jokes at the expense of Dean and Prebendary ! The Prince Prelate has made way for the slave-driver—the overseer of souls for the director of bodies. In some dioceses, I am told, men have no time to think over or prepare their sermons. Mothers, fathers, brothers, sisters, and sweethearts all have to have separate meetings and classes. I feel giddy even when I hear their endless enumeration on Sunday mornings. * Many a clergyman's life is that of an electioneering candidate, without reporters, or cheers, or sympathy, and with no declaration of the poll to look forward to as the harbinger of rest.'

' After all,' said Lady Clarence, meditatively, ' a strong personality in the Church, as in every other institution, is the only power that can really guide and retain its influence. All organisations, classes, and meetings, unless there is some strong hand to guide and some wise spirit to sustain, will, when their novelty has worn off, lose their charm and attraction. No alterations in the church,—no taking down of galleries, no changing the site of the organ, no arrangement of flowers, not even lighting of candles, can permanently draw a congregation. There is nothing but respect and reverence for the minister that can long fill a church, and man alone draws man by reason of human sympathy.'

' A German writer,' said Algy Dundonald, ' remarked that " merchants are the only honest class of men. They avow openly that money-making is their object, whilst others pursue the same end, hiding it hypocritically under cover of an ideal vocation." And this,

I suppose,' he added, with an ironical laugh, 'is not less true about the Church than about any other profession. Now there is my uncle's curate at Shiplake, an excellent young fellow if a deer is to be stalked and shot in the park, or a pony broken in for my aunt's basket-carriage, but quite useless in the pulpit. There he is, as feeble as a baby. When he preaches, he fumbles and stammers, and generally loses himself in a maze of heresies, which he must have looked out in some biographical dictionary just before going into church. These he strings together, with a text at the beginning and a text at the end. How it can profit the villagers to know the early history of the Gnostics, the schisms of Socinus, or the controversies between Athanasius and Arius, I am at a loss to understand. But the poor are very patient with him: he was "wonderful handy," I was informed,' continued Algy, 'with Molly Dobson's baby, when all the family were down with fever; and his good-humour and genuine kind-heartedness will doubtless enable his parishioners to swallow without a murmur a long course of heresies and schisms on Sundays.'

'Why is it,' asked Violet St. Aubrey, 'that the clergy are constantly offering us religious food that appears to us laity little short of starvation? Their supplications do not appeal to us, and their voices seem a long way off, like voices crying in a fog! What I grumble at more than anything else,' she continued, 'is the social restraint exercised upon us all by the clergy and their surroundings. "I cannot understand what people mean by talking of freedom of opinion," the wife of a Bishop once said to me. "I have never yet heard in conversation the expression of an opinion that was not orthodox." We never talk out quite openly before them; in fact,' she said, with a merry ripple of laughter, 'if any were present here to-day our conversation would be impossible. They dwarf our minds, and we treat them as a race apart. They are not the holier for this reserve, for it incapacitates them from living with their time or from being able to feel the moral pulse of those around them.'

'Come, Vitey,' said her husband, 'I think we are apt to be too hard on clergymen. We expect a great deal too much; we may be thoroughly commonplace ourselves, but we expect all the same a blend of George Herbert, Kingsley, and Liddon for 250*l.* a year in a country parish, and our clergyman must possess in addition Mr. Gladstone's physical powers. Moreover, a clergyman must be what we call abreast of the times; that is to say, he must be familiar with all the rubbish that finds its way through the Press and at the same time get through as much work as a village nurse during an epidemic. He should be a man of culture, of refinement, and of high aspirations, and very likely he may have no one in the parish whose vocabulary exceeds two thousand words. "What am I to do?" said a clergyman in a Welsh parish to a friend of mine. "I have

40*l.* a year, and the Bishop says I am not to live with the farmers. Whom, then, am I to associate with?" In the manufacturing districts there is often no society for the clergyman. His richer parishioners are Nonconformists, and by the exercise alone of special tact can harmony be secured in the parish.'

'That is just what I complain of,' said Algy Dundonald; 'their tact is usually conspicuous by its absence, and if you have to do business with them, they bring with them not even the commonest acquaintance with the rules of conduct that govern other men. I know instances where, from sheer ignorance, they have diverted to objects they are interested in sums raised for other purposes. They will administer charity sometimes as if there were no such thing as Law, and they keep accounts as though the Education Act had never been passed.'

'That is not their fault,' replied Horace, 'but that of the system. You put a young man without any experience into one of the most difficult of all positions. He knows nothing of men and nothing of women. At the mature age of twenty-three he is to be the spiritual adviser of both. Why, it is to his credit if he can help a single pupil-teacher in a *cas de conscience*. Surely it is rather hard upon him to be expected to do the business of a solicitor for nothing. Of course his figures are wrong, so are everybody else's. You have taken away his pleasures, and you heap too many burdens upon a young and possibly dull brain. The clergyman rarely hunts, rarely shoots, and hides himself when he goes a-fishing. You want a Sporting Clergyman's Protection Act, or, like ground game, he will soon be extinct. When clergymen shared the pleasures of the laity there was more solidarity and less opportunity of friction. I admit that there was more drinking, though we need not flatter ourselves that we are immaculate in that respect.'

'Ah! that reminds me of a story of my brother Charlie's,' said Lady Clarence, 'about his part of the world. Some years ago a clergyman, who had been offered the living, wrote down for information about the quality of the drinking water, and the answer came back "that no information could be given, as the oldest inhabitant was ignorant of its taste." This was a typical parish, with bad cottages, agricultural prosperity, and wholesale drunkenness. Let me repeat to you now, if I can, the letter written by the curate on the death of his vicar in 1835 to my father, who then represented the constituency in Parliament. It ran thus:—

'My dear Sir,—A report reached our town last night that the incumbent of our parish is dead, and from inquiry this morning I have every reason to believe it is correct. I am emboldened, therefore, to hope that your benevolence on this occasion will chime with the wishes of the whole parish, and that I may succeed to the Vicarage. My claims are partly founded on a residence of fifteen years in the

parish as a stipendiary curate, deriving no more than 45*l.* a year for my services. I may also mention, and it is gratifying to me to think, that I have been solicited by the principal inhabitants to allow them a day to express to Sir Cadwallader Griffiths their unanimous feeling on my behalf. Knowing, however, the danger of delay on such occasions, I have resolved to leave here for London immediately after this morning's service, and pay my personal respects to Sir Cadwallader on Monday. The object, therefore, of these few lines is to express a hope that, in the event of my missing the coach to-day, I may be fortunate enough to secure your earliest interference with the patron in my behalf, which would for ever oblige, my dear Sir,

'Yours most sincerely,

'EDWARD MALLET.'

'The picture is not a bright one, and I quite agree with Horace in saying that we expect too much from the clergy, and that we take for granted that, like the ideal horse of the advertisement, they can run a race with credit, or carry coals if desired. In other words, we are not likely to find a bird-of-paradise endowed with the useful qualities of a barndoor fowl.'

'It is all very well for you and Horace to talk,' said Violet St. Aubrey, 'but what I complain of is that my clerical barndoor fowl sits upon his perch and erroneously believes himself to be the bird-of-paradise. Somehow the atmosphere of the pulpit is not a healthy one to the ordinary man. Like absolute power, it degenerates its possessor. Who has not noted the overbearing manner of the commonplace ignorant clergyman towards his wife and daughters? In the weaker brethren the possession of a pulpit is apt to make them carry the view of parochial pope into domestic life. And what is still worse to bear is the introduction of the grotesque into religion. Only the other day I heard a clergyman preach who used expressions to the effect that he would have it "out with God" some day, and who spoke of St. Matthew as a man of good society, residing at Jerusalem, who doubtless kept his brougham, or what was the equivalent to it in those days. Horace can afford to be the champion of such a man, for he never attends church unless his æsthetic instincts are likely to be gratified.'

'I think I know whom you mean in this particular case,' replied Lady Clarence; 'but, to be quite just to him, you must let me tell you the following story:—Mr. Taylor, you must know, is profoundly ignorant of all country things; in fact, when he came to his parish, he was uncertain whether barley grew on a bush or not. Last year, after the terrible explosion at the Langham Collieries, when six miners were killed, he was very sorry for one of his parishioners, Ivy Granger, almost a child, who was left a widow, and very badly off, with twin babies. He determined to help her; and Mickie

O'Straughan, an old Irishman, passing through the town about that time with his drove of goats, he decided upon purchasing one for the widow. Unfortunately he did not consult an expert in the selection of the quadruped; but, thinking that size was the first and only object, he picked out the biggest, and presented Ivy with the old billy-goat of the herd. The sad thing is that nobody can help the clergy or be of any use to them. What we really want is a tone of greater freedom between the laity and the clergy—a more complete avowal that, if the laity have much to learn from the clergy, the clergy have much to learn from the laity.'

'Why, now that everybody is having a special mission got up to instruct them, should not the clergy have one too?' inquired Algy Dundonald. 'In my mission,' he continued, 'it would be the laity that would preach to the clergy, and the clergy would have to listen attentively and in silence. Amongst the various entertainments that I should provide, I would send them to see Ibsen's play, the "Doll's House," acted—and in the company of their wives.'

'My dear Algy,' replied Horace, 'no more instruction for anybody if you please. Preserve us from what men are pleased to call the "spirit of the age" or the "movement of the century," which means cheap things, and American products, alive and dead, and photographs: in two words, civilisation and progress. Thank heaven, co-operative societies have not yet been able to force upon us cheap mountains and cheap rivers. Changes come all too rapidly; they have affected the clergy as well as the laity. Fifty years ago the hero of the three-volume novel was a curate. He always possessed love philtres, which enabled him to subjugate the daughter of the county magnate. Of late he has been disestablished by the country doctor. Fifty years ago a clergyman with fifteen children could appeal to the British public with the certainty of exciting sympathy and pity; now pluralists in children are regarded with as ill favour as pluralists in benefices.'

'I have but one complaint against the clergy: that they have been bitten by a love of change themselves. Where they might have been expected to be the bulwarks and buttresses of the past, they have been the most ruthless Iconoclasts. Entrusted with the guardianship of some of the most beautiful monuments in the world, they have treated them as though they were erring parishioners.'

'Beauty of architecture and the memories of their forefathers have alike appealed to them in vain. I am sick of restoration and change.'

'Yes, all is changing—the teachers, the taught, and the teaching,' said Mrs. Mortimer softly, 'and the clergy can no longer be the sole expositors of Christianity. The age of doctrines is passing away, and our faith is developing from a crisis into a new phase. The rich and the cultivated are learning to realise that the Master

is revealing Himself through the poor and the mean: through misery and squalor, the majesty of Godhead is being made known. Tolstoi makes his hero Pierre only touch the summit of complete happiness by the loss and renunciation of all that this world can give. Religion, even to some earnest minds, cannot be carried on through forms and creeds. Here "we can only know in part"; but I cannot conceive of an all-powerful spirit of good who is not capable of infinite and tender laughter, as somebody has already written.'

'What do you mean?' inquired Violet, blushing and looking somewhat shocked.

'Just think for one moment, Vitey,' was the reply. 'If your babies are greedy or quarrel, or tell little cunning lies, you cannot long be very angry with them. And then, just pause and consider what the wisest and greatest and noblest of us must seem to that never-beginning, never-ending God! Oh, it is a sense of our weakness, our imperfections, which reveals His strength, His greatness! "Now I only know in part," wrapped round as I am with all the imperfections of struggling humanity; but still it is possible to imagine that in another life I, as a great and glorious being, may be able to contemplate and understand and see things that now only dazzle and weary my feeble vision. It is this certainty of a complete development in immortality that gives us at times so keen a yearning for death.'

A gentle silence fell upon her listeners as she ceased speaking, and all present felt hushed as if they had been in the presence of their guardian angel. The shadows were lengthening round the red-brick house, for the sun had travelled almost his course, gilding the beds of scarlet geraniums in the western garden, and causing them to flash like fire in the dying day. A tame peacock, half shyly, half defiantly, advanced from out the gloom of a thicket towards the group upon the lawn.

After a long pause the hostess rose and, with a little sigh, said, breaking the spell by a gentle commonplace: 'The dew is falling; let us go into the house.' As she spoke a servant issued from a door and, approaching her, said: 'My lady, Mr. Baynes is in the red gallery, and begs to see you at once.' Lady Clarence laughed musically, shrugged her pretty shoulders—doubtless the inherited gesture of a French grandmother—and said: 'The "mission" has begun.'

A ZOLLVEREIN OF THE BRITISH DOMINIONS

TWENTY years ago the Government of the United Kingdom would have found it comparatively easy to have arranged an irrevocable federation of the whole of the British dominions. At the present time it would be difficult, if not impossible, to effect such a federation on terms satisfactory to, at any rate, some portions of the dominions, which is another way of saying that a voluntary federation is not now practicable. There are some minor reasons for the indifference of the colonies to federation, but it is unnecessary to discuss them, for they are all more or less allied to the conviction that a practical solution is not at present open. The main obstacle on the part of the colonies is the very high store they set upon their power to make their own fiscal arrangements and the insuperable objection they have to any union that might be the means of coercing their fiscal policy. If there were a clear and binding agreement as to this fiscal policy in the nature of a commercial union, the other objections would melt away, and a full recognition would be given of the material as well as of the sentimental advantages of federation. It is not necessary now to consider the details of federation, because no serious attention will be given to it whilst the fiscal question remains unsettled. On the other hand, a large number of colonists who are indifferent to or are opposed to federation would readily yield attention to a proposition so full of material advantages as a well-defined commercial union.

From the home point of view the measure of the indifference of the colonies to federation is the measure of its importance to the United Kingdom. For centuries past the scheme of existence of the United Kingdom has been closely interwoven with its colonising operations, including those relating to India and the Crown Colonies. It is mainly owing to this colonising influence that Great Britain has become the most powerful maritime nation. Indirectly it has fostered the enormous mercantile shipping and vast commercial interests of the country. It is hardly, however, necessary to argue in favour of the colonising policy, because, rightly or wrongly, it seems to be just as firmly entwined with the fibres of the United Kingdom as during the centuries past. Within the last few years energetic action

has been taken to increase the British dominions. In India, by means of feudatory states, and in Africa and Borneo, by chartered companies, vast territories are being nursed into British possessions. How egregiously absurd this would be if the country were really prepared to accept the reduction instead of increase of the dominions of the Empire!

It may be said, Why not leave well alone? The answer is not far to seek. The want of enthusiasm for federation displayed by the colonies is (to vary a previous remark) the measure of the danger of the disintegration of the British Empire. Take, for example, Canada. It is impossible to observe the events of the last two years without seeing that enormous pressure is being brought to bear on the Dominion to induce it to consider whether its material interests are in harmony with its continued connection with the British Empire.

There is probably no more touching instance in history of what a dependency may do for a parent State than the superb way in which the small community of Canada has developed, in the interests of Great Britain, her enormous American possessions. Few in number, and with many difficulties of climate to contend with, the Canadians have extended their country from ocean to ocean. They have shown, in the language of deeds which cannot be ignored, that their wishes lead them to remain part of the great Empire to which they belong, but neither they nor the inhabitants of other countries can be altogether indifferent to utilitarian considerations. The colonies cannot ignore the commercial warfare that is occupying the greater part of the world. The question is *now not one of federating the Empire, but of guarding against its disintegration*. A commercial union has become of paramount importance to Great Britain.

The object of this paper is to consider the possibility of devising a satisfactory scheme. It is desirable to realise the difficulties in the way and the end to be achieved. The nature of that end is clearly a more or less complete exchange of commodities, free of duty, through every portion of the British dominions. An exchange of the kind would mean freedom of trade over an area of eight millions of square miles now actually comprised within British possessions without reckoning nearly two millions additional which may be considered in course of annexation in South Africa, in North Borneo, and in the Feudatory States of India and the Straits Settlements. The population concerned would amount to about three hundred millions. Such an area of free trade might satisfy the most exacting ambition. Its commercial importance may be gauged when it is considered that it would, as compared with the United States of America, hold somewhat the same position that the United States held with regard to a second-rate South American Republic.

The obstacles to such an immediate complete customs union of the British dominions are principally as follows:—

The United Kingdom sets great store upon the free admission of food and raw materials.

The colonies, or some of them, anxious to employ their populations, are inclined to stimulate local manufactures by heavy duties on imported manufactured goods.

To meet these two great obstacles, it is evident some plan requires to be adopted by which the United Kingdom would not lose its manufacturing advantages and the populations of the colonies not be deprived of the opportunities of employment. The most effectual means of realising these objects is obviously by the United Kingdom increasing the supply of its own manufactures to the British dominions and taking from them in return larger supplies of their own productions.

During the year 1891 the United Kingdom imported, exclusive of bullion and specie, commodities to the value of 435,000,000*l.* sterling, of which in round figures 336,000,000*l.* came from foreign countries and 99,000,000*l.* from British possessions. The exports, amounting to 309,000,000*l.*, were made up of 216,000,000*l.* to foreign countries and 93,000,000*l.* to British possessions. These figures include the export of some of the imports not retained for use in the United Kingdom, amounting in value to 61,000,000*l.* It does not need much reflection to see that if the figures were transposed, and the United Kingdom took 99,000,000*l.* from foreign countries and 336,000,000*l.* from British possessions, there would also be a transposition of the exports, and the British possessions would take much more of the exports of the United Kingdom. The foreign possessions need not take less. It has been their unceasing object for a long while past to take only what British goods they could not do without, and they could only continue in the same frame of mind. Clearly it is on the capacity of the British dominions to supply the United Kingdom with the chief articles it requires at a not greater, if not less, cost than foreign countries that the whole question hinges.

Besides vastness of area, the British possessions comprise the varieties of climate, soil, and conditions necessary to enable them to supply all the wants of the United Kingdom. Time only is required to bridge over the space necessary for making the preparations for a vast increase of production. Some encouragement is needed during the interval, the duration of which will vary with the differences in the nature of the productions. The point most immediately to be decided is how this space of time can be spanned. Bridged over it must be, because the manufacturers and consumers of the United Kingdom cannot be expected to be patriotic or speculative enough to incur additional expenses and loss of trade over an uncertain period in the hope, or let us say the assurance, that in the end they will be able to get their commodities from the British possessions as cheap as, or probably cheaper than, they do from foreign countries. They

might consent, as regards one or two articles of production the supply of which seemed most certain and nearest at hand, to impose duties on foreign goods in the hope that, before these duties affected the cost to consumers, the advantages of the competition of the British possessions with foreign countries would be felt. This, however, would be but a partial solution; it would only benefit some of the British possessions; it would be too dependent on a specified time, without a margin to meet incidental difficulties; and, above all, it would not appreciably lead to the grand result of a duty-free exchange of goods between the whole of the British dominions, including the United Kingdom. It is this magnificent object that has to be looked to and provided for, and the provision ought to be so arranged as to allow a sufficient margin of time for overcoming unexpected contingencies.

Before proceeding to consider what the plan should be, it is necessary to point out other difficulties than those we have already alluded to. Chief amongst these is the variety of the revenue requirements of the several parts of the Empire. The total customs duties collected in the British possessions, excluding the United Kingdom, during the year 1890 approximately (in some cases the twelve months end earlier than the end of the year) amounted to 21,600,000*l.*, equal to about 9 per cent. on 238,000,000*l.* sterling, which was the value of the total imports, including bullion and specie. This amount of imports was, in round figures, divisible as follows:—

Imports into British possessions from United Kingdom . . .	£124,000,000
" " " other British possessions . . .	65,000,000
" " " foreign countries . . .	49,000,000
	<u>£238,000,000</u>

Although the average of customs duties on the whole importations into the British possessions amounted to about 9 per cent., the duties varied widely within the several possessions. This will be realised when it is stated that the duties on the imports into Australasia averaged 12·7 per cent., Canada 19·6 per cent., and Cape of Good Hope 13·1 per cent. To some extent these heavy duties are, no doubt, due to the proclivities in favour of protection to afford employment to the people, but they also are largely owing to the heavy revenue requirements of the sparsely populated enormous territories.

Great Britain during the year 1891 raised customs duties to the amount of 19,400,000*l.* on a total importation of 435,000,000*l.*, equal to an average of 4·48 per cent. But the duties were really levied on only 30,000,000*l.* of the importations, so that these 30,000,000*l.* were taxed by customs duties no less than 64 per cent. These figures show that any arrangement made in the nature of a customs-free exchange throughout the British dominions will require

adjustments to suit the revenue requirements of the several parts. What will be too much for some will be too little for others. It is important to observe that with the free exchange proposed the changes on the present system will be as follows :—

The United Kingdom will lose large revenues on the present dutiable goods which will be supplied from the British possessions; it will also lose in excise duties unless it differentiates against its own productions.

The colonies will lose the major part of the duties on which they now depend. It may be necessary—of which more anon—to make some special provisions or exceptions with regard to certain commodities. But it must be remembered that the United Kingdom has great facilities for varying its taxation, and that the British possessions, with their productions enormously increased, will be very different from what they are now.

To return to the point before alluded to—the means of bridging over the time it will take to qualify the British possessions to supply the United Kingdom with a large portion of the imports it now derives from foreign countries—there are two ways to effect the object. The necessary stimulus may be given by a differential tax on foreign goods, or by a bounty or bonus on the productions of the British possessions. If the first were adopted there would be a danger of increasing the price of food to consumers, and of raw materials to manufacturers, for a more or less lengthy period. It is true that in the case of some productions the risk might be small because of the early effect of the stimulus, but even as regards such productions temporary causes might interfere with the expectations formed. A full trial of the plan applied to a variety of productions could not be made without the risk of a prolonged dislocation of the fiscal system and its effects which now enjoy the support of a majority of the constituents of the United Kingdom.

The second plan of working, by means of bounties or bonuses, is free from any objection of a similar kind. Far from including the same risks of increasing prices, its tendency would undoubtedly be in the opposite direction, whilst it could be made to automatically work out an ultimate system of free exchange of goods between different parts of the Empire. We select for action twelve commodities. The United Kingdom will benefit by a reduction of price in any of them, and every British possession will be interested and largely gain by the supply of some of the number. Three of the twelve are already subject to English duties, and with respect to these it will be easy to allow a differential advantage as regards the rate of duties over similar goods from foreign countries. On the others a bonus will have to be paid to give them an advantage over foreign goods of the same kind. We defer dealing with the reciprocal advantages the British possessions should offer. We will

first set forth the nature of the commodities, the respective value of each imported from British possessions and foreign countries during the year 1891, the rate of bonus and amount thereof with which a commencement might be made and the ultimate maximum of such bonus. On such maximum being attained, the percentage of bonus would have to be lessened as the imports further increased. We prefer that the bonus should be purely an *ad valorem* one, so as not to encourage the production of inferior articles. There is one important consideration to be taken into account. Large amounts, though not a large proportion, of the commodities imported into the United Kingdom from British possessions and foreign countries are not retained for use, but are exported to other countries. Some are at once transhipped on arrival to other destinations, but these are not taken into account by the Customs authorities in their records of imports and exports. But other such goods are not transhipped on arrival. They are kept for a time and then exported. The Custom House keeps a record of these exportations, but does not distinguish between the amount of the goods that have respectively come from British possessions and foreign countries. In order to arrive at a conclusion, it is necessary to average the amount of the commodity imported and then exported over the total of that commodity received from British possessions and foreign countries, and by deducting the proportion from each, the net amount of the commodity received in the United Kingdom and retained for use from the British possessions and foreign countries respectively can be ascertained. This is the plan we have adopted, as will be seen in the table. Though possibly not quite accurate, it is sufficiently so for the present. If the plan we suggest is carried out, it will be easy to attain perfect accuracy by keeping a separate account of the goods from British possessions exported from the United Kingdom for foreign use. It is evident that it would not do to give a bounty on goods that in their original form are not retained for use in the United Kingdom, though, of course, the principle does not apply to raw materials received and afterwards exported in a manufactured form.

An objection may be urged to giving bonuses to producers in the British possessions on articles similar to those produced in the United Kingdom. There is only one way out of this difficulty, and that is to give to British producers an equivalent amount (not percentage) to the bonus paid to British possessions for distribution amongst such producers. The articles amongst the commodities we have selected which affect the British producers are wool, grain, butter, cheese, and meat. It is fair to consider that they are prejudiced to the total extent of the bonuses paid on these articles, and we suggest that such payment should be made, the total amount to be divided amongst all the producers in such manner as may be found most satisfactory. The

Articles not subject to duties in the United Kingdom	Gross value of imports from foreign countries to United Kingdom, 1891	Gross value of imports from British possessions to United Kingdom, 1891	Value of same imports from foreign countries after deducting proportionate value of same exported	Value of same imports from British possessions after deducting proportionate value of same exported	Percentage of bonus	Amount of bonus on imports from British possessions during 1891 after deducting such imports as are not retained for use	Increasing to but not exceeding
Wool.	£ 4,117,000	£ 24,062,000	£ 1,858,000	£ 11,201,000	7½	£ 844,575	£ 850,000
Cotton	41,180,000	1,801,000	40,657,000	1,736,000	10	173,800	750,000
Wheat, barley, maize, oats, including flour and meal.	50,008,000	0,404,000	40,727,000	0,424,000	10	042,400	1,500,000
Butter	11,120,000	461,000	10,786,000	447,000	10	44,700	200,000
Cheese	2,747,000	2,065,000	2,037,000	1,082,000	10	108,200	200,000
Meat of all kinds, including bacon and hams	16,080,000	3,005,000	13,440,000	2,872,000	10	287,200	500,000
Sugar.	18,900,000	1,585,000	18,473,000	1,540,000	10	154,000	500,000
Wood and timber	12,165,000	3,424,000	11,053,000	3,304,000	10	330,400	500,000
Fish cured, salted, &c.	1,000,000	583,000	662,000	380,000	10	38,600	100,000
	160,405,000	47,460,000	152,063,000	83,021,000	—	3,020,575	5,100,000
<i>Durable Goods</i>							
Tobacco	2,003,000	46,000	1,879,000	41,000	10	4,100	200,000
Tea	2,470,000	8,302,000	2,110,000	7,091,000	10	709,000	750,000
Wine.	5,508,000	85,000	5,321,000	77,000	10	7,700	350,000
	10,461,000	8,303,000	9,310,000	7,178,000	—	717,800	1,300,000

total payments, according to the table, on the articles named should begin with 2,317,075*l.*, with a power of increase to 3,250,000*l.*, and if these amounts be added to the bonuses proposed on commodities not subject to duties the sum will be as follows :—

Total bonuses to commence with on nine commodities not subject to duties	£3,020,575	increasing to	£5,100,000
On five of the same commodities largely produced in the United Kingdom	2,317,075	" "	3,250,000
Total	£5,337,650	" "	£8,350,000

The bonuses on the commodities subject to duties we keep distinct, for there should be no objection to providing the bonuses suggested out of the duties received on those commodities. The non-dutiable goods are the difficulty, because no advantage in the shape of reduced duties can be offered on them to suppliers from British possessions. The objection to putting a tax on such commodities received from foreign countries is the risk of causing an increase to the consumers and manufacturers of the United Kingdom in the cost of living and raw materials. Thus on the non-dutiable goods the only alternative is the proposed bonuses paid temporarily on the productions of British possessions, until it is found they are able to supply such commodities at least as plentifully and cheaply as foreign countries.

We now come to the question, On what basis should the United Kingdom contribute to the amounts proposed, and on what conditions? If we name our views as to the terms, it must not be supposed we suggest them as an integral part of the scheme. We recognise they will be open to much consideration; we only mention them to give a realism to the subject, and to form a basis of argument. The amounts in point are a total of 5,337,650*l.* to commence with, increasing gradually to 8,350,000*l.*; but it must not be forgotten that 2,317,075*l.* of the first amount and 3,250,000*l.* of the second go as bonuses to producers in the United Kingdom.

We think one-third paid by the British possessions and two-thirds by the United Kingdom a fair division. We put the results in tabulated form, and by the side of the amount payable by the United Kingdom we place the sum which will be payable to the producers of the United Kingdom. The amounts proposed are not large compared with the enormous results they are destined to bring about. Some present sacrifice might surely be endured for the sake of securing an ultimate free exchange of commodities throughout the British Empire. No objection can possibly be raised as to the plan injuring either consumers or manufacturers in the United Kingdom. On the contrary, it will benefit them both, and benefit in addition agricultural producers. As far as concerns the payments made by the United Kingdom, they will be very much of the character of an exchange of

money from one pocket to another. It is not desirable now to enter into the question of the source from which it is expedient to raise the money, but it may be observed that a considerable portion, if not all of it, can be provided by giving effect to Lord Salisbury's suggestion of a moderate duty on articles of luxury. Nor need we discuss how the colonies should raise and contribute their portion. It may, however, be suggested as regards this portion that the special extra tax on foreign over British goods which will be indicated as part of the scheme will provide a great deal of the money required, and, as to the whole, it is a small sum in comparison with the benefits which will accrue. It will be noticed also that the payments are liable to decrease, and that most of them will probably be of short duration. The wealth of the British possessions will largely increase with the increased production open to them.

	Original bonus	Payable to producers of United Kingdom	Payable after deduct- ing last column	bonus in- creasing to	Bonus in- creasing to producers of United Kingdom	Payable after deduct- ing last column
Payable by the United Kingdom	3,588,434	2,317,075	1,341,359	5,566,667	3,240,000	2,318,667
Payable by the British Possessions	1,779,216			2,782,333		—
	5,337,650			8,350,000		

We now come to the conditions which should accompany the agreement to make the payments recommended. We suggest as follows:—

1. The British possessions agree to impose an extra *ad valorem* import duty of 10 per cent. on all foreign commodities of the same character as those imported from the United Kingdom.

2. Any of the bonuses described shall cease to be paid six months after the United Kingdom declares a 10 per cent. differential duty on any of the commodities subject to such bonuses coming from foreign countries. Thus, for example, whenever the increased production of the British possessions made it safe to place a 10 per cent. duty on grain from foreign countries the proposed bonus on grain would cease.

3. On three years' notice (issued not sooner than seven years from the date of the bonuses coming into operation, and not later than eighteen years) that the United Kingdom will impose not less than a 10 per cent. duty on all foreign commodities, the British possessions and the United Kingdom will agree to an exchange, free of customs duties, of all commodities of their own production or manufacture. The British possessions are also to impose a duty on foreign commodities of not less than 10 per cent., but to be at liberty as well as the United Kingdom to make the duty on foreign

commodities larger than 10 per cent. . It may possibly be necessary to except cotton from the operation of the 10 per cent. duty ; that is to say, to continue to pay a bonus on it instead of imposing a duty. The quantity of cotton now imported from foreign countries is so enormous, and the manufacture of cotton within the United Kingdom so gigantic, that it would not do to run any risk of increasing the cost of the raw material, and it might be impossible to determine when the British possessions will find themselves equal to supplying all the cotton the United Kingdom requires.

Similarly there may be a few other commodities for which the United Kingdom or the British possessions may require to stipulate for special treatment, and possibly it may be found desirable to add some articles to those we have selected for treatment by bonus.

With these exceptions, if any, within twenty-one years—probably much earlier—there would be a complete zollverein within the British dominions. It may be added that the various customs departments would have no difficulty whatever in carrying out the details of the scheme. .

It cannot be denied that, as far as the United Kingdom is concerned, these provisions will confer prodigious benefits. They will largely increase the demand for the manufactures of the mother country; they will give an impetus to British trade and British shipping at a time when both are threatened by the increasing hostility of foreign countries. The power to go beyond the 10 per cent. duties will be a formidable weapon in the way of repressing foreign unfriendliness, a weapon the want of which the ablest British statesmen have lamented. The British supply to foreign countries will probably not decrease, certainly not decrease more than it would if the present hostility continue. Foreign countries will not take more of British goods than they absolutely require, and that is precisely their present position. The hope of their wants increasing will depend upon their natural progress and upon the enlarged capacity for supplying to which the United Kingdom and British possessions will attain. Last, but surely not least, the United Kingdom will benefit from the augmented populations, wealth and power of the British dominions. Their progress will be part of the progress of the Empire, they will increase the commerce of that Empire in times of peace, they will give it incalculable aid in times of war.

At first sight the inducements seem less to the British possessions, for many of them will be called upon to relinquish their protective policy; but the protective policy of these possessions has not been designed to permanently bolster up unsound enterprises. . It has been based partly on the necessity to offer the means of employment to small communities scattered over wide territories and partly on revenue requirements. With the great increase of production and concurrent increase of population the scale of manufacture will be

larger, and therefore more remunerative, and the cost of transit and shipping of imports will afford a substantial protection to local manufactures, the modes of raising revenue will be enlarged, besides, in the case of the possessions owning their own railway systems, a great increase of profits will be enjoyed. As we have said, the benefits of the additional production of the commodities we have selected for bonuses will penetrate to the whole of the British possessions. India will gain from cotton, tea, tobacco and sugar; the West Indies and other tropical possessions will mostly gain from the same productions; Canada will gain from grain, butter, cheese, meat, wood and timber and fish; the Australasian colonies will benefit from wool, cotton, grain, butter, cheese, meat, sugar, tobacco, tea, and wine; and the Cape dominions, including Natal, from wool, cotton, grain, butter, cheese, meat, sugar, tobacco, tea, and wine. It is impossible to those who have watched the progress of the British dominions, and noticed how entirely that progress has been coincident with increased production, to doubt that they will enormously benefit from the enlarged markets open to them.

In conclusion, we may suggest that the wisest way to thoroughly ventilate the plan we have suggested, as well as other plans, would be by the mother country responding to the invitation that Canada has virtually given to enter into negotiations for a fiscal arrangement. There would be a great difficulty in discussing a variety of plans with representatives of the whole Empire. Some of the possessions are virtually governed from Downing Street, some enjoy a measure of representative government and some a full share of self-government. Canada would fairly represent the latter, and she would not be likely to approve any basis without consulting them, whilst the United Kingdom would probably consult those best acquainted with the conditions necessary to the dominions governed from Downing Street. In reality our suggestion amounts to letting Canada act with the other self-governing colonies and Downing Street act with the non-representative or partly representative other possessions. Canada could more easily arrange an effectual congress of self-governing colonies than Downing Street an efficient congress of the whole Empire.

JULIUS VOGEL.

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*READJUSTMENT OF THE UNION:
THE NATIONALIST PLAN*

THE continued silence of Mr. Gladstone as to the main features of his Home Rule policy makes it eminently desirable that independent discussion should be stimulated as to the kind of self-government which Irish Nationalists can be expected to accept in good faith as a settlement of their claims. It is to be regretted that so many members of the Liberal Party have allowed themselves to regard as mere attempts to embarrass Mr. Gladstone and injure the prospects of his party the efforts made in Parliament and out of it, in public and in private, to obtain information for the electors, before they were called upon to vote, on certain essential portions of the Home Rule problem. Mr. Gladstone has, of course, a perfect right to withhold his confidence, if he so chooses, up to the very moment when he is called upon to introduce his Bill; but I claim that independent Irishmen may honestly differ from the wisdom of such a course, and may do their best to induce him to alter it, in the firm belief that by so doing they are advancing rather than injuring the chances of Home Rule. Certain salient facts of the present situation are altogether beyond question. The Home Rule Bill of 1886 is dead. In one most vital particular the scheme of the future must fundamentally differ from it. It is now admitted officially that the Irish members are to be retained at Westminster. The consequences of this change may naturally affect every other provision in the Bill.

We failed in our efforts to obtain information before the elections. We are now to be left in ignorance for a further period of some months. Every effort to promote discussion on the subject in the country has been discouraged, and it seems only too likely that what occurred in 1886 will be repeated in 1893—that is to say, that Ireland will be offered a cut-and-dried scheme in the preparation of which she had no part, which she has never considered or discussed, and which she will be informed, as Mr. Parnell was informed in 1886, must be accepted or rejected as it stands. The Irish question cannot be satisfactorily settled in such a manner. Sir Charles Gavan Duffy has recently claimed the right for Ireland of determining the provisions of her new Constitution for herself in the first instance. In his admirable tract, 'A fair Constitution for Ireland,' he says:—

In the history of constitutional liberty there is not, so far as I know, a single case where the fundamental statute was not the work of the people whose rights it was designed to establish. Whenever the necessity for a written Constitution arose in any country, representative men of the nation proceeded to consider the special provisions suited to its character and requirements. It is needless to cite the case of great States—it is not possible to conceive France or Italy, or even Hungary or Belgium, accepting a ready-made Constitution. Nor did smaller communities relinquish the initiative. British colonies, great and small, exercised an independent judgment. The farmers and fishermen of Prince Edward's Island and the convict population of Van Diemen's Land, equally with the intelligent and aspiring citizens of Canada and Australia, picked and chose for themselves, and their choice when made was confirmed by an Imperial Statute. Ireland, it is true, has no deliberative assembly to frame a Constitution in the identical manner these kingdoms and colonies adopted; but the method is of slight importance if the essential agency and initiative of the nation be maintained. It is not by abandoning the initiative in their own affairs that any nation has won freedom, or learned the duties and obligations which freedom imposes. The people to be enfranchised, to be worthy of their destiny, must be active and sympathetic partners in whatever is done to establish and regulate their liberties. If they themselves cannot do this work, it will never be effectually or permanently done.

Up to the present, every effort to stimulate discussion on the Home Rule question has been denounced by Mr. Gladstone's over-zealous and foolish Irish friends as an attempt to 'embarrass the Liberal Party.' For my part, I am of opinion that the first essential to Mr. Gladstone's success in drafting a satisfactory scheme of government for Ireland, is for him to know the views upon every vital point of all classes and sections of Irishmen, and that no Home Rule scheme can have any chance of acceptance by the British people unless it satisfies the demands of Ireland, and thereby affords a final settlement of the international question at issue. To shut Ireland out from all share in the preparation of the Constitution under which she is to live is insulting to her intelligence, and is a course of proceeding with absolutely nothing to recommend it.

I do not in these pages propose to myself the ambitious task of framing a Home Rule Constitution. I will deal simply with essen-

tial principles. I desire, in the first place, to show that Ireland's claim is one of a moderate character, consistent alike with the unity of the Empire and the supremacy of the Imperial Parliament, as explained in these pages; and in the second place, and strictly within these limits, to show what rights and powers we claim for an Irish Legislature as an absolutely essential portion of any satisfactory settlement. It was asserted by Mr. Gladstone, in introducing the Home Rule Bill of 1886, that he aimed at a readjustment and not a repeal of the Union of 1800. The whole question of the supremacy of the Imperial Parliament is set at rest once and for all if that statement be true; and if Ireland acquiesces in a readjustment in place of a repeal all fears of Englishmen upon this point are groundless. Let us see how this matter stands.

Before the Union of 1800, Ireland had a Parliament which rested upon precisely the same title as the Parliament of England. Its history and origin dated back almost as far. This Irish Parliament claimed absolute independence. So far back as the Irish Act of the 10th of Henry the Fourth, it was declared that no law should have force in Ireland unless confirmed by the Irish Parliament. The Irish Act 29th of Henry the Sixth made a similar declaration. The 28th of Henry the Sixth declared that Ireland should be governed by no other laws than such as the Lords and Commons of the land should affirm and proclaim. Mr. O'Neill Daunt has recalled the fact that the English judges in the reign of Richard the Third recognised the legislative independence of Ireland by deciding a case that arose on the Staple Act in the following words, cited by Lord Coke: '*Hibernia habet Parliamentum, et faciunt leges, et nostra statuta non ligant eos.*' The Irish Parliament made a similar declaration to Henry the Eighth, and the same right was affirmed by the Parliaments of 1641 and 1689. Poyning's Act cannot be cited to the contrary, because it was an Act of an Irish Parliament imposed by Ireland on herself. This claim of the Irish Parliament was first formally denied by the English Statute, 6 Geo. I. c. 5, which enacted

That the kingdom of Ireland has been, and is, and of right ought to be subordinate unto and dependent upon the Imperial Crown of Great Britain, as being inseparably united and annexed thereto; and that the King's majesty, by and with the advice and consent of the Lords spiritual and temporal, and Commons of Great Britain in Parliament assembled, had, hath, and of right ought to have full power and authority to make laws and statutes of sufficient force and validity to bind the people and kingdom of Ireland.

In 1782 Grattan wrung the repeal of this statute from the English Parliament, and the address to the Crown adopted by the Irish Parliament declared that 'no body of men were competent to make laws to bind this nation except the king, lords and commons of Ireland, nor had any other Parliament any power or authority

of any sort whatever in this country save only the Parliament of Ireland.'

It may, therefore, be taken for granted that up to the date of the Union Ireland possessed a Parliament of ancient origin and of admitted independence; in the words of Mr. Gladstone, 'as independent in point of authority as any legislature over the wide world.' The Union of 1800, professed to end this state of things. Up to that time there were two Parliaments, independent and co-ordinate. The Act of Union established in their stead one Parliament with supreme statutory authority over both countries. The validity of that Act of Union was disputed at the time, and has never ceased to be disputed by Ireland. Apart altogether from the means by which the Union was carried, the competency of the Irish Parliament to destroy itself or transfer to any other body its rights and powers has been ever disputed in Ireland. In one of his great speeches on the Union Mr. Plunket said:—

I, in the most express terms, deny the competency of Parliament to do this act. I warn you, do not lay your hands on the Constitution. I tell you that, if, circumstanced as you are, you pass this Act it will be a nullity, and no man in Ireland will be bound to obey it. I make the assertion deliberately. You have not been elected for this purpose. You are appointed to make laws, not legislatures. You are appointed to act under the Constitution, not to alter it. You are appointed to exercise the functions of legislators, not to transfer them; and if you do so, no man in the land is bound to obey you.

This is the foundation upon which the demand for repeal rested. Ireland denied the validity of the Act of Union; she disputed the right of the Imperial Parliament to legislate for this country; she took her stand upon the declaration of rights of 1782, and asserted that no power on earth had the right to legislate for the Irish people save the sovereign, lords and commons of Ireland. The demand for repeal, therefore, meant the surrender by the English people of the supremacy which the Imperial Parliament had obtained by the Act of Union and had exercised ever since, and the restoration to Ireland of an absolutely independent, separate, and co-ordinate legislature. The one great central fact of the present situation is that Ireland is not now making that demand. She is not asking that the Union should be repealed; she is not insisting upon an abandonment of the supremacy of the Imperial Parliament in Imperial affairs; she does not ask for a restoration of Grattan's Parliament, theoretically co-ordinate and independent. She is willing to-day to accept a readjustment of the Union and the creation of a statutory Parliament, having free and complete control over purely Irish affairs, but leaving the Imperial Parliament, as an Imperial Parliament, its Imperial supremacy.

Let me establish this fact and show how it came about. Up to the initiation of Mr. Butt's Home Rule movement the national demand

took the form of simple repeal. The insurrectionary movements of 1848 and 1867 were the direct result of the feeling of despair of achieving repeal which filled the breasts of Irishmen. Mr. Butt was the first man who seriously attempted to induce Irishmen to believe that there was a middle course between the present system of government from Westminster on the one hand, and the restoration of such a Parliament as Grattan's on the other. At first his advocacy of a Federal Union was looked at askance by Irish Nationalists. It was regarded by many as a lowering of the flag, an abandonment of principle. But Mr. Butt was a great man, and by sheer force of genius he brought the Irish people to an honest consideration of his proposal. The moment he succeeded in doing this his first object was achieved. A comparison between the practical freedom and advantages which Ireland would enjoy under a Federal Union, and under a Parliament such as Grattan's, resulting from simple repeal, proved to be so enormously in favour of the first of these alternatives, that the moment men began to study the question they became Home Rulers.

Grattan's Parliament was in theory independent, but in practice it was dependent. Ireland never possessed an executive responsible to the people. The Irish ministers who ruled the country went in and out of office with English parties in the English Parliament. When the Union proposals were defeated in College Green in 1799, the Irish Ministry, under a constitutional system, must have resigned or dissolved Parliament. In either event the Union would have been defeated. But the Constitution of 1782 imposed no such necessity upon them. They were not responsible to the Irish Parliament; they remained in office; they did not dissolve Parliament; and the next year, by means which it would be out of place here to discuss, they carried their proposals into law. This is the most dramatic and powerful example possible of the real dependence and weakness of this theoretically independent and omnipotent Parliament. Mr. Butt proposed to leave the Imperial Parliament undisturbed, but to create in Ireland, for the management of purely Irish affairs, a Statutory Parliament with an executive responsible to it. He proposed to readjust and not to repeal the Union.

In 1868 Mr. Disraeli had said in the House of Commons:—

I take no exaggerated view of the Articles of Union. I have not for a moment pretended that the Articles of Union between the two nations are irreversible. I have not for a moment pretended that the Articles of Union and the great Acts of Parliament which were passed to carry them into effect cannot, by the consent of the Sovereign and of the estates of the realm, be changed or modified.

Shortly after this speech the Act of Union was modified, and one of its 'fundamental' conditions violated by the abolition of the Irish Church as a State establishment. Mr. Butt merely proposed that

this process of readjustment should be continued to its logical conclusion, and until the Government of Ireland was brought into harmony with the will of the governed. He took as his text Mr. Freeman's definition of Federalism :—

The Federal system requires a sufficient degree of community in origin, or feeling, or interest, to allow the members to work together up to a certain point. It requires there should not be that perfect degree of community, or rather identity, which allows the members to be fused together for all purposes. Where there is no community at all, Federalism is inappropriate. The states had better remain wholly independent. Where community rises into identity, Federalism is equally inappropriate. The states had better sink into the counties of a kingdom. But, in the intermediate set of circumstances, Federalism is the true solvent.

Mr. Butt contended that the 'intermediate set of circumstances' exactly described the cases of Ireland and England. He advocated union, a supreme Imperial Parliament as at present, and an Irish Parliament for the unfettered management of Irish affairs. From the moment when Ireland adopted his proposals, it is manifest that the Irish demand underwent, from a British point of view, a fundamental change. From that day to this Ireland has never demanded simple repeal, and the continued supremacy of the Imperial Parliament in Imperial affairs has never been questioned. The Irish people accepted Mr. Butt's compromise. Let us see what that compromise was. It contains, in my view, most of the essentials of a satisfactory settlement of the question, and it may in these matters be regarded to-day as the low-water mark of the national demands.

The following is a summary of Mr. Butt's suggestions published in 1870 :—

As to the Crown, it is not proposed to affect its prerogatives at all. The only change would be that, in exclusively Irish matters, it would be guided by the advice of an Irish Parliament and an Irish Ministry. In all other affairs it would continue as at present to be guided by the advice of the Imperial Legislature.

As to the Imperial Parliament, it would continue to have precisely the same supreme powers that it now possesses over all Imperial affairs, just as completely as if no Irish Parliament existed. Its jurisdiction would include every international transaction; all relations with foreign States; all questions of peace and war; the government of the colonies; the army, navy, and all that relates to the defence and stability of the Empire; control of Imperial customs and general trade regulations; control of expenditure and supplies for all Imperial purposes; power to levy general taxation for such purposes; charge of the public debt and the Imperial civil list; and sovereign power within the limits of its attributions over individual citizens of both countries. But it should be settled beforehand in what proportion Ireland should contribute to such expenditure; with what share of the public debt it is fairly chargeable; and taxation should be adjusted not only as to amount but as to mode, in such a manner that its burden would be equitably distributed throughout every part of the United Kingdom. Ireland would continue to be represented in the Imperial Parliament on Imperial questions, but on these only. For all Imperial purposes the two countries would continue to be an 'United Kingdom,' and to constitute in the face of other nations one Imperial State.

As to the Irish Parliament, it would have supreme control of the internal affairs of Ireland just as if no Imperial Parliament existed. Its jurisdiction would include every exclusively Irish interest: education, agriculture, commerce, manufactures, public works, courts of justice, magistracy, public railways, post-office, corporations, grand juries, and every other detail of Irish business and Irish national life. If deemed desirable, however, it might be arranged that the establishment of any religious ascendancy, or the alteration of the Acts which settled Irish property in the reign of Charles the Second, should be placed beyond its jurisdiction. In respect of all exclusively Irish interests, the Irish Parliament should rank, act and rule as the Parliament of an independent nation.

This is a fair summary of Mr. Butt's proposals. It is quite unnecessary for me to say that Irish Nationalists to-day do not pin their faith to these proposals and to nothing else; but I may fairly say that no settlement which does not go at least as far as Mr. Butt's in conciliating national sentiment, and in conceding to an Irish Parliament unfettered control of Irish affairs, has any chance whatever of being accepted as final or satisfactory.

The question which is most important, as it affects all others, seems to me to be, 'How can the supremacy of the Imperial Parliament be preserved consistently with the concession of unfettered control of Irish affairs to an Irish Legislature?' Let us see what the 'supremacy of Parliament' means. Mr. Bryce, in his speech on the second reading of the Home Rule Bill of 1886, said:—

There is no principle more universally admitted by constitutional jurists than the absolute omnipotence of Parliament. This omnipotence exists because there is nothing beyond or behind Parliament. We are sitting here as the nation, the whole nation; we are not delegates entrusted, like the American Congress, with specified and limited powers. We represent the whole nation, which has committed to us the plenitude of its authority, and has provided no method of national action except through our votes, and we have, therefore, full power to legislate for every purpose. It is not a question of asking us to divest ourselves of this power, because we cannot do so. There is one limitation, and one only, upon our omnipotence, and that is, we cannot bind our successors. If we pass a statute purporting to extinguish our right to legislate on any given subject or over any given district, it may be repudiated by any following Parliament. What, then, is the position under this Bill? While the ultimate right to legislate will reside in the Imperial Parliament, we shall have conceded to the Irish Legislature the right to legislate on subjects upon which we do not intend to legislate ourselves.

For my present purpose I accept this as a true description of the position from a strictly constitutional point of view. The rights of the Imperial Parliament after the creation of the Irish Legislature would remain intact. Those rights would remain dormant so far as Irish affairs are concerned. A Parliamentary compact would be entered into binding the Imperial Parliament to leave these rights dormant. Such a contract, of course, cannot in strict theory bind successive Parliaments, but in practice it must have this effect by 'imposing,' as Mr. Bryce said in the same speech, 'a moral obligation upon Parliament not to act contrary to the statute.' We

would expect a clause in the Home Rule Bill to specifically provide an undertaking that, while the Irish Parliament continued in existence, the powers of the Imperial Parliament to legislate for Ireland would never be used. So that in point of actual fact it comes to this—that while we do not deny that the Imperial Parliament, which has now the power to create an Irish Legislature, would retain the power in strict constitutional theory to take it away again, we would require a formal compact with Ireland to the effect that, while that Legislature lasted, it should be permitted to exercise free and unfettered control over the affairs committed to its charge. That this was the intention of the Home Rule Bill of 1886 is made clear by Mr. Gladstone's declaration on the 7th of June, that the Irish Parliament would have 'a real and practical independent management of their own affairs,' and his earlier statement on the 10th of May, that this Parliament would be

A practically independent body, practically independent in the regular exercise of its statutory functions.

It seems to me, however, that, upon this point of securing Ireland against the danger of interference by the Imperial Parliament in Irish affairs after the concession of Home Rule, something more will be needed in the nature of a specific parliamentary compact to that effect than was contained in the Bill of 1886. The retention of the Irish members at Westminster makes the danger against which we wish to provide a real and pressing one. It may be said, What need is there for such a specific compact now which did not exist in 1886, and which did not exist when legislative authority was given to the Colonies? The answer is, The new Bill will provide for the retention of Irish members at Westminster. In the colonial constitutions the Imperial Parliament has in theory the right to interfere at any moment and pass laws which would override the authority of any local enactment. This power, however, is never used, and we all know it never will be used. Why would not Ireland be satisfied with a similar arrangement? The answer is simple. Ireland's case differs materially from the case of the Colonies. The Colonies are at the other side of the world. No colonial members sit at Westminster. There is no temptation to the Imperial Parliament to interfere in colonial local affairs of which they know nothing, or next to nothing. With Ireland it will be quite different. The Irish members are to be retained at Westminster. It will be the interest of one section of Irishmen to endeavour, in season and out of it, to appeal from the Irish to the Imperial Parliament. The power to do so would certainly prevent the settling down of all classes of Irishmen in a united effort to raise the social and material condition of their country. It would ensure the failure of the Irish Parliament, which would be, under these circumstances, little better than a debating society. It would leave the

eternal Irish question still the torture and the shame of the Imperial Parliament. A power which, in the case of the Colonies, is harmless because a dead-letter, would in the case of Ireland be a reality and a perpetual source of humiliation, of heart-burning and of danger. We therefore say a formal compact must be entered into that, while the Irish Parliament lasts, it will be permitted sole and unfettered authority on all purely Irish affairs, free from interference by the Imperial Parliament, and subject only to the constitutional veto of the Crown.

On this question of the veto of the Crown under a Home Rule Constitution it is necessary to say a word. Mr. Oscar Browning, who speaks with some authority upon constitutional matters of this kind, has, it seems to me, fallen into a strange error upon this point. In some recent speeches of his he has asserted with deliberation and confidence that, under the Home Rule Bill of 1886, the veto of the Crown upon all acts of the Irish Parliament would have been exercised in accordance with the advice of the Sovereign's British Ministers, and he spoke not merely of theory but of practice. I believe this to be an entire misconception. Were Mr. Oscar Browning right upon this matter, the Home Rule scheme would be reduced to a humiliating farce. It would be the re-enactment of Poyning's law in a more offensive and objectionable form than it existed before the settlement of 1782. No law could be passed upon any local Irish affair by the Irish Parliament which did not receive the assent of the British Ministry responsible to a majority of the Imperial Parliament. Irish Ministers would be powerless, the Irish executive would be beneath contempt, without power, authority, or respect. I am convinced, however, that upon this vital matter Mr. Browning is wrong. Lord Thring, in explaining the provisions of the Bill of 1886, in the interpretation of which he may be supposed to speak with some authority, says that the duty of the Lord Lieutenant in exercising the veto of the Crown would be to

act in all local matters according to the advice of his council, whose tenure of office depended upon their being in harmony with and supported by a majority of the Legislative Assembly.

In another essay Lord Thring writes :—

The Queen acts upon the advice of a Cabinet Council; in home rule dependencies the governor acts on the advice of a local council. If this Cabinet Council in the mother country or local council in a dependency ceases to command a majority in the popular legislative assembly it resigns, and the governor is obliged to select a council which, by commanding such a majority, can carry on the government.

And again :—

In respect to all local matters he (the governor) will act, and be guided by the advice of the Irish Executive Council. If the governor and a council supported by the legislative body do not agree, the governor must give way, unless he can,

by dismissing his council and dissolving the legislative body, obtain both a council and a legislative body which will support his views.

Sir Charles Russell, in his speech on the second reading of the Bill of 1886, said :—

With regard to the veto to be exercised by the Lord Lieutenant, it is true that it is to be exercised constitutionally by the Lord Lieutenant on the advice of his Irish Ministers.

It is, I think, unnecessary to accumulate authority upon this point. The intention of the Bill of 1886 was, to my mind, clear, and it must be obvious that any provision giving an English Ministry a right of veto upon acts of the Irish Parliament would make the entire scheme of which it formed a part a useless and humiliating farce. It may, however, be said that even in England the Sovereign has, to this day, a technical right in strict theory of the Constitution to exercise the veto of the Crown, independently of the advice of her Ministers. This, no doubt, is so, and we cannot in respect of Ireland ask for any new abrogation of the prerogatives of the Crown. But this prerogative has in Great Britain fallen into abeyance, it has not been exercised for a couple of centuries, and all we ask is that, in respect to Ireland, it shall not be revived. Under an Irish Constitution, as I understand the matter, the Sovereign would possess in respect to the Irish Legislature precisely the same power of veto as she now possesses in respect to the Imperial Parliament—that is to say, in strict theory she would retain the power of veto independently of her Ministers, but, in accordance with the usage of the Constitution, that power would never be used save on the advice of her (Irish) Cabinet. It may be said some great emergency might arise which would justify an independent exercise of that veto on an Irish Act. If there is any value in this argument, it applies equally to Acts of the Imperial Parliament. From my point of view, the necessity for it and the likelihood of its occurring are just as great or as little in the one case as in the other. In either case it would mean an impossible dead-lock, and in the case of Ireland could only occur in some case which would be sufficiently grave to justify England in exercising her power to destroy the Irish Legislature altogether. All we want to have made clear and unmistakable is that in the daily life of our new Parliament the veto of the Crown will be exercised constitutionally in accordance with the advice of Irish Ministers, and will not be made a pretext for interference by the Imperial Parliament and the English Cabinet in the government of those purely Irish affairs which are committed to the charge of the new Irish Legislature.

Sir Charles Gavan Duffy in a recent public letter said :—

The veto borrowed from Colonial Constitutions, which it was proposed to adopt in the Irish Constitution, is not a veto on all measures the Parliament proposes (which, as you justly remark, would render legislation a farce), but a veto on certain specified questions reserved in the Constitution statute 'for the Queen's

pleasure.' Bills concerning the marriage law, affecting the foreign relations of the empire, or endangering religious liberty, are reserved. And little or no harm was done. If the colonists considered that a measure so reserved was of high public importance, they passed it again and again till the veto was withdrawn. If the veto was reasonable they acquiesced in it.

Such a veto no reasonable man can object to. The principle of reservation of certain subjects from the control of the Irish Legislature has never been quarrelled with by us. What we demand is that all those subjects not reserved from, but committed to the charge of, the Irish Parliament shall not, by means of the veto, be made subject to the control of the English Ministry and the Imperial Parliament.

During the election of 1886, Lord Hartington laid down as one of the essential conditions upon which alone, in his opinion, any measure of self-government could be safely given to Ireland, that power should only be given to the Irish Parliament upon certain specified subjects. Mr. Gladstone's Bill proceeded on exactly the opposite basis. It reserved control of certain specified matters for the Imperial Parliament, and gave the Irish Parliament control of everything else. These are the only safe lines to go upon. Mr. Gladstone said on the 25th of June, 1886, at Manchester :—

Lord Hartington says you ought not to give them power over Irish affairs, but to give them power over certain Irish affairs. Again I am obliged to part company with Lord Hartington. We have never introduced that degrading distinction in dealing with the smallest of our colonies, and I will not put upon Ireland a disability which I have thought would be dishonouring to the colonial subjects of the Queen.

And in introducing the Home Rule Bill, Mr. Gladstone said :—

Two courses might have been followed. One was to endow the legislative body with particular legislative powers; the other is to except from its sphere of action those subjects which we think ought to be excepted, and to leave it everything else. There will be an enumeration of disabilities, and everything not included in that enumeration will be left open to the Irish Legislature.

This principle being once clearly established, we come to the consideration of what questions may with fairness be reserved from the control of the Irish Parliament. The programme was clearly defined by Mr. Parnell at the convention held at the Leinster Hall, Dublin, last July. First, it may be convenient to consider what questions must not be so reserved. Foremost amongst these are the questions of the Police, the Judiciary, and the Land.

Our position on the question of the police is plain and reasonable. The character of the present military police, constituting as they do a standing army of thirteen or fourteen thousand men, costing a million and a half every year, we believe, should be changed, and the statutory power of the Lord Lieutenant to raise, equip, and maintain such a military force in the future repealed. The ordinary civil police,

who should take the place of the present armed force, must be put absolutely under the control of the Irish Executive.

On the question of the Judiciary, speaking for myself, I find no fault with the provisions in the Act of 1886. No reasonable man can object to such safeguards as may be considered desirable to ensure that no injustice be done to the present occupants of judicial positions in Ireland; but, on the other hand, no one could regard any measure of Home Rule as satisfactory which did not give control over future judicial appointments to the responsible Irish Government, and which did not provide that the judges should be removable only on a joint address from the two orders, or the two chambers, as the case might be, of the Irish Parliament.

Of the Irish land question, I can truly say that, were it possible to do so, all reasonable Irishmen would gladly see it settled once and for all before undertaking the grave and onerous duties of governing Ireland from College Green. It is manifest, however, that this is an idle dream. There can be no such thing as a settlement of the Irish land question. It is one of those matters upon which there is no such thing as finality. In one shape or form, an Irish land question there must always be. The land is the one great and abiding industry of the country, and even if it were not so, there must always be questions arising out of the land from generation to generation which would require the attention of Parliament. In addition to this, it seems as if the Liberal Party of to-day had no policy on the Irish land question. Many people believe it was their Land Bill which killed their Home Rule Bill in 1886. The Imperial Parliament, therefore, cannot be expected to attempt any settlement of the land question before granting Home Rule. Even did it do so, we believe no such settlement could in the very nature of things be final, and therefore it is a *sine quâ non* of a satisfactory Home Rule scheme that no reservation of this subject from the Irish Parliament should be made.

Now what matters ought to or may be withheld from the Irish Legislature? The Bill of 1886 set out specifically the subjects reserved for the control of the Imperial Parliament. They may be said to include all questions affecting Imperial rights, royal prerogatives, and generally the integrity of the Empire and the supremacy of Parliament. It was provided that the Irish Parliament should not make any law for the establishment or endowment of any religion or for prohibiting the free exercise thereof, or for imposing any disability on account of any religious belief. These safeguards were introduced for the most part to allay the fears of certain classes of Irishmen. We know those fears to be unreal and unfounded. We would not desire Home Rule at all were we not convinced that it would mean civil and religious liberty for all classes and creeds of our fellow-countrymen, and although we are profoundly convinced that

these safeguards are unnecessary, and therefore humiliating, still I feel sure no Irishman will object to their enactment if they are seriously asked for.

With these exceptions and reservations, and one or two others which I need not deal with here, free and full control must be given to Ireland over every exclusively Irish interest. But, assuming this division to have been satisfactorily made between the powers of the Irish and the Imperial Parliaments, the question would remain, Is there to be any tribunal to decide upon the validity or invalidity of statutes passed under the Irish Constitution? Clearly any statute passed by the Irish Parliament in excess of its powers, on subjects reserved from its control, would be *ultra vires*, invalid, and incapable of enforcement. Is there to be any tribunal to decide upon the constitutionality of such statutes? In the American Constitution a Court constituted for this purpose exists. It is not correct to speak of such a tribunal as in any way controlling the Legislature. Its duty merely is, as Mr. Bryce says in *The American Commonwealth*, to set the statute 'side by side with the Constitution and consider whether there is any discrepancy between them.' Some such tribunal as this exists wherever there is a written Constitution to which legislative bodies are subject, and it is difficult to see how, in theory at any rate, such a tribunal could be dispensed with where a Statutory Parliament is entrusted with certain specified duties and powers. Certainly, to secure theoretical symmetry, it is desirable, though I am strongly of opinion that in practice there would be no need for it. Under the Bill of 1886 questions as to whether the Irish Parliament had exceeded its powers might apparently be determined by the ordinary courts of law in the first instance, but an appeal lay to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, upon which for this purpose Ireland was to be specially represented by certain Irish judges. In addition it was provided that the Lord Lieutenant might take the opinion of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council as to the constitutionality of any Bill before it was passed into law.

I do not here propose to deal at all with the financial arrangements of a Home Rule scheme. It is an opinion generally entertained in Ireland that that country was weighted under the Bill of 1886 with a greater financial burden than she either ought to be asked or was able to bear. This, however, is of itself so large a question that it would be useless to attempt to deal with it in these pages.

There is only one subject to which I desire now to refer, namely, the position which the Irish members will occupy at Westminster after the creation of an Irish Parliament. So long as the Imperial Parliament is also the Parliament of England, of Scotland, and of Wales, the position of Irish members at Westminster after the creation of an Irish Legislature in Dublin must of necessity be an

illogical one. For my part, I am one of those who consider that nothing short of a complete system of Federalism can satisfactorily solve this problem; but, pending the establishment of such a system between England, Scotland, and Ireland, we must be content with some arrangement which will, even if cumbrous and illogical, substantially meet the necessities of the case. It must be admitted that in strict justice Ireland, having her own Parliament managing Irish affairs, could not claim to have any voice in purely English or Scotch concerns. Mr. Gladstone, in introducing the Bill of 1886, laid this proposition down with emphasis:—

If Ireland is to have a domestic legislature, Irish representatives cannot come here to control English and Scotch affairs. There cannot be a domestic legislature in Ireland dealing with Irish affairs, and Irish representatives sitting in Parliament at Westminster to take part in English and Scotch affairs.

Of course Ireland's concern at Westminster will be only with Imperial affairs. But what are Imperial affairs? Mr. Gladstone attempted to draw the distinction, and after he had 'thought much, reasoned much, and inquired much,' he came to the conclusion that to draw such a distinction 'passes the wit of man.' Let me take one example. What is the most completely Imperial of all affairs? Surely the existence of the Imperial Government. The Imperial Government will depend for its existence, and all Imperial policy depends for its continuance, upon the support of Parliament. The fate of a Ministry may depend upon the decision of Parliament upon some purely English or Scotch question, as, for example, the question of Disestablishment. Does not this purely British question at once become an Imperial one, upon which Ireland would be entitled to vote the moment the existence of the Imperial Government depends upon its decision? Even if the distinction could be drawn, it is not easy to see how any arrangement for the division of business could be satisfactorily carried out. I have heard it suggested that the authority of the Chair should be set up as a criterion to determine what kind of business Irish members should vote upon, and what business they should abstain from voting upon. Mr. Butt proposed that the Imperial Parliament should hold two sessions every year, one for Imperial and the other for British business, and that the Irish members should only be permitted to attend the first. No proposal that I have ever seen affords a logical or satisfactory solution of this difficulty. In his efforts to solve the problem, Mr. Gladstone will have the sympathy of Irishmen, and it may safely be said that any solution of it which commends itself to the practical wisdom of Parliament, and which leaves Ireland her voice in the government of the Empire, will be received without any very close scrutiny into its strict logic upon our part.

To sum up, I may say Ireland's position is briefly this: We are

not now asking for a repeal of the Union; we ask for a readjustment. We are not asking for a restoration of Grattan's Parliament. We are willing to accept a Statutory Parliament with an Executive responsible to it, leaving untouched the supremacy of the Imperial Parliament, save only so far as by parliamentary compact that Parliament shall bind itself to leave the supreme control of certain Irish affairs in the hands of the Irish Legislature. Certain subjects which touch Imperial concerns, and certain other subjects which touch questions of religious liberty, may be reserved from the Irish Legislature, but full and sole control over all Irish questions not so reserved must be vested in that Legislature, amongst them being pre-eminently the questions of the Police, the Judiciary, and the Land. These, in a word, are the vital portions of Ireland's demand. Other matters are fair subjects for accommodation, arrangement, and compromise. These vital matters cannot be compromised, and I am convinced it would be better for Ireland to wait for another generation than to accept any scheme which did not contain within itself the elements of true finality.

These demands of Ireland are moderate and constitutional. I firmly believe the great mass of British Home Rule electors are quite prepared enthusiastically to support them. In any case, a thorough discussion, not merely in Parliament but in the country, of all the vital points which affect an Irish Home Rule Constitution, is essential to a final settlement of this great international question. Ireland has nothing to fear from a full and free discussion of her claims. Mr. Gladstone has, I believe, nothing to fear from criticism of his scheme if it has the one merit of being thorough in character. The sooner therefore the discussion commences the better; and it is with the object of stimulating a desire to come at once to 'close quarters' with this question that I have penned these pages.

J. E. REDMOND.

A FRENCH COLONY

WHEN Francis the First heard that the Pope had granted to Spain all of the New World which she could discover by sailing west, and to Portugal all newly-found territories in the east, he exclaimed, 'Where is the testament of my father Adam which cuts me off from a share in this heritage?' Not long before, Henry the Seventh was quietly recording in his ledger the donation 'to him that found the New Isle'—Sebastian Cabot. Papal fiefs to Spain and Portugal, a point of honour for France, a mixture of viking and merchant in England, such beginnings do not ill represent the tendencies of the four great nations in question.

Nearly four hundred years have passed away, and the Powers of Europe are yet occupied with the game of empire-winning in Asia and Africa. In the Pacific Ocean the England of the Tudors is now trebly represented. The mother country and two of her daughters hold powerful hands. Australia still banks with her parent, but America prefers a separate state. France has discovered many legacies in the will of her progenitor, and to one of these our good fortune lately introduced us.

Probably to many minds in Europe the name of New Caledonia represents an arid settlement where wretched convicts drag out a weary existence under the supervision of hard-hearted gaolers until death or an hair-breadth escape puts a term to their misery. Any who hold such opinions would be quickly disabused if they could arrive, as we did, in the port of Noumea early on a July morning. July in the southern hemisphere answers to a northern January, but few January days in Europe would dawn with such a golden sun shining on such a sapphire sea. The port of Noumea is a double harbour, so enclosed by dented shores and lovely islands as to recall two lakes opening into each other. The western portion is not at present serviceable, as it is separated from the other by a shoal; but the Governor hopes in time to cut a channel, and to bring it into use for a roadstead and graving docks. Meantime the eastern harbour offers secure anchorage for men-of-war and large merchant vessels, and is not only safe but highly picturesque. Having passed the outlying barrier of coral reefs, you enter the port, steaming

between the promontory on which the town of Noumea is built and the Ile Nou which forms a bulwark against all southern storms. The entrance is further defended by a small island on which are quartered 'les hommes terribles,' incorrigible criminals of whom justice has no hope.

The low-lying ground immediately surrounding the water is covered by vegetation of many vivid greens; in the middle distance are low hills and mounds, where the red soil glows through shrubs and groves of oranges and palms, and behind rise blue and purple mountains, some bold and cone-topped, others with soft rounded curves, and one, the Mont d'Or, so called from the golden hues which it assumes as its sunset robe.

The town of Noumea does not present any striking peculiarities. Several streets cutting each other at right angles, and the Place des Cocotiers, lie on the flat ground just beyond the quay. The shops and private houses are rather low, with verandahs and corrugated iron roofs, but many of the dwellings possess pretty gardens full of roses, geraniums, bougainvillæas, and fruit trees. The infantry and artillery barracks, hospital and public schools stand on higher ground, as does the cathedral, a fine building occupying a commanding site. When its two spires are complete it will form a worthy memorial of the work done by the Roman Catholic missionaries, the pioneers of France in New Caledonia. Its interior is enriched by an elaborately carved pulpit of kaori, acacia, and other native woods, and by an altar constructed of a remarkable monolith resembling grey marble. A Protestant church is also in course of erection. Our landing at Noumea was not unattended with difficulty. A few cases of small-pox had occurred at Sydney, introduced by a recent passenger ship, and New Caledonia enjoying, like Australia, a general immunity from this malady, the health officers are very chary of admitting passengers from an infected port. On the other hand, the French officials were courteously eager to extend a hospitable welcome to the first Australian governor who had visited their island. A compromise was ultimately effected; our fellow-passengers had to spend the night on the quarantine island, the Ile de Freycinet, and we were detained in our very comfortable quarters on board the 'Armand Béhic' till the following morning, when all were released.

We whiled away the afternoon by a scramble on the said quarantine island, a very pretty spot with a beach entirely covered with pieces of white coral, washed up from the reefs around. Early on the morning of the 13th of July we landed to much booming of cannon, each shot fired eliciting a shout of delight from the aborigines, who, like natives of other islands in the South Pacific, are called *Kanakas*.

The whole town was gaily decorated in preparation for the national fête of the Republic, due next day. After a kindly reception by the mayor, M. Sauvan, an old and respected resident, and by the municipal

council, we drove to Government House and became the guests of the deservedly popular Governor, M. Laffon.

New Caledonia, originally found by that universal discoverer Captain Cook, was formally annexed by the French in September 1853, French missionaries having established themselves in the country about ten years before. Not much was done in the way of colonisation till after another decade, when it was definitely decided to send out convicts, and the first batch arrived in May 1864. Last year the number of those undergoing sentence was over six thousand; to these should be added between five and six thousand *libérés*—that is to say, convicts who have completed their terms of penal servitude, but of whom by far the larger number are compelled by law to reside in New Caledonia, either for a term equal to that of their former sentence, or permanently if they were originally condemned to a punishment of not less than eight years' duration. The *libérés* thus 'astreints à la résidence' are, of course, under strict supervision, and are only by special favour allowed to live in the capital. The free inhabitants, including over seventeen hundred troops, may be estimated at something under ten thousand. There are about forty thousand Kanakas in New Caledonia and in the dependent Loyalty Islands, but, as in the case of other aboriginal races, the native population rapidly diminishes when brought into contact with civilisation.

The Governor is assisted by a Privy Council, consisting of the Director of the Interior, the heads of the Naval, Military, and Judicial Departments, the Director of the Convict Settlement, and two or three others. In 1885 a popular element was added to the Constitution by the creation of a Conseil Général, composed of a president and sixteen members elected by universal suffrage. This council has a good deal to say with regard to the levying of taxes for interior improvements and similar matters, but absolute Home Rule has not been conceded to New Caledonia.

Government House resembles one of the larger and more imposing villas which one finds on the Riviera. It contains two or three good reception rooms, with prettily panelled walls and parquet floors; a broad verandah at once shades these rooms from the tropical sun and adds considerably to their powers of accommodating the Governor's numerous guests.

After many introductions to the principal inhabitants of Noumea, and an excellent breakfast, we drove with the Governor and Madame Gauharou, the charming wife of the Minister of the Interior, to the races which took place at a short distance from the town. Needless to say that the Australian contingent takes its full share in this amusement. From the grand stand, a structure of moderate size, we had a good view of the motley elements constituting a Noumean crowd—French, Australians, Kanakas, with as much scarlet in their garments as they could conveniently procure, Arabs wrapped in white

bornouses, and, prominent in place, the native police, mostly in blue jackets and scarlet turbans, but invariably displaying their insignia of office, cock's feathers and brass badges. The paddock and stabling could not have been very costly to erect, as they consisted of a path in the bushes with a few railed-in spaces for the horses; but every one seemed in high glee, and the proceedings were enlivened by the music of a good band selected from amongst the better-behaved convicts. The most exciting race was won by a horse belonging to an Australian resident, whose own son, a boy of thirteen, acted as jockey, and was much applauded on coming in victor.

After the races we drove to the Governor's country house, a cottage near a little bay called L'Anse Vata. Here society adjourns to play lawn tennis in the pretty grounds, where an avenue of coconut palms forms a striking feature. These palms are indigenous in the northern and hotter part of the island, whence they are brought to ornament the pleasure grounds and suburbs of Noumea, where their feathery crests tower above the clustering shrubs and smaller trees around them. The tree which we saw growing most freely, and which is said to conduce to the salubrity of the climate, is the *niaouli* (the Australian 'tea tree'), a species of *melaleuca* bearing white flowers, and strongly aromatic leaves which yield an essential oil. It resembles a small-leaved eucalyptus in appearance, and sheds its bark in like manner. There are also several varieties of hibiscus, particularly one with rich green leaves and a yellow flower, called the *bourao*, from the inner bark of which hemp is obtained. Nor must the spreading Madagascan flamboyant, a kind of acacia with graceful foliage and radiant scarlet flowers, be forgotten, for it adds largely to the attractions of the boulevards and gardens of the town. Everywhere, too, climbs the bignonia or liane, twining its orange garlands over walls and verandahs in the luxuriant profusion only found in those happy climes where nature does half the work which in colder regions is demanded of man. As to peaches, bananas, costard apples, mangoes, and the delicious cultivated variety of the last-named here called 'mangues,' they are too plentiful to notice. Orange flowers and green and ripe oranges are found growing together on the same tree all the year round. I was told that six trees in the Government House gardens produced in one year seven thousand oranges. As my informant would not vouch for their having been actually counted, the statement can only be taken as giving some idea of their abundance. Grapes are cultivated, but wine is not made to any great extent.

In one of our drives past some low ground partially submerged by the sea our attention was attracted by a thicket of strange-looking shrubs, growing with their roots so erect and uncovered that the trunks appeared to be supported in the air on piles of sticks. They were a kind of mangrove called *palétuvier*, and round these curious roots

oysters cluster plentifully. Such trees reclaim ground from the sea by steadily advancing their roots, and ultimately by sending fresh ones down from their branches to take possession of the swampy soil below. They are, moreover, useful both to tanners and dyers. In animal life New Caledonia was by no means naturally prolific. Like New Zealand she cannot lay claim to any indigenous quadruped. Her only attempt at such an animal is a small wild boar something like a peccary, but sceptics assert that even this is descended from the domestic pig turned loose by some former voyager. Parrots, pigeons, and ducks abound, also one distinctive representative of the animal kingdom in the form of a gigantic bat or vampire. This is a favourite food with the Kanakas, who further utilise its skin to make a cord with which they fasten stone heads to their weapons, and on which they string beads or shells for necklaces. Horses and cows have been imported from Australia, and thrive in their adopted home; the horses now bred on the island, though strong, are somewhat smaller than their Australian sires. Sheep cannot be reared without grave difficulty, as a kind of thorn called spear grass gets into their wool, and, working its way through the skin, ultimately causes death. Red deer have been introduced by the Europeans, and have multiplied to such an extent as to become a nuisance. On the whole it seems fortunate that the islands of the Pacific knew few mammalia before the advent of man, for reproduction is so rapid in these regions that, unless they had destroyed each other, the animals would have left little space or sustenance for human beings.

The fact that, save for cooking, chimneys are unknown in Noumea proves the mildness of the climate. Though hot it is not considered unhealthy, and the inhabitants can hardly suffer much during the summer season, as they have not as yet attempted to form any mountain sanatorium.

The 14th of July was inaugurated by a review of the infantry and artillery quartered at Noumea, but the weather greatly interfered with the remaining festivities of the day. We visited the barracks and admired the taste with which the soldiers had decorated their various mess-rooms; flowers and evergreens were freely used, and men possessed of artistic genius had enlivened the whitewashed walls with patriotic sentiments and designs. Colonists were formerly exempt from conscription, but Frenchmen born in New Caledonia are now liable to serve for one year with the regiment stationed there.

Government House was thrown open in the evening for a public ball, when all the civil functionaries, naval and military officers, and other notabilities paid their respects to the Governor, and we had the opportunity of remarking how the ladies of France carried their taste in dress even to this remote corner of the world. Among those present was the Prince d'Anjouan, a good-looking youth of Asiatic type, who, together with his brother-in-law and another young

relative, had been conveyed to New Caledonia from the Comoro Islands in the neighbourhood of Madagascar. The young gentlemen had been involved in some insurrection, but it appears more than doubtful whether they had not found themselves in the wrong camp by mistake, and are not rather the friends than the enemies of France. At all events they are so regarded by the present Governor, and are enjoying a pleasant visit to this portion of the French dominions, with the hope of speedy restoration to their native country. 'A distinctly local colour was given to the entertainment by the occurrence of a pilou-pilou, or native dance, amidst the quadrilles and lancers of Europe. The company adjourned to the verandah, and men holding torches stood round the open space in front. The Kanakas were assembled according to their tribes; each party came forward in turn, and, arranging themselves in rows like girls in a ballet, proceeded to execute a variety of figures, swinging their weapons and swaying their bodies to and fro with a rhythmical motion, and keeping perfect time together without any other accompaniment than a clicking sound made with their mouths. They became immensely excited by their own exertions, and one little Kanaka amused us extremely, as, whatever part of the figure was in progress, he never ceased to move every muscle of his face and body. One of the most spirited dances was that executed by the native police. It included a figure in which the ground was swept in unison with branches of shrubs. To this the ladies objected, for, as the downpour of rain continued without intermission, the result was the introduction into the performance of little fountains of mud. On being requested to drop the boughs, the performers produced pocket handkerchiefs from some receptacle in their scanty attire and used them as substitutes. The garments were a piece of coloured cloth or kilt reaching from the waist to the knee, with in some cases the addition of a loose shirt or jacket. The chiefs, who stood in the background, rejoiced in braided coats and European trousers, and when the dancing was over they were introduced and shook hands with us. In conclusion one of the men brought me as a present the arms which they had used in the pilou.

We visited two Kanaka villages, called respectively Conception and St. Louis, and entirely inhabited by native Roman Catholics. The aboriginal belief of the Kanakas can hardly be dignified by the name of a religion, being little more than a superstitious regard for the spirits of the dead, whom they imagine to be transformed into malevolent demons. When any one dies his near relations envelop their thick woolly locks in a cap, which must not be removed for two years. The frizzly hair continues to grow, and makes the cap stick out like a balloon, but that is a matter of indifference. Under ordinary circumstances the short curls, which are extraordinarily plentiful, are ornamented by a long-toothed wooden comb. The dead must further be propitiated by gifts of yams, taros, and such like dainties, placed upon their

tombs. The takatas, or medicine men, who evidently are of the same race as the priests of Bel commemorated in the Apocrypha, inform the pious offerers that the departed come and eat this food in the night, and no Daniel has as yet strewn the tell-tale ashes on the ground. These takatas are supposed to be capable of regulating the weather. One of great repute was, together with others of his countrymen, taken to Paris at the time of the last Exhibition. It was suggested to him that he should ensure fine weather for the visit of President Carnot, and the day proving unfavourable he was taxed with failure. Quite unmoved, he retorted that his method was excellent for New Caledonia, but unsuited to Paris. To bid the evil spirits avaunt rags are tied on posts outside the houses, and all the common actions of life are accompanied by ceremonies of exorcism. Polygamy, being expensive, is mainly confined to the chiefs and their near kinsmen. Cannibalism formerly prevailed, and even as late as the native rising of 1878 several colonists were murdered and eaten by the Kanakas, but the custom now appears to be entirely abandoned. The natives are bright brown in colour and remarkably lively in expression. Their food is chiefly vegetable, consisting of bananas, sugar-cane, maize, yams, and other roots; but they also catch and eat fish, birds, native pigs, and, as before mentioned, vampires. Though incapable of sustained exertion they are by no means bad agriculturists, and the first European settlers were astonished by the perfection of their irrigation works. In many parts of the mountainous country they had planted their vegetables in terraces, and conducted water from the summits of the hills by a carefully-arranged system of channels winding round and round the little patches of land which they had thus reclaimed from the bush. The French Government reserves land for their use which is described as so fertile that three months' toil will afford the Kanaka enough for his year's needs. The chiefs are recognised, the liquor traffic is forbidden, and, speaking generally, native interests appear to be safeguarded with paternal care. Kanaka houses are curious little constructions of bark and reeds, the typical ones being quite round with conical roofs, rather like overgrown bee-hives. Those belonging to the chiefs have great black wooden figures on either side of the doorway, and a much smaller figure stands over the entrance. On the very top is a wooden spire ornamented with shells and cock's feathers. The entrance has no door, and serves as an outlet for the smoke of the fire which is kindled on the earthen floor inside. The furniture, as far as we could see in the windowless darkness, consisted of a few mats and clay pots, and in exceptional cases of a wooden stool or framework of some description. Nevertheless, fastened to a post in one such hut we found a brass crucifix, and on a stool below it two or three Mass books. Some of the houses have made astonishing strides in civilisation, as witness one which possessed a blue door with a crystal handle, and pasted outside the door a coloured print of a

horse and man. Hard by the village of Conception lay one or two boats ; these are made of trunks of trees hollowed out by fire, with planks fastened across, and with a small log to act as a balance held away from one side by two rounded pieces of wood, after the fashion of the catamarans of Ceylon and Southern India.

Most remarkable, however, is the model village of St. Louis, where resides Monseigneur Fraysse, Bishop of Abila and Vicar Apostolic of New Caledonia and the New Hebrides. The heavy rain prevented us from seeing this delightful spot to advantage, but the running stream with its rustic bridge, the avenues of orange trees, palms, and roses, the neat rows of native houses, each in a garden of variegated shrubs and flowers, the whole half hidden in the side of a hill, recalled a village in a fairy tale suddenly summoned from the earth by an enchanter's wand. On the hill above rise the church and the Bishop's house, commanding a view of the property of the mission, which includes schools for native boys and girls, sugar and saw mills, and a rum distillery !

The courteous and well-informed Bishop said that he estimated the Roman Catholic natives of New Caledonia at about a third of the aboriginal population. He considers that Christianity has a genuine effect upon their lives, as giving them the distinct notions of right and wrong, of which they were previously ignorant. As he put it, in those simple minds 'faith grows more rapidly than reason.' No one can refrain from paying a tribute of admiration to the devoted missionaries who have for over forty years worked among these savages, always at the risk, often at the sacrifice, of their lives. These French missionaries have cut themselves off from home life and ties, they have gone without question wherever sent, and several among them have seen a large part of the work undertaken accomplished, and are simply awaiting the summons not to home but to another world. I believe that all the native Christians of New Caledonia proper are Roman Catholics, but in the Loyalty Islands, which are the most thickly populated in proportion to their size, the large majority are Protestants. These islands are about a hundred miles from the mainland. The inhabitants are all Christians ; they are superior in intelligence, and, contrary to the general rule, are increasing in numbers.

The variety of languages among the natives of New Caledonia and the adjoining islands is remarkable, and has added considerably to the labours of the missionaries. I was told that as many as fifty different dialects are extant, so various in construction that members of one tribe are constantly unable to understand those of another. Before leaving Noumea we paid a lengthened visit to the convict prison on the Ile Nou. This was a matter of some difficulty, as the stormy weather had rendered even the harbour rough enough to be very unpleasant for our man-of-war boat, attached as it was to a

steam tug. However, our days were numbered, and we could not leave without inspecting the establishment by which New Caledonia is best known to the outer world. The convicts are divided into five classes, and on first arrival are all placed in the lowest. Their promotion depends entirely on their good behaviour. After a period of probation within the prison precincts they are employed on public works, which to a well-disposed man is a more agreeable sphere, as affording change of air and scene. When they reach the first and second classes they may be assigned as workmen or servants to the free colonists, part of their wages being paid over to them, and part devoted to expenses incurred on their behalf. As the prison on the Ile Neu is the *depôt* at which convicts are received on landing, it also serves as a place of detention for those not yet promoted, and almost all the men whom we saw were still in the lowest category. The first object which met the eye was the spot on which the guillotine is erected for executions. The judicial power over all undergoing sentence of transportation in New Caledonia, formerly vested in courts-martial, is now confided to the Tribunal Maritime Spécial, composed of certain naval officers of specified rank, together with representatives of the penitentiary administration. The Governor nominates the individual members, and the confirmation, modification, or remission of the sentences passed lies in his hands. *Libérés* are subject to the ordinary tribunals. When a convict is beheaded all the others confined in the prison are brought out, and kneel around to witness the execution.

Each *surveillant*, or French warder, is assisted by two or three of the Kanaka police. These men are not allowed, as a rule, to touch white people, except under the direct supervision of their European officers, but if a criminal runs away it is their duty to pursue him. He might as well be followed by bloodhounds. They run with unflagging speed, and when they come up with their quarry they knock him on the head, half kill him with blows, tie him hand and foot, and having slung him on a pole, two of them carry him back in triumph. The threat to let loose the Kanaka police is very efficacious in preventing attempts to escape.

In one of the first yards which we entered we were confronted by a number of iron gates, which on being opened disclosed long bare rooms with rows of narrow beds on either side. Here were confined in common closely cropped and shaven men, dressed in dust-coloured cotton jackets and trousers, and, for the most part, with the vacant stare denoting a low order of intelligence. These men are employed in work required in the interior of the prison. Others, of somewhat higher grade, are cooks, or occupied in agricultural work on the island. The food, which we saw in course of preparation, consists of bread, meat, soup, and vegetables, and a good deal of rice. It appears to be sufficiently plentiful and nutritious, though the

small wooden buckets in which it is served out are not very attractive. From the common prisons we were taken to the cellular department, a painful but necessary part of the arrangements, since corporal punishment is totally abolished. The cells are small dark chambers, lighted from above, and with heavily barred doors. Two were opened for our inspection, and in one was a fine strong young man, who, when he stood up, seemed almost to fill the narrow room. He was originally sentenced to transportation for recklessly firing at people with a revolver, and killing at least one of them. While undergoing the penalty he again became violent and bit a warder, for which he was condemned to death; but this decree was commuted to seven years' confinement in the cells. Here he had to pass the whole of his days alone, except for half an hour twice in the twenty-four hours, when he was brought out for exercise in a tiny enclosed space, where he was marched round and round with companions in misfortune, to whom he was rigidly forbidden to speak. Strictly, he ought to have been exercised alone, but it is practically impossible to supply guards for the purpose of giving each man his daily walk in solitude. Of course he was a great criminal; still, it was impossible to hear unmoved his plea to the Governor to either permit him to share occasionally in the internal work of the prison outside his cell, or else to let the sentence of death be executed upon him and thus to terminate his misery.

A considerable number of convicts were being treated in the hospital, a large and airy range of buildings on higher ground than the prison. Fever, rheumatism, neuralgia, and accidents occurring in the course of daily labour account for most of the cases, but many men injure themselves, cutting off fingers and putting out eyes to escape their compulsory tasks. The sisters in charge pointed out to us one man who, cured of a broken arm, had deliberately fallen out of bed and broken it again, in order to remain in hospital.

Finally we visited the lunatics, and here were some of the most pitiful cases, notably that of a celebrated lawyer of Lyons, transported for having killed a man with whose sister he was in love, and who had tried to prevent the marriage. The superior refinement of this poor fellow's features, and the agonised expression which told how keenly-felt degradation had finally overthrown his reason, cannot easily be forgotten. No one could doubt the humane treatment of the prisoners and the good order preserved on the whole, but a mass of criminals congregated together can never excite other than painful feelings.

The *récidivistes*, so often mentioned in international discussions, are habitual criminals who, by a law passed in 1885, are liable to *relégation*, or perpetual residence in French colonial possessions. This *relégation* can only be cancelled under very exceptional circumstances, such as when the *récidiviste* has rendered special services to

the colony allotted to him as his abode. The original proposal of the French Government to send *récidivistes* to New Caledonia was warmly opposed by New South Wales and Queensland, who feared that the partial freedom to be accorded to these settlers would facilitate their intrusion into Australia.

The *récidivistes* are now divided into two classes, the 'individual' and the 'collective.' The individual *récidiviste* is one who, having satisfied the authorities as to his present good conduct and means of earning an honest livelihood, is permitted to reside where he pleases within the limits of the colony, under certain conditions as to surveillance, and is subject to the ordinary tribunals. Those, on the contrary, who are condemned to *relégation collective* are kept together in a sort of reformatory settlement, where they are obliged to work, and are under a special jurisdiction. If particularly well-conducted, a member of the *relégation collective* may be promoted to *relégation individuelle*.

The Ile des Pins, situated about forty-four miles to the south-east of New Caledonia, was selected in 1872 as the place of detention for the Communists, with the exception of some of the superior political prisoners such as Henri Rochefort and Louise Michel. These resided near the capital, where the latter gave music lessons and is still remembered for her charity. The amnesty of 1880, however, almost depopulated the Ile des Pins, and it is now appropriated to the *relégués collectifs*. Last year nearly 1,200 male and 187 female *récidivistes* were interned there. The men are employed on public works, and the women are under the charge of Sisters. If the Sisters find that one of the women committed to their care, whether *récidiviste* or, I believe, ordinary criminal, is a promising subject, they inform the authorities and ask them to look out for a suitable husband among the male convicts showing a tendency to reformation. The bridegroom selected is allowed to pay his addresses under the chaperonage of the worthy nuns, and, if his suit is successful, the hopeful pair are married, and generally provided with a little land as a start in life. The law, however, does not abandon its interest in their domestic concerns. If children appear in the household they are taken away from the parents when four or five years old, and placed in institutions where they receive due religious and social training. The parents are permitted to visit them, and after some years to remove them, if they repay to the State all the money expended meanwhile on their education. This condition renders the privilege of withdrawal practically nugatory. The children are said to turn out well, and one can only hope that the parents are philosophical enough to balance the future advantage of their offspring against the present pangs of separation. Women transported for infanticide are found to make the best mothers. The limited time at our disposal unfortunately prevented our visiting the mines, wherein

consist the real riches of New Caledonia. Coal, cobalt, chrome, and silver lead ore are worked, and, above all, nickel, of which in 1890 over 22,600 tons were exported from the colony. The nickel is said to be of excellent quality, and, as up to the present time the mines are worked from the surface, it is obtainable without undue expense. One franc a year per hectare is paid for permission to prospect, and a further three francs for concession of freehold; but the questions of royalties on output payable to the Government, and of dead rent for unworked holdings, are still unsettled, and when the law on these points is finally decided there will doubtless exist greater inducement for capitalists to invest freely than there can be while uncertainty prevails.

The Government of New Caledonia is also anxious to obtain full powers to sell land; at present none can be alienated without sanction given in Paris, and the Government of the Republic does not like to remove this restriction, as if all territorial rights were parted with it would no longer have the means of extending its penitential settlements. Though the *libérés* are largely employed in the mines, and sometimes as servants to private masters, their presence is by no means appreciated by the free inhabitants, who have therefore not the slightest wish to facilitate further transportation.

Everything possible is done to promote free emigration. A party of agricultural colonists came out in our ship; they had received free passages, and on landing were to be settled in the interior, supplied with rations for six months, with tools, and with Kanaka labour to clear land for them. Families generally receive about twenty-five hectares of land, and begin by planting maize. It is not easy, however, to induce a Frenchman to establish himself so far from his native country; while his ingenuity and industry are great, he is essentially of a social disposition, and the hand-to-hand fight with a hitherto unknown nature, which has its attractions for many an Englishman, rather repels the lively Gaul.

Though land in the interior of New Caledonia is to be had almost for the asking, in the town of Noumea it is remarkably dear. Some was sold for fifteen francs a square metre during our stay, and as much as twenty-five francs a metre has been paid for favourable sites. Consequently house rent is very high.

Previous to our departure we attended the municipal ball in the large and well-arranged town hall, and there said farewell to our friends with much regret. Many of them accompanied us on board, and our boat was escorted by barges manned with Kanakas bearing torches, which had a very pretty effect. We carried away a store of pleasant recollections, and trust that Australia will continue to witness the prosperity of what our French friends aptly called 'sa jeune sœur la Nouvelle-Calédonie.'

M. E. JERSEY.

*WHERE DID COLUMBUS FIRST LAND
IN 1492?*

IT WILL probably be conceded that the most important event that has taken place for eighteen centuries was the discovery of the New World by Christopher Columbus. I say the discovery, although it is now well known that Columbus was not the first inhabitant of the Old World who set foot upon the Western shores. Putting aside the manifold evidences in Central America—the pyramids of Chiapa, and those mysterious cities of Palenque, and Copal, and Uxmal, with their Cyclopean architecture and hieroglyphic symbols, which point almost irresistibly to some connection in the dim forgotten past with a civilisation similar to that of Egypt—we have the tradition of the voyage of St. Brendan in the fifth century from the coast of Kerry to some Western lands; and in more than one old Norse Saga we have the history of the voyages of Biorne, and Lief, and Thorwald; the two latter following in the wake of Biorne, who in 986 appears to have sailed down the Straits of Belle Isle and settled for a time either in Nova Scotia or New Brunswick.

But these discoveries led to no practical result. There was not then the combination of propitious circumstances that we find five hundred years later. In 1492 the war waged against the Moors by Ferdinand and Isabella had just been brought to a conclusion by the capture of Grenada and the complete triumph over the last of the caliphs, Abdullah.

That war tested the endurance of the Spanish nation, and teemed with incidents of romantic and chivalrous bravery. Its triumphant conclusion left the Spanish people in a state of patriotic and religious exaltation. It was not alone the triumph over a rival nation. It was the triumph of the Cross over the Crescent, the Christian over the Moslem, and thousands of trained and valorous soldiers, who for years had been subjected to all the hardships of the soldier's life on active service, were ready to join in any adventure that promised booty, and glory, and the propagation of the faith.

When, therefore, the first glowing accounts of the discoveries of Columbus were brought back there was no lack of this splendid

fighting material, and great numbers started from Spain, each returning ship bearing tidings of fresh discoveries. Reverses there were, and disappointments from time to time, but in the main the stream of adventurers flowed on, until within forty years the great and wealthy nations of the Aztecs of Mexico and the Incas of Peru had crumbled to dust before the invincible valour of Cortez and Pizarro, and the Spanish flag waved over the whole of Central America and the two thousand miles of South American coast from Panama to Potosi.

It is not necessary to pursue further the career of Spain in the Southern continent, or to follow the fortunes of France or England in that of North America; it is enough to realise that the discovery of America changed the centre of commercial activity from the Mediterranean to the Atlantic, gave to Spain for fifty years the command of the sea, and transformed the mysterious boundary of the Old World into the most frequented of all the ocean tracks. It was the immediate cause of the growth of England as a maritime power, for it was not until the predatory instincts of the West Country heroes led them to the Spanish Main that the sons of England began to figure as sea rovers. Hawkins, Frobisher, Davis, Drake, and Cavendish all operated in the Western and Southern seas. Frobisher and Davis began by looking for a north-west passage to the Indies, that they now knew must lie beyond America; but in those days all sea courses of adventurous English sailors led sooner or later to the Spanish Main, where, with or without letters of marque, they sallied forth to gather property, like the Scandinavian Vikings of a thousand years before.

During the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries the struggle for the New World was a leading cause in every great European war, and the ultimate outcome of the discovery is that, after the lapse of four centuries, ninety-six millions of people, the majority of whom are of European descent, are settled in the two American continents, while from a comparatively small European state England has grown into the greatest empire of the world, holding one-fifth of its area, ruling over one-fifth of its population, and passing through her ports more than one-fourth of the entire volume of its trade.

Discoveries of unknown lands have been made in many different ways. By accident, like that of the Northman Biorne, who, voyaging from Iceland to the settlement of Greenland, was driven by stress of weather to the south-west until he reached the American shore. By the march of a conqueror, as Alexander the Great marched away into Asia two thousand two hundred years ago with his twelve thousand Macedonians, and conquered the Kingdom of Darius, forcing his way through Persia and Afghanistan into India, where he fought Porus upon the very ground where Lord Gough fought the Sikhs at Chillianwallah. By travellers like Marco Polo, who was in the thirteenth century employed by Kublai Khan the Tartar, and sent on various missions through what we now know as the Chinese

Empire, and whose descriptions of Cipango and Cathay influenced all later explorers. By voyagers like Bartolomeo Diaz, who, creeping along the inhospitable shores of West Africa, at length discovered the Cape of Good Hope, which he named Cape Stormy. But Columbus was the first man, so far as we know, who, having patiently accumulated facts and examined probabilities, came to the conclusion that about three thousand miles to the westward lay Cipango and Cathay, with all their treasures and wealth of silks and spices, and in pursuance of that conclusion was prepared to launch out boldly into the deep, and to sail away over that mysterious boundary of the Old World into the dark and vast unknown.

The evidence that there was land to the westward was certainly very strong. Four hundred and fifty leagues westward of Cape St. Vincent Martin Vincente had found a piece of wood curiously wrought. Pedro Correa, the husband of the sister of Columbus's wife, had found a similar piece off Puerto Santo, as well as some large bamboo canes. At the Azores trees had drifted on shore unlike any which grow in Europe, and at Flores the bodies of two men had been washed ashore whose features and complexion were not those of Europeans, Moors, or Negroes; two canoes had also been cast ashore there. Besides these facts there was an assumption that the countries of Cathay and Cipango extended farther round by the east than their real position. The history of the voyage of St. Brendan was probably known all along the west coast of Europe, and it may be assumed that on his visit to Iceland the inquiring mind of Columbus did not neglect to examine the statements in Snorro Sturlsen's '*Heimskringla*,' not alone of the voyages of Lief and his countrymen, but also the tradition that fishermen from '*Limeric*' on the coast of Ireland had been driven to the west, where they found a great land, whence they returned in safety.

It is unnecessary now to enter into the details of all the difficulties with which Columbus had to contend before he finally succeeded in obtaining a Royal commission and Royal favour, without which it was useless for him to attempt to induce any person to assist in the preparation of an expedition. Refused by King John of Portugal, and his offer declined by Henry the Seventh of England, he spent seven long years in trying to obtain a hearing at the Spanish Court, and his ultimate success was due to the action of Queen Isabella, who remained to the day of her death his patroness and steadfast friend.

Columbus sailed from Palos, a port on the south-eastern coast of Spain, on Friday, the 3rd of August 1492, with three ships, the '*Santa Maria*,' the '*Pinta*,' and the '*Nina*,' of which one only, the '*Santa Maria*,' was decked. He arrived at the Canaries on the 12th, where he remained to refit and take in provisions, until the 6th of September, on which day he set sail from the island of Gomera, but was becalmed until the 8th, when he met the trade winds and steered

west. At first all went well and cheerily, but as day followed day without a sight of land the hearts of the sailors began to sink. For days they ploughed through the thick mass of golden weed that fills the Sargasso sea, spreading far as eye can reach like a field of ripe grain. Away beyond it, with the steady trade wind filling his sails, and the blue waters of these southern seas dancing in the sunlight. But sunlight and blue water would not satisfy the crew, who daily murmured more and more.

And now what must have seemed to them a horrible portent was discovered. The needle no longer pointed steadily, but day by day shifted its position unaccountably, so that, abandoned by the hitherto faithful compass, they felt that they were being hurried to some terrible doom, and implored that an attempt so palpably impossible should be relinquished. Columbus persuaded and commanded by turns. He concealed the real distance run day after day, that they might not feel themselves so far from home, while he held out to them rich promises of the golden store that awaited them. On the 10th of October his journal says the crew murmured loudly and declared that they could stand it no longer; but the stout admiral encouraged them as usual, and he added at the same time that it was useless to murmur, because he had come to find the Indies, and was going to continue until he found them, with God's help.

This was the last of his trials, for on the 11th indications of land began to appear. They saw a sea bird, and floating by the vessel they saw a green rush. They also found floating a piece of carved wood and a little stick loaded with dog-roses. At ten o'clock that night the admiral saw, or thought he saw, a light. He called the attention of two people to it, one of whom saw it, the other did not. It is described in the journal as like a small candle that was being hoisted and lowered. This would go to show that the light was not on land. I do not think that any great importance ought to be attached to that light, even though the admiral thought he saw it twice. In those seas a floating medusa, or a flying-fish, as it leaps from the water, or falls back on the completion of its flight, would produce, in certain conditions of the sea, a phosphorescent light that would rise and fall with the wave, and might be mistaken for the light of a candle by a man looking out so eagerly as the admiral must have looked after the indications of the day; and the fact that the ships did not lay-to until daylight proves that Columbus could not have been very certain of it.

However, four hours afterwards, at two o'clock on the morning of Friday, the 12th of October, Roderigo de Triana, a sailor on board the 'Pinto,' sighted land about two leagues off, and, gazing as I have gazed upon that very strand, glittering white in the bright southern moonlight, I have pictured to myself with what gratitude and joy

the sailors and their great leader saw before them the prize for which they had adventured so much.

The foregoing is a short statement of the events that led up to the discovery. The admiral spent all that day on shore, where he found many natives, friendly and trusting, who flocked to the shore to see the white-winged ships and these gorgeously attired men, who had evidently floated down from the clouds or up from the under world—in either case, heavenly visitors to be received with trusting confidence. These people were the Lucayans. They were finely formed and of a gentle and trustful nature. Their ultimate fate was a sad one. For the present they were safe. They had neither gold nor precious stones to tempt the cupidity of the new-comers, and the intercourse was of the most friendly nature. But eight years afterwards Bobadilla was sent to Hispaniola to supersede Columbus, and the following year he was in turn superseded by Ovando, whose cruelty to the native races was terrible. Having worked to death in the gold mines almost the entire population of Hispaniola, in an evil moment he bethought him of the Lucayans, and having obtained permission from Spain, he despatched ships to these islands to obtain labour. These ships reappeared in the Lucayos seventeen years after the first discovery. They assured the natives that they had come direct from heaven, where they had left all the parents and friends who had gone before, and who only required the presence of those remaining to be perfectly happy. They then offered to convey any person who was willing to take passage with them, and thus enable them to rejoin their lost friends without having to pass through the gates of death. A leading trait in the character of the Lucayans was an abiding affection for their departed parents and friends. Such an opportunity was too good to be lost, and thousands flocked to the ships.

When the Spaniards had thus entrapped as many as possible, the remainder were taken by force, being even hunted down by dogs, until the entire population was transported to misery and death. Las Casas writes:—

I have found many dead in the road; others gasping under the trees in the pangs of death, faintly crying ‘Hunger, hunger;’

and Peter Martyr describes them as escaping to the northern coast, where they continue for hour after hour, until nature becomes utterly exhausted, when, stretching out their arms towards the ocean, as if to take a last embrace of their distant country, they sink down and expire without a groan.

That is a touching picture of those poor people, whose very race is now an unsolved ethnological problem. Like the Beethuks of Newfoundland, they have been absolutely swept away, and probably for a hundred years the Bahama Islands were uninhabited except

when the pirates who soon infested the Spanish Main took possession of one or two harbours, from which they sallied out to prey upon the Spanish galleons, returning from the Gulf of Mexico with cargoes of gold and silver and pearls.

It is evident that this entire destruction of the inhabitants of the Lucayos seriously adds to the difficulty of deciding upon which island Columbus landed. No vestige of tradition remains, and the landfall is still a matter in dispute. The island has been variously identified, with Mayaguana, by Varnhagen in 1864; with Samana, by Fox in 1880; with Turks Island, by Navarrete in 1825; with Cat Island, by Washington Irving in 1828, and by Humboldt, who accepted Irving's conclusions in 1836; and with Watling's Island, by Munoz in 1798, by Becher in 1856, by Peschell in 1857, and by Major in 1871.

The celebration of the fourth centenary of the discovery of the West Indies by Columbus lends additional interest to the vexed question of the real landfall, as among the proceedings of the celebration will probably be included a visit to the spot by the ships of war of Spain, England, France, the United States, and other countries interested in the North and South American continents. In dealing with the question I can neither lay claim to the nautical knowledge of one class of the writers quoted above, nor the literary acumen of the other; but while, with the exception of Captain Fox, none of those who have written so fully of the landfall of Columbus have ever visited the Bahamas, I have sailed about those islands with the diary of Columbus in my hands, endeavouring to arrive at a conclusion as to his courses, and to identify from his descriptions the places mentioned by him. During the three years of my residence in the Bahamas I made careful inquiries about the tides and currents, that make the Bahama Banks even now the most dangerous portion of the Western Atlantic, and I think that I have satisfactory grounds for the conclusion at which I have arrived, that the Guanahani upon which Columbus landed is Watling's Island.

There are three methods by which we can attempt to solve the question of the landfall: by following the course and distance sailed from the Canaries across the Atlantic, and on from Guanahani day by day to Cuba; by tracing backward from a known port in Cuba to Guanahani; or by identifying that island by its physical aspects as described by Columbus.

The first of these methods is the one adopted by the various writers referred to. Probably, if the original diary of Columbus could be found, this method would be satisfactory; but some important details must have been omitted by Las Casas, whose abridged copy of the original diary is the most reliable record now within our reach, for there are very great difficulties in verifying the courses as laid down from any one of the five islands mentioned as the landfall. The most

exhaustive work written on this subject is that published by the United States Government in the report by Captain Fox, of the United States Navy, in 1880, for the Coast and Geodetic Survey Department. That report contains the diary from the 11th of October to the 28th of October, in parallel columns—the original Spanish in one, with the translation in the other—and Captain Fox follows with a consideration of the tracks as laid down by Navarrete from Grand Turk, by Irving from Cat, by Varnhagen from Mayaguana, and by Becher from Watling's, giving in each case his arguments against that particular track. He goes further, and lays down a track from Samana, which he adopts as the landfall, and, to be consistent, he gives three discrepancies. At p. 57 of the report he says:—

From end to end of the Samana track there are but three discrepancies. At the third island (visited by Columbus) two leagues ought to be two miles. At the fourth island twelve leagues ought to be twelve miles. The bearing between the third and fourth islands is not quite as the chart has it, nor does it agree with the course he steered.

The difficulties that Captain Fox found in fitting in the courses and distances given by Las Casas in the abridged diary with the various islands whose position is now so clearly charted is the difficulty with which every inquirer into the question of the landfall of Columbus has been confronted, and which no inquirer has yet surmounted. The courses mentioned by Columbus begin where, 'in the diary of the 13th of October, he writes that he 'determined to wait until to-morrow evening, and then to sail for the south-west,' having gathered from the inhabitants of Guanahani that on an island to the southward there was a king who had large gold vessels and gold in abundance. On the 15th he mentions that having set sail on the 14th he came to an island 'five leagues distant, or rather seven,' which ran north and south five leagues, and east and west ten leagues. Further on he notes that he set sail for another large island that appeared in the west, which was distant from Santa Maria nine leagues, which in the diary of next day he reduces to eight leagues. Having sailed to the north-west of this island, named Fernandina, until he discovered a harbour, which he describes, he went about and sailed all night, steering sometimes east and sometimes south-east, which brought him to the south-east cape, an island, next morning (diary, 17th). On the 19th the Admiral set sail to the south-east, and in three hours he saw an island to the east, which he reached at its northern extremity before midday. From this point he saw a cape, the position of which is thus placed in the diary of the 19th:—

The coast ran from the rocky islet to the westward, and there was in it twelve leagues as far as a cape which I called Cape Beautiful.

He visited this cape between the 19th and 23rd, on which day (diary, 24th) he set sail for Cuba from the rocky islet. He writes:—

[illegible]

At midnight I weighed anchor from the island of Isabela, the cape of the rocky islet. . . . I sailed until day to the west-south-west, and at dawn the wind calmed and it rained, and so almost all night; and I remained with little wind until after midday, and then the wind began to blow very lovely, and I carried all the sails of the ship: the mainsail, two bonnets, the foresail, the spritsail, and the mizen and the maintopsail, and the boat astern. Thus I followed my course until nightfall, and then Cape Verde of the island of Fernandina, which is towards the south, towards the west, remained to the north-west of me, and there was from me to it seven leagues.

From a point to the south of this, where he had drifted during the night, having lowered his sails lest he should find himself too close to the coast of Cuba before morning, he sailed next day west-south-west for five leagues, then changed his course to the west for ten leagues, when at one o'clock P.M. he had gone forty-four miles, and he then sighted land, commonly assumed to be the Ragged Islands.

This is all the information in our possession as to the courses of Columbus in the Bahamas. Now, take the chart and fit in these courses with Navarrete from Turks Island, with Varnhagen from Mayaguana, with Fox from Samana, with Becher from Watling's Island, and with Washington Irving from Cat Island. To realise the difficulties fully it is necessary to know these islands. Columbus named four islands—San Salvador, Santa Maria de la Concepcion, Fernandina, and Isabela, and a small island close to the latter he called the Rocky Islet. It is almost inconceivable that he passed any considerable island without naming it, and indeed he mentions in the diary of the 15th, as his reason for anchoring at the cape of the island of Santa Maria de la Concepcion, 'it was my desire not to pass any island without taking possession of it,' yet Becher makes him pass the island now called Rum Cay and give his first name to the northern end of Long Island. The difficulty has been to find on Fernandina the harbour described by Columbus. Were there such a harbour between the north-east point of Long Island and Clarence harbour, about forty miles to the south, there would have been no necessity to group together two islands twenty-seven miles apart, even though we find a colourable support for his assumption in the expression used in the diary of the 16th, 'the islands of Santa Maria de la Concepcion.' Navarrete makes Columbus sail north-west instead of south-west, and creates one island out of the entire Caicos group. He then leaves him sixty miles from the next island, which Columbus himself, after having sailed the distance, states was eight leagues. He then boldly inserts courses and distances which are not to be found in the diary.

Varnhagen starts Columbus from Mayaguana by steering north of west for an island forty miles away, ignoring the statement in the diary that the second island was distant from Guanahani seven leagues, or 22·3 nautical miles.

Fox makes Samana the landfall; he carries his course in the

proper direction, and the distance named, to the group formed by Acklin, Crooked Island, and Fortune Island. But here a difficulty at once presents itself. He anchors the Admiral at the western cape, which he assumes is the cape of the island of Santa Maria de la Concepcion, and he, as also Varnhagen, takes him back on the 19th to this very cape, which Columbus does not recognise, but re-names Cape Beautiful! This is attempted to be explained by saying that he saw different sides of the cape on the two occasions; but to any person who has visited the place the weakness of this explanation is apparent. In the first place, he could not at any time have landed except to the south of Bird Rock, which is a very prominent feature from either the western or northern shore. But beyond this, he describes an expedition made up a 'river' during his stay at the Rocky Islet, which clearly marks the north-west point of Crooked Island as Cape Beautiful. It was not a river, but a deep creek, extending from the south of Crooked Island nearly up to the Cape. I have pulled up this creek, which might well be described as a river, being about sixty feet wide, with high banks that present all the aspects of river scenery. This is the only creek of the kind in any of the Bahamas, except Freshwater Creek on the island of Andros, two hundred and forty miles to the north-west, and entirely outside the possible courses of Columbus. Therefore the account of his visit to it conclusively marks the north-west of Crooked Island as Cape Beautiful, and it is more than improbable that Columbus could have within five days from his visit to the island of Santa Maria de la Concepcion so entirely forgotten it as he must have, if Captain Fox's landfall of Samana be the true one.

Again, Captain Fox makes his course on the 16th take him to 'Fernandina' at Cape Verde, which is at the southern extremity of Long Island, due west from Bird Rock on Crooked Island; but Columbus writes on the 17th: 'My wish was to follow the coast of the island ['Fernandina'] where I was, to the south-east, because it all runs to the north-north-west and south-south-east.' Therefore there must have been land to the south of him.

Washington Irving sends him to the south-east instead of south-west, and assumes that Concepcion Island, two and three-quarter miles long and one and three-quarters broad, is the island described by Columbus. It is just possible, but highly improbable, that this island might in 1492 have covered the extreme limit of the reef that now surrounds it. Had it done so it would have been eight miles from north to south, and five from east to west. He then, to get the Admiral to Exuma, shapes a course taking him past the high land of the north of Long Island, which he ignores, and from Exuma boldly sends him over a portion of the Bahama Bank, not navigable even for boats.

There are four places described by Columbus which, granting the

truth of the descriptions, ought to be recognisable to-day. They are Guanahani, the harbour on Fernandina, Cape Beautiful, and the Rocky Islet. There is another point in the diary that ought to be easily determined, that is the point of departure at nightfall on the 24th. This is the description in the diary of how Columbus arrived there :—

At midnight we weighed anchor from the island of Isabela, the cape of the Rocky Islet, which is on the northern side, where I was lying, in order to go to Cuba. . . . I sailed until day to the west-south-west, and at dawn the wind calmed and it rained, and so almost all night; and I remained with little wind until after midday, and then the wind began to blow very lovely, and I carried all the sails of the ship: the mainsail, two bonnets, the foresail, the spritsail, and the mizzen and the maintop sail, and the boat astern. Thus I followed my course until nightfall, and then Cape Verde of the island of Fernandina, which is towards the south towards the west, remained to the north-west of me, and there was from me to it seven leagues.

Granting the position of Cape Verde, this point of departure seems to be the most accurate position named in the diary. Becher and Fox accept it, and Varnhagen places it a few miles to the north. Suppose we give the Admiral's ship three knots an hour from midnight until dawn (say 6 A.M.), 'when the wind calmed,' and eight knots from midday, when 'the wind began to blow very lovely,' and he carried all his sails until nightfall; this will give us eighteen knots to dawn, and forty-eight knots from midday to nightfall, in all sixty-six nautical miles. Now the distance from the Rocky Islet, assuming that it is the north end of Fortune Island, to the point seven leagues south-east of Cape Verde is about fourteen miles, that from Cape Beautiful or Bird Rock is twenty miles. Nay more, there is not among all the islands of the Bahamas a spot bearing twenty-two miles south-east of any island, and from fifty to sixty-six miles west-south-west of any other island, except a point south-east of the southern end of Acklin Island, from which Mayaguana would bear about east-north-east from sixty to seventy miles. But no writer has ever suggested that Cape Beautiful or Rocky Islet was on Mayaguana, and there are no places on that island that would answer the description.

Before I leave the subject of the courses of Columbus, which present such difficulties, I would call attention to one term in the diary that seems to a certain extent to support the theory of Becher and Washington Irving—that he did visit Exuma, which was the Fernandina of his diary. The following passage will be noticed, by those who read the diary of the 15th :—

and, being in the *gulf* [the italics are mine], midway between these two islands, namely, that of Santa Maria and this large one, to which I give the name of *Fernandina*.

Now, any person examining the chart will see that by no stretch

of the imagination could the sea between Rum Cay and Long Island, or between Fortune Island and Long Island, be called a gulf. A gulf is a partially land-locked sea, and no sailor would describe a portion of the sea as a gulf if it were not partially land-locked. This is exactly what that deep gulf called Exuma Sound is. It is one of the two great gulfs that sweep into the great Bahama Bank. Exuma Sound is a gulf of about one thousand fathoms in depth, which runs up to the north-west for over one hundred miles, with an average breadth of thirty miles. The northern mouth of the gulf is formed by the south shore of Cat Island, the southern by the north shore of Long Island. From this point to Exuma the bank sweeps round in a curve, the edge being, like all the edges of the bank, dotted here and there with rocks. It would be impossible to sail from Long Island to Exuma without remarking this curve, with the sudden and striking change from the deep blue of the waters of the Exuma Sound to the light aquamarine of the water over the shallow banks—from two to four fathoms over white coral sand. Therefore it appears to me that the term is significant, and, bearing in mind that the island of Great Exuma contains such a harbour as he described, it is worth considering whether, putting aside the difficulty of following his courses, these two facts do not afford some presumptive evidence of his having visited Exuma. Captain Fox strongly denies the possibility of his having sailed from Exuma round by the north of Long Island, and down to Cape Verde on the night of the 17th, as a course sometimes east, sometimes south-east, would hardly clear the north of Long Island. But at certain times of the moon a very strong easterly current runs off the banks. I have in my possession an account written by the Hon. J. Webb, of Nassau, who, when Inspector of Schools in 1864, left Port Howe, on the south side of Cat Island, on a Saturday night, with a light north-westerly wind blowing, and steered south-south-east for Great Harbour in Long Island, seventy miles away. At daylight next morning they found themselves swept by a strong easterly current to the north of Rum Cay. On the other hand, when Columbus anchored next morning he evidently thought that he was anchored at the south-east point of Fernandina.

The outcome of every attempt hitherto made to solve the question by following the courses is that the problem is insoluble.

But happily there remains the description of Guanahani; and, putting courses aside, if we find in the Bahama group an island that answers that description, and if there is no other island in the group that will correspond with it, then, assuming that the landing was made on one of the islands north of Cuba, we may fairly accept that island so described as the landfall.

Before we proceed to consider the natural features of these islands it will be well to bear in mind their peculiar formation. The colony of the Bahamas consists of twenty-nine islands, 661 cays, and 2,387

rocks, the total area of which is 4,466 square miles. The largest of these islands fringe the Great and Little Bahama Banks, which are in reality the flat tops of two submarine mountains 12,000 feet high. The area of these two flat mountain summits is about 43,000 square miles, and, except where the islands and rocks crop up, the banks are covered with water from half a fathom to five fathoms in depth. The Great Bank is pierced by two deep inlets, the tongue of the ocean from the north, and Exuma Sound from the south-east. Each inlet or gulf has an average depth of about one thousand fathoms.

On the eastern edge of the bank are three of the principal islands of the group, Eleuthera, Cat Island, and Long Island, and from the northern point of the latter the bank sweeps round by the Exuma Cays, which with Great and Little Exuma islands form the western bank of the Exuma Sound. The seaward or eastern side of Exuma, Cat Island, and Long Island is so precipitous that at the distance of one mile from the shore the soundings give two thousand fathoms. The small islands to the eastward—Concepcion, Watling's Island, Rum Cay, Samana, &c.—are all the tops of isolated mountains with the same precipitous sides, as all around them is found the same profound ocean depths. There is no evidence of any subsidence having taken place in these islands; but granting the most rapid subsidence known to geological research within the very short period of four centuries, the area could not have been materially greater than it is to-day. I have examined the soundings on the banks noted in the Admiralty charts of fifty years ago, and they are not different from the present soundings, and any argument based upon assumed physical changes of magnitude since the discovery cannot stand. I assume that in the main the islands now present the same appearance that they did in 1492, with the exception that the trees were larger then, the forests thicker, and possibly fresh water was more abundant.

The following observations from the diary are all the facts that we possess bearing upon the description of Guanahani. On the 13th Columbus writes :—

I determined to wait until to-morrow evening, and then to sail for the south-west, for many of them told me that there was land to the south and south-west, and to the north-west, and that those from the north-west came frequently to fight with them, and so go to the south-west to get gold and precious stones. This island is very large and very level, and has very green trees and abundance of water, and a very large lagoon in the middle, without any mountains; and all is covered with verdure most pleasing to the eye.

And on the 14th he writes :—

At dawn I ordered the boat of the ship and the boats of the caravels to be got ready, and went along the island in a north-north-easterly direction to see the other side, which was the other side of the east, and also to see the villages; and saw two or three, and their inhabitants coming to the shore calling on us and praising God; some brought us water, some eatables. A crowd of men and women came,

each bringing something, giving thanks to God, throwing themselves down and lifting their hands to heaven and entreating us to land there; but I was afraid of a reef of rocks which entirely surrounded that island, although there is within it depth enough and ample harbour for all the vessels of Christendom, but the entrance is very narrow. It is true that the interior of that belt contains some rocks, but the sea there is as still as water in a well; and in order to see all this I moved this morning, and also to see where a fort could be built, and found a piece of land like an island, although it is not one, which in two days could be cut off and converted into an island. I observed all that harbour, and afterwards I returned to the ship and set sail, and saw so many islands that I could not decide to which one I should go first, and the men that I had taken made signs that they were innumerable. In consequence, I looked for the largest one and determined to make for it, and I am so doing, and it is probably distant five leagues from this of San Salvador. The others, some more, some less, and all are very level, without mountains and of great fertility, and all are inhabited, and they make war upon each other, although these are very simple-hearted and very finely-formed men.

Now we must see that, written as all this was on the 14th, the statements as to the other islands are simply his interpretation of the signs made by the natives. The *facts* are that Guanahani was a large and populous, therefore fertile island, with a large lake or lagoon in the centre, that it was surrounded by a reef, and to the north a very large harbour within the reef, and a peninsula that was almost an island; that he was able to proceed from his anchorage in his boats round the north-north-east point to observe all this, and return the same day to the ships so early that, having set sail for the south-west, he saw an island which was about twenty miles from Guanahani, to which he had now given the name of San Salvador.

Let us now examine the five islands named by various writers as the landfall.

Turks Island is six miles long from north to south, and three miles from east to west. It is perfectly flat, and would not support two hundred inhabitants, except for its trade in salt, which is produced in large quantities from the extensive salinas. There is no fresh water except what is caught in tanks. There is no reef or reef harbour anywhere such as is described by Columbus.

Mayaguana lies west-north-west and east-south-east. Its length from east to west is twenty-four miles, its width from north to south ten miles. There is no point from which Columbus could have gone in his boats to the north-north-east 'to see the other side of the east.' Had he anchored at the south-east point he would have been obliged to pull away to the west-north-west for thirty-five miles to reach the reef harbour that is at the north-west point, which he could not have done and got back to his ships the same day. There is no spot answering the other descriptions, and there is no lagoon such as he describes.

Samana is the most desolate and barren rock in the entire

Bahama group. It is a mere strip of an islet running ten miles east and west, and one and a half mile north and south at its broadest part. I walked over a great portion of it, and found it almost absolutely devoid of soil. So desolate is it that not an acre of Crown land has ever been sold upon it. Captain Fox assumes that a portion of the easternmost end of the island has since 1492 been worn away by the action of the sea. The island shows signs of upheaval at some remote period, like the upheaved beach at the north end of Long Island, but there is no reason to assume that the island has either subsided or been worn away to such an extent as Captain Fox assumes. But granting any amount of land that could be built up within the reef, it would be impossible to make an island answering even remotely to the description given by Columbus.

Cat Island, or San Salvador, the landfall adopted by Washington Irving, is an island forty-five miles in length from north-west to south-east, and fifteen miles from the south point to the west. On the south shore there are two reef harbours, but *there are no reef harbours at any other part of the island*. It is not flat; on the contrary, the highest hill in the Bahama group is found in the southern portion of the island. There is no point from which Columbus could have gone in boats to the north-north-east, and had he gone along the eastern shore to the north-west, he would have found no harbour such as he describes; nor would he have found the island surrounded by a reef; nor, indeed, would he have found any reef from 'Columbus Point' on the south-east until he had pulled for thirty-three miles to the north-west. In fact, there is not a sentence in his description of Guanahani that would answer for Cat Island. Had he penetrated about a mile and a half inland from the south shore he might have seen a lake, but it is not probable that he would have left the protection of his ships and marched into an unknown country.

Cat Island has been accepted by a portion of the public as the landfall, mainly on account of its modern name, 'San Salvador.' The fact is that the name was first given by the Church authorities when dedicating the various parishes. In 1802 the Bahamas Parochial Act (43 Geo. III. cap. 2), defining the limits of parishes, defines Cat Island as 'the Island of St. Salvador, commonly called Cat Island.' The parish of Watling's Island was at the same time dedicated to St. Christopher.

I searched the records in Nassau, and find that down to 1795 the island was always known as Cat Island. The last grant of land in the eighteenth century was made on the 10th of June, 1790, when it was made out for Cat Island. In 1795 John Mulryn Tatnall was returned as member for Cat Island. The first grant of land after the close of the century was on the 20th of September, 1803, to John

McQueen, of 'San Salvador.' The name therefore cannot be allowed to carry any weight in this inquiry.

By the process of exhaustion we now come to Watling's Island, which is the only island of the five left for comparison. Let us see what kind of an island this is, and how it agrees with the description.

Watling's Island is about thirteen miles long and eight wide. About one-third of its area is occupied by a lake or lagoon of brackish water. It is very fertile, and capable of supporting a large population—so much so, that in the days of slavery, when cultivation was systematic, it was called the garden of the Bahamas. It is almost entirely surrounded by a reef. About ten miles from the anchorage on the south-east side, proceeding to the north-north-east for six miles, and then north-west, we come to Graham's Harbour, formed by a great sweep of the reef, and seven miles long by four miles wide, with a narrow entrance, and close by a promontory attached to the mainland by a very narrow neck. If we call to mind the short description of the diary, we see how completely this island, and this island only, tallies with it. Twenty miles to the south-west lies Rum Cay, and from a position about three miles north of it I have seen from the rigging Concepcion Island to the north-west, while to the west and south-west the tops of the hills of Long Island rose like numerous islands of various sizes and shapes, one long hill about ten or fifteen miles from the north end looking like the largest of the islands.

But while I agree with Captain Becher that Watling's Island is the Guanahani of Columbus, I do not agree with him in the anchorage assigned to the Admiral. Becher places the anchorage at the easternmost point of the island, and about eight miles from its south-eastern extremity. Had he visited the island he would have seen how very unlikely a place that would have been for Columbus to have anchored. It is immediately off the high hill on which the lighthouse now stands, and the approach to the shore through the reef, which is awash, would have been difficult. Nor would he have been from that position obliged to proceed in his boats to the north-north-east 'to see the other side, which is the other side of the east,' as from this point the land trends north-west to Graham's Harbour, and south-south-west to the south-eastern point of the island, now called Hinchinbrook Rocks. The ship at anchor would thus have commanded both sides of the east. It is assumed by every writer but Becher that Columbus made the island in the morning, and anchored in a strong easterly or north-easterly breeze. There is nothing in the diary to show this. No doubt he carried a strong easterly wind with him the day before, but in the vicinity of the Bahamas the wind is very capricious; for instance, in the diary of the 24th we see that the wind calmed at dawn, and he remained with little wind until after midday. We have absolutely

nothing to guide us in forming an opinion as to where the wind came from, or if there was any wind at all between the night of the 11th and the evening of the 14th. Watling's Island lies outside the tropics, and in October, as a rule, the wind is not from the east. It certainly was not so on the 15th, when he was making the second island. Had it been, he could not have found the difficulty in getting to the westward that he mentions, as, although he was standing off and on during the night, he did not reach the island until noon on the 15th. On the 16th the wind was south-east inclining to south; on the 17th it was south-west and south, and in the afternoon it ceased and sprang up from the west-north-west; while on the 19th the wind was north. Therefore there is no ground for the assumption that the eastern shore of Watling's Island was the weather shore, either when Columbus anchored or during the three days of his stay.

There is, then, no guide to show where he anchored, except the statement of the direction taken by the boats from the ships when he went to see the other side of the east. He could not have taken that direction of north-north-east from any spot on the western shore. There the usual anchorage is Riding Rocks; but to go to Graham's Harbour he would have been obliged to pull due north and then round the reef to the east, and he could not have seen anything of the north-eastern shore and got back again to the ships the same day.

When I visited Watling's Island in January 1886, the master of the schooner anchored at the point marked on the chart facing page 543, just south of Fortune Hill, and that anchorage, which I afterwards named Columbus Bight, is, in my opinion, the anchorage of Columbus. It is on the south-east coast, and the direction to the northernmost point—to be seen from the anchorage—is north-north-east. The land then trends to the north-west. Here, too, a creamy coral strand is backed by white sandhills about fifty feet high, which were clearly visible at six miles distance in the bright moonlight of the 12th of October, 1492. From the top of these low hills the Admiral could see an extensive lagoon, which he could not see from any part of the coast north of the eastern point, as it would be hidden by the high ground.

The anchorage is protected from all but easterly winds, and there is ample room for anchoring and swinging between the coral 'heads.' The island was large, level, fertile, populous, with a large lagoon in the middle: 'to see the other side of the east' a boat from Columbus Bight must pull to the north-north-east round a point beyond which the coral heads become a regular reef, through the tortuous openings of which no stranger would willingly venture, past a promontory or 'piece of land like an island, although it is not one,' until it entered into the spacious Graham's Harbour, which was, and is, large enough

to fairly justify the figure of speech that it was 'ample harbour for all the ships of Christendom.'

Place Columbus where we like, at any island on the fringes of the Great and Little Bahama Banks, the Turks and Caicos group, or the outlying islands, and with one exception there is not, from Florida to Hayti, any island that answers to his description of Guanahani. That exception is Watling's Island, or San Salvador, which answers the description to the minutest particular; and for the reasons stated I am myself satisfied, and submit for the consideration of the thinking public, that on the coral strand of Columbus Bight, on the south-eastern coast of that island, the royal standard of Spain was first unfurled and the New World opened to modern civilisation.

HENRY A. BLAKE.

THE SALONS OF THE ANCIEN RÉGIME

‘WHAT strikes me most, upon the whole,’ says Horace Walpole, when he first visited Madame du Deffant in Paris in 1765, ‘is the total difference of manners between the French and ourselves, from the greatest object to the least. There is not the smallest similitude in the twenty-four hours.’

This is exactly what we are for ever feeling as we read the fascinating, if not always edifying, memoirs of eighteenth-century France.

And naturally the contrast was not merely on the surface, for those *salons* of the *Ancien Régime*, whose charms lingered so long in men’s memories, were deeply rooted in the whole of French home policy since the seventeenth century; and it would be as vain to look for such a phenomenon in London, as for *lettres de cachet* or a *lit de justice*.

But yet, by the very force of contrast, these French memoirs suggest so much in our own social history which throws a light upon theirs.

Why, for instance, has that quintessence of civilisation, the art *de tenir salon*, never come to its full perfection in England? All through the eighteenth century, in spite of the Beauties and the ‘Blues,’ the art was at a sadly barbaric stage. We have Lord Chesterfield’s description of the times of Queen Anne, when every woman of quality had what was called her ‘day,’ which was a formal circle of her acquaintance of both sexes, unbroken by any card-tables, tea-tables, or anything but the most formal conversation. Then, in 1790, there is Gouverneur Morris, fresh from the waning brilliancies of Paris, finding the English routs and evening entertainments tiresome, with no pleasant intercourse between men and women: the ladies all ranged in battalia on the opposite side of the room from the men.

Madame de Genlis, after her English experiences in exile, is still more severe.

What (she asks) is this roomful of struggling people, heaped and squeezed together, so that even the women cannot sit down? The mistress of the house is a ‘wit,’ but of what use is it to her? She can neither speak nor hear; it is impos-

sible to get near her. An automaton, placed in an arm-chair, would do the honours quite as well! She is condemned to remain there till three o'clock in the morning, and she will go to bed without having seen a half of the people she has received. This is a party à l'anglaise, and it must be confessed that *soirées à la française* held in the old days at the Palais Royal, the Palais Bourbon, at Mme. de Montesson's, Mme. la Maréchale de Luxembourg's, and Mme. de Boufflers' were something better than this!

The familiarity of the picture reminds us too sadly that, even in the present century, neither Lady Holland, nor Lady Blessington, nor any other of the queens of coteries, have been able to make any permanent or prevalent change in the fashions of English social life. In the eighteenth century it was the clubs and coffee-houses which, after an insular and masculine fashion, most nearly resembled the *salons* of Paris. They were the centres of such influence as society might bring to bear upon literature and politics, because they were the centres of the social life of literary men, and because men found there freedom of talk and what Dr. Johnson called 'clubability' among their fellows. Each club, too, like the *salons*, had its special characteristic. As the *Tatler* tells us, there was pleasure and entertainment to be found at White's Chocolate House, poetry at Will's Coffee House, learning at the Grecian, and foreign and domestic politics at St. James's. It was not for the Bluestocking clubs, with their aspirations after the society of 'literary and ingenious men, animated with the desire to please,' to tempt men altogether from such delightful haunts. The truth was that the 'Blues' had too much the air of effort and artificiality; the very fact that they gave rise to a nickname for affectation and pedantry shows that the movement was a peculiarity, and that they represented, like the *Précieuses* in the days of Molière, a select literary clique, rather than the ordinary tone of cultivated society.

For, while the *gens de lettres* were 'everywhere in Paris,' in London those were yet the days of 'patrons' and 'Grub Street,' and of such literary dandies as Horace Walpole and Lord Chesterfield, who, while authors themselves and really ambitious of distinction, yet affected to despise the trade. Lord Chesterfield made an exception in favour of the *beaux esprits* of Paris, who, he said, were 'mostly well-bred, while ours are frequently the reverse;' but Walpole carried his quarrel with them beyond seas, and grumbled that these authors, whom he stumbled against in every *salon* of Paris, were 'worse than their own works.'

It was just this ubiquity of the *gens de lettres* which was one of the notes of Parisian society, as compared with our own.

The society for a man of letters, or who has any scientific pursuit (says Arthur Young of Paris in 1787), cannot be exceeded. The intercourse between them and the great, which, if it is not upon an equal footing, ought never to exist at all, is respectable. Persons of the highest rank pay an attention to science and literature,

and emulate the character they confer. I should pity the man who expected, without other advantages of a very different nature, to be well received in a brilliant society in London because he was a member of the Royal Society, but a member of the Academy of Science in Paris is sure of a good reception everywhere.

It is said that Lord Chesterfield described Dr. Johnson under the character of a Hottentot who threw his meat anywhere but down his own throat; and Mrs. Boswell found some difficulty in appreciating the merits of the god of her husband's idolatry when she saw that, in order to make a candle burn brighter, he would hang it, wick downwards, over her carpets. 'Grub Street' manners may not have been altogether drawing-room manners; and some such sublunary reason, besides the extraordinary interest taken in political discussion, may have occasionally militated against the ideal attitude of 'society' towards science and literature. But Dr. Johnson incidentally suggests another point of view.

Sir (he says), they talk in France of the felicity of men and women living together; the truth is, the men there are not higher than the women, they know no more than the women do, they are not *held down* in their conversation by the presence of women.

The great critic was seldom in the wrong, at least in matters of fact; and this double-edged criticism seems to shed somewhat of a lurid light upon both societies—upon that extraordinary development of club life in London, and of the *salons* in Paris, which was so marked a feature of the eighteenth century.

It seems certain that the special achievement of Englishwomen, brilliant as some of them were, was not that magical mixture of art and literature, flirtation and politics, women's wiles and enchantments, brilliant conversation with quite ordinary love-making, which went to make up a *salon*. But perhaps it was not altogether the fault of the women. Rather it was at least as much owing to the virile energies of the men and to political circumstance. For all the various duties of an actively governing upper class, even party-strife and civil war, had conspired to prevent that massing of society in the capital which had taken place in France. Only a small proportion of our nobility were ever habitually at court or in London; and till towards the middle of the century there had been a strong feeling against country gentlemen frequenting town, with the idea that in doing so they neglected their home duties and unduly swelled the population of the metropolis! Bad roads and difficulties of travel made constant journeys impossible, while country life seems always to have been natural to Englishmen. 'Exile only,' says Arthur Young, 'makes Frenchmen do what Englishmen do by preference, live on their estates and improve them.'

From the Lord Chancellor to the rural justice, every variety of

official work had kept men busy. The most cultivated class in England had, on the whole, never been an idle class; sociability had had no time to develop into a fine art! It would be consoling if we might believe that these conditions, and not an inherent churlishness, have had something to do with our social inaptitudes. In France, at any rate, the thousand political activities and divisions which have flooded her since the Revolution have, from all accounts, made society, in its old sense, 'impossible,' from the multiplicity of cliques; while, as to the *salon littéraire*, M. Daudet prefaces an essay under that title with their epitaph: 'Je ne crois pas qu'il en reste un seul aujourd'hui.'

From whatever cause, society in the England of the eighteenth century had not that disproportionate place and predominance which political developments had given it in France. Neither, as a natural consequence, had women; and this in spite of so many brilliant women—the Berrys and the Gunnings, Fanny Burney and Mrs. Thrale, Mrs. Elizabeth Carter and Mrs. Hannah More, and all the rest of the 'dear dead women' whose sayings and doings we seem to know so well from the delightful gossips of their day. But two or three among them all made anything like a permanent mark in literature; their influence upon politics and letters was rather moral than intellectual; and it does not seem as if their contemporaries took them very seriously as a force in either department, except in their usual rôle as representative of the inspirations and limitations of home. The attitude of the *Spectator*, for instance, with its half-mocking homage to the 'fair sex,' alternating with a great deal of perhaps well-deserved reproof, can scarcely be reconciled with a very high notion of the mental attainment of women in general. Dr. Johnson was the uncouth but constant adorer of many clever women; he has a solemn 'God bless you!' for Hannah More in her crusades against social evils; and much fond, half-quizzical admiration for the prodigy Fanny Burney, who can write a book! But even Dr. Johnson scorns Mrs. Macaulay, with her history and her republican notions, and turns upon Mrs. Montagu when she aspires to a serious work, in which she measures a sword with Voltaire in defence of Shakespeare. Then it is: 'Sir, it does *her* honour, but it would do nobody else honour. Sir, I will venture to say, there is not one sentence of true criticism in her book!'

All this, and much more which may be gathered from the general tone of eighteenth-century literature, is in curious contrast with the seriousness with which Frenchmen recognised the assured empire of their women, not only in the home or in society, but as acknowledged judges of literature, and as an important element in public life.

It was not for nothing that men of letters had become involved in the *vie de salon*. It followed that, if they were to be successful, they must have the women on their side. To be of the *salon* of

Mademoiselle l'Espinasse, was, according to Bachaumont, almost a passport to the Academy, through her influence with its secretary. Marmontel reads his 'Contes Moraux,' Crébillon his dramas, Rousseau his 'Nouvelle Héloïse' and 'Emile' before this feminine tribunal. In the very Revolutionary days the Deputies read their speeches in the drawing-rooms, before repeating that process in the great hall of the States General, so that the style, if not the substance, might have the benefit of the criticisms of some special queen of the hour.

This was not a mere compliment of courtesy; the custom was to have a lasting effect both upon language and literature. For the influence of society co-operated with the Academy in developing the grace, lucidity, and precision which were the characteristic charms of 'classical French.' Sometimes even the Academicians reflected too faithfully the opinion of the *salons*; and in that atmosphere only an artificial and superficial literature could thrive. For the women were too prone to believe that the *salons* were the world, and that 'society' represented the whole of life. All its deeper and graver aspects must be touched on lightly: 'On peut tout effleurer, rien approfondir.' Hence, says M. Brunetière, the French have no 'Hamlet,' no 'Faust,' no 'Paradise Lost,' no Shakespeare, Goethe, or Kant, but the most incomparable letters and romances, and the drama in perfection. To the same influence was due a certain impoverishment of vocabulary, the result of misplaced refinements; and one of the curious consequences of the censorship which the *salons* had established over language was the banishment of technical and special terms in favour of 'general terms,' which could pass current in general conversation.

It might almost be said that this drawing-room literature was deliberately manufactured, and in the process had lost, like other manufactured articles, all trace of spontaneity and individuality. These were the defects, according to their own critics, of all but the greater lights of the literature of the eighteenth century; and the greater lights were those who, from some cause or other, had escaped the trammels of the *salons*. This was not the happy fate of Marmontel; his experiences are highly characteristic. He has been congratulating himself that the charms of certain fine ladies have never troubled his repose, and he adds:

What attracted me in them were the graces of their mind, the liveliness of their fancy, the facile and natural turn of their ideas and their language, and a certain delicacy of thought and feeling which seems the monopoly of their sex. Intercourse with them was both a useful and a pleasant school for me, and I profited much by their lessons. Whoever wishes to write with precision, energy, and vigour should live only with men; but whoever wishes to give to his style flexibility, grace, and ease, and that indefinable quality of charm, would do well, I think, to live with women.

Later he tells us how finely these critics could 'hint a fault and hesitate dislike.'

I confess (he says) that no success has ever touched me more sensibly than that which I won in that little circle [the *petits soupers* of Mme. Geoffrin], where wit, taste, and beauty, and all the graces were my judges, or rather my applauders. There was not a touch of description or dialogue ever so fine or delicate which was not instantly felt; it was delicious to see the most beautiful eyes in the world shed tears at the most touching scenes. . . . But, in spite of the most courteous consideration, I observed quite as plainly the cold and feeble places which were passed over in silence—those in which I had failed of the right word, the natural tone, the exact shade of truth; and these were the points I noted for correction.

Recollections of 'Bélisaire' makes us wonder what aspect nature wore to those beautiful eyes—but that belongs to another chapter. Such an influence, long and continuously at work, had created a style 'with the clearness and also the insipidity of water.' Like the splendid furniture in the various *hôtels*, which was so alike that Walpole complained he never knew whether he was in the house he had just left or the one he was going to, anyone's productions might have been written by someone else! Perfection of form was inevitably monotonous, and inevitably led, in all but the greatest, to poverty of matter, so that a *bon mot* or an epigram, elegantly turned, was the event of the day and the subject of conversation of many days, and the hero of society was he who could best sing a new madrigal, or rhyme a very indifferent tragedy.¹

M. de Ségur describes the society of the *Ancien Régime* as divided into three classes—young women; those of a riper age, ambitious of social success; and the old, treated always with distinguished respect, and recognised arbiters of taste and *ton*. A young man, when he made his *début*, succeeded or failed accordingly as he pleased these three classes of ladies, for it was they who decided on his reputation and on his favour at court. It was they who procured him office or military grade, and nearly always arranged his marriage for him. In consequence, a man owed, most generally, his whole success in life to the training which his mother gave him in grace and politeness, so that she exercised an unbounded influence over her sons, but, curiously enough, very little over her daughters, who were sent to their convent schools at five or six years of age, and only emerged into the world again to be married.

The love of analysis and character-drawing, which was so strong in these memoir-writers, gives us plenty of opportunity for watching the working of all this machinery. Marmontel tells us how Madame

¹ It seems a corollary to these demonstrations of MM. Taine and Brunetière as to the influence of society upon language and literature, that the temporary nature of the classical school in England, as exemplified by Pope and his followers, was due to its being an exotic. The conditions which made its characteristics permanent in France from the days of Louis the Fourteenth to the rise of the Romantic school, almost in our day, were absent in England.

de Tencin, who in reality moved an infinity of springs both at court and in Paris, managed to impress him with her air of indolent nonchalance, of calm and leisure. 'La bonne femme !' he exclaims, when he first makes her acquaintance, and fancies this arch-*intrigante* a kind soul who has taken a special and disinterested interest in his welfare. She gives him much good advice in the most natural, simple way ; above all, he is to have 'des amies plutôt que des amis.'

For by means of women (she says) you can do all that you want to do with men, for men are too much self-absorbed in their own interests to take any care of yours. Instead of which, women think about it, if it is only from idleness. Talk to your friend some evening of what is troubling you ; the next day you find her at her wheel or her tapestry work, thinking and scheming in her own mind how to serve you.

The influence of such women as Madame de Pompadour is matter of history. Marie Thérèse must win an alliance by calling her 'Ma cousine.' Voltaire, who poses as a scorner of courts, schemes for her favour ; and Marmontel, who is so convinced of his own good intentions and general honourable conduct ; who is indeed *bon garçon*, and practises all kinds of self-denial to support needy aunts or sisters throughout his whole life ; who undergoes an imprisonment in the Bastille rather than sacrifice a friend who had betrayed him in some foolish freak—Marmontel takes no shame to himself that he makes traps to catch the Pompadour's favour, in order to get promotion to some government post.

Madame de Staël, in her correspondence with Gustavus the Third of Sweden, tells the story of Madame la Maréchale de Noailles, who was excessively *dévoté* ; and when the law for improving the civil state of Protestants was about to be registered by the Parliament of Paris, and by that means to become the law of the land, she paid a visit to each member, leaving a little note, by which she hoped to rouse those reverend lawyers to a sense of their duty : 'Madame la Maréchale de Noailles est venue chez M. le Conseiller pour lui recommander la religion et les lois, dont le Parlement est dépositaire.' To such straits were voteless women reduced in those days !

The same lady on that occasion made a list of all the events of history in which Protestants were, in her opinion, to blame, and by publishing these, tried to strike terror into the hearts of the advocates of toleration.

It is pleasanter to find a *grande dame* using her wiles in a nobler cause. Gustavus the Third had visited much in Paris, as Crown Prince, and had won an immense popularity in the *salons*, ever ready with an enthusiastic, if somewhat sentimental, admiration for simple merit, liberal notions, unexceptionable *ton*, and a *heaven of esprit*. The voluminous correspondence which resulted from these visits no doubt contributed to keep up the affection and interest with which Gustavus always remembered the brilliant society of

Versailles, whose flattering homage 'had given him a second kingdom.' Henceforward his real confidantes and advisers were three *grandes dames* of the French Court—Madame de Boufflers, Madame de la Mark, and Madame Egmont. Madame de Boufflers' letters record the various negotiations, schemes, and *contretemps* in which for five years she bore a prominent part in arranging the marriage of M. de Staël with Mademoiselle Necker, and in procuring for him what was to be both the condition and the consequence of this rich alliance, the Swedish ambassadorship. His predecessor in that office sends the king a strong recommendation of M. de Staël, founded on the friendship of various ladies.

M. de Staël réussit admirablement (he writes). La Comtesse Jules de Polignac a pour lui la plus tendre amitié; il est extrêmement bien avec toutes les femmes à la mode, comme Mme de Châlons, la Comtesse Diane de Polignac, et Mme Gontaud. Mme de Boufflers l'aime comme son fils ainsi que Mme de la Mark.'

It does not appear that Madame de Boufflers had any personal interest in the matter, but she loves to act an important part between Gustavus and the French Court, whose policy just then was to support M. de Staël, while Gustavus was not unwilling to appoint an ambassador who might, by skilful negotiation, be enabled to secure a splendid establishment at small cost to the scanty coffers of Sweden.

Madame d'Egmont aspired to a tenderer influence. She was an ardent soul, a disciple of the 'new ideas,' by which all mankind was about to be made virtuous, free, and happy; but, being neither a Republican nor a philosopher, she dreams that the Paladin of this great cause shall be Gustavus the Third. Her friendship is to be the price of this. Through a long correspondence she encourages him in the career of honour, dissuades him from despotism, tells him truths with severe sincerity, and refuses her portrait if he should consent to receive Madame du Barry's. Gustavus replies for a long time with the same exalted passion. On the very day of his coronation he writes her a letter of twelve pages. But, alas! he wearies in time of too much sincerity, and the correspondence ends sadly. But these ties were not without effect, tragic enough on both sides; for it was Gustavus' envoy, Fersen, who planned the flight of Louis the Sixteenth and his family to Varennes; and it seems certain that Gustavus' own assassination, the year before that of Louis the Sixteenth, was partly owing to his Bourbon sympathies, which excited the machinations of secret societies on French soil.

From the training of a king, the marriage of an ambassador, to the success of some yet obscure *littérateur*, nothing came amiss to the untiring energies of these ladies *de la grande société*. 'They mixed themselves in everything,' says Arthur Young, 'in order to govern everything;' and the whole system worked with such success

that in the later years of Louis the Sixteenth no one can doubt that 'society,' with its effete men and clever women, did its full share in making all other government impossible. For the despotism of the later Bourbons was a despotism tempered by talk, and by a thousand invisible webs of intrigue, which had their nucleus where these Circes wove their charms. 'Les conversations des sociétés ne sont plus oiseuses,' says Madame de Staël, 'puisque c'est par elles que l'opinion publique se forme.'

The black shadow of doom which overhung that brilliant world has given it an irresistible fascination. It was to be dissolved—to be swept away, as if it had never been, and it was absolutely unconscious of its fate. No Bourbon restoration could really restore it, for all the conditions which made it possible were at an end. Its graver moral and political aspects were to have their issues in the darkest days of the Revolution, and, if only for this reason, there is an inexhaustible interest in studying even its trivial and apparently superficial characteristics.

What was that art of *savoir vivre*, which they brought in those days to such perfection, and which was the real secret of the extraordinary influence of society?

To begin with, since the days of Louis the Fourteenth the *noblesse* had absolutely nothing to do—that is, no parliamentary or magisterial duties to attend to, no committees, no farming operations to superintend. With one stroke the whole of the political field had been closed to them, and their power vested in the king's intendants. About two hundred noble families, out of the estimated twenty-five thousand or thirty thousand, retained the privilege of the court appointments, and from them the king chose all the immediate attendants of his person and many of the officers of his government. These became permanent inhabitants of Versailles, for Louis made their residence a condition of his favour; and it was, besides, inevitable that as soon as they lost all importance in the local governments, through the appointment of *roturier* intendants, that they should cease to reside on their estates. Those of the *haute noblesse* whose duties did not call them to Versailles were, with few exceptions, always in Paris, while the lesser nobility, like our own, had their town houses in the provincial capitals. 'No one was left in the country,' says M. Taine, 'but the unwilling exiles from court, the old-fashioned, and the misanthropic.' It was not till a few years before the Revolution that a fashion set in, introduced from England and fostered by the magic of Rousseau's dreams of nature, of spending a part of the year in the country. With such slight exception, 'the country was desert, or if a gentleman is to be found in it, he is in some wretched hole, saving that money which is to be lavished in profusion on the luxuries of the capital.'

Thus, at the very time when in England civil war and a plebeian

usurper were scattering and disuniting our upper classes, in France they were being forced by the despotic will of Louis the Fourteenth to mass themselves in the capital, and to give up their energies to the ornamental arts of life; for it became *bourgeois* to be occupied with any local activities which had been so entirely removed from their sphere of influence. Their interest in the central government was necessarily purely theoretical, and the army and navy had become, for the mass of the nobility, the sole outlet into active life. The enormous number of offices which they held, provincial and lieutenant governorships, court offices, and pensions, were in a vast majority of instances sinecures; and the royal policy, which had thus made them inactive members of the body politic, made their prestige and their fortunes dependent upon residence within the limits of the court and in Paris. Under Louis the Fourteenth the charm of his personality and his intelligent patronage had attracted all the literary and artistic life of France to Versailles, where the blessings and the banes of 'centralisation' fell too on these. But when the court had alienated the less corrupt portion of society, as under Louis the Fifteenth, or had become unpopular from political causes, as under Louis the Sixteenth, the sway passed over in a great measure to Paris, and it was the *salons* of the capital which became the centres of philosophy, of literature and the arts, of the only public opinion which could make itself felt, of endless talk about all things in Heaven and earth and under the earth, of ceaseless schemings for place and pension, and, through all this, of a delightful social life. 'Qui n'a pas vécu avant 1789,' says Talleyrand, in an often-quoted phrase, 'ne connaît pas la douceur de vivre.'

It was a society which seemed to concentrate the whole life of France. Through all these many memoirs we scarcely catch a glimpse of what the poor were doing, or the *bourgeoisie*, except those who were of the privileged *gens de lettres*. Those peasants who were shortly to burn *châteaux* and murder *grands seigneurs* were still, as seen through the rose-coloured spectacles of Madame de Genlis, piping and dancing in the rustic solitudes. Society seemed supreme. Compared with our own, it was a caste, a close corporation, divided, no doubt, by personal and family jealousies, but untouched by the divisions which party politics have made in English society, at least since the days of the Stuarts. Thus an enormous upper class, having as a body scarcely any professional interests, and no constitutional or official means of making its influence felt—such as the Upper and Lower Houses of Parliament and the provincial magistracy provide under the English constitution—seemed to have won, *en revanche*, an extraordinary force merely as a society.

It is exactly such conditions which must give predominance to women; and nothing is clearer than that they were the virtual rulers of France in the eighteenth century. 'C'est alors,' says M. Brunetière,

'qu'elles sont véritables reines, maîtresses et arbitres du goût et de l'opinion.' 'The women say so,' says Morris, ironically, speaking of some military matter, 'and therefore it would be folly and madness to controvert their opinion.' As a force, they were not only on an equality with men, they were, in fact, their superiors, since in their own sphere their faculties had not been dwarfed by inaction. Thus only can be accounted for their exceptional preponderance and the comparative weakness of the men of the ancient nobility in the last years before the Revolution. 'The men,' says Arthur Young, 'are puppets, moved by their wives, who give the *ton* to all matters of national debate.' And he takes some pleasure in observing that one of the effects of the Revolution was to 'loosen, or rather reduce to nothing, the enormous influence of the sex.'

The society which wielded such a power understood to perfection that art of *savoir vivre* which the Duc de Lévis described as having its crowning achievement in giving oneself the least amount of trouble in order to enjoy society with the greatest amount of ease. Both its riches and its leisure seemed illimitable; but at no time was a luxurious table indispensable to the success of a *salon*. Mademoiselle l'Espinasse, at whose lodging thirty or forty guests met constantly merely for talk, was too poor to offer them any supper at all. So, too, in the latter half of the century, when pensions ceased to be paid and fortunes began to fail, the world still went on meeting and talking as much as ever, supping only, with undiminished good humour, on simpler fare. In the more prosperous days it was almost universally the custom to keep open house. The *maître d'hôtel* of a minister would come in the morning into his crowded reception-rooms to count heads, so as to guess at the number of covers required, and, after a humbler fashion, the same custom prevailed everywhere. One or two days, at least, would be open days, and a certain set of guests would have a general invitation, either for dinner or supper, so that regular *habitués* were established, by which a kind of permanent character and tone attached itself to each *salon*. The arrangement of the day shows pretty well the nature of the life. It was not only royalty that held its levee. Fine ladies received both in bed and at their toilet; or if by chance there were no visitors, there were the

* This custom seems never to have been followed in England, except here and there by ladies who professed to imitate French manners. 'Sempronia,' says the *Spectator*, 'is at present the most profest admirer of the French nation, but is as modest as to admit her visitants no further than her toilet. It is a very odd sight that beautiful creature makes when she is talking politics with her tresses flowing about her shoulders, and examining that face in the glass which does such execution upon all the male standers-by. How prettily does she divide her discourse between her women and her visitants! What sprightly transitions does she make from an opera or a sermon to an ivory comb or a pin-cushion! How much have I been pleased to see her . . . holding her tongue in the midst of a moral reflection by applying the tip of it to a patch.' (Vol. i.)

new books to be read whilst the *coiffeurs* were constructing the enormous edifices which the ladies wore upon their heads.

Dinner was at one o'clock, and for this full dress was *de rigueur*, even in the country. Arthur Young asks pathetically:

What is a man good for, after his silk breeches and stockings are on, his hat under his arm, and his head *bien poudré*? Can he botanise in a water-meadow? Can he clamber the rock to mineralise? Can he farm with the peasant or the ploughman?

Nearly the whole of the day was, in fact, by this arrangement spent *en représentation*, for the afternoon passed in visits or in play, the passion for which ran even higher than in England; there was the theatre at five or six o'clock, if no court office called for a visit to Versailles; and after the theatre there was supper, the crowning event of the day, to which every lady brought back as many friends as possible, when the talk was freest and gayest, and all the world was safe from the interruption of any shadow of business. Madame de Genlis, who survived to contrast the manners of the First Empire and of the Restoration with those of the *Ancien Régime*, gives in detail many of the lesser customs which had suffered change. Her exile in England had enabled her to contrast them with our own—not, she thinks, to our advantage.

When the company was sitting down to table (she says), the master of the house did not rush at the most considerable person present to drag her from the other end of the room, carry her in triumph in front of all the other ladies, and place her with pomp at the table beside him; nor did the other gentlemen hasten to give the arm to the rest of the ladies, as is now done. These were provincial customs. The ladies first walked out together, with some slight compliments to each other at the door, those nearest to it passing out first; and the men following, they all seated themselves where they wished at the table.

On the whole, with a good deal of ceremony of manner—though this was much less than in the days of Louis the Fourteenth—there was very little of ceremonial: the *compliments d'arrivée et d'adieu*, for instance, were of the simplest, generally limited to a profound bow to the hostess; the great point being that a guest should present himself modestly and without undue emphasis or interruption to the rest of the company.

These had been the manners of that part of society which claimed for itself the title of *la grande société*, for admittance into whose charmed circle only two conditions were exacted—'bon ton and noble manners.' Madame de Genlis, however, adds ingenuously that 'some kind of consideration must have been acquired in the world, either by rank, birth, or credit at court, or by a splendid establishment;' so that the conditions offer a fairly wide margin. She says significantly of this society that they paid at least a tribute to virtue in that good taste taught them to imitate its forms.

It was felt among them that, in order to be distinguished from inferior and vulgar company, one must preserve the tone and manners of modesty, reserve, kindness, indulgence, decency, and all sweetness and nobility of feeling. Scandal was banished from conversation; discussion never degenerated into dispute. Here was found in full perfection the art of praising without flattery or self-assertion, and of accepting such praise without having the appearance either of acknowledging its truth or of disdaining it; of putting others forward without any air of patronage, and of listening with the most courteous attention.

Ladies were addressed with all the respect due to princesses of the blood, generally in the third person; no *tutoyement* was used, even among the gentlemen, in their presence. The voice was imperceptibly lowered in speaking to them; and 'cette nuance de respect avait une grâce qui ne peut pas se décrire!'

When Madame de Genlis returned to France all this was no more; these carpet-knights had acquired the manners of the camp; the ladies, no longer treated with such distinguished respect, had lost some of their reserve; they called young people by their Christian names, and, what disturbed Madame de Genlis still more, they 'received,' reclining on their sofas *without 'couvre-pieds'!*

Oh, what charming times were those (she cries, mournfully) when people only met to please and to be pleased! when no one could without excessive pedantry lay claim to having 'advanced views' on government; when there was so much grace and gaiety and charming frivolity to give relaxation every evening after the burdens of the day!

Of all the *bureaux d'esprit* which she remembers so regretfully, one of the most characteristic was Madame Geoffrin's, though, curiously enough, Madame Geoffrin herself seems at first sight to have been all that we generally suppose a brilliant Frenchwoman of the eighteenth century was *not*. She was *bourgeoise*; she was secretly *dévot*e, having her *appartement* at a convent and her pew at the Eglise des Capucins; no breath of scandal had ever touched her character; she was very slightly educated, yet she contrived to make her house the centre not only for the *noblesse* and of all the best literary and artistic society of her own nation, but also of all distinguished foreigners, from crowned heads to philosophers, who visited Paris. Her little *bonhomme* of a husband, who sat in unbroken silence at her table, had made her very rich; in other respects he contributed nothing to her life, except some wonderful little stories. Some one lends him Bayle's dictionary; he reads it, following the line along the two parallel columns, and returns it with the criticism: 'Quel excellent ouvrage, s'il était un peu moins abstrait!' A friend, from malice or negligence, lends him several times over the same volume of a book, then asks, 'Comment trouvez-vous ces voyages?' 'Fort intéressants, mais il me semble que l'auteur se répète un peu.' He drops out of the society at last, and someone asks his wife: 'Qu'avez-vous fait de ce pauvre bonhomme que je voyais toujours ici, et qui ne disait jamais rien?'

'C'était mon mari; il est mort,' she says. What her relations were with him in private does not transpire; but she was a good woman, and did not, probably, neglect him. But husbands were of little account in those days, and generally conspicuous by their absence.

Every Monday artists of all kinds—Boucher, Vernet, Lemoine, Carle Vanloo, and a host of others—met at dinner at Madame Geoffrin's; every Wednesday her *salon* swarmed with *gens de lettres* and encyclopædists. Montesquieu came sometimes from his retreat at La Brède, where he was meditating his *Esprit des Lois*; D'Alembert, gay as a schoolboy escaped from school, after his morning labours in dynamics and astronomy; Helvetius, incessantly discussing; Made-moiselle l'Espinasse, 'that astonishing mixture of propriety, reason, and wisdom, with the most active brain, the most ardent soul, the most lively imagination since Sappho;' Buffon, who disgusted her with the familiarity of his gestures and the vulgarity of his conversation; Diderot, Raynal, Thomas, Caraccioli; Marmontel himself, who has portrayed them all.

It was Madame Geoffrin's intercourse with the encyclopædists, as well as her *bourgeois* birth, which closed her own court against her, although she was on warm terms of intimacy with more than one foreign monarch. All the wandering kings and ambassadors, all the *beau monde* of the capital, and some privileged *littérateurs* met at her *petits soupers*, a meal always of extreme simplicity, generally consisting of a chicken, spinach, and an omelet.

In the affairs of all these various guests the hostess loved to meddle. If she did not, like Madame de Tencin, give to each of her literary friends for a new year's gift a piece of velvet for *culottes*, she was particularly generous to them in her own way. Marmontel lived long in her house, and poor Stanislas Poniatowski, then only a Polish gentleman with a taste for letters, was rescued from imprisonment for debt by her benevolence. The first time she left Paris (1766) was in her sixty-seventh year, when she visited her *protégé*, turned 'King Stanislas' by the caprice of Catherine the Second. Her journey on that occasion was a succession of social triumphs. She dined at Vienna with Marie Thérèse; the Emperor of Germany met her incognito upon the road; the Czarina invited her to St. Petersburg; her prince at Warsaw had prepared for her an *appartement* as much as possible like her own at Paris.

This woman had achieved a European reputation as a social power; yet those who described her seemed to find it difficult to say in what her extraordinary attraction consisted. She was not young, she had no beauty, and her sole intellectual achievement was apparently the power of telling a story well. Though she wrote simply and clearly, it was in the style of an imperfectly educated woman, and she could not even spell correctly. 'A moi!' she says, when an Italian dedicates a grammar to her; 'à moi, monsieur, la dédicace

d'une grammaire : à moi, qui ne sais pas seulement l'orthographe !' That was the simple truth, says Marmontel. Her education was, in fact, only that which unceasing intercourse with intellectual society can add to a fine natural taste and sympathetic imagination. She had the wit to talk only of what she understood, and, for the rest, her talent lay in her knowledge of men and women, an instinctive insight into human nature.

Mme. Geoffrin came and sat beside my bed last night (says Horace Walpole, ill with gout in Paris) ; she was so good to me. It was with so much sense, information, instruction, and correction. The manner of the latter charmed me ; I never saw anybody in my day that catches one's faults and vanities and impositions so quick ; that explains them to one so clearly, and convinces one so easily. I never liked to be set right before.

Indeed she loved to scold her friends, and ruled them rather despotically for their good, both as to deeds and words. She had a kind of formula, 'Voilà qui est bien !' with which she was apt to put a curb on too great freedom of speech among her guests. If we may believe Walpole, this would often be needed, for he speaks of the licence permitted in conversation, both as to moral and religious questions, as something unheard of in England.

There is God and the king to be pulled down (he says), and men and women are all devoutly employed in the demolition. They think me quite profane for having any belief left. Voltaire himself does not satisfy them. One of the lady philosophers said of him, 'Il est bigot ; c'est un déiste !'

But this is again another chapter, and a darker one, in the history of Frenchwomen in the eighteenth century.

It was in November 1789, that society began to show traces of the exodus from its ranks. The most brilliant *salons* were closed by then and silent. In those that were left men forgot to make love to their hostesses in their eagerness to read the latest news, and women forgot to notice the cessation of the compliments in their zeal to discuss a motion or a financial scheme.

Another act in the drama was at hand, when the guillotine and the prison were to set a chrism on many of these light-hearted queens of a dead civilisation, and devotion and self-sacrificing endurance were to consecrate their memory from blame.

But for such a society there was to be no resurrection ; revolution and a triumphant democracy were not its only foes. For the great Napoleon made war on women, as he did on every obstacle in his path. It was not only by such isolated and arbitrary acts as banished Madame de Staël, but the almost incomprehensible personal terror which he inspired prevented any ascendancy of women in his court. Madame de Rémusat tells us that there was not a woman at his receptions who did not rejoice when he moved away from her vicinity. The great conqueror established order and an

unwilling submission in that department of his dominions, as he did in every other; and it is a curious thought that in this, as in other matters perhaps more important, it is the rude dominance of his nature which seems to have made him the instinctive instrument of some overmastering reactionary force, by which the 'faults' and disorders of the social strata were reorganised and readjusted; whether with advantage to posterity, perhaps posterity has not even yet decided. *

ADELAIDE COLLYER.

A THANKSGIVING FOR ORCHIDS

It is written in copy-books, newspapers, and improving literature that men have endless cause for thanksgiving in this generation. Does not science show more wonders every day, under the influence of which education spreads, comfort abounds, war is doomed, every nobler impulse of mankind receives encouragement, and every baser tends to extinction? These things are evident, incontrovertible; the stupidest must see them. And the stupidest do. But a thoughtful man cannot always satisfy himself that he is happier than his forefathers. Those blessings enumerated have so many compensations of the wrong sort already, that he is fain to ask himself whether they do not promise, in the end, to restore Chaos under another form. Such thoughts trouble no honest, steady-going folks, and I would not disturb their placid content for worlds. Where is the use or the pleasure? That which is doomed will befall.

But one assured blessing we owe to science—we, who can appreciate it. I sometimes think that orchids were designed at their inception to comfort the elect of human beings in this anxious age—the elect, I say; among them the rich have never been included. What are orchids to the rich man? A show, a curiosity, an item of ostentation, and, at best, of chattering debate. What they are to a poor man I hope to display. But consider! To generate them must needs have been the latest ‘act of creation,’ as we say—in the realm of plants and flowers, at least. The world was old already when orchids took place therein. For they could not have lived in those ages that preceded the modern order of things. Doubtless this family sprang from some earlier and simpler organisation, like all else. But the Duke of Argyll’s famous argument against Darwin’s ‘Origin of Man’ applies here: that organisation could not have been an orchid. Its anatomy forbids fertilisation by wind, or even, one may say, by accident. Insects are necessary; in many cases insects of peculiar structure. Great was the diversion of the foolish—eminent *savants* may be very foolish indeed—when Darwin pronounced that if a certain moth, which he had never seen nor heard of, were to die out in Madagascar, the noblest of the *Angraecums* must cease to exist. No one has seen or heard of that moth to this day; but the

humour of the assertion is worn out. Only admiring wonder remains, for we know now that the induction is unassailable. Upon such nice chances does the life of an orchid depend. It follows that insects must have been well established before those plants came into being; and insects, in their turn, could not live until the earth had long 'borne fruit after its kind.'

But from the beginning of things until this century—until this generation, one might almost say—civilised man could not enjoy the boon. It was reserved for savages, more or less naked, who, however, were by no means indifferent. I have seen them in either hemisphere, both men and women, decked with garlands of orchids. Among Malays especially the love of flowers swells to passion. Your body-servant is not addicted to works of supererogation, but he will give himself no little pains to ornament the dressing-table and the sitting-room with blossoms fresh every morning. And orchids, of course, are his favourites. The Indians of Spanish America do not care for æsthetic delights; but they have a feeling more significant of appreciation. A certain family regards fine specimens in the neighbourhood as its private property, to be bought only at a round price, if at all, and not to be stolen with impunity. They have a habit of transplanting any that strike their eye, fixing it on a tree by their hut, or on the church roof, and proudly watching it grow from generation to generation. Thus it is a literal fact that the divine *Lælia anceps alba* has not yet been found in its native forest. Every one among those thousands brought to Europe in the last ten years was gathered on a church roof, bought from the priest—to the grave annoyance of his parishioners. They have been roused to active measures of late, and at this time collectors rarely secure a piece except by stealing it, with the priest's connivance, at no small risk. The motive alleged for this enthusiasm is a regard for the glory of the Church service. Many a tiny chapel, mud-built, buried in the forests, must offer a sight unparalleled at Christmas and Easter. I have seen a letter from Roetz, describing with incoherent rapture his sensations on beholding such a spectacle. The little building was draped with garlands of Flor de Majo (*Lælia majalis*) twined round the columns, pendent from the roof, while the altar and the chancel walls were clothed with a tapestry of *Masdevallia Harryana*, scarlet and crimson. An astounding vision! But to grasp all Roetz's amazement and delight it must be understood that neither he nor any European had beheld the Flor de Majo till that day—never heard of it till the glorious thing met his eye thus in myriads past counting. *Masdevallias*, too, he had only encountered here and there. The Indians took him, after service, to their 'gardens,' where he beheld acres beyond acres cleared of brush and planted with them like a field. I strongly suspect that this veneration for orchids survives from the time of Paganry. As the Indians deck the church now, so

their forefathers decked the temple of the gods. Thus also superstition forbids them to wear the sacred flower. But I recollect giving a 'ball' in Libertad, Nicaragua, where the ladies, as we call them, wore wreaths that princesses might envy, though their other accoutrements did credit only to the washerwoman.

In any civilised era of Europe orchids would have been cherished had they been known. We may fancy the delight of the Greeks, and the rivalry of millionaires in Rome. Neither one nor the other people were ignorant of horticulture, but of course they would not have known how to begin growing orchids, even though they obtained them—I speak of epiphytes and foreign species, naturally. From the date of the Creation—which we need not fix—till the eighteenth century A.D., ships were not fast enough to convey them alive; a fact not deplorable since they would have been killed forthwith on landing. That extraordinary man Rose, indeed, gardener to Charles the Second, might have had 'a show for his money,' as they say. One would like to know more about Rose. What bounds can be set to the genius of a man who fruited the pineapple in England in 1670? Those who can grasp all the circumstances look in vain for a feat to match this in the annals of gardening. Probably he thought his reward prodigious—no less than immortal fame, when the King had a picture painted showing himself upon the throne, the gardener on his knees alongside, offering that precious fruit; it still hangs in the gallery at Kensington Palace, or did a few years ago. A pleasing little glimpse this incident gives, by the way, of a side to Charles's character which history seldom displays. But all I at least recall concerning Rose, beside this exploit, is a shrewd comment on the antique vineyards of England. However, he did not enjoy the chance to try his hand at orchids, and assuredly he was the happier. After all, we must suspect that there was not a little of fluke in that triumphant culture of the pineapple.

The very first orchid introduced, so far as the records show, was *Bletia verecunda*, West Indian; but *Cypripedium spectabile*, then called *C. album*, soon followed—from the United States, of course. These were grown in the Apothecaries' Garden, Chelsea, in 1731. I shall not enter into antiquarian details, but a few facts must be noted for my purpose. *Vanilla aromatica* seems to come third; some call it first, because it was the earliest epiphyte growing on a tree. Knowledge of the order spread fast when curiosity had been roused. Linnæus described ninety-one species in 1763, but evidently not from personal acquaintance. Sir Joseph Banks introduced several; so did Dr. John Fothergill, including *Phajus grandifolius* from China. In 1787 the authorities at Kew succeeded in flowering *Epidendrum cochlearifolium*, and a few months later *E. fragrans*. It is rather curious to observe how unimportant, as we think, were the species cultivated at that date. Only the three last named, and

Cypripedium spectabile receive attention now. Creditable it is to our forefathers that they grew enthusiastic over plants which we think worthless, excepting from the botanical point of view; but really one is at a loss to understand why ships' captains and others should bring such insignificant species while plenty of fine things grew beside them. Possibly the former travelled more safely. However, the fashionable public was not tempted by *Cypripedium parviflorum*, and *Epidendrum conopseum*, and *Malaxis*. In 1793, Kew had fifteen species, dying by inches 'in very great heat, with fragments of rotting bark at their roots.' The universal wars of that age, and the length of a voyage from the East, limited collectors to the West Indies, saving a few large-bulbed species which travel easily. But still the list swelled. Unfortunately, knowledge of treatment did not keep pace. It was an article of faith unquestioned that every orchid must have great heat, no sunlight, and no ventilation. In the *Botanical Magazine* we find a description of the method pursued by Mr. Vere, of Kensington, who had received a plant of *Cymbidium aloifolium* from India. He potted it in a mixture of loam and peat, and 'plunged' it in the tan bed of his stove; it lived, which was much, but it did not flower. At the same date, Messrs. Greenwood and Wyke, nurserymen, suppressed the 'plunging' and flowered this same species—which was a triumph for them—but there it ended. Nobody caught the hint.

In 1809 the Royal Horticultural Society received its charter, and the gardening craft in England had at last a head-quarters. It felt the advantage in every direction, saving orchid culture. Still, the number of species known multiplied fast, and we began to draw upon the Eastern world. *Dendrobium Picardii* flowered in 1815, and doubtless that was a grand event. It confirmed Messrs. Loddiges, of Hackney, in their bold resolve to make a speciality of orchids; which alone had its effect. For the common sense of the public told them that when business men undertook to grow these plants on a large scale, it was no longer hopeless for private individuals to try their skill. I need not pursue the history further. For many years the great firm of Loddiges laboured and thrived, making a name which shines on every page in the annals of orchidology. They perished, and Messrs. Rollison took their place, to go under in turn. Mr. Low, of Clapton, and Messrs. Veitch carried on the good work, to be succeeded by Mr. Sander, the 'Orchid King' of our time.

To these five firms we owe the great majority of orchids in cultivation. But meanwhile great amateurs came forward. The Duke of Devonshire, strolling through his conservatories at Chatsworth, remarked a flower of *Oncidium papilio*, examined it with wonder and delight, and forthwith gave orders to ransack the universe for such marvels. It was an undertaking worthy of a great nobleman. His most successful collector was Gibson, who explored

the Khasya Hills in 1836. It is pleasing to fancy the delight of an enthusiast like the Duke of Devonshire as *Dendrobium Devonianum*, *nobile*, *densiflorum*, *Gibsoni*, *fimbriatum oculatum*, arrived successively, with many another. The magnificent if impracticable *D. Dalhousianum* Gibson obtained from the Botanic Gardens, Calcutta. Besides those he himself introduced, the number of orchids which bear 'Devonian' or 'Devoniana' as their descriptive title give an abiding testimony to the Duke's interest. He astounded the public in his day by paying Messrs. Rollison a hundred guineas for *Phalænopsis Schilleriana*—a price which was thought suggestive of criminal lunacy. Some of his original plants still thrive; as the wondrous *Renanthera coccinea*, exhibited at the Orchid Conference in 1885. They stand twenty feet high, climbing over stems of silver birch. So magnificently lodged were these treasures, that when the young Queen visited Chatsworth, she was taken through the conservatory in her carriage.

But lesser personages were busy. Before this date Swainson had sent home *Cattleya labiata autumnalis*; so had Gardner, as he believed. To that incident hangs an old and fascinating tale. One day I hope to write—that is, to touch—upon the Romance of Orchidology, and the true story of *Cattleya labiata autumnalis* has its place there. The Royal Horticultural Society began to concern itself with orchids, and did vast service; among its many collectors, Hartweg fills a great place. Mr. Bateman travelled through Mexico and Central America. Ure-Skinner sent home *Lycaste Skinneri*, *Odontoglossum Ure-Skinneri*, *O. grande*. But I must pause.

Unfortunately, as has been said, knowledge did not keep pace with enterprise. To gather plants and send them home alive was perilous and difficult sixty or seventy years ago, but easy as a child's game compared with the task of keeping them on arrival. Mr. H. J. Veitch has compiled some curious evidence to show how orchids were treated in those days. At first no one seems to have contemplated the possibility of growing them from year to year; if they lived long enough to flower, no more could be expected. They endure our treatment, said the Botanical Register in 1817, 'as a carp is known to do that of being suspended out of water in a damp cellar.' Which was very true as a fact, but not as an ordinance of Nature. Mr. Fairbairn, gardener at Claremont, deservedly won fame by keeping *Aerides odoratum* alive for several years, towards 1820. Sir Joseph Banks made a precious discovery. He hung up his plants in wicker baskets and crowned the compost with moss—a thoughtful invention—but the fundamental error remained. It was still taken for granted that an orchid, any orchid, must have all the heat that could be given. And a 'resting season' was still undreamed of. Mr. Bateman first urged this principle in the Introduction to his *Orchidaceæ of Mexico and Guatemala*, and he deserves credit for so much. Next.

among our reformers was Joseph Cooper, gardener to Earl Fitzwilliam ; he lowered the temperature, and he admitted ventilation. The great Paxton went further in the same course ; he also introduced ' high potting,' that is, he half filled his pot with crocks or charcoal, over which the orchid sat, as on a mound, above the brim.

So ingenious and observant men worked on. But it was a mere mechanician, with very different objects in view probably, who corrected the inherent fault of our stoves. This was a Mr. Atkinson : I know no more of him. He invented the process of heating by means of water-pipes.. Hitherto, houses had been warmed by hot-air flues, which needed ceaseless attention, could not be regulated, and allowed deadly vapours to escape. Now, at length, it was possible to keep a steady temperature, as high or as low as might be wished, and to ventilate fearlessly. Thus, so soon as gardeners came to understand what conditions orchids require, they were able to supply them. It seems strange that the knowledge was so long in coming. At the end of 1859, even the great Lindley felt himself obliged to declare that the system was ' a deplorable failure.' Some years later still, Mr. Bateman described it as ' incredible folly.' But the spell was broken. Every collector from this time received pressing instructions to observe and report all the circumstances of orchid life. And upon these hints the whole practice was transformed.

So I return to the argument. It has been seen that orchids are the latest and most finished work of the Creator ; that the blessing was withheld from civilised man until, step by step, he gained the conditions necessary to receive it. Order and commerce in the first place ; mechanical invention in the second, such as swift ships and easy communications ; knowledge both scientific and practical ; the enthusiasm of wealthy men, the patient and thoughtful labour of their servants—all these were needed to secure for us the delights of orchid culture. And in this generation alone, since the making of the world, have they been brought to bear. What boon ever granted to mankind stands in like case ? I think of none, absolutely. Is it unreasonable, then, to believe, as was said, that orchids were designed at their inception to comfort the elect in this anxious age ?

It was said also that rich people do not share that comfort. ' The word has no relation to their feeling in the matter. They may enjoy, love, worship their orchids, if you please. They may study and dissect and publish books upon them, write poetry and disputations, travel and collect. All these things have been done and felt by the wealthy. But the comfort is not for them. I cherish indeed a great pity for the rich man who loves his orchids. He cannot but know what pleasures lie within his grasp had he the courage to seize them. Truly there are a few who will not be daunted. I have heard of a bishop, in the early days when most of us were young, who doffed his right reverend coat, and girt himself with an apron above the episcopal

vestment, to pot and trim and wash his treasures. That was in the past age, when a bishop dared to think his soul his own. I have heard, too, of a great magnate showing unexpected visitors round in his shirt-sleeves, unconscious of the solecism, having been interrupted at his 'bench.' More, they tell of a *grande dame de par le monde* who had her own refuge for work within call of the gardeners. But how few are such! As they die out, none replace them. The wealthy enthusiast of our time potters round morning and evening, his head man in weary attendance. He has nothing practical to say which that authority does not know ever so much better; but if he discourse on science he is not understood. For him as for dull Midas, who regards the 'houses' as a branch of his establishment, orchids are but a pleasure for the eye. If he really love them, how he must envy you or me, humble neighbours, who permit no masculine hand to touch our idols!

Neither do the gardeners of the rich find comfort. Triumph, they know, or should; but the sense of responsibility overshadows them. Mixed must be their feeling when instructed to buy a hundred-guinea or a two-hundred-guinea plant, for the welfare of which they must answer henceforward, when slugs or cockroaches have got the upper hand awhile, when some priceless curiosity in bud, which the master scrutinises day by day, threatens to unfold in the season of fogs. This latter peril is English exclusively—at least, it troubles us most because we are the great growers of orchids. I saw a very large collection at St. Petersburg, and never did I so much feel the disadvantage of ignoring Russian. If those gardeners keep their plants alive through the long dark winter—not to speak of flowering them—they must know secrets with which we are still unacquainted. But in France, Austria, the United States above all, that terrible curse of 'fogging' cannot be serious. We expect great things indeed when the people of America take up orchid growing. All conditions there seem so excellently fitted for success, with the warm and sun-loving species, that they should thrive far better than in their native homes. And who can doubt that cold air may be turned on shortly as heat is now? Already such growers as Mr. Ames, Mr. Kimball, Mr. Arnold, have won renown, not for rare plants only, but also for cultivation. I am wandering.

Regard now the pleasures of a poor man who grows orchids. If we be justified in crediting that they were designed to cheer the soul of thoughtful mortals in a certain age of the world, when former joys had grown stale, or had passed out of reach for the multitude, we should look to find them adapted specially for the use of the poorer middle class. Even human governments admit it as an axiom in these days that the greatest happiness of the greatest number is their first law. But Bentham discovered that principle in the operations of nature—call it divine or what you will. Orchids fall under the

rule. I do not suggest, of course, that every householder should cultivate them. Doubtless he would be happier, if qualified; so would he be if fortune provided him with a carriage and pair free of expense. Nor am I prepared to say what income should be understood under that description, 'poor.' A thousand circumstances must be reckoned with. But my meaning is easily grasped nevertheless. I speak of those myriads who own 'a bit of glass,' who can spend, say, twenty pounds as a beginning, and have an hour or two daily the year round to look after their plants. Observe, in the first place, that orchids never die unless put to death. Renewing every part of their organisation each spring, they are immortal. In the second place, they not only live, but grow larger year by year, if increase be desired. This is not the place for technicalities, and I will merely say that if the mass of bulbs on a strong plant be divided, the tail, so to speak, will start fashioning a head of its own presently. The significance of these two points is obvious. Your twenty pounds becomes an investment, which, handled with skill, grows more valuable yearly. When you wish to realise, there is no trouble in finding a buyer, as my experience goes. How many of those myriads aforesaid spend less than twenty pounds, season after season, in the purchase of miscellaneous things which die or spoil in the twelve months? Though they live, they are nothing worth.

But orchids demand so much expense for the mere culture! How? We have taken the 'bit of glass' for granted. What mysterious quality is there in these plants to make them more costly in the growing than pelargoniums or camellias, if cool genera be preferred; or gardenias in the warmer house? Actually none! Your coke bill will not be swollen by one item in either case, nor can I think out a single detail of increased expense. One point has been urged, and therefore I must notice it. You cannot 'smoke' cool orchids—the class which poor men naturally favour. That consideration truly has some weight with those who store thousands of them in a crystal palace. But to speak of it with regard to the men whom I address is trifling. If you cannot smoke you can 'dip,' and to immerse your whole collection, one after another, in a basin, if done leisurely, may occupy an hour. In this point of view, in fact, orchids are decidedly economical. Smoking must be repeated several times in the course of the season. But none of our insect pests hanker for that dry or leathery or bitter foliage. Even slugs, as I have carefully observed, will crawl over a tempting orchid to reach some familiar food. Once dipped, your plants—if healthy—are safe for months. In that happy land of America, the worst plagues, green-fly and thrips, are absolutely excluded by burying the pipes in tobacco waste. The Excise forbids us that convenience. But I hope the authorities will be persuaded to hear reason on this matter shortly.

Another stereotyped objection, almost as futile, regards the

expense of the plants themselves. This is legendary. It had some significance once on a time, and the unlearned public does not yet understand how changed are all the circumstances. What could a man get for twenty pounds? the reader may ask. I reply that Messrs. Sander, for example, will furnish him with a hundred and seventy-five pots of cool orchids, 'established,' strong, charming species, actually certain to flower, unless he kill them of malice prepense almost; or one hundred pots of 'intermediate,' adapted, that is, for a warmer house; or fifty of the stove kinds. After mastering the easy mysteries of culture thus, with little risk, our amateur will enlarge his collection by buying unestablished plants at Messrs. Protheroe and Morris's sale-rooms, or direct from the importer. In the latter case, again, he has very little to fear, provided he deal with a firm of repute; in the former, of course, he must depend on his own judgment to choose promising specimens. How much do unestablished plants cost? Pence, I feel inclined to answer. But to speak categorically—a famous nurseryman who has but lately added orchids to his stock-in-trade once told me that he reckoned his purchases, costly and cheap sorts together, while forming the collection, at one shilling apiece. But remark that I do not advise any unskilled person to buy unestablished plants. However cheap in cash, they would make a dear experience probably.

A third bugbear, most dreaded of all, is the difficulty of cultivation. So baseless is this fancy, but so general, that I have given myself some pains to trace its origin. Not any particular orchid is charged with caprice; the objection might be sound enough in that case. There are still too many species, even genera, which we call rebellious. But with very few exceptions they do not belong to a class which amateurs are likely to buy. Nevertheless, ninety-nine readers in a hundred probably, even among those not wholly ignorant of the matter, cherish it as an article of faith that Orchidaceæ in general are possessed with some malignant spirit. And their gardeners will confirm this impression, if asked. It arises, I feel sure, from unskilful management—more exact it would be to say unskilled management—of one popular genus. Persons who cultivate *Odontoglossa*, and *Oncids*, and *Dendrobies*, with success, treating them all alike, or nearly, pursue the same course with *Cattleyas*. But these are altogether different. Take the twelve species grown by those who would have a *Cattleya* in bloom each month of the year. Since they have a fixed time for flowering, it is evident that each of the twelve exacts its special cultivation. He who urges them all on simultaneously, and simultaneously gives them rest—as he may with *Odontoglossa*, for instance—will see most species dwindle to extinction promptly. And it is not a question of twelve alone, but of scores, if the rash amateur go into *Cattleyas* with a plunge. I urgently advise him to refrain until he has got the necessities of each species, at his

finger-ends—for, unhappily, there is no handbook published, to my knowledge, which gives the practical details. That noble work, *Reichenbachia*, contains them. But a collection of folio sheets is not adapted for ready reference.

The poor man whom I address, therefore, will leave *Cattleyas* aside, or he will purchase only those species, like *C. Trianae* and *C. Mossiae*, that rest in the same season as *Dendrobies*; which they are, any dealer will inform him. The great bulk of orchid genera are not only as easy to grow as any plants whatsoever—much more easy they are, much safer, much less troublesome. Accident and mishap are borne with singular patience. If the fire go out on a frosty night, your *pelargoniums* will be blackened in the morning—you may as well throw them away; but your *Odontoglots* will be little the worse if the thermometer fall to thirty degrees for a week. More than that. Twice I have heard of icicles pendent on a *Dendrobium nobile*—when at rest, of course; in each instance the flowering was specially good that season. On those terrible nights last year, when the mercury touched zero, I myself had a plant of *Odontoglossum constrictum* in a porch, unheated, with north aspect. The young bulbs all died, but it ‘broke back;’ the pot is now as full as ever, or almost, and I shall be disappointed if it does not bloom this spring. In brief, orchids generally, the class I speak of, are much more likely to suffer from heat than from cold. Indeed, a story recurs to mind, as I write, dealing with *Phalænopsis*, a very warm ‘genus,’ with which the poor amateur is in no way concerned. A good many years ago, one of these plants was overlooked in the cool house at Messrs. Williams’s establishment, Holloway, and remained there through the winter; to be precise, *Ph. Schilleriana*. When discovered, in spring, it was growing superbly, and it has continued to grow, in the same place, defying all our laws. I saw it four years since, and there was no finer specimen in the *Phalænopsis* house proper, which has never known a temperature below sixty-five degrees.

But if the orchids you will choose do not fear cold, what on earth have they to dread—or where lies the difficulty of growing them? Actually there is none! Give them a damp atmosphere, plenty of air, and all the light possible, exclude the summer sun from your cool house, shade the warm one slightly, if you prefer those species, see that insects do no mischief, and the dear things will take care of themselves. How these conditions named may be effected any book will inform you. If proof be asked for statements which may seem incredible, it can be furnished. Four weeks every year I leave my orchids in charge of a cook and parlour-maid, one looking after the cool house, the other the warm. My holiday is always in the height of summer—the most perilous season. On returning, I have invariably found the plants rather more thriving, if possible, than they

would have been had I remained at home. For a busy man must needs neglect his playthings sometimes.

Thus orchids are the least troublesome, and really the least expensive of flowers. Anyone of modest means will understand the comfort of feeling that money laid out on his garden is not extravagance but sound investment, which he can realise at any time. That alone is much—a standing satisfaction for the frugal mind on pleasure bent. But there is infinitely more. He who does not love to tend flowers is denied the most pleasing interest of age. Such there are among the cleverest and the brightest, as I have reason to be assured. Heaven show mercy to them in the other world, for their lot is piteous here below! But no flowers can be named with orchids for the depth, the permanence, or the variety of enjoyment which they yield. Though none are so well able to take care of themselves, none lend themselves so readily and so constantly the year round to small attentions. You can always find something to do to your orchids which shall make them look prettier and neater. And never is it dirty work—for this reason perhaps the ladies of the amateur's household so readily assist him, in my experience. No handling of soil, under an abiding suspicion of worms. No horrid smell from manure. No 'ramming' of compost until the arms ache. All is clean and agreeable. In the spring we dress the pots for the season. The sphagnum moss which grew over them last year, so tall and so deliciously green in the cool houses that the bulbs of *Odontoglossa* and *Oncidiums* scarcely peeped above it, is half withered after the long rest, and droops untidily in shocks. It must be removed—but tenderly, for the young roots, so exquisitely delicate, yet so bold and plump, are pushing through in all directions. Then the surface must be lightly stirred—carefully, carefully—and replanted here and there with the emerald tips of sphagnum. That lovely moss is just springing to new life in damp woodlands, where vagrom men collect it in sacks, and retail it among the orchid growers of the district; their sacks would prove to hold a miscellaneous assortment of plunder, I fancy, if examined. It is only the green heads we use for dressing; in a very few days they take root and grow, clothing the surface with verdure. Can a lady find more charming work than this? I would not say that it is necessary, however. We are all acquainted with rough men who cultivate orchids like cabbages, for sale, wasting no time on adornment. But the amateur will be foolish as well as tasteless if he follow this plan. For the dressing and such little attentions, each in its season, assuredly compensate for some ignorance of treatment. Those 'professionals' can do without them because they understand their business so thoroughly. An orchid growing amidst sphagnum will bear with utter indifference such neglect or such errors as would

injure it if naked. Thus our pleasant employment is justified by utility as well as beauty.

I have sought to avoid all technicalities, and therefore I say nothing of hybridisation here. That is the supreme interest and joy of the amateur. But it joins on at a stage very far beyond that we are considering. The culture of orchids such as a prudent man of slender means will buy has few secrets, and those easy. To make roses and things of that sort thrive under glass, an unnatural condition for them, is work of craftsmanship, if not exactly of art. No intelligence, no study of books, will teach 'gardening,' as the honest fellow in blue apron understands that word. He has learned by experience, his own and that accumulated by generations. Orchid growing is different. A man or a woman may undertake that culture, in its simple forms, with no preparation beyond common-sense, a habit of thoughtful observing, and a handbook for the preliminary rules. I myself knew nothing when I began, absolutely, but when, years after, I found a chance to profit by the discoveries of others—so far as the cool house goes it proved that I had very little to learn. To prevent mistakes, however, it must be added that in the warm house I am still a humble and inquiring student. Ambition, want of means, above all, ignorance, led me into the mistake of buying unestablished plants to start with, and thus, for years, my successes were few, my losses and troubles constant. At no time, however, did I cease to return from the bottom of my heart a Thanksgiving for Orchids.

FREDERICK BOYLE.

THE LESSONS OF A DECADE

THE publication of the Report of the Irish Census Commission enables us to take stock of one of the most striking and interesting periods in the history of Ireland. The Report, covering as it does six hundred pages, is a most exhaustive document. It is accompanied by tables of figures, diagrams and maps, sufficient to appal all but the most resolute inquirers. Yet the student who resolves to master this volume will be abundantly rewarded. For it is here the real facts about Ireland and Irish life, about progress or retrogression in that country, are to be found. It is to volumes of this character and not to the ephemeral and partisan literature of the hour, statesmen and politicians must go if they desire facts and wish to get at truth.

And if the Report itself is interesting, what is to be said of the period with which it deals? A distinguished Irish Nationalist, who shall be nameless here, once claimed that he and his party were engaged in making history. Most assuredly history has been made in the decade 1881 to 1891. During this period the system of Irish Land Tenure has been completely revolutionised. Much of the policy and work of the Tudors, of Henry and Elizabeth, of Cromwell and of William the Third, has been undone. The aspirations of Sharman-Crawford, the dreams of Dr. McKnight, have been more than realised; the contentions of the Tenant League and of Isaac Butt have been more than conceded. Since 1881 no less than six great land measures have been passed. Three of these, the Acts of 1881-82 and 1887 dealt with tenure; those of 1885-88 and 1891 with purchase.

In spite of these great healing and, as I believe, just measures, civilised society, all through the decade, may be said to have been fighting for its very existence. For this Report covers the period of the Land League. And what this organisation really meant to Ireland can best be gleaned from the Criminal and Judicial Statistics carefully prepared by the Registrar-General. It covers also those years which witnessed the promulgation of the Plan of Campaign, and saw Mr. Arthur Balfour locked in a life-or-death struggle with the forces of Irish disorder.

Notwithstanding all this, the story of the decade is in almost every particular a most gratifying one. Here and there, indeed, the student of social anatomy comes across figures hard to be

understood, and not very pleasant when their full force is realised. But, as a whole, the facts brought to light are at once suggestive and encouraging, and they certainly give no countenance to the wail of those patriots whose jaundiced vision distorts everything to the detriment of what is called English rule in Ireland. I propose in this article to deal with some of the most salient figures of the Report in their due order.

DECREASE OF THE POPULATION

The reduction in the population of Ireland is unquestionably the most striking fact in the modern history of the country. It has been, and it continues to be, the theme of the politician, and it undoubtedly furnishes all such with an argument which appeals at once to the heart and the imagination of the people. To be able, in face of British prosperity, to point to a great catastrophe such as that which occurred in 1846-47, and to the flight of the people ever since, until at the present time the population is little more than half what it was before the Famine—this, I say, is on the surface of things a strong case against the Government of Ireland. It is not my intention to argue the point. I have already done so in this Review.¹ But the contention will not bear examination. The increase of population in any country of itself, and standing by itself, may be either a blessing or a curse—a proof of prosperity or the reverse. If the prosperity of a country is to be tested by the mere increase of population, Ireland's halcyon day ought surely to have been between the years 1800 and 1846, i.e. from the year of the Union to the date of the Famine. During these years the population increased by leaps and bounds. It more than doubled. The rate of increase exceeded that of either England or France. Did this fact establish the success of the Union? Everybody knows that the state of Ireland was then unspeakably miserable. If any one desires to examine the facts for himself, let him study the Reports of the numerous Select Committees which sat during that period—their object being to inquire into the condition of the people. They constitute the saddest of all reading. The population multiplied and increased, it is true, but there was no work and no wages for them. Half the people were simply mendicants. Their sole reliance was one cheap article of food. Priests and people alike cried aloud for emigration schemes. House accommodation was shocking. Education was at the lowest ebb. In fact, things were so bad that, looking back, one is almost tempted to say that the great Famine was a blessing in disguise. It brought misery to thousands, but it forced attention. It was a great catastrophe, but it compelled action. And a new life was the result. The figures of the Great Exodus which commenced then are full of sad interest.

¹ See *Nineteenth Century*, April 1890, art. 'Ireland Then and Now.'

Taking 1821 as the first year for which it is possible to get reliable data, they stand thus :

Table showing, by provinces, the total population of Ireland at each census period, 1821-91.

Census periods	Ireland	Province of			
		Leinster	Munster	Ulster	Connaught
Persons					
1821	6,801,827	1,757,492	1,035,612	1,998,494	1,110,229
1831	7,767,401	1,909,713	2,227,152	2,286,622	1,343,914
1841	8,175,124	1,973,731	2,306,161	2,386,373	1,418,859
1851	6,552,385	1,672,738	1,857,736	2,011,880	1,010,031
1861	5,798,664	1,457,635	1,513,558	1,914,236	913,135
1871	5,412,377	1,330,451	1,393,485	1,833,228	846,213
1881	5,174,836	1,278,989	1,331,115	1,743,075	821,657
1891	4,704,750	1,187,700	1,172,402	1,619,814	724,774

During the decade under review, and viewing it as a whole, it will be seen that the flow to the United States, to Canada and Great Britain, went steadily on. In fact it increased in volume. On this point the Commissioners say: 'The reduction of the population recorded in 1851, 1861, 1871, and 1881 is still in progress. Up to and including the latter year the percentage of decrease had been less in each succeeding decade, that for 1851 being 19·85, for 1861, 11·50, for 1871, 6·67, and for 1881, 4·39. But in 1891 it was 9·08, or 2·41 in excess of the decrease shown in 1871, and 4·69 in excess of that shown in 1881.' The Land War, in itself, was sufficient to cause this excess. But it is satisfactory to find that during the last three years, viz. 1888, 1889, and 1890, the figures steadily diminished. For these years they were—1888, 78,684; 1889, 70,477; and for 1890, 61,313. A depletion which has gone on continuously for well nigh half a century is certainly a most extraordinary phenomenon. Indeed, I should say it is unexampled in the history of modern times. During the past decade the population of fifteen Scottish counties has diminished. But in the case of Scotland this has been due to migration, the people leaving the country districts and crowding into the towns and the industrial centres. And the population of the country, as a whole, has increased. In Ireland, on the contrary, it has been a quitting of the country altogether, only 9 per cent. of the 768,105 emigrants who left between 1881 and 1891 going to Great Britain. The great body of those who left crossed the Atlantic. There are still portions of the west of Ireland over-populated. This is admitted on all hands. But whilst Mayo and Galway can well spare some of those who still cling to small patches of land, I cannot think it possible even for the most pronounced advocate of emigration to say this of the country at large. Rather should I be inclined to

think that we have at last reached the point at which every person leaving the country was a positive loss. Let us hope, therefore, that the decrease evidenced during the past three years may be maintained.

Since the year 1876, tables showing the destinations of the emigrants have been included in the Emigration Statistics of Ireland, from which we learn that of 770,706 emigrants during the ten years 1881-90, 699,920, or 90·8 per cent., went to the colonies or foreign countries, and 70,786, or 9·2 per cent., to Great Britain. Of the former number 613,503, or 70·6 per cent. of the total emigrants from Ireland, went to the United States of America; 39,786, or 5·2 per cent., to Canada; 38,930, or 5·0 per cent., to Australia; 4,599, or 0·6 per cent., to New Zealand; and 3·097, or 0·4 per cent., to other countries; and of those who left for Great Britain, 43,341; or 5·6 per cent. of all the emigrants, went to England or Wales, and 27,445, or 3·6 per cent., to Scotland.

EDUCATION OF THE PEOPLE

Table showing the proportion per cent. of the population, five years old and upwards, who could neither read nor write, in each province, county, city, &c., in Ireland, at the census periods of 1841, 1851, 1861, 1871, 1881, and 1891.

Provinces, counties, cities, &c.	Proportion per cent. of the population, 5 years old and upwards, who could neither read nor write						Provinces, counties, cities, &c.	Proportion per cent. of the population, 5 years old and upwards, who could neither read nor write					
	In 1841	In 1851	In 1861	In 1871	In 1881	In 1891		In 1841	In 1851	In 1861	In 1871	In 1881	In 1891
IRELAND	52·7	46·8	38·7	33·4	25·2	18·4	Limerick City	42·1	37·6	33·2	29·4	22·8	17·6
							County	55·3	51·2	39·6	33·9	24·3	16·9
							Tipperary	51·0	46·7	36·5	30·6	21·7	15·1
							Waterford City	36·3	39·4	34·6	32·4	27·2	21·6
							County	70·6	66·9	58·8	50·7	39·3	28·1
PROVINCES							ULSTER						
Leinster	44·0	39·0	31·0	27·0	20·3	15·4	Antrim County, exclusive of Belfast (part of) and Carrickfergus	93·8	90·2	18·6	15·8	12·3	9·6
Munster	60·6	55·8	46·1	39·2	28·5	19·9	Armagh County	42·8	39·1	34·1	30·4	22·6	18·6
Ulster	40·6	35·3	30·0	26·4	20·3	15·4	Belfast City	21·1	20·4	17·3	15·7	11·9	8·7
Connaught	72·1	66·3	57·1	49·3	37·9	27·4	Carrickfergus (Co. of the Town)	13·2	11·2	9·2	11·3	8·7	6·5
LEINSTER							Cavan County	51·5	45·0	35·5	30·1	22·4	16·1
Carlow County	38·0	30·1	29·3	26·3	19·8	14·9	Donegal	61·7	57·3	52·1	48·6	39·6	31·1
Drogheda (Co. of the Town)	45·4	43·7	38·1	34·2	26·6	20·3	Down County, exclusive of Belfast (part of)	27·6	24·3	21·2	18·8	14·3	11·6
Dublin City	23·2	24·9	20·7	19·8	15·5	14·5	Fermanagh County	45·8	38·5	31·6	27·6	21·5	15·4
County	31·9	29·0	22·2	18·8	13·1	10·1	Londonderry County and City	29·4	29·5	24·1	22·3	17·6	14·3
Kildare	41·9	38·2	29·6	26·0	20·2	14·1	Monaghan County	51·3	42·0	34·7	30·7	22·0	17·8
Kilkenny City	40·7	37·8	34·0	30·5	21·0	15·8	Tyrone	45·0	38·2	32·0	29·0	22·6	17·4
County	51·2	46·0	36·5	30·4	22·1	15·8							
King's	47·9	43·1	34·8	29·9	22·3	16·4							
Longford	51·2	46·9	36·7	32·0	23·1	18·9							
Louth	61·1	52·9	45·0	38·7	30·0	21·4							
Meath	54·5	47·5	37·2	32·1	23·4	16·3							
Queen's	41·6	38·5	30·6	26·5	20·4	14·0							
Westmeath	53·1	47·6	38·1	31·0	23·4	16·6							
Wexford	41·3	38·9	32·5	31·7	25·6	19·6							
Wicklow	41·3	38·1	32·0	28·1	21·7	16·7							
MUNSTER							CONNAUGHT						
Clare County	63·1	59·6	46·8	37·9	27·8	19·2	Galway County and County of the Town	76·6	70·1	62·9	56·4	46·8	33·9
Cork City	35·6	35·7	33·1	29·4	21·0	15·9	Leitrim County	57·3	52·0	41·2	33·6	23·6	16·4
Cork County	65·6	59·5	50·7	42·7	30·3	20·6	Mayo	79·0	73·7	65·5	57·4	44·6	39·0
Kerry	76·4	64·3	53·3	47·3	35·1	24·6	Roscommon	68·0	68·9	47·1	38·9	27·3	18·2
							Sligo	68·7	63·3	53·2	43·1	30·9	22·4

In this department there has been unexampled progress made. In judging of illiteracy in Ireland the general public are too apt to look at the statistics of illiterate voters at parliamentary elections. These returns are, however, notoriously and admittedly deceptive. The illiterate voter in Ireland is a complete fraud. He is, in the main, the creation of the political priest, and votes illiterate because he is ordered to do so. According to the Report of the Census Commission, 'in 1891 the number of persons in Ireland five years old and upwards who were wholly illiterate was 18·4 per cent. of the population; in 1881 the percentage was 25·2, showing a decrease in 1891 of 6·8 per cent. The number of persons aged five years and upwards in 1891 who could read only was 11 per cent. of the population. In 1881 the percentage was 15·5, showing a decrease in 1891 of 4·5 on the percentage. In 1881 59·3 per cent. of the population aged five years and upwards were able to read and write; in 1891 the percentage was 70·6, showing an increase of 11·3 in the decade.' By means of the table on the preceding page the educational progress made in each county since 1841 will be readily and clearly seen.

This is a record of steady and most satisfactory progress. Where all have done well it may appear invidious to make distinctions. Ulster and Leinster, it will be observed, are represented as standing level. But it is only fair to point out that Ulster is weighted with Donegal, a county almost entirely Catholic and Celtic, which might with perfect propriety have been counted as part of Connaught. Of course, as the Commissioners point out (p. 59), 'Roman Catholics constitute 75 per cent. of the population, and must necessarily include a very large proportion of the humbler classes. It would consequently be useless to institute any comparison as regards the condition of education between the Roman Catholic body and other religious denominations.' But although not instituting any comparison in their Report, the Commissioners have brought out the facts in one of the tables thus :

	Proportion per cent. 5 years old and upwards who could neither read nor write				
	Roman Catholics	Protestant Episcopalians	Presbyterians	Methodists	All other denominations
Ireland	22·0	8·6	5·6	4·4	5·0
<i>Provinces</i>					
Leinster	17·3	4·2	2·9	2·9	7·2
Munster	21·0	4·2	2·6	3·6	6·9
Ulster	24·0	11·4	5·7	4·9	4·5
Connaught	28·5	5·2	2·9	2·2	4·7

What these figures really prove is that the Protestants of Ireland are in as good a position, viewed from an educational standpoint, as their brethren in Great Britain. It is amongst the Roman Catholic population the leeway has chiefly to be made up. And although Galway, Mayo, Donegal, and some other counties drag slowly along, progress is happily being made all along the line. But the facts of school attendance prove that Mr. Jackson's Education Bill was urgently required. Here is a table which, had it been available during the education debates last session, would have made an end of Archbishop Walsh's contention that compulsion was not required in Ireland.

Table showing the proportion per cent. of the population, between five and sixteen years of age, attending school and not attending school during the week ended May 30th, 1891, in each province in Ireland.

Provinces	Proportion per cent.	
	Attending school	Not attending school
Ireland	54.1	45.9
<i>Provinces</i>		
Leinster	55.6	44.4
Munster	60.1	39.9
Ulster	51.2	48.8
Connaught	48.5	51.5

The figures in this table show what yet remains to be done. But the progress made since 1841 is a striking testimony to that system of national education founded in 1831, and the principle of which is even now so virulently assailed by the Irish sectarians.

HOUSE ACCOMMODATION OF THE PEOPLE

In nothing is the rise in the standard of comfort so apparent as in the dwellings of the people. Time was, and that not so long ago, when the mud cabin was the typical home of the Irish family. But these rude buildings are rapidly disappearing, and in another decade will probably have altogether vanished from sight. On the next page is a table which enables comparisons to be made and the progress tested.

In thirty years, according to these figures, the number of first class houses has increased from 55,000 to 70,000; the second class has increased from 360,000 to 466,000; whilst those of the third class have diminished from 489,000 to 312,000, and the mud cabins have gone down from 89,000 to 20,000. These are most satisfactory figures, and it is clear that the tourist will soon have to search for his mud cabin. All the same, I do not know that the Irish peasant quite

relishes the change to brick and mortar. The distribution of the different classes of houses is interesting. Ulster, being the richest of the four provinces, might naturally be expected to have the greater number of houses with first class accommodation. This, however, is not what the returns show. Ulster, in this respect, is behind both Leinster and Munster. Belfast is behind Dublin, and Down is only on a level with Cork. But the explanation is not far to seek. Ulster is the home of the small holder of land, and Belfast is a city of artisans. The figures for each county, however, are of interest. They prove to demonstration the backward state of that western area with which Mr. Balfour had all too little time to grapple. It is in Donegal, Galway, Mayo, and Kerry that the bulk of the fourth class houses are to be found.

Table showing the proportion per cent. of the inhabited houses in each province in Ireland, belonging to each class, in 1891.

Provinces and counties	Classes of houses				Provinces and counties	Classes of houses			
	1st	2nd	3rd	4th		1st	2nd	3rd	4th
	8·1	53·6	35·9		MUNSTER				
					Clare	3·8	54·0	39·4	2·8
					Cork	8·9	57·3	30·4	3·0
					Kerry	4·3	39·1	48·4	7·9
					Limerick	5·5	48·8	39·7	6·0
					Tipperary	7·9	57·7	31·6	2·8
					Waterford	7·3	58·8	31·7	2·2
					ULSTER				
					Antrim	8·1	58·7	31·8	0·4
					Armagh	6·8	57·1	34·4	1·7
					Cavan	4·0	51·6	41·0	2·8
					Donegal	4·4	34·2	59·2	2·2
					Down	8·9	61·1	29·3	0·7
					Fermanagh	8·2	57·5	35·8	1·8
					Londonderry	8·2	52·6	38·4	0·8
					Monaghan	5·2	51·9	41·3	41·6
					Tyrone	5·9	48·7	44·1	1·8
					CONNAUGHT				
					Galway	4·5	41·7	49·6	4·2
					Leitrim	2·0	53·8	41·0	2·6
					Mayo	2·8	24·6	69·2	2·7
					Roscommon	3·8	47·7	46·0	2·6
					Silgo	0·9	58·1	33·9	1·1
Leinster	13·1	54·7							
Munster	8·2	54·6							
Ulster	6·8	58·1							
Connaught	3·5	39·4							
Carlow		61·1	27·8						
Dublin		62·2	18·8						
Kildare		48·1	38·0						
Kilkenny		57·1	31·4						
King's		52·0	38·0						
Longford		54·0	37·1						
Louth and Drogheda (Co. of the Town)		47·1	43·4						
Meath		43·9	43·6						
Queen's		50·1	39·4						
Westmeath		53·4	38·6						
Wexford	7·2	57·1	29·9						
Wicklow	10·4		25·4						

But here, as with education, the progress made has been steady and continuous, and it is progress for which the political tourist has not always made allowance in his wanderings through Ireland.

THE AGRICULTURAL CONDITIONS

In dealing with the figures of Irish agriculture there is great difficulty, and much caution is necessary in arriving at conclusions. Even as they are marshalled in this Report it is not always easy to

get at what underlies them. But there are things on the surface that may be put down as authoritative.

The number, extent, and distribution of agricultural holdings is thus set down :

Table showing, by provinces, the number of agricultural holdings of each class in 1891.

Classification of holdings, and number in each class

			ing 5 a	5 and not ing 10 a	10 and not ex ing 15 a	15 and not ex ing 20 a	20 and not ex ing 30 a	30 and not ex ing 50 a	50 and not ex ing 100 a	100 a elling 21		
	Ab	Ab										
Leinster.	6,901	14,848	12,174	9,044	8,031	10,746	13,288	12,457	6,550	8,024	664	97,725
Munster.	5,694	9,680	8,752	7,220	8,061	13,145	19,370	20,297	9,049	3,308	558	108,031
Ulster.	3,063	19,221	31,679	26,740	22,960	26,015	23,479	14,267	4,020	1,287	294	172,975
Connaught	2,586	11,805	23,798	19,768	16,486	15,028	10,831	8,908	2,736	1,504	662	111,184

Total of Ireland . 18,343 55,554 76,403 62,792 55,538 64,934 66,969 62,928 22,354 8,976 3,175 486,865

Here the fact is clearly shown that the mass of the small holdings are in Ulster and Connaught. The Commissioners note this and remark that :

Comparing the four provinces, it will be found that the holdings not exceeding 15 $\frac{1}{2}$ in rateable value constitute in Leinster 57·3 per cent. of the total number of holdings in that province; in Munster, 58·3; in Ulster, 68·8; and in Connaught, 56·6 per cent.

In all the counties in the province of Connaught, the percentage of holdings not exceeding 15 $\frac{1}{2}$ in rateable valuation is above 80·0, in the county of Mayo the percentage being 92·1; in four counties in the province of Ulster the percentage exceeds 70·0—that for Donegal being 87·2; in the province of Munster the percentage exceeds 70·0 in two counties, viz. Kerry and Clare, in which the percentages are 75·0 and 70·4 respectively; in four counties in Leinster the percentage exceeds 60·0—Longford, Louth, King's, and Queen's, viz. 60·0, 64·1, 63·1, and 63·1 respectively.

But the real difficulties as to the condition of Irish agriculture begin when we approach the consideration of the agricultural statistics themselves. One fact, however, and not a pleasant one, is apparent. The land is steadily going out of culture, that is, in the sense of being used for tillage purposes.

According to the agricultural statistics (Ireland) for last year (1891), presented to Parliament by the Registrar-General, there was 23·9 per cent. of the total area under crops, 55·10 per cent. under grass, 0·1 per cent. under fallow or uncropped arable land, 1·5 per cent. under woods and plantations, 8·6 per cent. under bog and marsh, 10·9 per cent. under barren mountain land, and the remaining 792,787 acres, or 3·9 per cent., were stated to be under 'roads, fences, &c.'

In 1881 the proportion per cent. under crops, including meadow and clover, was 25·6; grass, 49·6; fallow, 0·1; woods and plantations, 1·6; and bog and marsh, 8·4; barren mountain land, 10·4; and under 'water, roads, fences, &c.,' 4·3.

But to those who know Ireland no statistics were needed to convince them of a fact that is everywhere apparent. Whether owing to climatic conditions, which have rendered wheat an impossible, and flax a most precarious crop, the country is rapidly becoming a huge grass farm. Up till twelve or eighteen months ago cattle paid well, and the tendency has all been in this direction, as the live stock figures prove.

In 1881, the number of horses in the whole of Ireland was 548,354, and in 1891 it amounted to 592,819, showing an increase of 44,465, or 8.1 per cent. There was an increase of 8.0 per cent. in the province of Leinster; 11.3 per cent. in Munster; 6.6 per cent. in Ulster; and 5.8 per cent. in Connaught.

The number of cattle in Ireland in 1881 being 3,056,505, and in 1891 4,448,511, an increase is shown of 491,916, or 12.4 per cent. An increase of 10.6 per cent. took place in the province of Leinster; of 12.9 per cent. in Munster; of 14.2 per cent. in Ulster; and of 11.5 per cent. in Connaught.

The number of sheep in Ireland in 1881 amounted to 3,256,185, and in 1891 to 4,722,613, being 1,466,428, or 45.0 per cent. more than in 1881. An increase of 40.2 per cent. took place in the province of Leinster; 45.3 per cent. in Munster; 78.9 per cent. in Ulster; and 35.1 per cent. in Connaught.

In 1881 there were 1,005,830 pigs in Ireland; in 1891 there were 1,367,712, showing an increase of 271,882, or 24.8 per cent. In the provinces the percentages of increase were as follows: Leinster, 24.9 per cent.; Munster, 8.0 per cent.; Ulster, 53.7; and Connaught, 22.0 per cent.

Now, however, that the price of cattle has fallen; now that it is almost impossible to sell certain classes at any reasonable price, it will be interesting to watch whether the pendulum will swing back again. But the increase in the grass lands, and the enormous increase in the live stock, show that the theory of the land going out of cultivation has two sides. With the Irish farmer it is, I apprehend, a mere question of which brings him the largest returns. The increased cost of labour also tells heavily against tillage, and, on the other hand, the tendency to grass farming lessens the demand for labour and promotes emigration. Like his English and Scottish brethren, the Irish farmer is fighting a severe battle against the foreigner and all-round competition. In many respects he is worse equipped for the fight than his neighbours. He has less capital if he has more legal privilege. And he is nowhere, so far as scientific knowledge and equipment are concerned.

PAUPERISM AND LUNACY.

Whilst outdoor as well as indoor pauperism has steadily declined during the decade, it is a curious fact that lunacy has increased to an alarming extent. The figures for indoor pauperism stand thus: 1871, 49,001; 1881, 55,830; 1891, 47,348.

The statistics of outdoor relief show that whilst the actual number was less, the relative number to the population was greater,

viz. in 1881, 64,233, or one in every eighty-one of the population, and in 1891, 62,988, or one in every seventy-five.

The following statement shows the number of lunatics and idiots in Ireland in 1851, 1861, 1871, 1881, and 1891, at large, in asylums, in prisons, and in work-houses, as returned in the census forms :

Years	Lunatics					Idiots					Total lunatics and idiots
	At large	In asylums	In prisons	In work-houses	Total	At large	In asylums	In prisons	In work-houses	Total	
1851	1,073	3,234	273	494	5,074	3,562	202	13	1,129	4,906	9,980
1861	1,602	4,613	273	577	7,065	5,075	403	21	984	7,083	14,098
1871	1,343	7,141	5	1,274	9,763	5,147	410	2	1,183	6,742	16,505
1881	943	7,647	—	1,284	9,774	4,548	1,896	—	2,195	8,639	18,413
1891	893	11,265	—	2,787	14,945	4,077	996	—	1,170	6,243	21,188

From the foregoing it will be observed that the number of lunatics returned in 1891 was nearly treble the number in 1851, and that the increase between 1881 and 1891 was from 9,774 to 14,945, there having been an increase of 3,718 in the number of lunatics in asylums, and of 1,503 in the number of those in workhouses, whilst there was a decrease of 50 in the number at large. There was a decrease of 2,306 in the number of idiots returned in 1891, compared with the number in 1881; a decrease of 900 appears to have occurred in the number in asylums, a decrease of 1,025 in the number in workhouses, and of 471 in the number at large.

The total number of lunatics and idiots returned on the census forms in 1851 amounted to 9,980; in 1861, to 14,098; in 1871, to 16,505; in 1881, to 18,413; and in 1891, to 21,188.

These are undoubtedly the most startling figures contained in the Report, and they ought to give rise to searching inquiry. Probably whisky and politics will turn out to be the main factors in an increase which is phenomenal, and which demands the serious attention of the Legislature. Travelling in Kerry recently, a well-known doctor informed me that lunacy had largely increased in that county—the sufferers mainly being women whose sons had taken part and fallen, as the phrase goes, in the Land War. And in a petition which I lately presented to the Home Secretary for the release of one of the dynamite prisoners, I noticed the statement that the prisoner's mother went insane on hearing of her son's conviction. We shall never be able fully to realise all the trouble born of the 'Ten Years' Conflict.' But the facts brought to light by the figures in this table are of the greatest importance, and are unspeakably sad.

THE LANGUAGE OF THE PEOPLE

Notwithstanding efforts which have to some extent been aided by the Board of Education, the Irish language is clearly doomed. The decrease in those speaking Irish only, and of those able to speak both Irish and English, applies to all the four provinces. The following table gives the numbers :

Table showing, by provinces, the number and ages of persons who spoke Irish only, and of those who spoke Irish and English, in Ireland, in 1871, 1881, and 1891.

Number of persons							Ages not specified
		Under 10 years	10 and under 20	20 and under 30	30 and under 70	70 and upwards	
Irish only . .	{ 1871	14,194	22,911	21,962	31,602	12,879	
	{ 1881	10,623	12,266	11,188	18,890	11,100	
	{ 1891	8,642	7,973	6,094	10,635	7,348	
Irish and Eng- lish . . .	{ 1871	46,589	232,794	194,317	189,234	51,213	
	{ 1881	47,646	240,808	240,993	233,022	82,695	
	{ 1891	26,143	191,433	168,344	184,893	72,240	
Irish only . .	{ 187					114	
	{ 188					12	
	{ 189					4	
Irish and Eng- lish . . .	{ 1..					2,935	15,873
	{ 188	2,348	6,529	11,313	6,071	27,402	
	{ 1891	1,958	2,191	5,088	3,337	13,669	
Irish only . .	{ 1871	5,682	7,342	12,728		12	33,967
	{ 1881	1,676	3,143	7,064	5,347	—	18,422
	{ 1891	610	1,099	3,383	3,374	—	9,060
Irish and Eng- lish . . .	{ 1871	107,876	101,015	100,718	26,031	133	352,527
	{ 1881	124,993	124,413	120,398	41,531	1	427,344
	{ 1891	77,566	83,371	93,573	37,179	—	298,573
Irish only . .	{ 1871	5,438	3,648	3,019	1,523	—	19,067
	{ 1881	2,678	2,223	2,716	1,194	—	12,360
	{ 1891	1,281	1,169	1,833	1,026	—	7,053
Irish and Eng- lish . . .	{ 1871	21,619	15,729	16,960	6,257	—	65,856
	{ 1881	29,824	24,026	25,771	11,347	—	98,163
	{ 1891	25,982	17,983	19,402	8,602	—	77,099
Irish only . .	{ 1871	7,160	11,790	10,923	14,755	5,534	2
	{ 1881	5,890	7,895	5,811	9,183	4,847	—
	{ 1891	3,273	6,112	3,626	5,416	3,445	—
Irish and Eng- lish . . .	{ 1871	24,505	101,633	73,779	64,119	16,990	31
	{ 1881	24,345	122,643	96,023	76,127	28,706	—
	{ 1891	13,034	85,927	63,799	66,500	23,122	—

This table shows that the number speaking 'Irish only' fell in Leinster from fifty in 1881 to eight in 1891; in Munster from 18,422 to 9,060; in Ulster from 12,360 to 7,053; and in Connaught from 33,335 to 22,071. And the number returned as being able to speak 'Irish and English' fell in Leinster from 27,402 in 1881 to 13,669 in 1891; in Munster from 427,344 to 298,573; in Ulster from 98,163 to 77,099; and in Connaught from 332,856 to 252,712. It is clear, therefore, that even in the more backward districts the English tongue is being everywhere spoken.

I have little more than dipped into the mine of statistical information afforded by this volume. By and by, I suppose, we shall be fated to hear much as to England's failure in governing Ireland. I do not believe a word of the rubbish that is talked and written upon this subject. The part of Ireland most in touch with Great Britain is precisely the part where no one ventures to talk of failure. That England has made grievous mistakes in Ireland; that she has sins of omission as well as of commission to lament; that she has sometimes done the thing she ought not to have done, and left undone that which she ought to have been at pains to do, is no doubt true. But when all this is said and admitted, it merely amounts to this, that prejudice and ignorance have sometimes had the upper hand. But ever since the great Reform Bill of 1832, I hold that 'one increasing purpose' has run through all the legislation of the Imperial Parliament. It has, doubtless, been compelled to repress wrong-doing. But an Irish parliament did this, and an Irish parliament if re-established to-morrow would as surely have to do the same thing. And whilst repressing wrong-doing the Government and the Parliament of England have laboured to remove grievances and to redress injustice. The state of Ireland to-day, attested by this volume and by the plainest and clearest of proof, is the best vindication of a policy which has in recent times been at once wise and generous.

T. W. RUSSELL.

STORIES OF OLD ETON DAYS

THE death of the Rev. John Wilder, last of the old generation of Eton Fellows, has stirred a desire, long dimly felt in the writer's mind; to place on record some characteristics of men who ought not to pass away without a word.

Fifty-one years ago, when the Great Western Railway was opened to Slough, Eton ceased to be a sleepy country village, where the great school lay under the protecting shade of the Castle walls, where the Court and Eton boys, and Cabinet Ministers in Windsor uniform, mixed on the Castle terrace with a friendly feeling of intimacy, which necessarily vanished so soon as it took no longer to go from Paddington to Windsor than from Charing Cross to Paddington. The railway extinguished 'Montem,' a mediæval fête, half ecclesiastical, half the gambols of a band of mummers; and turned the 4th of June fancy-dress procession of boats into a mere suburban regatta.

Coincidentally almost with the advent of the railway, Hawtrey became Headmaster, and, strange as it may seem to those who knew him in his later days, he began his career by being a decided reformer, to whom are owing most of the changes by which Eton differs from what it was made so soon as it emerged from the fire of the reformation, and ceased to be a mediæval school.

When Hawtrey appeared as Headmaster in a college cap, dropping the extraordinary cocked hat always worn by Keate, and before him by Goodall, perched on the top of a large wig; when Hodgson, the Crown nominee, quite out of touch with Eton traditions, became Provost, the two men set themselves to carry out reforms in the housing of the scholars as well as in the teaching of the school. But the Fellows, living apart in the seclusion of the cloisters, gave for the most part but a languid assent to reforms they could not resist, and despite of railways, of the fact that arithmetic and Euclid were made part of the school work, that the Ash-Wednesday pig-fair in the College Street was abolished, remained a community the like of which the world is not likely to see again. Mr. Wilder, just elected, and not yet fossilised into College ways, alone was eager for reform. He even declared that the new buildings should be warmed by fires in the boys' rooms rather than by hot water. Hawtrey,

however, insisted on facings of Caen stone, and comfort gave way to what was supposed to be superior architecture.

Many of the writer's contemporaries have passed away, and of those who knew the Fellows, who indeed had but little communication with the boys, few had opportunities of verifying their recollections in after life, or hearing from the lips of those who had known a still older generation than theirs, stories of old Eton days. But to the writer, who had such opportunities, all is fresh and vivid as yesterday.

Now that the College is a mere Governing Body, sitting in London, the school is all in all, except in so far as the management of the revenue is concerned. But it was far otherwise in the time of which we are speaking. The College had been founded mainly as a community of priests to say masses for the founder's soul; and attached to this was a school of seventy scholars, with a head and lower master, belonging to the foundation. The excellent education given gradually attracted others, 'town boys,' most of them in 'Dames' houses, to share it; these necessitated other 'assistant masters,' who by degrees took boarders into their houses. The Rev. Thomas Carter, of whom more hereafter, was the first to make the innovation, and Dames' houses are now things of the past; though from old habit boys still speak of mathematical and science masters, not being their tutors, in whose houses they board, as 'My Dame.' But the assistant masters had no real standing as belonging to the College. It is true that when a vacancy occurred among the Fellows it was usually filled from among the assistant masters, but that was because, as former scholars of Eton, and Fellows of King's, they had already belonged to one of the two Royal Foundations of Henry VI., not because they were recognised as assistants by the College; yet in so small a community everything was known with the greatest minuteness, even if it was ignored. In the thirties Provost Goodall asked Mr. Eliot, then a young assistant, just appointed, who had only one pupil, to dine with him at very short notice. This was always understood as a sort of royal command, but Mr. Eliot did not so take the invitation, and declined it on the ground that he 'had pupil-room,' the technical phrase for preparatory work with pupils. The Provost, when his guests were assembled, stood on the rug, with Mr. Eliot's open note in his hand, and said: 'I am sorry that we are one gentleman short; Mr. Eliot is unable to come, because he has pupil-room. Dear, dear, what a clucking a hen makes when she has only one chick!' The same gentleman drew some year or two later another wise saw from the Provost, and one which has a far-reaching application. The chapel windows were broken by a catapult or sling, within a definite hour, when the boys were in school. The windows were commanded by one house only, and there at that time were two boys who were 'staying out'—that is, absent from school as not being

well. The tutor in defence of his lads, before they were questioned on the matter, objected that the culprits could not be they, because they were such good boys. 'Have you yet to learn,' said the Provost, 'that it is the very best boys who do the very worst things?'

But a year or two later, when we come within the limits of our fifty-one years, Goodall and his wig were gone, and Keate was a Canon of Windsor. What he looked like when he descended from his lofty perch and became visible to us boys may be understood by those who now see his grandson Mr. Walter Durnford. Provost Hodgson reigned in Goodall's stead, and we who then read Byron with deep delight and sympathy could not understand how the fussy, plethoric, uninteresting little man could have been the object of Byron's enthusiastic friendship, to whom he wrote in poetry, and had lent out of his own then scanty means a thousand pounds. Ah me! We who read poetry in those days have become prosaic enough since then, and ourselves the givers and the recipients of no less devoted friendship, have either forgotten or seem to have forgotten all the romance of school and college days.

Hodgson preached a course of sermons on the Prayer Book, which ran on during his 'residences' for five years, and possibly a good deal longer. We never attended to them, indeed could scarce hear a complete sentence but the text, and the constant recurrence time after time of the words 'I will pray with the spirit, and I will pray with the understanding also,' was wont to send the whole school into a fit of giggles. But if he was a failure as a preacher, no Eton Colleger ought to forget that to his enlightened sway is due the whole reform in the management for the boarding of the King's scholars. It is almost inconceivable that the same precise state of things should have existed down to 1841 or 1842, which had obtained in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and was then scarcely changed from much earlier times. It is true that before 'college' was reformed under Hodgson, glass had been introduced into the windows, but it was quite a modern innovation. Well into the present century the windows were closed only at night by heavy wooden shutters, and the late Vice-Provost, the Reverend Thomas Carter, father of 'Tom' Carter of Clewer, and of 'Billy' Carter, the present Bursar, has assured the writer that he had never slept so comfortably as when the snow drifted under the shutters on the beds. The Duke of Cumberland, after Culloden, gave the boys new green cloth quilts, which, greatly prized, and used only for a few weeks at election time each year, remained even to within our recollection. They were called Culloden rugs, and were accidentally destroyed by fire some twenty years ago. Queen Elizabeth increased the boys' commons, and the grateful inscription yet remains in the Hall, cut by some hungry urchin at the time,

Queene Elizabetha ad nos gave October X 2 loves in a Mes [sic].

In old days the whole life of the boys was spent in this room, except that meals were taken in the hall. By degrees the need of privacy was felt, and the upper boys had each their room or lodging in the town, each having also the dame of one of the boarding-houses chosen by his parents or tutor, who looked after him, more or less, in case of sickness. By a series of reforms extending over many years, 'college' was rendered as comfortable as a tutor's house, proper servants and a resident master were appointed, but though these were only completed in more recent times, the initiative was due to Provost Hodgson.

The sixth-form boys maintained the privilege of taking their supper in Long Chamber, rather than cross the school-yard to the Hall, and this only ceased when the new buildings were erected. Successive assistant masters in college, whose rooms were at the end of what had been Long Chamber under the old system, long complained of a musty smell in the study, rising where a decay in the oak boarding of the floor testified to a certain amount of damp. In the summer holidays of 1858, the floor was removed and two large cartloads of bones, chiefly of necks of mutton, were removed from between the floor and the ceiling of the rooms below. How they came there was explained by Mr. Carter, then Vice-Provost. He told the present writer that when the sixth-form boys took their supper in 'Chamber' the rats were wont to come out of holes in the floor and wainscot to feed on the bones which were flung to them. When these animals from time to time became a nuisance by their numbers, a fag was sent round while the rats were feeding, to insert long stockings in the holes, with the apertures carefully open. The modern sock was then unknown. When this was done an alarm was given, the rats on rushing to their holes were trapped in the stockings, which were then drawn out, and the rats were banged to death against the beds. 'And you went into school next morning in the same stockings, sir?' 'Of course, of course,' was the reply, 'we could not get clean stockings when we pleased.' Mr. Carter went among the boys by the name of 'Old Shoes,' and died at the very advanced age of ninety-four. He was a steady-going average old gentleman, with a great power of placing his relatives in college offices and livings, and a plentiful lack of imagination. He greatly amused us as boys by taking as his text the words, 'My sins are more in number than the hairs of my head,' his own pate being as free from hair as an egg or a billiard ball. In his tenure of office as Vice-Provost there was talk of a new pulpit for the college chapel, and some sanguine man vainly hoped to persuade the authorities that it ought to be designed and erected by Mr. William Morris, then just becoming known as an artist, who had an office in Queen's Square. Mr. Carter walked therefore into Mr. Morris's studio with the words, 'Do you keep pulpits?' as though he had been asking for tape or buttons.

The pulpit remained unchanged, a piece of furniture as common-place as the sermons ordinarily delivered in it.

It was an evil day for Art at Eton when the mania for church restoration invaded the minds of the respectable old gentlemen who had the care of the fabric. Before the Reformation, the chapel had never been properly finished. The King, Henry the Sixth, had built the walls with their great buttresses to carry a vaulted stone roof like that of the sister chapel at King's, but it was unfinished when the Wars of the Roses broke out, the building was unroofed, and the east wall with its great window was still incomplete. When Edward the Fourth was in want of funds for the college he was himself endowing at Windsor, he bethought him of the unfinished buildings at Eton, and desired to confiscate the Eton revenues, on the ground that the buildings were incomplete. The Provost and Fellows set to work with a will, and it is said that in six weeks the reproach had ceased to be true, and the college fabric stood practically as it was until Allestree built, about 1666, the Upper School, soon to be taken down and replaced by the present building; and until the chapel was fitted up, tradition says by Wren, very much in the style of the choir of St. Paul's. If anyone will take his stand in the Brewhouse Yard facing west, he will see the history written in stone and in brick. Before him is the great east window, springing clear and clean until it reaches the final arch, then huddled together at the top, out of the line of any true curve, the stones at the top of the window holding together as a mere pierced wall. The wooden roof is modern, succeeding a former wooden one of the most temporary and haphazard description, plainly not that intended to be supported by the great buttresses. Though the chapel was thus finished in a scramble, the good intentions of the college did not wholly succeed. The foundation was not suppressed indeed, but jewels, bells, and furniture were carried off to Windsor.

On the spectator's right is the Hall, of which the oriel window, projecting into the Brewhouse Yard, has been still more incongruously finished, the stone supplemented, and the upper mullions filled in, with coarsely built brickwork, but this was not done till the seventeenth century, the completion of the chapel having served its end for the time.

When all had quieted down, after the interruptions of the Wars of the Roses, the neglect of Edward the Fourth, the brief period of prosperity under the Tudors, the intrusion of Provost Rous, Speaker of the Barebones Parliament, a church reaction set in. Wren's fittings, if indeed they were Wren's, required no destruction of what had gone before, and were not too sharply incongruous with the Gothic fabric, Renaissance though they were. There were in fact next to no previous fittings to displace, and if they hid a fancy carving on the wall of a man being hanged, done by some

poor lad who winced under the tedium of a Puritan sermon, no great harm was done, nor were some frescoes on the walls any serious artistic loss. Wren's great pillared canopy over the altar, his black and white marble floor, his stately pews and stalls, all disappeared to make way for second-rate Gothic canopies, and a frigid uniformity about the chapel now renders any better work impossible, while much of the history of the place is swept away.

But the flood of light which invaded Wren's dark corners removed some abuses scarcely congruent with the decorum expected in a school chapel. Till the Restoration all boys with titles sat in the stalls among the Fellows. There was a custom that if during the 'half' anyone was elevated to this dignity, by the succession of his father to a peerage, which made him 'honourable,' or the death of his father which made him a baronet, the new occupant of the stalls had to provide half-a-crown's worth of almonds and raisins, to be consumed in Church, under the very noses of the Fellows, who looked discreetly the other way. This was called 'Church sock.' It is recorded that when Dr. Goodford, then Provost, went to the thanksgiving service at St. Paul's for the recovery from sickness of the Prince of Wales, he had provided himself with a paper of sandwiches, and offered a portion to his neighbour with the words 'Church sock!'

In those old days when fat Provost Hodgson closed the procession into Chapel, his immediate predecessor was Mr. Bethell, a tall, dignified, stately person, very handsome, in a rubicund, aquiline-nosed style; and as stupid as handsome men are wont to be. He had been Shelley's tutor, and nothing more grotesquely incongruous than this relation of pupil and tutor was ever devised. There was a tradition that when he took a class in school he simply called up boy after boy to construe, and when the lesson was finished just went over it again till the hour of release struck, making no comments, offering no illustrations. But to this there had been in the years of his mastership two exceptions. A lad translated the words 'duplice figu,' 'with a double fig.' 'Right,' said Mr. Bethell, 'a kind of fig that was double.' So, again, to one who translated 'postes aeratos,' 'brazen door-posts,' he said, 'Right! probably so called because they were made of brass.'

In school at this day, when a boy writes a Latin or Greek exercise his tutor looks it over privately, comments on it, suggests and makes improvements, signs it with or without a note of approbation as 'fair,' or 'well;' the boy then copies it out and presents it in school, with the 'foul copy.' Of old, the fair copy only was presented, and the change is due to Mr. Bethell. 'I wish,' said Dr. Keate to him one day, 'you would be more careful about your pupils' exercises. A copy of Greek Iambics shown up to me this morning had in it eleven false quantities.' 'Ah!' said Bethell, 'I dare say there were, *you should have seen 'em before I looked over 'em.*' And for the future Keate did see, and drew his own conclusions.

He was the last man who wore a 'spencer,' an over-jacket, which allowed the tails of what we now call a dress coat, but which then was worn both in morning and evening, to appear below it, and he had a sonorous voice, with which he imposed on his audience—quite unintentionally, for he was a simple-hearted and modest man, who, though he seemed to do so, hardly deserved the epigram on his sermons :

Didactic, dry, declamatory, dull,
Big burly Bethell bellows like a bull.

When he was made a Fellow, and for the first time raised his voice in Chapel to begin the Communion Service, with a sonorous 'Our Father' which rattled like thunder in the roof, Okes, then a Master, afterwards Provost of King's, turned to his next neighbour with the remark '*Paternoster Row*;' and the boys were wont to call him Papirius Bethell when he read the Commination Service on Ash Wednesday, regardless of the fact that the surname of the Roman general 'Cursor' had naught to do with cursing.

He preached once at the opening of a long disused chapel on the river, and a 'cad at the wall' who was, as may be imagined, '*parcus Deorum cultor et infrequens*,' attended the service. His one comment was, 'Lord! boys, you should ha' seed the spiders run.'

He was a kindly man, whose one desire was to resist innovations. 'You can't have a service without a Fellow, and you won't get me out of my bed at eight in the morning,' was the unanswerable argument when early prayers in the College Chapel were proposed to him by a Conduct; after a service at ten, at which the whole assistants usually were the Fellow, the Conduct, the Clerk, and Silly Billy, a poor idiot, who spent his time in running from St. George's Chapel in Windsor, to that of Eton College, so as to be present at four services on every day in the week.

But Mr. Bethell's eccentricities were as nothing with those of Mr. Plumptre, 'Moses' as we called him, though none knew why. He was so staunch a Tory, so averse to all change, that none could imagine why he had ever married. It was obvious that when he was left a widower, after a few months of happy marriage, he would remain so to the end of a long life. With great self-denial he never moved from the worst house in the Cloisters, though he might have had the best, and took as his own room a small one which could scarcely hold two very large four-post bedsteads with a mere *ruelle* between them. His practice explained a difficult passage in '*The Vicar of Wakefield*,' wherein Dr. Primrose speaks of his only migrations having been those 'from the blue bed to the brown.' Mr. Plumptre, too, migrated every six months, not from bedroom to bedroom, but from bed to bed, taking that nearest to the window in summer, to the fire in winter, if, indeed, one can speak of distance

at all in a room of some sixteen feet square. His father, Dean of Gloucester, had taken Hoadley's side in the Bangorian Controversy, and Mr. Plumptre, out of sheer conservatism, always used Hoadley's family prayers, despite of their alleged unorthodoxy, himself one of the most orthodox of men. This hatred of change was inherited. He was wont to tell a story of his father, the Dean, whose daughter, at the mature age of forty, ventured to differ from him. The Dean said gravely, as one who means what he says, 'Tryphena, you are not too old to be whipped,' and Miss Plumptre differed no longer.

The passing of the Bill for Catholic Emancipation was a great shock to Mr. Plumptre, both on religious and political grounds, and it is recorded that he and Mr. Briggs, a Fellow like-minded with himself, paced the Cloisters, round and round, the long night through, waiting the morning announcement of the division. They had sent a special messenger, who was to bring the tidings direct. They could not go to their beds while the fate of Protestantism was, as it seemed to them, trembling in the balance. Let us hope that where they now are, they are not excluded from the best Catholic society.

Very many years afterwards, about the year 1853-4 Mr. Plumptre called on Dr. Goodford, then Headmaster, to find an elderly relative of the latter staying with him. Dr. Goodford introduced them and said: 'Now, Aunt, here is a gentleman with whom you will agree on politics.' 'I hope, sir,' said the lady, 'you disapproved of Catholic Emancipation.' 'The wickedest thing, ma'am, since the Crucifixion,' was the immediate and startling answer.

As Mr. Plumptre's sermons were delivered in alternate shouts and gasps of almost total silence, both in the same sentence, it was difficult to carry away any real impression of what was said, but they were epigrammatic and racy, the selection of the text verging even on the comic. At Malvern, on the anniversary of the Queen's Accession, he preached on the single word 'Shout;' at Windsor, to the Blue-coat Charity boys, on 'She made him a little coat.'

As he advanced in years he became rather deaf, but always heard exactly what he wanted to hear. When Edward Coleridge was made Fellow, and came into residence for his first course of sermons, Plumptre said: 'When Green preaches I hear only one word, God; when Coleridge preaches I hear only one word, Devil,' and in the epigram he hit off the characteristic teaching of the two men.

As master, Plumptre occupied the old red house at the north-east corner of what is now Keate's Lane; that in which Mary Wollstonecraft stayed with Mr. Prior in 1781, and records that the sixth-form boys were obliged to receive the Communion once a term or pay a fine of one guinea. Mr. Plumptre's pupil-room being at once dark and small, he was wont to stand at a desk near the open window, and his pupils attended his 'construing' in Keate's Lane.

Plumptre was one of the most generous of men, and his unobtru-

sive kindnesses to men from whom he differed very widely will never be forgotten as long as their recipients live.

Mr. Dupuis was a Fellow who also lived to a great age, and will be remembered, if remembered at all, mainly by two sayings; one, that if a Royal Commission were sent to Eton, he would meet it at the college gates, and scourge it forth with dog whips; of course in the end he really met it with complete if grumbling acquiescence. One of the assistant masters, with the aid of the Headmaster, borrowed nine volumes from the college library, on a special subject at which he was working, and was coming away with them under his arm. Mr. Dupuis met him, counted the volumes slowly, and said: 'Nine volumes in one day; I have not taken out one volume in nine years.'

Mr. Wilder, who has just died, was made Fellow in the year 1840, at the age of thirty-nine, and lived to the age of ninety-one. He was a dull, kindly, and hospitable man, who had some fine *Lachryma Christi* wine. He was wont to draw attention to this by offering his guests 'some fine Italian wine, which unfortunately has a most distressing name.' His munificence towards the chapel and other school buildings was considerable, but lacked discretion. He gave large sums of money to the windows, desiring to see them all filled with stained glass in a manner, but it was not enough to fill them all well; it would have been better to fill them by degrees, and make each as perfect as possible. But such was not Mr. Wilder's way; uniformity and completeness, if in mediocrity, was a passion with him.

Luxmoore, Coleridge, Eliot, Durnford, W. Carter, Balston, and others well remembered by Eton men, all came after those of whom we have spoken, and had their own special and sometimes amusing peculiarities. But they were not like those in whose ranks there was no change for thirteen years, from 1840 till about 1853, when Hodgson died and Hawtrey became Provost. It was the pause before the great change, the calm flow of the cataract before it dashed into the stormy waters of reform. Peace to their memories. Would that we could still see the quaint procession passing across the school-yard in their surplices to chapel, or on ordinary days in their gowns, Mr. Plumtre scornful of a trencher cap, and wearing a tall beaver hat as M.A. of Cambridge. Or that we could see Mr. Bethell in spencer and gaiters striding up Windsor Hill to enter Layton's shop for lunch and say in those unforgotten tones: 'Mock turtle soup for Mrs. Bethell, and myself, and Parliament gingerbread for the young people.' Or Hawtrey coming to the 4th of June Regatta in 1841 in a carriage and four to recognise the ceremony for the first time. Till then the river had been out of bounds, and the masters were unable to ride or walk along the river banks because they might not sanction the boating which was nominally forbidden. And year after

year Dr. Keate, when asked that 'Lock-up' on that day might be at ten o'clock instead of a quarter to nine, gave permission, but could not imagine why the boys wanted to be out so late. Nor did Provost Goodall understand why Mrs. Goodall dined at a different hour on that day.

Mr. Maxwell Lyte has written a valuable history of Eton. The best passage therein, and this is no disparagement to the rest, was written by the late William Cory, and contains a kindly, if critical, account of Hawtrey. We wish some one could write a whole account of the inner life of Eton, and the real characters of the men who made it what it was. But the materials are scanty; there are few such pages as Mary Wollstonecraft's account of her visit to Mr. Prior, few such correspondences as the Paston Letters, though we trust some such may yet leap to light in the library of one of our country houses. To such a history the above recollections may contribute in a faint degree.

Eton is reformed; the Headmaster is an athlete, also once Newcastle Scholar and Fellow of All Souls'; the French master can no longer describe himself, as he did to the Royal Commission, as an *objet de luxe*. French is part of the education of a gentleman, in spite of Dr. Balston's assertion to the contrary; science flourishes; and the Right Honourable T. H. Huxley was, till recently, a member of the Governing Body, vice the Fellows superseded.

But that which in old days was mainly taught at Eton was how to learn. Plumptre, Keate, Hawtrey, Goodford taught this; they and their likes sent out Wellesley, Canning, Shelley; their traditions were alive when present statesmen and judges were at school; we have yet to learn what may be done by more varied food under the Governing Body, with certainly no less difficulties than of old in the Capua of a 'summer half.'

C. KEGAN PAUL.

CAN MOUNT EVEREST BE ASCENDED ?

THE possibility of ascending on foot to the highest point of the earth's crust is by no means a new question. In the literature of travel and, in a small degree, of science many scattered references are to be found, together with a considerable amount of more positive inference than is at all justified by the amount of knowledge or evidence possessed. From time to time during the last hundred years or so attention has been more pointedly directed to the subject. To cite familiar instances, De Saussure's ascent of Mont Blanc in 1787, the journeys of the brothers Schlagintweit in the Himalaya, the *Travels in the Air* of Mr. Coxwell and Mr. Glaisher, have one after another awakened a temporary interest, which, however, soon languished. But the matter has now been so seriously taken up by men of science, as well as by travellers, that it is not likely to drop again. Physiologists are beginning to perceive that the question opens up somewhat of a new field to them, and, perhaps, welcome a subject of research which has more than a technical interest. To the mountaineer, who is a traveller as well as a climber, the opportunity of putting forward a scientific justification for his favourite pursuit has become too tempting to be lost sight of.

During the last thirty years the development of mountaineering as a special branch of travel has, though indirectly, done much to put the question on a new footing. The principles which should guide the mountaineer are now well known ; so too are the methods to be adopted in order to give the maximum of achievement with the minimum of fatigue, and the precautions necessary to neutralise the risks, which to the inexperienced or careless are undoubtedly great. Furthermore, as the extent of the average man's powers on the mountain-side are thoroughly understood, the limit of the exceptional man's capabilities can at least be surmised with a fair approach to accuracy. It is not unfair, indeed, to assume that, so far as practical skill in mountaineering is concerned, the men of to-day are adequately equipped and qualified to make themselves the subject of the experiment indicated. But although this consideration is put in the fore-front of the argument, it must not be reckoned as more than a

small factor towards the solution of the problem. The mountaineer, however accomplished and enduring, cannot hope to achieve physiological impossibilities.

The problem is, then, a twofold one. The expert in climbing has to infer, from what has already been achieved, whether he can recognise any insuperable obstacles. The man of science has to furnish evidence of a like nature based on physiological considerations. From the mountaineer's or traveller's point of view, however, there is no need to discuss it at any great length. Although the real elevation, and even the geographical position, of even the highest mountain in the world are quite uncertain, it may be assumed that the goal lies somewhere near the northern frontier of Nepal, very probably north of the summit recognised by surveyors as Mount Everest, and that the height is at the least 29,000 to 30,000 feet. It is tolerably certain that, for reasons which cannot be satisfactorily explained, the chances of reaching a great height on foot are more favourable in the Himalaya than elsewhere. There is little doubt, under present climatic conditions, that if Everest (using this term not in its strict geographical sense, but as signifying the highest mountain) were situated in the Andes, the answer to the title of this article would be in the negative. Intrinsic difficulties might of course preclude the ascent; but this is very unlikely. The most considerable mountains of the earth will either be volcanoes or the highest points of some huge 'massif;' in the latter case their slopes will assuredly be gentle on one side at least, and in the former on all sides. If any real climbing were rendered necessary the feat would be an impossibility. In the Himalaya there is reason to suppose that the north side is gentle and uniform. It is unfortunate in one respect if this should prove to be the case, for the base of attack would thereby be rendered more remote. The experience of those who have already reached great heights in the Himalaya, of surveyors and of travellers alike, tends to show that the expedition, after a certain height had been attained, would probably be one long, continuous tramp over snow inclined at a very uniform gradient. The state of the snow, though a formidable, is not likely to prove an insuperable obstacle. At great elevations the walking must often be through powdery or granular snow; but days do occur, as Mr. Graham found, when the surface is good and firm, crunching well under the footsteps. Nor does it appear to the writer that the degree of cold likely to be experienced is so serious a factor as some imagine. In short, the climbing difficulties are not likely to be any greater than those of Elbruz or Mont Blanc. Still no one who is not a very thoroughly trained mountaineer, skilled in every department of the craft, will have any chance of success. The point really is, is the human frame capable of the necessary exertion at the low pressure that would be experienced?

So far as present knowledge extends, the question, considered from a physiological point of view, seems to be a very open one. Regarded as a purely scientific problem, it is very complicated, and so many factors have to be taken into account that it must be frankly admitted that nothing short of actual experiment will ultimately determine which are the most important. The elaborate investigations of Professor Paul Bert on the effects of diminished pressure on the frame probably advance the question as far as possible in the laboratory. There is no need to summarise his results here, as they must be further alluded to directly. Mr. Whymper's recent contribution to the question is of a far more practical nature. In his admirable work *Travels amongst the Great Andes of the Equator* he details the experience of a journey of which one of the principal objects was the investigation of the upward limit of mountaineering. No one was more fitted for the task. Mr. Whymper is distinguished as a mountaineer by great experience combined with exceptional power and determination, while he holds also a high place as a scientific observer. It is matter for great regret that Mr. Whymper was unable to select a more favourable field of work than the Andes. The long sea voyage necessary to reach the country is a serious disadvantage. The climate is trying, and the weather distressingly bad. Under such unfavourable and enervating conditions it was hardly to be hoped that the full extent of the traveller's powers could be exhibited. But Mr. Whymper at any rate conclusively settles one point on which many good authorities have differed in opinion. Few will probably now be found to deny, with the works of Professor Bert and Mr. Whymper before them, that the affection known as 'mountain sickness' is a reality. The term may not be a good one, but there is no use in quarrelling with it in default of a better phrase for summarising the various effects produced on the frame by greatly diminished atmospheric pressure. Briefly stated, the more important of these effects are as follows : great distress, prostration and incapacity for muscular exertion, or, to borrow Mr. Whymper's expression, 'an indescribable feeling of illness pervading almost the whole body.' Associated symptoms are headache, increased frequency of the heart's action and of the respirations, with perhaps nausea and vomiting, and disinclination to eat.

The true explanation of these physiological effects is obviously of the first importance. Unfortunately it must be confessed at once that we have nothing better than rather vague theory to go upon. And, when we turn to the writings of the two men whose recent work has principally added to our knowledge of this question, it is a matter of regret to find that one devotes a good many pages in his work to demolishing the views held by the other. But out of controversy comes progress, and the chances of success are not

advanced by the adoption of theories which, however ingenious, are probably erroneous. Indeed, if Professor Bert's explanation is the true one, the chances of ascending Everest are more than remote. But Professor Bert has demonstrated one point of cardinal importance. With an impartiality not always accredited to those who believe in the value of experiments on the living, he submitted not only animals but his friends and himself to great reductions of pressure, and on one occasion at least to a reduction equal to that which would be experienced on the top of Mount Everest. Furthermore—a point of the utmost significance—this great reduction was brought about in a very short space of time, the whole experiment only lasting an hour and a half. Professor Bert and many French observers following him believe that the diminished amount of oxygen in the air supplied for respiration at great altitudes explains the symptoms. He holds, and believes that he has proved, that in the inhalation of oxygen mountain travellers and aeronauts possess a sovereign remedy against mountain sickness. Mr. Whymper does not share this opinion. It is to be hoped that of the two Mr. Whymper is right, for he has shown conclusively that the application of the suggested remedy is not practically possible on the mountain-side. Further, there are many reasons for supposing that it would be of little value.

Mr. Whymper himself considers that all the trouble is occasioned by two main factors—(1) the diminished value of the air that can be inspired at any given time, and (2) the expansion of the air or gas within the body which presses upon the internal organs. The effects due to the second cause, Mr. Whymper considers, may be minimised, or even entirely avoided, by gradual ascent in the case of mountain travellers. This does not merely mean that a slow pace is essential, but that travellers must spend considerable periods at gradually increased heights and under gradually diminished pressures.

The 'pressure on internal organs' sounds formidable, but is physiologically rather vague. 'Pressure on internal organs' must be carefully distinguished from the phenomena produced by altered gaseous pressure on the fluids contained in these organs. Under sudden lowering of pressure the conditions of gas exchange in the lungs are profoundly affected, and it is quite true that with *sudden diminution* fatal effects will arise. Death in such cases ensues from the liberation of gases within the blood-vessels and consequent mechanical interference with the circulation. In the 'pneumatic cabinets' such effects might be produced, or in balloon ascents; on Mount Everest they could not. Distention, if rapidly produced, interferes also mechanically for a time with the movements of the chief inspiratory muscle, but, in the writer's opinion, the importance of this cause is exaggerated by Mr. Whymper. The balance is capable of restoration, and with such completeness and speed that,

to the writer's mind, the expansion of the air or gas which must undoubtedly take place can scarcely in its purely mechanical effects prove even a serious obstacle in a gradual ascent. But though the equilibrium can be rapidly adjusted, it must be noted that the changes necessary for perfect nutrition come about more slowly. In a certain curious malady to which the hysterical are occasionally subject the most extraordinary amount of distention may take place, the gases probably being diffused from the blood. The rapidity and certainty by which relief is brought about is as astonishing as it is significant.

A far more important factor is the effect of diminished pressure on the portion of the spinal marrow which is concerned with the nutrition of the locomotive agents, the lower limbs; greatly increased pressure also produces much the same symptoms. This effect has no relation to the absence of oxygen. The late Dr. Moxon clearly showed this in a characteristically lucid and convincing manner in the course of some lectures published in 1881. Increased pressure sends blood to the brain, diminished pressure abstracts it. In either case the same result closely follows. The blood is greatly impeded in circulating through the portion of the spinal cord where it is most wanted by the pedestrian. From this altered condition recovery can take place only very gradually. Certain blood-vessels must enlarge, and, in short, a condition akin to what surgeons term a collateral circulation has to be established. A familiar instance of this is witnessed when the main artery of a limb is tied. The blood is thenceforth conducted to the extremity by the enlargement of an already existing network of vessels; but for some days the nutrition of the limb, even under the most favourable conditions, is inferior to what it was before. Eventually, after a period to be measured by weeks, the circulation becomes as effective as it was before the main artery was tied. A man submitting himself to greatly diminished pressure must allow the time necessary for this alteration to take place; as it is brought about the heart beats will diminish in frequency until they return to the normal standard—that is to say, the increased frequency of the pulse that results from exertion will be relatively the same as under normal conditions of pressure. If the amount of resistance experienced in the blood-vessels be altered, either in the direction of increase or diminution, the heart will beat more frequently, but in the case of diminished pressure it is but action without power. M. Vallot, while camping on the top of Mont Blanc, noted with what difficulty the blood was propelled to the extremities, and many others have commented on the same fact, though they do not appear to have ascribed the effects to the true cause. As regards the effects due to expansion of gases within the body then, as well as to the nutrition effects, it would appear complete recovery can take place, and complete and entire habituation to low pressure.

Hitherto it has been sought to show that the diminished pressure, independently of the amount of oxygen, produces a kind of partial paralysis, explaining thus the prostration and incapacity for muscular exertion. But 'from the effects on respiration,' says Mr. Whymper, 'none can escape.' The statement may be true enough, but still it does not follow that the ascent of Mount Everest is impossible of accomplishment. The question now turns upon the extent to which man can habituate himself to breathing and living at low pressure. Of positive scientific evidence that is of real value it must be confessed we have but little, and the argument as regards the effects on respiration can be very concisely stated. Under suitable conditions there is no doubt life can be supported. Professor Bert has shown the possibility in the laboratory, Messrs. Coxwell and Glaisher have proved it by their balloon ascents: nor does Mr. Whymper deny that if a man could be transported gradually to the top of Mount Everest he could exist there. On the other hand, it has been shown alike by laboratory experiments and by balloon ascents that rapid diminution of pressure may lead to fatal results from suffocation. Thus MM. Crocé-Spinelli and Sivel, after rapidly ascending to a great height in a balloon, were found dead with their mouths full of blood. But the catastrophe was not due to absence of oxygen. The rapid diminution of pressure was the cause of their death. Further, the aeronauts had a supply of oxygen with them. Professor Bert thinks that if they had inhaled more they might have survived. On this point the writer agrees wholly with Mr. Whymper that Professor Bert is mistaken. It furnishes yet another instance of the faith men are apt to repose in a remedy in which they have a parental interest.

Mr. Whymper doubts whether, even if Everest could be ascended, it would be possible to do any work at the summit that might be of value to science. With this the writer is not concerned; the physical possibility is now alone being considered. M. Vallot in the course of three days' sojourn on the top of Mont Blanc, at which elevation he considers that the amount of oxygen is half that of the plain, made some very noteworthy observations on his respiration. For brevity's sake his results may be presented in tabular form:—

	In the plain	Mont Blanc, on arrival	Mont Blanc (15,782 ft.), after three days
Total capacity of lungs in centilitres .	300	220	250
Quantity of air (in centilitres) introduced (at rest) at each inspiration . . .	60	50	100
Number of respirations per minute . .	14	50	17

Acclimatisation was, therefore, brought about with tolerable rapidity. Now inspiration being a muscular act, it appears to be

little more than a question of how far the special muscles involved may be trained to an extreme and protracted exertion. Here again actual experiment only can furnish the full answer, but physiological considerations seem to the writer's mind to indicate that in exceptional men the required increase of sustained muscular power can be fully met. If the respiratory muscles could meet the demand made upon them, the muscles of the limbs would also be equal to the strain, provided only, as has already been indicated, their nutrition could properly be carried on. Intrinsic muscular power is, of course, of no account; the strongest man may be paralysed as effectively as the feeblest if the essential nerve energy is wanting, but in the matter of nutrition the muscles of respiration are at an enormous advantage in comparison with those of the lower limbs.

There is one other result of acclimatisation which must not be passed over, though its real significance is a matter of some difference of opinion. A great change takes place in the blood in those who remain for some time under conditions of greatly reduced pressure. The number of coloured corpuscles in the blood—that is to say, of the essential oxygen-carriers—increases prodigiously. Thus M. F. Viault found in his own case that the number of red corpuscles in his blood, which at Lima (180 metres above the sea level) was estimated at 5,000,000, was at Morococha (4,392 metres), after fifteen days in the Cordillera, 7,100,000; after a stay of three weeks at the same place the number had risen to 8,000,000. Similar modifications are seen in the blood of animals. Thus the number of coloured corpuscles in the blood of a llama in the Jardin des Plantes was 13,186,000; at a height of 4,392 metres the number was computed at 16,000,000. Similar results were obtained with dogs. At first sight these results seem of extreme value, and such indeed they may be. They furnish evidence that the oxidation of the body may be carried on effectively at great heights, i.e. that nutrition need not be impaired. If the oxygen-carrying material is capable of such a large increase by habituation to low pressure, the respiratory troubles must improve, for probably the activity of gas exchange in the lungs is dependent in part upon the question of surface. For example, the total red disc surface in the triton, which has large coloured corpuscles, is less than that of the frog, which has smaller discs; but in the frog there is greater activity of gas exchange. There is, however, a possible source of fallacy in the fact that the blood at these high elevations is, so to speak, dried, and that the corpuscles being more closely packed, the increase in the number is consequently only apparent. In the writer's opinion the increase is probably a real one. There is an obvious improvement in blood-forming powers manifested by the anæmic at high elevations. Again, it is significant that in man, taking ages from birth to old age, the fluctuation in the number of coloured blood discs varies from

6,262,000 to 4,340,000. In children the number is large and the respirations frequent. As the frequency of the respirations lessens under natural conditions of growth, the number of coloured blood discs diminishes also. But it must be observed that the process of improvement—or, in other words, the training necessary for a man who would ascend Everest—must be measured by weeks, and that that training must be undergone at great elevations. The effects on respiration are not due to the diminished quantity of oxygen alone. The expansion effects also play their part for a time. The great factor, however, is the necessity for increased exertion to draw in the required volume of the given atmospheric mixture.

It may be noted here in passing that anæmic persons would be wholly unfit to undertake any formidable expedition, such as the ascent of the highest mountains. Men of large vital capacity, with large bones and full-blooded, are the best suited. Individuals of this type will also resist cold better.

A serious drawback, even to persons qualified physically to attempt the experiment, lies in the fact that they would be exposed to malaria in reaching their chosen field of operations, and a very mild degree of malaria will, as has really been found before now, prove an almost insuperable drawback to high mountain ascents. If Everest were only in England, the problem would have been solved long ago.

Some additional practical facts are furnished by the experience of the workmen engaged in the construction of the new 'Central' railway over the main range of mountains in Peru. The line starts from Lima, in lat. 12°. The summit tunnel of this line at Galeria is at the height of 15,645 feet, or a little under the height of Mont Blanc, but it must be remembered that the climatic conditions are very different and more unfavourable in Peru than in Europe. Mr. E. Lane, the engineer in chief, finds that the workmen up to an altitude of 8,000–10,000 feet do about the same relative quantity of work as at sea level, provided they have been inured to the height or brought up in the country. At 12,000 feet the amount of work deteriorates, and at 14,000–16,000 a full third has to be deducted from the amount that the same man could perform at sea level. Owing to the absence of malaria the percentage of efficient labour at the greatest elevations is a very high one. Men coming from the coast are not found capable of doing efficient work for about two weeks on an average, when taken to high elevations. The capacity gradually increases and reaches its maximum in a few weeks or months, according to the constitution of the individual. The majority of the labourers are 'Cholos,' or Indians born in the Sierra. They are found incapable of doing efficient work on the coasts or in the warmer altitudes without a long course of acclimatisation. If gangs of these 'Cholos' have for special purposes been taken down suddenly from the Sierra to work at altitudes of from 2,000 to 5,000 feet, sickness

and fever have resulted from the change. Mules and horses are found to do about the same efficient work proportionately as human beings up to about 17,000 feet in this district. Mules stand the climate best, but, again, require some weeks for acclimatisation, and if urged to undue exertion at great altitudes they are liable to drop dead suddenly. It may be remarked that the region of perpetual snow in the district begins at about 18,000 feet.

Now, although the greatest altitude that the line reaches is very far short of the summit of Everest, the construction of this railway probably represents the heaviest work done at so low a pressure. It is, perhaps, not unfair to assume that the effects on the frame of an altitude of 16,000 feet in Peru, close to the sea coast, are about equal to those that would be experienced at a height of, say, 20,000 feet in the Himalaya. A navy engaged in tunnel-borings is required to put forth far more exertion in a given time than would be demanded of a man attempting the ascent of Mount Everest. If a labourer, by acclimatisation, can perform full work at 16,000 feet in Peru, an expert could, by training, render himself capable of exhibiting his full powers of walking at 20,000 feet. To a skilled walker and mountaineer the actual exertion would be extremely little; nevertheless under the conditions the labour would be excessive.

Mr. Whympster has commented on the extreme uncertainty which characterises the onset of 'mountain sickness.' Others have observed the same. Obviously our knowledge is still lamentably imperfect on many points. When many remedies are advocated for a particular disorder it is sure that no one of them is very good; and when there are many theories put forward to explain a given group of phenomena no one of them is likely to be complete. The uncertainty amounts almost to a mystery. One hopeful inference that can be drawn from this is that the symptoms cannot be due to absence of oxygen alone. The same effects differ in the case of the same individual working at the same heights on different days. The percentage of oxygen is probably about the same. So there must be causes at work at which up to the present we can only vaguely guess. But this same uncertainty is in favour rather than against the chances of the mountaineer. Possibly even while these lines are being written Mr. Conway and his mountaineering party in the Himalaya may have collected that grain of fact which proverbially outweighs the pound of theory.

To the writer the question has been for years a subject of interest from the mountaineering as well as from the physiological point of view; on neither ground does it appear an impossibility. To some extent a question of men, it is still more largely a question of money. Prejudice, perhaps, is father to the idea that the money which is always forthcoming to favour attempts to reach the North Pole may be still more advantageously employed in

attempting to reach the top of Mount Everest. Selected men will have to work for a year or more with the one definite object before them. What they have to do is to ascend some 8,000 feet higher than any point that has hitherto been reached on foot. We may agree wholly with Mr. Whymper that the effects on respiration will impose limitations on the range of man, but it does not seem conceivable that this limitation is below the level of the highest point on the earth's crust. The attempt would be costly, laborious, long, and possibly not free from risk. The same may be said of any new extension of discovery. Let those who think that what can be done in the way of enterprise and discovery should be done consider the matter well. It is a tremendous undertaking, but a magnificent possibility.

CLINTON T. DENT.

THE TRADES UNION CONGRESS AND ROCKS AHEAD

TRADITION undoubtedly counts for a good deal with the British people. Though they have little of the Eastern fatalism in them, which declares 'Whatever is is,' they certainly evince a strong desire to let well alone. Who would have imagined when the Chartist agitation was at its height that the House of Lords would survive the nineties; that State payment, second ballot, and similar reforms upon which the Peterloo martyr had set his heart would still have to be fought for fifty years afterwards; or that the Conservative working-man would ever be a potent factor in political affairs? Happily, no one cares to treasure the sayings of false prophets; otherwise the number of discredited individuals would be considerable. They repeatedly doomed the Trades Union Congress to decay and death, but with phoenix-like vitality a successor has always sprung from the ashes of the old. The fact that this institution has endured for twenty-five years is the best guarantee for its continuance; it has become as hardy an annual as the British Association or the Oxford and Cambridge boat race. It never was so strong as it is to-day, because it appeals to the traditional instincts of the people.

This is neither the time nor place to eulogise the Congress, or to chronicle its triumphs. This duty is performed annually by a large portion of the press. It will probably be of greater interest to the public to peep behind the scenes, to ascertain how far the Congress is an index of the masses and the direction whither it is tending. Such a duty may not inaptly be performed by one of the older delegates, and one who has watched with lively interest the developments of this unique institution. The axiom that no man is a hero to his valet has its parallel in organisations. Members of the House of Commons are not enraptured with that establishment; its antiquity, its eloquence, and its equality soon pall upon them. They speedily become absorbed in the small currents, the side issues, the coteries, and the struggle for place and power. When a delegate first attends the Trades Union Congress he believes it will speedily turn the world upside down, but after a few years' experience he sagely shakes his

head, murmurs in effect, 'All is not gold that glitters,' and despairs of reforming humanity by three-minutes' speeches.

Obviously the value of the Congress is measured by its representative character. Ample precautions were taken that the 495 delegates at the recent meeting did represent 1,250,000 of their fellows. But the clearness of the mandate upon certain questions is another matter; and it is certainly open to doubt whether some of the delegates who voted, say, on the Eight Hours question had taken the opinion of their members as to the manner in which this boon should be obtained. The miners, the cotton operatives, and a few other trades had done so; but, on the other hand, several important organisations had not done so. As a consequence the vote of the Congress loses considerable power as an expression of the popular will. It goes without saying that if the Trades Unionists of this country were as earnest and enthusiastic for a Legal Eight Hours Day, for Registration Reform, and for Labour Representation as the vote of the Congress would imply, they would have swept all before them at the recent general election, and the Labour Party in Parliament would be fifty instead of fifteen strong.

The fact is that the delegates are considerably in advance of their constituents. As a rule they are leaders of thought and action in their various circles. Anyone listening to many of the speeches at the Congress might well conclude that the masses were pulsating with the fervour of Socialism, and that an industrial revolution would speedily take place. And yet none knew better than the most advanced delegates how lethargic many of the workpeople are upon questions which most closely affect them; how ill defined are their hopes, and how stunted their ideals. This is not their fault, but their misfortune. The masses have been so overworked and underfed, and have lived under such terrible conditions during the past century, that their physique has deteriorated; their mental power and moral acumen have suffered, and their ideals have been thoroughly materialised. One might as well expect an infant to compete with an athlete as hope for the working classes after their prolonged bondage to bear the full glare of the light. It is the coming generation which will take the most rapid and startling steps. Our duty is to clear the way, thankful if in so doing we can make our daily lot a little easier.

One of the most marked and cheering features of the past three Congresses has been the higher altitude from which public questions have been viewed. For many years the gatherings had been severely practical; the great majority of the delegates consisted of officials who had laboriously built their unions up, and who regarded their societies' balances at the banker's as the strongest evidence of material salvation. The ideal was frowned upon; politics were strictly tabooed; and the great army of unskilled were regarded with Platonic sympathy,

but as people for whom help was impossible. Yet the orthodox delegate soon found that man does not live by bread alone. New unions sprang into existence; their leaders invaded the Congress, and with fiery eloquence planted the banner of Socialism right in the centre of this citadel of working-class individualism. At Liverpool and Newcastle the enthusiasm reached its highest point; but at Glasgow there were many indications of its decline. The new unions are becoming old. Their leaders are paying the penalty of responsibility and office; the gathering commercial depression is compelling a defensive policy in place of the popular attacking one of two years ago, and experience is after all proving that a substantial balance at the banker's, although devoid of poetry, has many consolations for the members of a union. It was the operation of these influences which checked the initiative spirit at the recent Congress, and made the gathering, in the homely language of many close observers, 'flat.' And there is every reason to anticipate a series of mediocre Congresses; for the new strict standing orders will limit the numbers, and the severe strain to which many of the younger unions will be subjected through bad trade will weaken the strength of the advanced elements. It is now pretty certain that we shall have to wait for another revival of trade—and how far distant that may be I know not—before we shall have another forward step on the part of our trade organisations.

These Labour Parliaments occupy an unique position in the public mind. No one expects scientific expositions from them, or fine-spun theories. The British Association and the Psychological Research Society can furnish these. But the public not only regard Trades Congresses as indicators of the popular needs and aspirations, but latterly they have looked to them for definite suggestions whereby effect may be given to the wishes of the organised trades. Unfortunately at this point the Congresses fail. The delegates are generally men of administrative ability; their position as organisers is self-evident; and their power to sway popular audiences can hardly be surpassed. But there is a remarkable dearth of constructive legislators amongst them. This assuredly is the one great want of the Labour Party. Everyone now admits the right and the necessity of workingmen to sit in the House of Commons; gentlemanly manners do not need to be outraged in order to prove that. Henceforth the Labour member must, if he is to hold his own and pave the way for others of his class, be prepared to draft Bills not on visionary and impossible lines, but on sound, practicable, and generally acceptable principles. Of Labour members we have many; but Labour statesmen belong to the future. I have sufficient faith, however, in the people to believe that they will yet be found.

The discussion on the Eight Hours question thoroughly illustrates my contention. Fully four-fifths of the delegates were in favour of legislating on the working hours. But when the truly democratic

proposal was made that such a law should only be applied to those trades where the majority of members asked for it, it was defeated by a proposition difficult to justify on constitutional grounds. When it is remembered that the men employed on railways, in the painting, the clothing, the engineering, and several other trades are opposed to a hard and fast Eight Hours Bill, believing in many cases that it is utterly inapplicable, it is difficult to see how practical men could demand the passing of such a law, exceptions from which could only be obtained by the majority of the organised workers in any industry asking for it by 'a ballot vote.' Now this proposal has never been fairly discussed. It came as a surprise upon the Newcastle Congress; but since then it has laid on the shelf, from which it was not even taken by the accommodating politician in search of votes. But at the Glasgow meeting it again made its appearance: was impetuously discussed in the narrow limit of three-minutes' speeches, and carried before the curious onlooker could realise the difference between the various sections. Such a vote does not reflect the deliberate opinion of the workers, as occasional plebiscites of the trades show. But if the Congress proved, on such an important point, to be far in advance of its constituents, of what value is it as a guide to legislators? The Miners' Eight Hours Bill stands upon an entirely different footing. The mining community from John O'Groats to the Land's End have been repeatedly canvassed on the question, and, with the exception of Northumberland and Durham, have declared for such a measure by overwhelming majorities. The position of the miners' leaders is, therefore, perfectly consistent. Pretty much the same can be said of the cotton trade, although the change of front has been so thorough, so rapid, and so recent as to make it difficult to take it as a basis of argument. It is to be hoped that the wise alterations made in the standing orders will in future secure calmer consideration and fuller discussion for proposals so vitally affecting the welfare of the people.

One of the most disquieting features of recent Congresses has been the impatience of discussion and the decreasing toleration shown to opposite opinions. If a man does not see eye to eye with his more advanced brethren, if he entertains honest doubt as to the wisdom of certain proposals, it does not follow that he is a traitor, or that he should be driven like a leper from the tents of the faithful. The basis of civil liberty is freedom of speech, and open discussion is the very essence of such freedom. Intolerance is no more justifiable on the part of a democracy than it is in an oligarchy. Happily, this feeling is not, so far as working-men are concerned, the result of calculation, but it is the natural one-sidedness with which enthusiasts view their cause. But, however honest the motive, the danger to the cause of progress is great. There is something pathetic in the fact that lifelong service to the cause of Labour avails a man nothing if

he differs with the trades upon one point. A remarkable instance of this intolerance came under my notice at the Glasgow Congress. A close division took place on the insertion of the word 'Independent' in connection with the Labour^{er} Party. While the votes were being counted a rather prominent delegate approached a well-known member of the Congress and said, 'Here —, are you voting against the Independent Labour Party?' and on being answered in the affirmative, added, 'All right, we'll have it in' for you.' Now if this incident stood alone it would hardly be worthy of notice; but it was one of several all pointing in the same direction. It is little consolation to reflect that, on the principle that those who live by the sword shall die by the sword, the people who unite to hound the somewhat stiff-jointed but honest veteran from the ranks will sooner or later be sacrificed in a similar manner. Labour cannot afford to be intolerant, to be heedless of the advice of experience, or to be hasty and impracticable. At the present time it has public sympathy with it; marvellous changes may be wrought if the Trades Congress does its duty and brings forward possible schemes. But if that sympathy is estranged, then the difficulties of industrial reform are immeasurably increased.

The secretarial difficulty threatens to prove a serious one to future Congresses. Although the salary of 200*l.* per year is hardly equal to that paid to many a first-class clerk, the position of secretary of the Trades Union Congress Parliamentary Committee is an envied one, for it is the blue ribbon of the Labour world. To fill the post successfully a man must needs be an Admirable Crichton and a Philadelphian lawyer. He should be a politician and a born lobbyist; be possessed of rare tact, discretion, knowledge, and experience, for he has to advise upon the most difficult problems in the most dissimilar trades. Not only, as the correct letter-writer, must he show considerable literary ability, but he must also be an able speaker. During the last twelve or fifteen years the trades have regarded it as essential that he should have a seat in Parliament, a condition which, considering the class of work to be performed, can hardly be questioned. The obvious advantages derived from such Parliamentary representation are not, however, without serious drawbacks, and the Congress has now its constitutional difficulties, which threaten to become increasingly embarrassing with the willingness of the House of Commons to further Labour reforms. Where does obligation to the trades end and the right of constituencies begin? This question haunted the recent Congress, and gave rise to an attempted vote of censure on the secretary; but after a long and heated debate it remained unanswered. The Newcastle gathering instructed the Parliamentary Committee to promote a Miners' Eight Hours Bill, which was accordingly done. Mr. Fenwick, M.P., the secretary, however, sitting in the House of Commons, as the representative of the Wansbeck division of North-

umberland, felt it to be his duty to his constituents, who strongly object to such a measure, to speak and vote against it. Although this gave offence to the great majority of miners, no one contended that Mr. Fenwick had acted other than in an honourable and consistent manner. The Liverpool Congress, while showing a majority for an Eight Hours Bill, elected Mr. Fenwick as secretary, albeit he informed the meeting he was opposed to it on this question. Since then he has been twice re-elected.

Evidently many of the recent delegates did not recognise the logic of the situation. If the secretarial M.P. is to be condemned for speaking and voting against the Miners' Eight Hours Bill, he is equally censurable if he opposes or does not support the numerous startling reforms which get the sanction of the Congress during the massacre of the innocents at the close of the sitting. The man who fathered some of these proposals might certainly raise a laugh in the House of Commons, but he would for ever ruin his influence and make his lobbying and button-holing of members a useless task. Even if Mr. Fenwick stood on one side to-morrow and another secretary were selected in his place, there would come a time, and that soon, when his successor would find it impossible to say 'Ditto' to the majority of the Congress, and might even deem it necessary to oppose it as a matter of conscience on one particular question. Must a man be excommunicated because he differs from us on one point while agreeing with us on ninety-nine? It is evident that, unless great care is exercised, this unconscious intolerance will do serious injury to the Labour cause. Among the incidental injuries will be the impossibility of securing an able permanent Parliamentary Secretary, and insecurity in this respect will seriously affect the stability of the Congress.

Unfortunately the Trades Union Congress is weak at the very point where it should be strong. Its cabinet—otherwise its Parliamentary Committee—as a body seldom represents the opinion of the majority of the Congress upon leading questions. The position may be aptly illustrated by picturing a Radical House of Commons electing a Conservative Cabinet. As a consequence the Committee lags behind its elective body. Of course it always numbers amongst its members some very able men; but the influence of strong trade numerical representation, handsome financial grants to the funds, and the operation of caucussing, which appears to be an inherent evil of democratic institutions, prevent the selection of the ten ablest men in the Trade Union world. Let the reader imagine four trades which send seventy, fifty, forty, and thirty delegates respectively. Each section has its leader, probably the general secretary, whom it is very anxious to put on the Committee. Now, all that is needed is for the leaders of these four bodies to agree to support each other. The list is silently assented to, in some cases a meeting is held, and when the

vote is declared after the ballot on the Friday the great majority of the delegates are surprised to find that this astute wire-pulling has secured each of the four a seat, although some of them may never have attended a preceding meeting or delivered a single three-minutes' speech. The Napoleonic maxim that Heaven fights on the side of big battalions is evidently, in the opinion of some of the delegates, a safe one to act upon in public life. A close observance of the Trades Congress for several years compels the conclusion that if the Congress is to head the democratic movement, is to advise and inspire the ere-long largely increased Labour Party in Parliament, or is to assert the rights of the people with calmness, power, and success, it must elect its Parliamentary Committee on the broadest possible lines; it must provide the wherewithal for the Committee to hold nearly continuous sittings while the House of Commons is in session, and also insist upon it ever keeping Labour in evidence in the political world. Continued activity and pressure must, in fact, take the place of the annual outburst.

The opportunism of British Trades Unionists was long held up to the ridicule of Continental workmen, and was also denounced by many honest and enthusiastic Socialists a few years ago. But it is the old story of the tortoise and the hare. That policy might not appeal to the heroic sense, and no doubt seemed exceedingly dull, slow, and plodding, yet it has so far proved sure and wise. There may come a time, when unlimited power has been placed in the hands of the people, and when State payment of members and thorough electoral reforms have been secured, for them to abandon their opportunist policy. But until these constitutional barriers are removed many of the most experienced representatives of Labour deem it unwise, premature, and impolitic to support the demand for an independent Labour party. It is unnecessary to say that many trades unionists who support this agitation are thoroughly honest and patriotic. They have been forced to their conclusions by despair of obtaining effective and speedy industrial reform from existing political parties. Now the danger to the Congress and to Labour representation generally lies in the possibility that the advocates of an independent Labour party may be too precipitate in giving effect to their wishes, and, before state payment, payment of returning officers' charges, and other electoral reforms are obtained, put so many Labour candidates in the field as to make the return impossible of the only party which is likely to pass such laws. Although the present Government is pledged to these reforms, it is doubtful, with a small majority of forty, whether it can keep its promises. But I have little doubt that the sound common sense which has hitherto characterised the trades unionists of this country will again be displayed, and that patience will be shown until a really strong Labour contingent is returned to Parliament. It is pretty much the same

with the industrial army as with an armed force in a campaign. The camp follower and the decoy are oftenest most to be dreaded.

These dangers and difficulties overcome, the possibilities for good on the part of the Trades Union Congress are unbounded. It can become in an infinitely greater sense than it is to-day the Parliament of Labour; it can guide and advise the Continental toilers in working out their own salvation; it can furnish the Legislature with methods to erase those social blots and indignities which all true men deplore; it can discover and bring to the front men of talent and ability whose only misfortune is their poverty; it can stimulate true local government; and make for peace, for temperance, and for righteousness. And, happily, it is recognising more strongly year by year that the cause it advocates can be immeasurably strengthened by the high personal character of its units. Honour, high character, courtesy, and the true instincts of a gentleman, which may just as readily be found in a cottage as in a mansion, will tell in any assembly. One of the most cheering features of the Labour movement is that these virtues and good graces are receiving wider acknowledgment. So animated, no one need fear for the future of this country. After all there is profound truth and solemnity in the old axiom, 'The voice of the people is the voice of God.'

T. R. THRELFALL.

THE NEW FOOTBALL MANIA

THE new football is a far more effectual arouser of the unregenerate passions of mankind than either a political gathering or a race meeting. No doubt at Epsom or Newmarket it is vexatious in the extreme when the favourite loses five times in succession in one afternoon. But the British public controls itself fairly well under these trying circumstances. At a modern football match between, let us say, two League teams, it is a distinct point that the players are human beings, with sensibilities much on a par with the sensibilities of the spectators. These latter are well aware of the fact. And it is by playing loudly upon their sensibilities that the spectators endeavour to incite their darlings to strain every nerve to win. However, the gain of one side is the loss of the other. You are jubilant, while your neighbour uses language not to be found in grammars for the use of schools. It all depends upon the measure of civilisation in your locality whether there is or is not a good deal of fighting after the match. Of drinking it may be taken for granted that there is abundance. In all our large towns, and most of the small ones, north of Birmingham to the Tweed, from September to April, Saturday is consecrated to football. Saturday evenings are devoted to football symposia, and the newspapers issue special editions one after the other, with from three to four columns of reports and gossip about the results of the day's games and the players.

There is no mistake about it: the exercise is a passion nowadays and not merely a recreation. It is much on a par with the bull fight in Spain or the ballet in France. A spirit of adamant intention pervades it. No matter what the weather, a League fixture must be fulfilled. And no matter what the weather, there will always be found a number of spectators enthusiastic enough to be present at the game. Thrice during the last season, the writer witnessed matches in violent snowstorms; and on one of these occasions, with snow and slush ankle deep on the ground, the downfall was so severe that a layer of more than an inch of snow accumulated on the shoulders and backs of the enthusiasts, who were packed so closely together that they could not move to disencumber themselves. You would have thought they were all possessed of some sovereign preventive of the many

diseases that proceed from simple catarrh. Yet, of course, such was not the case. Probably more than one of them was fast asleep in his grave ere the match of the ensuing Saturday.

It is something else as well as a passion. It is a profession. This of itself would be enough to explain the very remarkable energy of modern football. In other professions, if a man is bent on pre-eminence, with its various rewards of lucre and public estimation, he must strive hard to attain it. I will not add that he must not be too scrupulous about the means he employs for his purpose, though this is a common belief. Nor is it different in football. It depends upon the vigour, craft, and strength of the player whether he is worth 2*l.*, 3*l.*, or 4*l.* a week during eight months of the year. To the old-fashioned votary of amateur football this will seem a very lamentable state of affairs. Yet it is not thought so in the North, though in the far North (Scotland) professionalism as it now exists in England is still under taboo. Nor do the players themselves consider that they are degraded by their vocation of making sport for the British Saturday afternoon. Indeed, no. It is quite otherwise. In their respective neighbourhoods they are the objects of the popular adoration. They go to the wars in saloon carriages. Their supporters attend them to the railway station to wish them 'God speed,' and later in the evening meet them on their return, and either cheer them with affectionate heartiness, or condole with them and solace them with as much beer as their principles (that is, their trainer) will allow them to accommodate. They are better known than the local members of Parliament. Their photographs are in several shops, individually and grouped. The newspaper gives woodcuts of them and brief appreciative biographical sketches. Even in their workaday dress they cannot move in their native streets without receiving ovations enough to turn the head of a Prime Minister. But their honest heads are not easily turned. They go their way and survive their banquets of hebdomadal applause and flattery with a stolidity that argues them well-knit mentally and of excellent tough digestions.

They are marketable goods and they are not ashamed. Why, it may be asked, need they be ashamed of it? Every man has his price, we are told by a great authority. Nor can the fell innuendo which attended this saying when it was uttered be applied to the modern professional football player. Whatever he may not be, he is bound to be thorough. The Club Committee who have bought him will stand no shilly-shallying, no trimming about the ball in merely dilettante fashion. As for the spectators, they would come within a hair's-breadth of assassinating him if they got an inkling that he was playing them false. Modern football may not be an immaculate form of 'sport,' but, in spite of one or two rumours, it seems irreproachably 'straight.'

If it be an advantage to see ourselves as others see us, the accomplished professional football player will not be expected to resent being catalogued and described on the agent's list much as if he were a bull of highly reputable lineage. It is the agent's aim to minister to the young man's self-esteem. Not directly, of course. He may not be very sound of wind, or he may have a small varicose vein, but the agent will not be bound to mention these slight defects any more than the auctioneer, who sells a fine piece of Dresden china, is compelled to whisper his suspicion that it sounds a bit cracked somewhere.

The football agent numbers his clients and advertises them. This is how he portrays them :

Nos. 154 and 155.—Goalkeepers, two champions, second to none in England; the name of either is a sufficient record; both are respectable, steady young men. One is 6 feet high, 13 stone weight, 23 years of age, and smart as a bee; fears nothing; is a regular stone wall against a charge, and a most consistent and earnest player. The other is a League player in one of the very best teams, and his superior cannot be found; he has played in nearly all the principal matches of his club during the present and last seasons. Both these men have decided to change. . . . Terms 3*l.* per week and 40*l.* bonus each.

Again :

No. 163.—Right or left full back. This is one of the most likely youngsters I have ever booked. He gives reference to a well-known pressman, who has repeatedly seen him play, and knows what he can do, and has a high opinion of his abilities and future prospects. Just note—height, 5 feet 11 inches; weight, 12 stone; age, 20. There's a young giant for you . . . this is a colt worth training.¹

The above may suffice. Considering the hundreds of good teams of football which are, nowadays, throughout the land, there seems really a lucrative opening for the smart mediator between players and committees. The business is, however, in its babyhood as yet. Some think the wages of professional players, though to gentlemen in other professions already they do not seem much amiss, will rise much higher than they are at present. It really is to be hoped they will not, or else football matches will be as expensive a pleasure as an international 'box.' But if they do, it will be a great temptation for the sons of middle and upper class families to try the career. Existing professionals do not describe themselves as gentlemen. When we find paid teams of the most promising graduates of our Universities touring the land like the trained players of the lower classes, then professional football may claim to be at its zenith. But we are not at present within a calculable distance of such proceedings.

As yet another phase of the new football, it may be noticed that certain of the leading association clubs have turned themselves into limited liability companies. The players are worked by the company

¹ From the *Athletic News*, 1891.

as if they were the machinery of the mine. It is, of course, all one to them, so they reap honour and their weekly wages. Indeed, a company, existing under the fierce light of public criticism, is much less likely to stop payment in this latter respect than were the two or three ardent votaries of the game who, previous to the company's establishment, were the foundation and mainspring of the club. As financial property, football stock cannot be said to be very valuable. This is due to two reasons. First, because of the expense of the team; and secondly, because in some cases the shareholders take their shares on the understanding in black and white 'that the income and profits of the company shall be devoted exclusively to the promotion of the objects of the company, and no portion thereof shall be paid or distributed by way of dividend, bonus, &c., &c.' A cynic may cavil at the wording of this sentence, and his cavil may seem justified when he sees the balance-sheet of the company marking a deficiency of about a fourth of the subscribed capital in a single season. But though they may err in the liberality of their expenditure upon saloon cars, special trains, and salaries, the directors of these companies themselves must not be charged with dishonesty.

It is significant and stimulating to observe that the more matches a team wins, the better its financial position at the end of the season is likely to be. The Aston Villa Club, which competed in the final for the English Cup, is solvent; and the West Bromwich Albion Club, its victorious opponent, is nearer solvency than it has been for years. Indeed, the former club made a profit of 870*l.* on the season 1891-2. On the other hand, several League teams have lost hundreds of pounds; notably Notts County, whose deficiency is the really handsome sum of 1,400*l.* Everton, who did so well during 1890-1, when they were at the head of the League, lost more than 900*l.* on the season of 1891-2, when their play was much less brilliant. They still, however, carried forward to the new season of 1892-3 a balance in hand of 875*l.* If the exchequer of the Sunderland Club, which headed the League for 1891-2, does not show to advantage, it is because of the extraordinary lavishness of the committee in giving bonuses to their men after victories and also in the matter of wages. These bonuses are indeed very agreeable little additions to the weekly wage of the professional football player. A Sheffield Club gives one of its men a benefit annually, the last two of which were worth to their recipients about 200*l.* each. The Sunderland players are believed to have received 15*l.* apiece, as a gratuity, after their Christmas double victory over Everton and Wolverhampton on successive days. At West Bromwich, at a banquet given to the local team by the borough member of Parliament, each player was handed a five-pound note; and an amiable alderman promised to collect an additional ten pounds apiece for the men, in honour of their triumph at the Oval. Add to these respectable perquisites

such trifles as new hats, jerseys, and boots, with which ardent tradesmen promise to fit out the team if they win particular matches, and occasional banquets like the one mentioned above, with torch-light processions and the excited plaudits of an entire town, and it will be seen that a player's income and gratification, all told, may be considerable. Members of Parliament and mayors quite frequently nowadays set the ball moving at a match, to show their sympathy with the popular ferment, and gentlemen of title do not disdain to entertain the teams and be photographed with them afterwards.

The political economist cannot afford to neglect the football clubs of our day. The sum they distribute jointly in wages throughout the year is very large. Everton alone, during the season of 1891-2, spent 4,038*l.* on this head, and no team of consequence can be worked for less than 1,000*l.* The expenditure on lint and liniments, such as Anti-stiff and Friar's Balsam, is also not slight. One team last season got through a mile of bandages. Toothsome stimulants are also doled out to the players before important matches. It seems a pity that these should be required, though of course their consumption benefits some one.

The secretaries of the important clubs do not find their position a sinecure. It is no joke to trim dexterously between players and the temptations that surround players and the laity alike. If Longshanks, the centre forward, is discovered by some one in a state of open intoxication, more blame will attach to the secretary than to Longshanks himself—who may be supposed to be like a caged thrush that suddenly sees its gilded prison-door ajar. The secretary has also the handling of much money, which is acknowledged to be a moral danger of the first magnitude.

But perhaps the most singular of this gentleman's duties is the quest for 'new blood' that he has to make periodically into the far north. A team is like the human body itself—ever changing and shifting its parts. The waste must be neutralised as much as possible, or else the team suffers. And so the club secretary makes expensive journeys to Scotland to 'smell out' promising players from the village greens and smaller football teams of the 'land o' cakes,' which is famous for endowing its sons with stout calves to their legs. A genius in football is of course nearly as rare as a unique orchid. Nor are the dangers to be confronted ere he can be secured and tied fast by a two years' agreement much less than those Mr. Sander's agents face in the forests of Brazil or Borneo ere *their* choice specimens can be bagged and encouraged to blossom in the glass-houses of St. Albans. Three-volumed romances are sometimes unfolded by these secretarial raids into the Scotch lowlands. The stranger offers his golden lure to the ingenuous stripling, and indulges him with costly food and drink at the best hotel. The youth may be the only

son of his widowed mother, and affianced to a local damsel whose attachment to him is of the demonstratively passionate kind; he may also be a valued Sunday-school teacher, and loved and admired by all who know him. Imagine then the situation of the alien who tempts him to give up his home and his natal ties and to journey south two or three hundred miles to practise a profession which a fond mother and an impulsive sweetheart cannot fail to think as dangerous as a battlefield, though unattended by the glamour of pride that belongs to the certificated blood-shedder. An authority on this subject, after telling how at different times he was beaten, tarred and feathered, and pelted with mud and large stones, adds expressively, 'I have been chased for miles by the relatives of young men I have endeavoured to persuade to leave their homes.' Uncommon qualities are therefore distinctly needful in the average secretary to the modern professional football team. He must be a strategist like Von Moltke, and he must be a practised logician, to prove to his victim how paltry are the silken fetters of domesticity compared to that self-advancement which it is the chief aim and object of every proper man to seek, and especially a young Scotchman. He must also use the club's money on these occasions with a certain restraint as if it were his own, though conscious all the while that he will cut but a poor figure before the committee if he have nothing to show for his journey north and his four days' unstinted hotel bill, with a swollen item for innumerable whiskies.

It is quite odd to see how strongly the people in League districts are smitten by the football fever. Many old people and women are so caught by it that they would not, on any ordinary account, miss a local match. They may be seen, too, wedged in the crowd of youths and young men who patronise the excursion trains to fields of combat fifty or a hundred miles from home. There must be a special Providence for them, or else they become extraordinarily hardened by exposure. I know a blind man who is regularly conducted to the football field, and works himself up into as hot a state of eagerness as his neighbours.

This poor gentleman follows the game with his ears. To some of the rest of the spectators in certain parts of the country it would be a positive convenience if they could, on the other hand, during the match, suspend their faculty of hearing, as well as their sense of smell. The multitude flock to the field in their workaday dirt, and with their workaday adjectives very loose on their tongues. In Lancashire and the Black Country it is really surprising what a number of emphatic and even mysterious expletives may be heard on these Saturday afternoons. Some of them are, however, remarkably unpleasant and not fit for a lady's ears, even to the remotest echo.

The players themselves may be supposed largely deaf to the shouts

and even abuse which they excite. They are not wholly so; but they have a knack of discriminating between the flippant and the earnest. Their supporters often forget themselves in the ferocity of their cries. 'Down him!' 'Sit on his chest!' 'Knock their ribs in!' are invitations often addressed to them, and in no playful mode be it understood.

But, as a rule, they keep their tempers wonderfully well. They know that the referee has extensive powers to punish any deeds done on the field 'of malice prepense,' and modern football legislation is a very real thing indeed. A player who is suspended for intentional rough play is wounded in the pocket, and he feels it.

It is ludicrous to see how boys of a very tender age get possessed of a frenzy at some of these matches. Their cries to the players are not a whit less turbulent than those of their elders, though they do not carry so far; and certain of them forget themselves in a way that would bring upon them the high displeasure of their nurses at home. At Bolton, last October, a youngster was observed to burst into tears because the referee gave a decision against the home team. It was at Bolton, too, that a worthy town councillor, who chanced to die during the football season, was, at his dying request, carried to the grave by four of the team. Like many other of the Lancashire manufacturing towns, Bolton is not at all a pretty place. But it has a talent for football, and a particularly 'soft' field, which in wet weather almost engulfs players who are not used to it.

I have mentioned the fair sex among the patrons of modern football. After considerable experience I find myself compelled to believe it is not the game that attracts them. Their remarks—by way of criticism—are much too much for the patience of the commonalty who hear them. In the manufacturing districts their presence is tolerated only when their hats and bonnets are of moderate height. They must, too, take their chance in the crush which often precedes entrance into the field; and, to do them justice, they do not seem to mind these crushes. The lady frequenters of the grand stands are not much more serious participants at a match than their humbler sisters who have to stand through the afternoon. The observations made by one of them may fairly be ascribed to the rest: 'What fine young men! What are they going to do?' she exclaimed, as the two-and-twenty players ranged themselves in order of battle and awaited the referee's whistle.

The referee in professional football demands a paragraph to himself. Doubtless ere the game had grown to a mania among the people his position was a sufficiently responsible one. But it is now tenfold so. His relationship towards the players and the thousands of highly strung spectators somewhat resembles that of the Speaker in the House of Commons towards the members of Parliament. But he does not arouse feelings of unanimous respect like Mr. Peel in the

Senate House. For his services during the hour and a half of an Association match he receives a guinea, and oftentimes he is offered an amount of insult that no self-respecting man would suffer for considerably more than a guinea. I have seen him retreat from the field after the match surrounded by the players themselves, who had the greatest difficulty to keep the yelling and blaspheming mob from getting hold of him and maltreating him much as if he were a notorious welsher. Even a brave man does not like this sort of thing. Though he may smile and affect composure, he feels to the full that the calling of referee in modern football is not wholly delightful.

Here is the tale of a referee's experiences a few months ago during a Shropshire match. 'He was hooted and cursed every time he gave a decision, and one of the spectators went as far as to threaten to throw him into a pond. Immediately after the match he was snow-balled, in addition to which mud was thrown at him, and he had to seek protection from the violence of the spectators. He took refuge in the pavilion for some time, but when he went towards the public-house where the teams dressed, he found that there was a large crowd waiting for him, and he was again roughly handled, his hat being knocked off, and he received a blow on the back of the neck.'

This was the penalty of doing his duty to the best of his ability. No wonder the situation is looked at askant by those who fancy themselves intellectually qualified for it. Among the League clubs, however, things are not likely in future to touch this pitch of iniquity. The referee has been taken under the protection of the authorities, and by making complaint of the insults offered to him, he can bring condign punishment upon the club on whose field he was humiliated. At Everton, moreover, special quarters have lately been prepared for him in the buildings around the field. Here he may rest in safe seclusion, and indefinitely laugh to scorn the contumelious remarks of discontented persons outside.

On the subject of accidents, it is gratifying to be able to say emphatically that with the progress of scientific Association football injuries to players are becoming more and more rare. This is one of the best features of the new football. Bruises and mild sprains and strains are of course sure to be abundant. For these Anti-stiff and embrocations of many kinds are ready to do effective service. But fatal accidents are so unfrequent that no League team regards them as in the least degree likely. The 'Ave Imperator, morituri te salutant,' of the Roman athletes has no parallel with the modern professional football player.

I have been present at considerably more than a hundred League matches, and only once on these occasions was there a somewhat serious accident. A player's leg was broken midway between the

ankle and the knee-cap. The snap of the bone was audible fifty yards away. But though it was an unfortunate affair, the sufferer was comforted by the sympathies of the public. He had a benefit for one thing, which put 50*l.* in his pocket. And the next season he was again a player, not much the worse for the shock.

In the old days there was much roughness in the play of even leading teams. Virgil's description of the wounded Dares, after his tussle with Entellus, might not inaptly have been applied to many a discomfited player :

His mouth and nostrils poured a purple flood ;
And pounded teeth came rushing with his blood.
Faintly he staggered through the hissing throng,
And hung his head, and trailed his legs along.

To do the British crowd justice, however, the hissing in such a case was a tribute offered to the doer of the deed. The charging was often particularly murderous. But those phases of the game have been largely reformed away. By a very late decision of the Football Association, the referee has been empowered to give a penalty kick for playing in a manner likely to cause injury. This seems the last straw of protective administration. Henceforward the anxious mothers of Scotland need fear nothing when they learn that their children have evaded the home nest and enlisted as professional football players in England. Nowadays more spectators than players die of football.

It is hard to prophesy about the future development of the game. Already professional football is in full swing for eight months out of the twelve. Nor is this enough for some people. They grumble loudly when the milder, yet equally national, game of cricket asserts itself. Cricket is slighted as tame and flat compared to football. The interest is too attenuated. Better a furious thrill for an hour or so than the protracted gentle pleasure of the bats and stump.

This, however, seems unreasonable. During the dog days one does not require furious thrills. They are a deal too inflammatory.

There are plenty of Timons abroad who regard the existing football mania among the people as a very bad symptom. 'It's ruining the country. The young men talk of nothing else. Their intellect all goes into football. They can't do their work properly for thinking of it. Never saw such a state of affairs in my life. The lower middle and the working classes may be divided into two sets: Fabians and Footballers, and, 'pon my word, it's difficult to say which is the greater nuisance to the other members of society.' These words from one antipathetic to excitement in any form may not carry much force, but they are typical.

At present, however, the tide is with the game: every September

proves it. Our mob politicians have a very fine catch-word in the phrase 'A free breakfast table and football gratis,' if they like to use it in our provincial manufacturing towns. The Government audacious enough to promise serious consideration to such a programme would meet with an astonishing amount of support.

Who knows? The incidents of civilisation may repeat themselves in this particular, as in so many others.

CHARLES EDWARDES.

*CHOLERA,
AND OUR PROTECTION AGAINST IT*

IN dealing with cholera, as with other difficulties, the maxim should be for each in his sphere 'to grasp the nettle.' Fortunately, it has already been deprived of much of its sting by the application of new scientific and sanitary knowledge, and for this country, at least, we have from the outset of its approach felt that there is a fair prospect of rendering it in the future almost innocuous. That time has not yet wholly come. But even now, and already, so great is the progress made that we have been able to set ourselves to face the impending danger with good heart, and with a sense of largely increased power to grapple with and neutralise it. The result thus far has justified these anticipations. In the terrible cholera epidemics of 1849 and of 1853 the nation felt itself almost helpless, and there was widespread panic in the face of what was then a mysterious and almost invincible pestilence. All this is now changed; we know practically a very large part of what it is necessary to know as to the origin and causation of cholera, its mode of propagation and the means of arresting it; and it has rested only with our central sanitary organisation, with our local sanitary authorities, and with ourselves, as citizens and householders, to take steps which shall in the near future make cholera a disease as rare, as little known, or as easily stamped out as typhus fever—once, and indeed not long since, so common and so fatal in this country. Typhus fever is now so rarely seen as frequently to fail to be recognised by medical men when scattered cases occur. Meantime cholera has been at our gates and a few cases have penetrated into the country, so that we are still face to face with the enemy, and must take our measures accordingly.

TERMS OF MYSTERY NOW EXPLODED

Until quite lately we heard a good deal of a pseudo-scientific terminology which is still occasionally used by eminent men, such as Sir Joseph Fayrer, and Inspector-General Lawson, but which really ought, in my opinion, to be brushed aside as obsolete (in this case at

any rate), mystifying, and obstructive. Cholera used to be spoken of, and we may find it so spoken of now, from time to time, as subject to telluric influences, atmospheric miasms, pandemic waves, epidemic constitution, propagation by air-currents, and cholera clouds, and through 'blue mists,' with many other mysterious agencies, hard to comprehend and still harder to deal with. We are hearing still in Russia and Poland of the 'cholera insect which flies across the frontier' (Hall Caine), and I have been gravely apprised from one or two quarters of 'blue mists' and plagues of flies, corresponding with what was observed in the last cholera epidemics. The plain truth is perhaps best expressed in one sentence, which tells us in homely words what Asiatic cholera is and points out at the same time what is our duty and what are our weapons with which to combat it. 'CHOLERA IS A FILTH DISEASE, CARRIED BY DIRTY PEOPLE TO DIRTY PLACES.' That is a hard saying in one sense, but it is simple and true, and goes to the root of the whole matter, as I shall proceed to show.

THE HOME OF CHOLERA

The home of cholera is in India; it is there established endemically throughout a wide area, but not, as most Indian authorities once believed and many would even now apparently often have us believe, in virtue of any local, mysterious, unknown, or unpreventable causes. It is so in virtue of conditions which may all of them be removed, and which, in time, I trust, will be removed. In 1878 there were 318,000 deaths from cholera in India; in 1881 there were 161,000 deaths from cholera; in 1887, 488,000; and in 1888, 270,000.

OUR IMPERIAL RESPONSIBILITY

We have in this respect a great Imperial responsibility, which we shall find it hard to fulfil. At the International Hygienic Congress in Vienna the remark was constantly made, 'You English have by your sanitary improvements prevented cholera from gaining a foothold in England; why do you not attack it in its birthplace and prevent it from springing into life in India?' We may well closely question ourselves, why we have not succeeded in carrying even further the great work which we have done for the sanitary improvement of Indian populations. It has not been, as Sir Douglas Galton has pointed out, for want of knowledge. In 1860 a Royal Commission, presided over by Lord Derby, made many observations and recommendations for this end. Physicians acting privately, or as sanitary commissioners, have collected in twenty-five years a vast mass of information all tending to teach the one lesson, that polluted water-supply, pollution of the soil, and water-logging, are the conditions

which lead to the extension of cholera and other kindred diseases. Remove these sources, and the preventable diseases which are the effect of them are diminished or extinguished.

THE ORGANISATION NEEDED TO STAMP OUT CHOLERA IN INDIA

The Royal Commission of 1862, on the basis of the medical evidence put before them, adopted important recommendations which, in proportion as they may be carried out, would stamp out cholera almost wholly, if not entirely, in India. I cannot here discuss these in detail; but obviously the first necessary step is that a central Local Government Board, efficiently constituted, be established in each province; with power to carry out sanitary regulations and to borrow money, when necessary, for the purpose. As matters stand, isolated district commissioners are appointed, but no central authority exists for enforcing their recommendations. The Board which the Commission of 1862 had in view was of members having real sanitary knowledge, and who would supersede the isolated commissioners. It would seem almost as if the Indian Government in general had come to regard the periodical outbreaks of cholera in India as irremediable, and to discuss only the means of preventing the infection from spreading to Europe. This is a quite mistaken, unjustifiable, and dangerous view, and one against which other nations as well as our own are well entitled to protest, as they do protest.

CHOLERA AND WATER IN INDIA

Dr. M. C. Furnell, in his recent excellent book on the subject, expresses himself as firmly of opinion that the general method of the propagation of cholera in India is by means of specifically polluted water. While in Europe, however, nearly every outbreak of cholera has been definitely traced to the contamination of the water-supply, and much has been written about it, telluric and atmospheric conditions are distantly invoked by Indian authorities. These are terms of mystery and of indefinite meaning, which unfortunately have been adopted, however, by too many Government officials, who cannot explain what they mean, and frequently use them as a cloak for ignorance. Dr. Furnell has had no difficulty in finding masses of facts in support of his opinions. The habits of the natives, though in direct opposition to their own laws and sacred writings, are such as tend to the most filthy pollution of the water supplied for their use. Where pure water has been supplied to the natives, as in Madras and Calcutta, and care has been taken to guard such sources of supply from pollution, cholera epidemics have become of unfrequent occur-

rence and of greatly reduced fatality. In this opinion all the best authorities concur.

In brief illustration of these facts and conclusions I will only refer to the two great cities which are leading seats of government and most under our influence. In the paper by Dr. W. J. Simpson, Medical Officer of Health, read at the British Medical Association in August, 1888, he gave a description of Calcutta, Howrah, and the suburbs, dwelling specially on the water-supply, the tanks, the drainage, the construction of the streets and houses, native and European; and the sanitary system generally. Calcutta, to the south of the native town, he stated, is well built, the streets are wide and straight, the houses are large and have gardens attached; there is a liberal supply of excellent water, the drainage and cleansing are good, and that portion of the city compares favourably with the better parts of London. With a few exceptions, northern and native Calcutta is densely crowded, the streets are narrow and irregular, the drainage is bad, only the better and middle class have a fair supply of water; the poorer class have a very scanty water-supply, and depend upon the water in the tanks. The native town is studded with wells and tanks. Neither Howrah, with its 100,000 inhabitants, nor the suburbs of Calcutta with its 250,000, have any public water-supply, with the exception of the wells and tanks. The insanitary condition of Howrah without a public water-supply, and without building regulations, is surpassed by the suburbs, which have no public water-supply, no drainage, no building regulations, nor any effective conservancy arrangements. As a general rule, European residents in Howrah get their water from Calcutta by carriers, and they avoid the well and tank water. The personal habits of the natives are cleanly. As a religious duty they bathe at least once a day, the women more frequently, and this is done, when convenient, in the river Hooghly, but generally in the tanks near their houses or huts. The tanks are thus defiled by the excretions of the body, by the washing of dirty clothes, frequently of clothes soiled by excretions of the sick, by human ordure due to the practice of children and others defæcating on the banks of the tanks, and by the drainage and soakage from the surrounding huts and houses. Thus the water in the tanks, except during the rainy season, varies in quality from moderately polluted up to concentrated sewage, and this is the only water-supply practically available for large numbers of the native population. Dr. Simpson traces out the connection between local outbreaks of cholera and a deficient and contaminated water-supply, showing that those who have an abundant and pure water-supply, namely, the Europeans and better class of natives, escape cholera epidemics, except in isolated instances, which can generally be accounted for; while the natives, who necessarily depend on the tank water, suffer severely

when the tank becomes polluted by the excreta from a cholera patient. He says:

I would particularly direct attention to this scarcity of water in the parts affected. Go almost where one may, in the northern part of the town, and especially in the riparian wards, there is the same complaint of the want of water, and a very valid one it is. It is a common occurrence to see the people grouped round one of the standposts, waiting their turn to fill their chatties, many of them to be disappointed, for the water from the standposts often comes in mere dribblets, and the supply is exhausted or turned off before half the people are supplied. Scarcity of water brings in its train a great deal of sickness, apart from cholera. The districts which have suffered most from scarcity of water, have suffered also from a large amount of sickness of a dysenteric character.

The natives bathe, wash their utensils and clothes in the tanks, because it is the only available place for doing so; and they use the water of the tanks, contaminated in addition by soakage and sewage, for cooking and drinking, because it is the only available water-supply for domestic purposes. The remedies for the condition of affairs described are simple enough, but they need time, and must involve considerable expense. The first requisite is a liberal water-supply for Howrah and the suburbs, and a more liberal supply for Calcutta. Few will drink polluted water if they can obtain pure water. By specially constructed tanks even the habits of the people can be so directed as to permit them to enjoy the luxury of the bath, and to perform their ablutions without danger. The second requisite is well-planned streets with free ventilation, good building arrangements, a system of drainage to pass through these streets, systematic clearing, levelling, paving and filling up of ponds, draining, scavenging, removal of nuisance, and a well-organised sanitary department. The carrying out of these measures will ultimately convert Calcutta, Howrah, and the suburbs, containing nearly 800,000 inhabitants, into as healthy a locality as any in the world, in so far as the prevalence of diseases not due directly to a subtropical climate is concerned, and these measures of sanitation will change one of the most important centres in the endemic area of cholera into an area no longer marked by endemicity. Before any real progress in scientific medicine can be expected in India, the scientific branch of the medical service must be distinct from the administration, for when administrative functions preponderate, scientific research is relegated to such a subordinate position as to render it impossible to be carried out satisfactorily. A central institute is necessary, well-equipped, and having attached to it a body of men well trained in chemical, physiological, and biological methods, whose whole time should be devoted to scientific research.

I take my other example from Dr. Furnell, the Surgeon-General at Madras, writing in 1886 an address on cholera. For many years before the introduction of the Red Hill water-supply into Madras,

the number of deaths from cholera annually amounted to hundreds, and too frequently to thousands; but from the year 1872, when the water-supply was first opened, there has been a very large reduction in the mortality, one year being absolutely free from the disease, and in three others the deaths being five, six, and two respectively. Of course, during the famine years there was a large increase in the fatal cases of cholera, caused by the migration into the town of many poor, half-starved creatures, who had no strength left to resist the disease. But, as soon as the famine was over, the rate of mortality again fell to below 100 per annum; and, during the last four years, when there has been a severe epidemic of the disease throughout the greater part of the Madras Presidency, the average number of deaths had not exceeded 250 per annum. The greater part of these deaths, also, it is shown, took place in those parts of the town which had not had the benefit of the Red Hill's water-supply. Dr. Furnell, therefore, urges the necessity of extending the water-supply to these localities. Our duty then lies before us; it is a grave and difficult task, but must be looked steadily in the face.

SPECIAL METHODS OF PROPAGATION IN INDIA

There are other modes of propagation of cholera in India, and special to it, which also admit of remedy; for in India the natives not only drink cholera as we do in Europe, but they also eat cholera; but that is a question which I leave aside with this passing reference for the moment, since I have here to deal with things nearer home. Let me note only that the epidemic of 1830 passed into Europe from Astrakhan, mounting the Volga, and conveyed from the shores of the Baltic to Great Britain, Holland and France, making fearful ravages in all those countries, and spreading slowly (during more than a decade) throughout the world, leaving everywhere a devastating track, Switzerland and Greece alone remaining untouched. The epidemic of 1849 passed out of India and the Burman empire, traversing the Caucasus and the Volga, entering Astrakhan, and ravaging in succession Russia, the German and Dutch countries, England and France. 1853 saw a fresh epidemic which again invaded Russia, England, and France, destroying victims in England, and 140,000 in France. This epidemic was believed, however, to be only the lighting up again of the smouldering ashes of that of 1847-50, of which a focus still remained in Poland and Galicia.

THE MECCA PILGRIMS

The epidemic of 1866 which made 60,000 victims in Egypt in three months, and which caused 6,000 deaths in the East of London, came to us from the Arabian shores of the Red Sea, falling so severely

on Mecca that 30,000 pilgrims died of it. And here let me mention one of the customs of that pilgrimage which goes far to explain the intensity and the fearful mortality which attend any outbreak of cholera among the Meccan pilgrims. At a given period the pilgrims stand naked in turn by the holy well; a bucket of water is poured over each man, he drinks what he can of it, and the rest falls back into the well. The water of this well has been analysed by an English chemist, Dr. Frankland; it is fearfully polluted with abominable contaminations. On this occasion, within a few days of the ceremony, the road for twelve miles to the foot of Mount Ararat was thickly strewn with dead bodies.

THE GREAT AND TRAGIC EXPERIMENT OF THE EAST LONDON EPI-
DEMIC OF 1866; DISTRIBUTION OF THE UNFILTERED WATER OF
THE RIVER LEE KILLS 6,000 PEOPLE

And now we reach England. Arriving on our shores from Alexandria, conveyed to England by a few persons in one ship—a family escaped prematurely from the detention of medical inspection at the port of Southampton, in the autumn of 1866. Very shortly afterwards an intense outbreak in East London occurred. With the detection of the cause and mode of propagation of this outbreak I became immediately concerned. I have told the story before and need not dwell upon its details, but it is too instructive altogether to pass over. Firmly convinced from a study of the researches and demonstrations of the immortal Dr. Snow (to whom, if to any man, a grateful country should erect a monument, instead of letting his name pass into oblivion), and further satisfied by the studies of Simon and Farr, that polluted drinking water had been a main factor in previous epidemics, and must be so in all probability in this, I despatched Mr. James Netten Radcliffe to the headquarters of the East London Water Company. There, with much difficulty, and after several ineffectual efforts, we ascertained that one of the cholera-stricken family had travelled from the port of arrival to a house by the river Lee. The sewers of that house discharged into the river just above the intake of the water company; and, by a strange fatality, just at that time, the pumps and filter beds of the company being under repair, the water of the Lee was liberally distributed, practically unfiltered, to the inhabitants of East London. The whole story was subsequently laboriously worked out, and verified precisely as I discovered and told it, by Mr. Simon and Dr. Farr. It may be read in detail in the reports of the Registrar-General and of the medical department of the Local Government Board. Sixteen thousand residents of East London were attacked, and 6,000 died. That was a great and tragic experiment on a scale of sadly vast proportions. But it has deeply engraved its lessons on the public mind,

and has influenced our legislation and all our subsequent proceedings. The record is one from which we have so much to learn that it cannot be too frequently held up to view. It crowned the edifice of our knowledge by proving that specifically polluted drinking water was, is, and must now always be regarded, not only as an adjuvant cause of the spread of Asiatic cholera, but as the *causa causans* of this, and, as I have shown elsewhere, of all well-observed European cholera epidemics.

It is not altogether a pleasant reflection at this moment that a large part of the inhabitants of East London are still drinking the water of the river Lee, much less polluted, it is true, than heretofore, but still dangerously polluted, and much better filtered, it is also true. It is not entirely reassuring to know that only a filter bed and a pump, which are not necessarily always impeccable and infallibly reliable, stand between the inhabitants of a thickly populated working population (whose sanitary arrangements are imperfect) and the possibility of a repetition of disaster.

PRINCIPLES OF PREVENTION, PUBLIC AND DOMESTIC

Bearing this lesson in mind, and putting aside all the old mysteries and jargon, let me briefly set forth, first, What are the general principles of cholera prevention? Second, In view of those principles, what are the duties, and what the methods and machinery for official prevention by the central sanitary administration and by local administrators? Third, What are the methods, the powers, and the duties of individual private citizens, each in his own capacity?

GENERAL PRINCIPLES OF PUBLIC CHOLERA PREVENTION

For public use in this country, the all-important principle of cholera prevention was laid down methodically by Mr. Simon, whose words retain all their original force, and which are equally applicable now. It is, that cholera derives all its epidemic destructiveness from filth, and especially from excretal uncleanness; and the local conditions of safety are above all these two: first, that by proper structural works, all the refuse and sewage of a population shall be so promptly and so thoroughly removed that the inhabited buildings, as well as air and soil, shall be absolutely free from these specific impurities; and, second, that the water-supply of the population shall be derived from such sources and conveyed in such channels that their contamination is impossible. These words were written when local sanitary authorities in England had scarcely begun their work; when port sanitary authorities had made no provision for dealing with imported disease, and when special orders in face of cholera were requisite in order to give such powers as these authorities

have now long possessed. It is certain that in proportion as the sanitary authorities of England have done their regular work and exercised their powers for the protection of public health, the country has even less to fear to-day from cholera than it had in the recent invasions of Europe by the disease from which she has been protected.

PRECAUTIONS AGAINST CHOLERA IN LONDON

The Metropolitan Asylums Board having been constituted a local authority under the Diseases Prevention Act, Metropolis, 1883 and 1885, and its powers enlarged by the Act of 1891, recognises now, as in 1885, its duty to provide accommodation for the cholera patients in the metropolis as a whole, without respect to parochial boundaries; partly by the use of its own hospitals, partly by the acquisition of sites for huts, and partly by arrangements for the use of beds at general hospitals, at infirmaries, and at workhouses. The beds placed at the disposal of the managers then were about 1,700, irrespective of 250 available at their own hospitals. The intention was to constitute the managers a first line of defence for immediate action on the appearance of cholera. Had cholera then come, or should it now appear on any large scale, the other local authorities (vestries) would have been able, and will now be able, to provide additional accommodation for the sick, if necessary, as well as refuge for the other inhabitants, where there are patients too ill to remove to a hospital. This first line of defence would come into operation where the outer line of defence constituted by the port sanitary authorities proves insufficient or is broken through. Great importance is to be attached to the supervision of the water-supply from its sources to the consuming cisterns, and in 1883 special stress was laid upon this by the medical officers of health, and a memorandum from them as to the measures necessary to secure the purity of water in the cisterns was issued to sanitary authorities and to householders, which might now well be reissued. In the event of the hospital provision by the Metropolitan Asylums Board (the beds provided by whom would constitute a first line of defence) being inadequate—if indeed now, with the pressure of fever cases, they can provide any—the second line of defence is constituted by the vestries and district boards, and, should cholera come, this would be the most important. The vestries would have to provide places of refuge for the healthy when the sick were too ill to be moved. With this branch of work, probably the most important, as being the best way of dealing with cholera, the Asylums Board would have nothing to do, nor with the provision of disinfectants, medicines, &c. No doubt local sanitary authorities, advised by their medical officers of health, will be prepared to do their own duty, as many of them are now arranging, not resting on what the Asylums Board can do.

OUR OFFICIAL 'THREE LINES OF DEFENCE'

The scheme that has been adopted to make metropolitan asylum managers the first internal line of defence was, no doubt, as really satisfactory as may be under the existing circumstances. But I urge strongly upon our legislators that it is at best a very patchy arrangement, and the serious question as to the complete protection of the metropolis has not been simplified, and is very far from being adequately solved by it. The first line, that of the Asylums Board, may be said to have almost wholly broken down, and in any case, sooner or later, the duty now imposed upon the thirty-nine sanitary authorities of the metropolis to provide hospital accommodation for their own districts must be transferred to one single authority, probably the Metropolitan County Council. The managers at present only undertake in the interests of the metropolis to make some provision for an epidemic, and the responsibility of dealing with the disease in districts where it may become epidemic will rest with the sanitary authorities of the district. The sanitary authority is to make special provision to meet that outbreak. It is easy to imagine the administrative powerlessness likely to occur should an epidemic arise in any district which the asylums 'managers,' after a certain point of intensity has been reached, turned over to the care of a perhaps ill-prepared and unpractised local authority. There is here an evident necessity (of which both the Local Asylums Board and the County Council are aware) of some concentration of authorities to connect these two central authorities, and give to them direct relation to the Local Government Board and control over the local sanitary authorities. The principal authorities are not quite agreed on the matter—the Asylums Board think that all the power and the duties should be centralised in their body, and a large part of the sanitary work of the County Council taken from it and added to them, while the administrators generally, and the Council in particular, are more apt to think that the Asylums Board should be merged in the County Council, and taken over in its central administration, to which the thirty-nine local sanitary authorities should also be much more directly related than they are at present. At present the County Council is for cholera or epidemic purposes merely an uneasy looker-on.

THE PRESENT EPIDEMIC AND ITS PROGRESS.

First, a few words as to the present epidemic and its progress to and in this country. For the present purpose it is only necessary to say a few words concerning the progress of the present epidemic from India to Grimsby, Gravesend, Liverpool, and London. Asiatic cholera, I venture again to define as 'a filth disease carried by dirty people to

dirty places.' It has come to us, carried, as usual, by dirty persons or their victims from India, through the Russian Empire along the lines of human intercourse; carried this time, however, rapidly and in an intense form by passengers who were themselves conveyed by fast steamers and quickly moving railway transport, along a track of which I have published the route lines and the dates of arrival at the various stations in a map issued in the *British Medical Journal* on the 6th of August. Starting from its great focus in Cashmere in the middle of May, it had reached Moscow before the end of June, St. Petersburg not long afterwards. It travelled thence by steam to Hamburg and Havre, and came to our doors within three months instead of three years, as was the case when Asiatic travel was slow and infrequent, and when our means of communication were more tardy and incomplete.

DIRTY TOWNS AND PLACES: HAMBURG

Everywhere on its route it found the dirty places necessary for its intense and rapid development. It found these conditions in the Russian towns and villages to perfection; and at that we do not wonder but only lament. But it found them hardly less developed, strange and sad to say, in the enlightened and flourishing city of Hamburg, which has paid so terrible a penalty for its sins and neglects, and has inflicted that penalty and communicated those sufferings to others. The Elbe is a filthily polluted river flowing through the city which it so greatly beautifies and which it has enriched. It is subject to constant and abominable contaminations, and yet it constitutes largely the drinking water of the city. Vainly are any sanitary measures taken to arrest an epidemic which under such circumstances they can only mitigate and limit, while that pollution continues and while that water is drunk. Koch, like Virchow in Berlin, and Monod, Brouardel, Marey and Roust in Paris, have all put to great profit the demonstration of the water theory of the spread of cholera. Snow, Simon, Farr, and myself realised that fact. This visit has brought it home to the inhabitants of Hamburg, so that after a while the order went forth prohibiting the drinking of water from the Elbe until it had been well boiled, closing the baths on the river, and warning the inhabitants of their danger. This step did more than all the sanitary powderings (in tons) and vague libations (in thousands of gallons) of which we hear a good deal there. In so far as the Elbe water is rejected and its dangers neutralised the epidemic was, and will be, arrested.

I have before me the full report of the contaminations of the Elbe and the character of the waterworks. The whole story, seeing that this is the ninth epidemic of cholera from which Hamburg has suffered, and that it has repeatedly proved the source of departure of

cholera epidemics migrated into Europe, would be incredible if it were not too sadly proved.

Some foolish attempts have been made to divert attention from the water-supply to other conditions, such as earth, excavations, and so forth, but they are mere puerilities unworthy of serious attention, red herrings drawn across the trail of the line of fruitful research. Seven thousand people have fallen victims to the poisoned drinking water of the Elbe in one month out of a population of 640,000. This was about the proportion also in the epidemic of Asiatic cholera which I traced to the East London poisoned water from the Lee, where, as already said, in a brief space of time 6,000 people died out of a population of 600,000, and 2,000 destitute 'cholera orphans' were left to public charity.

THE CHOLERA IN ENGLAND: MEDICAL INSPECTION AT OUR PORTS INADEQUATE BY REASON OF PERIOD OF CHOLERA INCUBATION

From Hamburg the cholera has been carried to a number of our ports; this was inevitable. Well-devised, intelligent, and completely employed organised measures of medical inspection and detention have been put in force with an activity and a vigour on the part both of the Local Government Board and of the local port authorities deserving of all praise. These have had the best effect, rigidly limiting the number of cases imported inland into this country, and therefore the number of sparks carried into our towns and villages ready to light up local epidemic conflagrations where the requisite filth conditions exist. In some of them we know that they are present. Happily, not in many perhaps, or on a great scale. Such importation also was inevitable. Quarantine has been happily described as an elaborate system of leakiness. If complete, it would be impossible for a commercial country; and if incomplete, quarantine and sanitary cordons give only a false security and are ineffectual, as all foreign and continental experience aptly prove. A rigid system of port medical inspection and sanitary detention can be more easily enforced, and is therefore more nearly effective; but only nearly effective and partially effective, so that at many points, and at an early date, our outer line of defence was broken through, and cholera patients were not only lodged in our ports, but have even reached our inland towns. This is easily understood; the voyage from Hamburg or Havre is effected in from twenty-four to forty-eight hours. The incubation of cholera is said to vary from one to fifteen days. The average period of incubation is from two to five days, so that a stricken patient may arrive in apparently good health and cholera first develop its symptoms after his reaching an inland town.

FIRST LINE OF INTERNAL DEFENCE

What then of our first line of internal defence? This for the metropolis is the Metropolitan Asylums Board. But that also is a very thin line indeed, and, as it proved at the present moment, very little effectual if any strain had been and should be put upon it. This board has the duty of providing in theory a certain number of beds, but owing to the presence among us of that sad disgrace—our customary (and preventable) autumnal epidemic of scarlatina—and owing also to the increasing pressure on the Metropolitan Asylums due to the salutary action of the Notification of Diseases Act, there is a much greater disposition to isolate scarlet fever patients and to use the accommodation afforded by the infectious hospitals of the Board. So that these during the month of August were crowded to their fullest extent, and arrangements became immediately necessary to utilise our second line of defence.

OUR SECOND LINE OF DEFENCE.

This has brought into play the resources provided by our voluntary hospitals, and by provisional arrangements by the vestries and other local sanitary authorities. Each day gave satisfactory evidence that for the most part they were willing to respond to the call made upon them. Two thousand beds were soon announced to be available if occasion arose. The staff of sanitary inspectors was increased and brought into active operation, and for a time at least we have seen something of that general effort at cleanliness in our water-supply, sewage conduits, drains, abattoirs, stables, and even in the human habitations of the slums, which ought to be a permanent condition. May it soon be so; for if it were, we should stamp out typhoid, choleraic diarrhoea, with their enormous annual mortality, and ultimately even scarlatina and diphtheria, with as much completeness as we have eradicated mediæval plagues, and, of late years, typhus.

Unhappily with our present chaotic sanitary administration, of which the present cholera alarm has only brought the leading features of expression into greater prominence, such a result is not yet to be expected. We see at present the Local Government Board endeavouring to cumulate, under the influence of a cholera scare and of the desire to earn public praise for its activity, functions which do not properly belong to it and which it cannot fulfil. We have seen it duplicating the offices of the port sanitary authorities, and even sending members of its scanty staff of imperial inspectors seeking lodgings in London for suspected immigrants. We have seen it ousting the County Council, which is in theory our central sanitary authority, from any effective intervention, and leaving it with its hands tied to look on in impotent inactivity, until in despair it offered the services of its able principal medical officer to the Metropolitan

Asylums Board. We have seen this Board declare itself unable to provide cholera beds in its asylums, or to carry out any work of disinfection or of isolation in the homes of the poor, and reduced to knock at the doors of the 'third line of defence'—the thirty-nine independent 'local sanitary authorities' of London—and to offer to become the paymasters on behalf of all London, and out of the general rate, for any 'cholera beds,' &c., which they may be willing to provide. For the most they have proved very willing and public-spirited, and have listened to the golden offers of the Metropolitan Asylums Board and the advice of the Local Government inspectors with much sympathy and goodwill. In some cases, however, they have proved recalcitrant, and have had to be lectured and exhorted to undertake duties which they have considered to be those of a central metropolitan authority, and expenses which were for the common benefit. Meantime the Local Government Board, the outport authorities of London and the neighbouring ports, the Thames Conservancy Board (who are supposed to control the Thames, but have little power over its polluted tributaries), the Metropolitan Asylums Board, and the thirty-nine local sanitary boards of London, are all acting in an admired administrative confusion of mixed collateral, duplicate, and independent powers, only co-ordinated and prevented from resulting in a thorough breakdown by general goodwill and mutual forbearance. The board being the paymaster without power of entry or control, another lending its officers to a board which hardly knows how to use them, and which has itself only maimed authority and the limited power of a purse restricted in nearly all directions; the third set of boards called upon to supplement the functions of all the others, without being compelled to do so, and acting each according to their own lights. All this will need setting right for London, and there is much else to be done in the like direction for the country generally. Of this I hope to be allowed to write in a constructive and not merely a critical sense on another occasion.

DUTY OF THE PRIVATE CITIZEN

But when all officials have done their duty there remains a large category of powers and duties, the exercise of which is incumbent on the private citizen, for his own sake, and for the sake of those dependent on and affected by him. Let us see what they are. And here I like to recall the homely, picturesque, and accurate language in which Miss Florence Nightingale—the Queen of Nurses and most intelligent of sanitarians—spoke of those duties some time since.

CHOLERA NOT A CATCHING DISEASE: DUTIES OF THE CITIZEN IN RESPECT TO IT.

Our old experience in India and Europe [she said very truly] proves that cholera is not communicable from person to person; that the disease cannot be

ascribed to somebody else; that one does not catch cholera—that is, that the sick do not communicate the disease like scarlatina or diphtheria or measles. Cholera is a local disease, dependent upon pollution of earth, air, and water. Quarantine and cordons and the like are of little effect, for they can be broken through and can never be implicitly depended upon. The only true preventive after taking these preliminary precautions, for keeping cholera out, is to put the earth or water and buildings into a healthy state by scavenging, lime washing, and every kind of sanitary work, and if cholera does come, then to move the people from the place where the disease has broken out and to cleanse.

People are very fond of affecting a mystery about cholera. We may leave the mystery on one side and set ourselves to practise protection in respect to what we know about it. If a number of people have been poisoned, say by arsenic put by mistake into food, it is because they have each swallowed the arsenic; it is not because they have taken or 'caught' it—it, the mysterious influence—from one another. Persons about cholera patients do not catch the disease from the sick any more than cases of arsenic poison infect one another. Vigorously enforce sanitary measures—scavenge, scavenge, scavenge! wash, cleanse, and lime wash; remove all putrid human refuse from cesspits, cesspools, sewers, and dustbins. Look to stables, and sheds, and pigsties; look to common lodging-houses and crowded places and yards, set 'your house in order, in all ways sanitary and hygienic, according to the conditions of the place; clean your cisterns immediately and frequently, boil all water and filter it,' or, as a more pleasing alternative, drink only a pure natural mineral water. Boil your milk, and scrupulously preserve it from contamination either solid or aerial. The real danger to be feared is in blaming somebody else and not ourselves for 'catching' the cholera. As a matter of fact, if the disease attacks ourselves, we ourselves have made ourselves liable to it. To trust for ultimate and individual protection, to quarantine, or to medical inspection, or to stopping intercourse, would be just as rational as to try to sweep away an incoming flood instead of getting out of its way.

CHOLERA SPARKS BURST THE POWDER MAGAZINE

The introduction of a person infected with cholera into a town is like bringing a match into a powder magazine. There will be no explosion unless powder is there, on the ground, ready to explode; and there will be no explosion until the spark is applied. There are two ways of dealing with gunpowder under such circumstances. The one is to damp it or otherwise to render it incapable of explosion,

¹ [Sir William Gull once told me during a cholera scare: 'Filter the water as much as you like beforehand, but *boil it last*. If you filter it *after* boiling it, you may easily undo all the good of boiling, for filters are not always clean—or they would not be filters.'—*Ed. Nineteenth Century*.]

and the other is to remove it altogether. Sprinkling disinfectants on filth is damping the powder; the true way is to allow no filth to accumulate. Cholera is transmissible in the clothes and by rags and other things coming from infected localities. These should either therefore be excluded altogether, destroyed, or treated by thorough and effective disinfection. The sanitary system of nature, unpolluted by man, is perfect, but its laws for punishing human sins against it are unmistakable, and it is true as regards nations as well as men that 'the soul that sinneth it shall die!'

CHOLERA AND CONTAMINATED MILK

I have spoken about the water as the medium by which we 'drink cholera;' let me say a word about milk. Milk epidemics of cholera have not yet been much investigated in this country; for in 1866, the date of our last epidemic, we knew little or nothing about this mode of propagation, but since then we have learned much about it; and since, with the aid of Dr. Murchison, and following the clue afforded by Dr. Ballard, I traced out the history of the typhoid milk epidemic of Marylebone in 1874, the source of the propagation of local epidemics has been repeatedly recognised, so that in a report to the International Medical Congress of 1879 I furnished an elaborate tabular analysis of seventy-five epidemics spread by milk, up to that date, of all which I had examined the details. Let me give only one well-recorded example of a cholera outbreak due to contaminated milk. It was observed in India.

Dr. W. J. Simpson has recorded (*Indian Medical Gazette*, May 1887) a limited outbreak of cholera on board the ship 'Ardenchetta' lying at the Esplanade Moorings, Calcutta. Neither water, food, climatic conditions, nor any other cause explained the outbreak until it was found to be related to the milk supplied by a native. Ten men drank this milk, four died of cholera, five had severe diarrhoea. One who drank very little escaped. Eight men who used preserved milk, and three who drank none at all, were not affected. The milk was proved to have contained 25 per cent. of water added from tanks near the house of the native purveyor. These tanks were contaminated with choleraic matter. The milk was stopped on the 10th of March, and no more cases occurred. We have yet to observe any milk-cholera epidemics in Europe. But as the cholera vibrio multiplies with great rapidity in fresh milk (not to say in the water often added to it), it is well to be on our guard.

POLLUTION OF THE SOIL

A word or two as to the pollution of the soil. Koch's discovery of the cholera bacillus gives precision to our knowledge on this

subject. The soil is the great receptacle, and a most favourable medium for the microbes of contagious diseases. Pettenkofer's well-known researches on the influence of soil as a medium eminently favourable to the cholera germ have been verified and explained by the subsequent observations of Fraenkel, Gruber Huepper, and others on the vigour with which the comma bacillus renews its virulence after residence in the soil. These microbes of the soil may be dissolved out and carried into our drinking water, or reach us through our salads and fresh vegetables, and possibly sometimes in the dust which we inspire. But it is only in crowded dwellings or on very thickly populated ground, where ventilation and air movement are wholly inadequate, that the last source of danger has been observed with any probability to operate. Since however the comma bacillus lives, flourishes, and propagates in the soil, the injunction to keep the soil clean, as well as the air and water, has a new and vivid meaning for us.

OTHER PERSONAL PRECAUTIONS

Cleanliness of the home, cleanliness of the person, cleanliness and purification of the clothing, are necessary corollaries and sequences of all that has gone before. But how about the precautions necessary when premonitory symptoms or the actual occurrence of cholera brings us into contact with cholera or its forerunners and congeners in our persons and our homes? There is a cheap and gratuitous handbill drawn up for distribution by the National Health Society, 43 Berners Street. It repeats the cautions and advice now known to all, and which have happily become commonplaces of domestic sanitation. But, as it is simple and easily understood of the people, it may with advantage be widely circulated by district visitors, by sanitary inspectors, and by those who work amongst the poor, or amongst the ignorant well-to-do population. I need add only a few particulars. There is always at these times a good deal of premonitory diarrhœa, and minor forms of choleraic disease, sometimes known by what Alphonse Karr called the endearing epithets of 'cholérine,' 'cholérinette,' &c., and there is a general desire for what is commonly called some simple form of preventive drink or trustworthy medicine. This is in part a survival of the old love of amulets.

THE FALSE THEORY THAT DISEASE COMES BY PROVIDENCE AND GOES BY MEDICINE

It is a common but an irrational belief that cholera also 'comes by Providence and goes by medicine.' We know now how it comes; and it is indeed, in our present state of knowledge, almost as hopeless to expect to find a drug or nostrum which can go through the process known as 'curing cholera' as to find a drug which can cure

a man who has taken a heavy dose of arsenic. Something may be done in lighter cases to alleviate symptoms and to arrest fatal processes, while the cholera poison is taking its course, but that is the limit of our power, and as to all the various drugs ineffectually vaunted and tried, it is noteworthy that the mortality of well-marked cholera cases has been the same in all the various epidemics for the last half-century in all parts of the world. At the outset and at the height of the epidemics it has varied according to the intensity of the poison from about 45 to 64 per cent. of the cases. All sorts of nostrums are recommended; ice-bags, saturated solutions of camphor (with which during the last epidemic, as a precautionary measure, quite a number of people poisoned themselves). The whole list of remedies has been exhausted, almost in alphabetical order, but, cholera once thoroughly established, drugs are of little avail.

WHAT DOES AVAIL IN PRELIMINARY OR OTHER TREATMENT OF CHOLERA ?

It is of great importance, as all are agreed, to treat the first symptoms of looseness of the bowels; and there is a very general consensus of experience as to the great utility of acid astringent drinks. Sulphuric lemonade, made by the addition of dilute sulphuric acid to water in quantities sufficient to give to sweetened water a marked but pleasant acidulous flavour, may be employed freely, and according to all experience with much advantage. Dr. Waller Lewis, the late general medical officer of the Post Office, attributed, with much evidence in his favour, excellent effects to the habitual and free supply of a pleasantly flavoured sulphuric orangeade among the employes of the Post Office during several cholera seasons. It is cheap and innocuous, and is very likely to do much good. A great deal has been written lately about citric acid lemonade, so that lemons have risen greatly in the market; but this is only another and less effectual acidulated drink. It is rather more costly, and it is not likely to be so effective. Koch's observations that the cholera bacillus flourishes in an alkaline medium, and is more or less destroyed by an acid medium, confirms previous chemical experience as to the utility of acidulated drinks. In the same way the old and very favourable experience on a great scale of the use of what is known as the Vienna mixture for choleraic diarrhoea is strengthened by Koch's observations. This mixture consists essentially of fifteen drops of dilute sulphuric acid to an ounce of sweetened water, and to this is often added under medical advice five or ten drops of sulphuric ether as a stimulant, and five drops of laudanum to relieve any pain. That mixture was kept in barrels and very extensively used in some hospitals when choleraic diarrhoea was prevalent, and had an excellent reputation.

RULES FOR NURSING CHOLERA PATIENTS AND QUESTION
OF CONTAGION

The rules for nursing cholera cases are in principle very much like those for nursing typhoid cases; but in view of the greater virulence of Asiatic cholera, they need to be strengthened and made more rigid and exact. I will only add to this general principle a recommendation of the precautions successfully adopted in the wards of the London Hospital by Dr. Andrew Clark and the other physicians under the superintendence of Dr. Jackson and the resident medical officers in 1860. All remember on that occasion the devotion, skill, and success with which the nursing staff of the hospital, aided by the splendid volunteer services of Mrs. Gladstone and the Sisters of All Saints, Margaret Street, carried out their arduous duties. The precautions and methods described as having been employed are to be found in the appendix to the clinical report of the London Hospital for that year.

Finally, let me say a word on the excessive exhortations recently 'not to be afraid' of cholera. For my own part, I have not seen either in the metropolis or throughout the country any signs of panic whatever. The possible advance of cholera has been met with a courage, and a calmness, and an equanimity which are bred of our conviction that the lessons which have been learned from past epidemics have been so well profited by, that we may hope to protect ourselves from any very serious danger of any very extensive epidemic on this occasion. But the danger of indifference is far greater than the danger of panic. We have been told lately in the press, that cholera, as it is showing itself now in Europe, can hardly be called an epidemic. We have been told even that the last epidemic in England, the epidemic in 1866, here in East London and other parts of the country, and the epidemics of 1849 and 1854, could hardly be called, in a strictly logical and mathematical sense, epidemics; we are told that, after all, the epidemic of 1866 only killed 16,000 people, and 16,000 people does not compare even with the number of people who die every year from other special causes—accidents and what not—and that the total mortality from cholera in 1866 might easily be figured to yourselves, if you remember that only about one out of every 17,000 of your acquaintances died of it. I really cannot appreciate with sufficient severity the ignorance or the recklessness of the person who made that statement, and I deplore, and I think all ought to deplore, the striking publicity which has been given to it. It betrays a superficiality and an ignorance of the facts which are inexpressibly dangerous. It is quite true that, taking the mortality of the whole of Great Britain for the whole of the year, and taking the mortality from cholera, as relating to the mortality of the whole population for the whole year, it represents only a small part of it, and

that is not the nature of cholera as it has shown itself here. Cholera, as it has shown itself always in its epidemic state, is a disease which strikes down masses of the population in limited localities. It is not a fact that when cholera attacks a place you have only to fear the death of one in 17,000 of your acquaintances. What was the history of the cholera in East London in 1862? In the parish of Whitechapel the mortality was one in every forty-seven of the population, and the total mortality of 6,000 people in the East of London was represented by one, I think, in 140. The rest of London was very little touched. In Ratcliffe it was one in fifty-seven; in Rotherhithe it was one in sixty-seven; so the cholera is a very terrible disease to portions of the population. And when we consider the present epidemic of cholera, as it is showing itself now at this moment in parts of Europe which are very contiguous to us; if we look at Hamburg, we have seen that in a town not much bigger than Birmingham, with a population not much larger than Birmingham, since the 10th of August there have been 7,000 deaths, and the people have been dying there, and have been dying there during the whole of that period, at the rate of 200 to 300 a day. The whole city is a city of mourning, as during the time of the cholera epidemic of 1866 the East End was a city of mourning, and those who went through that period can never forget and never ought to forget that fearful calamity which arose from the pure negligence of one class of persons, fostered no doubt by the individual negligence and the individual want of knowledge of the population which was poisoned. I remember very well not only the physical suffering, not only the distress, misery, malady, and death, but the moral suffering of the people. It is no consolation, or very little consolation, to anyone who loses a husband or a father, or a mother or a dear child, to be told that there are fellow-sufferers by the hundred who are suffering the same acute loss. At that time, when the cholera passed away, after no great number of weeks, there was left a sad heritage of poverty, destitution, and orphanage. The heart of London was opened, and charity was poured out profusely; but it hardly heals the wounds, and those who remember the terrors of a cholera epidemic on however small a scale will not be at all disposed to talk lightly about 'panic,' or to preach indifference when the question is how to meet it with courage and activity.

ERNEST HART.

HOUSEKEEPING SCHOOLS

AT a time when the Labour question is apt to be forced on the public mind in various unpleasant ways, it may not be inopportune to direct attention to the experiences of our neighbours in Belgium, when the same question arose three years ago, and was discussed conjointly with another social question, that of workmen's dwellings. The evils and hardships underlying both were traced more or less to a common cause, hence the remedy was looked for and found in yet another question—the domestic and technical education of the people. It was argued that to increase wages would stultify trade and drive customers to a cheaper market, but with thrift in the home wages would go further, therefore domestic economy must be taught. Further, if food is badly cooked it not only means waste, but destruction to the digestive organs, with the usual and well-known consequences that indigestion causes bad temper, bad temper begets strife, domestic strife drives the husband away from home and to the public-house or wine-shop. Teach girls how to cook, wash, sew, how not to kill their babies when they have them, how to keep house and husband together, and the whole aspect of life is changed for the workman, his means, and his dwelling.

Reasoning thus, it was pointed out by the Labour Commission in Brussels that the creation of schools of housewifery throughout the land would be the measure which would most rapidly improve the moral and material condition of workmen's families. In reading the circular of the Minister of Agriculture, Industry, and Public Works to the governors of the provinces on this subject, there is nothing to distinguish the experiences of Belgium from those of our own country. In the coal and manufacturing districts the women are as much engaged as are the men in earning a livelihood, and expect the same freedom from domestic cares. In such conditions, it was pointed out, the home becomes a spectacle of 'the greatest moral and economic disorder. The resources are squandered, the dwelling and the furniture are badly kept, the children are deprived of the necessary moral and physical care, the meals are badly and hurriedly prepared.' From one generation to another, it was shown, these evils increased, till finally people became accustomed to them, thought them natural

in the circumstances, and impossible to alter. In this circular Mr. Gladstone is quoted as saying that he who should find means to keep women at home whilst giving them some money-earning occupation would be one of the greatest benefactors of humanity.¹

Without going further into details, it will be sufficient here to add the report to the King from the Minister of Agriculture, Industry, and Public Works, showing the initial stages of what has now become a State institution, in perfect working order.

CENTRAL PATRONAGE COMMITTEE OF SCHOOLS OF HOUSEWIFERY.

Report to the King (translated).

Sir,—Among the reforms recommended by the Labour Commission for the assistance of the working classes, I consider the establishment and multiplication of schools of housewifery as one of the most important. It is unquestionably one of the most effectual in contributing to the development of family feeling, in checking the progress of drunkenness, and in diminishing the frequentation of public-houses. To inculcate in young girls and in women notions of domestic economy, and to teach them the art of cooking, is to ensure the improvement of the material conditions of life for working men; and to provide for them an agreeable home life after the fatigues and hard toil of the day.

Your Majesty occupies yourself with the most anxious solicitude with all that concerns the physical and moral betterment of the working class; I feel, therefore, sure beforehand that all the proposals which I am about to have the honour of submitting to your Majesty will meet with your gracious approval. A committee of ladies, of which H.R.H. the Countess of Flanders has been good enough to accept the presidency, has taken a generous and fruitful initiative in occupying themselves with the organisation of the schools of housewifery.

I have the honour to beg your Majesty to recognise this voluntary committee, and to constitute it the Patronage Committee of the Schools of Housewifery, which are to be established and developed in the country. It may be completed later on by the formation of provincial committees, which in their turn shall appoint local committees. The central committee will have no monopoly. Communal authorities and other committees may, independently of it, organise schools, which will receive subsidies from the State. Its co-operation, however freely accepted, will facilitate the creation of new schools under economical conditions, and will better ensure the supervision of institutions to be created for similar objects. It is on these conditions that I have the honour to propose to your Majesty the confirmation of the appointments here submitted to you.

I am, sir,

Your Majesty's most humble and most devoted servant,
The Minister of Agriculture, Industry, and Public Works,
(Signed) LÉON DE BRÛN.

ROYAL DECREE.

Leopold the Second, King of the Belgians, to all present and to come,—
Greeting.

Being of opinion that it is important for the purpose of bringing about, and multiplying the creation of schools of housewifery, to obtain the generous co-operation of ladies interested in the furtherance of this social project; at the instance of our Minister of Agriculture, Industry, and Public Works, we have decreed and do decree:

¹ Pitt also gave expression to similar views.

Article I.—There is instituted at Brussels a central patronage committee of schools of housewifery.

Article II.—At the instance of the central committee, provincial propagandist committees may be established.

Article III.—The central committee of Brussels is composed of the following persons :—

Lady President : H.R.H. the Countess of Flanders.

First Lady Vice-president : The Countess Louie de Mérode.

Second Lady Vice-president : Madame Veuve Vermeren-Coché (manufacturer).

Lady Councillors : The Baroness Van de Woestyne, Madame Jules Godefroy, Madame Prins.

Lady Secretary : The Countess John D'Oultremont.

Assistant Lady Secretary : Mademoiselle Elisa van Mons.

Lady Treasurer : The Countess Adrien D'Oultremont.

Article IV.—Our Minister of Agriculture, Industry, and Public Works, who is charged with the execution of the present decree, shall determine the functions of the committee.

Given at Brussels, June 26, 1880.

LEOPOLD.

By the King.

The Minister of Agriculture, Industry, and Public Works,

(Signed) LÉON DE BRUX.

Up to this time in all the schools 'object lessons,' 'familiar discourses,' and such-like practical instruction had been given, and every here and there schools of housekeeping were in existence ; but instead of being desultory and chaotic, they were now gathered up, strengthened, extended, systematised, and brought under the direction of the State.

Things were thus in definite working order when I happened to visit Brussels last year, and through the courtesy of Lord Vivian was enabled to visit some of the schools, accompanied by Monsieur Rombaut, Inspecteur Général de l'Industrie et de l'Enseignement professionnel for Belgium. At 9.30 one morning I arrived at the 'Classe Ménagère' in the Rue Sans Souci, Bruxelles.

The girls who come to this 'classe' must not be less than twelve years of age, nor above sixteen, and are the pupils of the two superior classes of the primary schools in the neighbourhood. It is obligatory that they should attend twice a week for two years *pari passu* with the other classes.

The building before which I drew up, accompanied by a friend, was one of the ordinary dwelling-houses to be found in any ordinary Belgian street, but, instead of mounting the stairs, we were invited to descend a flight of steps, and, crossing a courtyard, found ourselves in the basement of the large block of houses under which we had passed.

Punctual to the moment, M. Rombaut appeared on the scene and presented me to Madame Godefroy, one of the ladies of the committee of management, who had come to receive us. We now passed through

a large class-room filled with forms, and thence into an apartment meant to represent the poorest workman's dwelling, where all the household work has to be conducted in the one chamber. It was fairly well lighted, but by no means gloomy, for the walls were alive with gaily coloured pictures representing the carcasses of various animals in every stage of dissection, showing cheap joints and dear, those for boiling, those for roasting, tough fibre and tender, the relative prices marked on, all designed under the direction of one of the largest butchers in Brussels, and presented to the school. These festive pictures were diversified by black boards, on which were jotted the items and cost of everything to be cooked that day. So eloquent were the walls, that you had only to look to right or left to learn all you wanted to know: It was not the least necessary to run to read, for sitting or standing, looking up or looking down, you read a lesson everywhere. In one corner of this imaginary workman's dwelling stood a baby's cot. I fully expected to find the baby in it, but this was not the baby's day; still the babyless cot stood exactly where a tenanted cot ought to stand with regard to common sense, not too near the fire, yet away from the draught, in the cosiest part of the room.

At the time of my visit I found four girls engaged in the family washing, and four girls occupied in cooking the family dinner for nine persons, i.e. the eight pupils and one mistress. I had only to look at the wall to learn that the total cost of the dinner in course of preparation was 1 fr. 75 c. (one shilling and sixpence) for the nine persons, but each girl had the sum also entered in her note-book of expenses. Instead of taking the girls out to market as they used to do formerly, they find it saves time and is altogether better to bring market to them, hence one mistress buys wholesale, while another sells retail to the pupils, the one being a check on the other.

The dinner for the day was potato soup, a green vegetable purée, meat cakes, and bread. Now, as rigid economy is *de rigueur* in this humblest class, no butter is allowed, but the four little cooks were doing marvels with two ounces of dripping, which browned the onions just as well, and enabled them to turn out eventually a most savoury repast. Under their hands the potato soup assumed quite a rich appearance, and was good to the taste, although devoid of meat or stock of any kind. The green purée was well seasoned and also good, and the cakes of fresh meat chopped up with bread crumbs ready to be fried looked excellent. The cost of a full plate of soup for each person is calculated at under a halfpenny, and the entire dinner at less than twopence a head. M. Rombaut, whose unexpected presence was rather startling, put the girls through a rapid examination to see whether they understood the principles of even this humble cooking, and found they came through it creditably.

Turning to the wash-tubs, he began another examination by

asking the girls if they were washing the family linen? 'Oui, M'sieur.' 'Then take a serviette from the basket and show us how you wash it.' The serviette was produced and plunged into the soapy water under a cross fire of reasons for this and that. 'Why do you put it into cold water, instead of hot?' 'Because cold water draws out the grease and dirt, and hot water fixes it in.'

'Why do you gather up the serviette by the hem and rub it along by the selvedge?' 'To prevent it tearing, as the strength of the stuff lies that way.'

'Why do you bleach the clothes by laying them on the grass?' 'Because the rays of the sun get full power over them when lying on the grass, and only a little power sideways when hanging on the ropes.'

Meanwhile the young washerwoman was throwing her whole strength into the washing of the serviette, which she rubbed across her wrist after the usual manner of washerwomen, when M. Rombaut stopped her, saying, 'Mon enfant, if you rub there you will soon wear away the tender skin and make a little wound, but if you rub across the surface of the fleshy part of your thumb, you will cause no harm.'

In the adjoining apartment we found clear starching and ironing in full progress, the girls here all wearing black over-gowns, while those we had just left at the wash-tub wore blue cotton and sabots. They are allowed to wash and get up their own clothes, but in addition they were finishing off the homely things belonging to a neighbouring *crèche*, and some fine things belonging to better people who are glad to pay for it. Here again the girls were examined as to why they ironed in one direction and not in another. To prevent strain on the weak parts, &c.

I was so much struck with the excellent work done in a simple and inexpensive fashion that I asked Madame Godefroy to favour me with a note of the expenses of the previous year for this particular school, consequently I am able to give them for 1890.

	Francs
Appointments and salaries	1,049.
Light and fires	185.00
Cost of provisions	1,765.51
Cost of requisites	183.66
Cost of keeping the house in order	173.00
	<hr/>
	4,256.17 .

Expenses from March to December 1890 inclusive, i.e. ten months—in English money about 178*l*.

The money for this is taken out of the subsidies paid by (1) the Government; (2) the County; (3) the Town Council; and (4) Subscriptions paid by the ladies of the committee.

All this primary and practical education is, therefore, given free to the people, but a curious fact in connection with this free education, is that at Charleroi, and in other disaffected districts where the miners are frequently on strike, M. Rombaut found that the *classes ménagères* were so badly attended that the system threatened to collapse. A thousand excuses prevented the parents sending their children to be taught the necessary things of domestic life. At last M. Rombaut tried the plan of making them pay five francs as an entrance fee; those who attended regularly to have it returned at the end of the year, and those who were dilatory to forfeit it; their five francs going to help others who wished, but could not afford to enter their children. On the adoption of this plan the parents began to suspect there must be something in it, for very soon eighty pupils were enrolled, and there were always plenty more waiting to fill the vacancies. Hence the *classes ménagères* have flourished ever since, all suspicions have been laid, and no objections have been raised.

In the country districts domestic economy is made to include gardening and things pertaining to local surroundings, but while these lessons go on throughout the scholastic year, they are waived during times of hay-making, harvest, and potato gathering. In bad weather needlework is made to take the place of spade and hoe; hence all conditions are most carefully considered.

Having now seen an average specimen of the 'Classes Ménagères,' we drove to one of the 'Ecoles Ménagères,' M. Rombaut explaining that the two were entirely separate and apart, although under the same administration. So far as I could gather, it seems that the technical education is divided into three branches: first, the 'Classes' which are attached to the primary schools and calculated to give sufficient domestic education to the poorest class of the community; second, the 'Ecoles' or schools of housekeeping proper, where a more advanced education in the same direction is given, untrammelled by the three R's, and where pupils may qualify as teachers; third, the higher branch of the Ecoles, where industrial training is given with a view to earning a livelihood.

On the ground floor of the house before which we presently drew up, and which was all Ecole from cellar to garret, we found cooking going on of a higher order. The pupils were the daughters of tradespeople, and from seventeen to twenty years of age. Six pupils and the teacher were about to dine, and the repast already prepared consisted of:—

Spinach soup,

Cutlets of veal, fried.

Mashed potatoes rolled in bread crumbs and fried.

Asparagus cut up and cooked in butter thickened with flour and milk.

On the wall hung a blackboard giving every item of this dinner and the sum total for the seven people, 3½ francs.

In an adjoining room the table was laid with a clean cloth and table-napkins erect, as if for a dinner party, a large plate of bread, and two glass decanters filled with beer. The latter was excellent, although included in the small sum total of the day's dinner. During our inspection, which was quite unexpected, three gentlemen—school officials—arrived, bringing with them a 'sceptic,' who had heard of the economy and management of this school, but refused to believe in what he considered impossibilities. Before leaving we heard that the sceptic had been made to sit down and eat both the dinner and his own words, and had gone away believing and satisfied.

Ascending to the floor above, we found sewing classes in full progress from the first primitive beginning to the most highly finished. The first year's pupils were learning how to mend and patch their own clothes and renovate old-fashioned garments. Coloured books of reference were always at hand to teach them how to darn and mend, how to hold the needle, and where to cross and gather up the threads. These lessons without words were most valuable, and saved the teachers a great deal.

In the next room the pupils were more advanced, and were engaged in making their own garments. Further on we came to the dressmaking, and found girls being taught to fit their own mothers, who were patiently submitting to be object lessons under the appointed fitters. The pupils are allowed to make dresses for themselves and families provided they supply the materials. The walls of these rooms were also made to do duty in teaching, and the whole scene was one of great activity, silence, and order, the pupils at attention, and the teachers flitting about everywhere.

On the top floor we found the most advanced pupils drawing dress and mantle patterns in the most elaborate way on cardboard fastened to the wall. Before them lay some fashion journals, from which they were copying to scale. At first I took this for a drawing class, so artistic was the work, so minute and so exquisite the shading. I was soon undeceived, however, for Monsieur l'Inspecteur did not approve of this over-elaboration, cleverness notwithstanding. 'Why this elaboration? It was unnecessary. People ordering a dress would only require a slight sketch of what was wanted. These young women were professionals, learning a business; time was of some importance,' &c.

The third school I visited was devoted to the purely domestic, apart from sewing. The hygiene class had just broken up, but must have been well attended to judge by the number of pupils trooping out. Attached to this school were baths where the girls can enjoy the luxury of a good dip. Laundry work was a great and important feature of this school, as also cookery of the higher kind, invalid cookery, &c. On certain days of the week some half-dozen infants are brought in to be washed, powdered, and dressed by the mothers of the future, who thus are taught the practical handling of infants,

while 'the care of infancy, feeding, and nursing,' is taught in a series of lectures.

Turning to our own country, we cannot fail to see that a vast movement is going on in a similar direction; but, although the cry for technical education has met with practical encouragement from the Government, it has not, as in Belgium, sprung from, or been hinged on to, any of the social questions of the day. Hence, while the labour question remains unsettled, strikes for higher wages threaten us, and a murmur of chronic discontent is heard throughout the land. We are spending enormous sums on technical education everywhere, in every possible way. We are giving freely and generously the means of alleviation, but without taking practical measures to explain the want it is intended to meet, or to show that a return is looked for in the shape of domestic comfort in the workman's dwelling, and its *sequitur*, peace and goodwill towards man.

From small beginnings outside the Code, the Board Schools have sensibly encouraged, and finally brought within the Code, the teaching of domestic economy, until it has become an important, and not the least expensive, branch of public instruction. To the teaching of cookery and sewing, laundry work has been added, and recently housekeeping proper. To carry out this latter branch of woman's work, the Drapers' Company has afforded valuable assistance in the hope of teaching 'guiding principles to ensure health and happiness.' Under 'Housekeeping,' girls are taught how to light fires, lay the table, make the bed, sweeping, dusting, and all ordinary household work.

With regard to cookery, pupils over eleven years of age are required to give each year twenty attendances out of twenty-two lessons, choosing their own time.

Being curious to know how simple cookery was taught in our Board Schools after my experience in Belgium, I dropped in upon a demonstration class one day and found the making of 'potato soup,' and 'How to heat up cold meat,' on the programme of the day. I noticed at once that the walls told nothing.

A girl was singled out to say how potato soup should be made. The answer being, 'You must chop up your bones or cut up your meat to draw out the nutriment.'

Mistress. 'Surely there's a better word than nutriment, isn't there?'

Girls. 'Yes, mistress.' And up went all the hands.

Mistress. 'What is it, then?'

'Flavour,' said one. 'Nourishment,' ventured another. No one was right; the appropriate word could not be found, and as the situation was becoming embarrassing, the mistress had to give the cue, spelling out slowly g—o—o—d—'Goodness!' shouted the class triumphantly.

'Yes, goodness; to draw the goodness out of the bones, that's an easier word, isn't it?'

'Yes, mistress.'

'Well, then, we chop up our bones to draw the ——?'

'Goodness out,' echoed the class.

Taking up the notebook of the girl sitting next to me, I found the following entry: 'To make soupe chop up your bones, or cut up your meat to get the mintriment into it.' There was some evidence of difficulty over the big word, but it finally stood confessed as above. But to proceed. The class was asked to explain the difference between a young onion and an old. As no hands went up the explanation had to be given. The old onion contained oil that was difficult to digest, so the outside must always be cut away, and the inside steamed to get rid of that oil. While this process was being demonstrated, and the core of the onion was placed to steam over the gas stove, the mistress went on to explain that as London water was hard, what was it necessary to do in making your soup? The answer was, to add some sugar to your salt. At last we came to the heating up of cold meat, the question being addressed generally to the class—'Why do you warm up cold meat?' In the general bewilderment many answers were given, but only one accepted—'Because a hot dinner is nicer than a cold.' A cold chop was now brought forward and cut up, but it must not be cut up this way or that, but that way and this; it would not do to mince it, *but if you had a sausage machine it would do it much faster!* Then the steamed onion was chopped up and put on one particular side of the plate, some dripping was now put into a saucepan, and finally the cold dinner was made hot.

In the next school I visited the demonstration was over, and the girls were proceeding with the manual part of the lesson. The mistress had shown them how to make rock cakes and sausage rolls, and they were now arranged round a long table making these things for themselves.

The rock-cake girls were at one end of the table, and the sausage-roll girls at the other, but as there was only one flour dredger for the entire class they were all kept waiting their turn while the dredger was shuttled hither and thither between the rock cakes and the sausage rolls. They were not allowed to sprinkle their baking boards and rollers with a little flour from a saucer, a bowl, or anything handy, they must do it politely with the one dredger that had more to do than it could manage, and was continually running short, and having to be refilled. One girl had to wash and prepare the currants for the rock cakes, but instead of sifting them in a sieve with a little flour, she had to pick each individual stalk from every individual currant.

Meanwhile the sausages were boiling over, and the girls had to

hasten forward with their plates, and each pick out a sausage, but on every plate was a piece of lard, and the difficulty was to prevent the lard melting while the sausage cooled. This was not easy, but it had to be done. The lard was eventually spread over the pastry, the sausage was skinned, cut into slices, enroled in the pastry, and put in the gas oven to bake.

Before leaving I asked the mistress what she paid for neck of mutton, and was told 10*d.* a pound. On expressing surprise, she appealed to a slavy, who said it was 8*d.* There was no indication that money was any object; the best materials were used, even to castor sugar for the cakes. Neither the pupils nor mistress were troubled about the prices of things, and all purchases were entered by the tradespeople. Certainly the method and order of teaching did not compare favourably with that of our Belgian neighbours.

The development of technical education has been so rapid during the last few years that a centre of information has been established at 14 Dean's Yard, Westminster, and is known as the National Association for the Promotion of Technical and Secondary Education. Since the County Councils have taken the matter up, this Association has been able to render valuable assistance in giving advice, issuing pamphlets, and making suggestions. Hence, in addition to the organised teaching of domestic economy in the Board Schools, we are suddenly confronted with a vast, but as yet unorganised teaching of domestic economy through the County Councils. Outside the precincts of Westminster the general public know little of the ways and means by which this movement has suddenly become vitalised and propelled onward, reaching hither and thither in all directions, stirring county ladies from their placid ways, and forcing them to join the universal rising. They are, as a rule, unconscious of the fact that as a result of recent legislation the County Councils and County Boroughs have now the power of spending annually a sum of 743,000*l.* in England and Wales, and 50,000*l.* in Scotland, on technical education.² True, it is optional whether they devote the whole of this sum to that particular purpose, or devote part of it to reducing the rates, but as a matter of fact, save in London, the most of it is devoted to technical education. The money is derived from an increase in the duties on beer and spirits, and is distributed to the County Councils in proportion to rateable value. The difficulty which was raised as to its permanency has been got over through the reply of Mr. Goschen to Lord Hartington in the House of Commons on the 4th of December, 1890.

In consequence of this good fortune the National Association has held important meetings, and given good advice, not the least excellent being that part of the money should be given to support existing institutions, and to the teaching of teachers. As a result of

² *Fourth Annual Report of National Association.*

this new departure the applications for teachers of artisan cookery, laundry work, and hygiene, have been overwhelming.

At present no universal plan of campaign is followed, each county adopting its own plan for carrying out suggestions, and arriving, if possible, at the same end. One approved plan is to appoint a lady president, vice-presidents, and lady of the district. Preliminaries settled, the lady of the district receives orders to hire a room for the lectures, and beat up a class. She is expected to overcome all difficulties, and the first difficulty she usually encounters is that the country folks being quite unprepared, nobody wants to attend. She represents that it is for their own good, but it is not always easy to make them sensible of their unexpected mercies.

Another difficulty is to find a suitable room in out-of-the-way rural districts. In a case which came under my own notice, a room was engaged in an artisan's cottage for 10s. a week, it being considered desirable, if possible, that the teaching of artisan cookery should be conducted in the true artisan's dwelling. The lady of the district having completed her part of the programme, it remained with the president to fix a day. The day fixed was Thursday, but as this was market day objections were made, but to no purpose, the teacher having to take the class *en route* from one district to another. It was arranged that the teacher was to bring with her everything necessary for the first lesson, after which a list of things required for succeeding lessons would be left. After each lesson it was the lady's duty to forward the cooking utensils on to the next district, as the same *batterie de cuisine* had to answer for all. At last the important day arrived, and so did a telegram from the president to say that the teacher could not be found as her address had been mislaid, so 'of no use expecting her that day.' The answer to this was briefly, 'She must come,' and she did. But she came without cooking materials, kitchen utensils, or apron. As they were seven miles from the nearest shop this was awkward, but after a little rushing about, pots and pans were produced, and the lecture went on. It had not gone far before fresh difficulties arose, for the artisan's oven would not bake, and the teacher, accustomed to a gas stove, found the true artisan's fireplace a failure.

On the list of things required for the next lecture was a mysterious but hopeful entry, 'Lord Mayor's pudding,' but as the teacher had forgotten to specify the ingredients, the lady of the district could not provide them. The question arose: 'What was Lord Mayor's pudding?' but no one could answer; the farmers did not know, the day-labourers could not tell, and not a cookery book was found to soar high enough to reach these aldermanic heights. It was eventually found to consist of sponge cakes, eggs, milk, &c.

This is an example of the initial efforts to carry out the good intention, but it would be infinitely better to follow in the first

instance the wise suggestion of the National Association, by devoting part of the money at once to teaching the teachers.

When this new departure of the County Councils sprang into activity last year, the only organisation in London found prepared to send out teachers who combined the teaching of hygiene with that of cookery, was the National Health Society. The teaching of artisan cookery, as well as hygiene, had been the work of the society for years. Their methods were perfected, their lists of things required were printed, but without aspiring to civic luxuries, they kept to the more frugal level of pot-au-feu, stewed pig-fry, vegetable stews, savoury soups without meat, &c. The sixteen teachers they sent out at once were paid from 4*l.* 4*s.* to 5*l.* 5*s.* a week to cover travelling expenses and board, but their arrival in the country was preceded by a thoroughly competent man of business who interviewed the local authorities, and put the thing *en train*, to save future confusion and waste of time. This society has been devoting the past winter to instructing teachers of hygiene, with a view to extending the work. The entrance fee for the course, including examination and certificate, was 10*l.* 10*s.* Some of the lectures have been kindly given free to the society by one of the most eminent authorities of the Local Government Board, and part of the course has been given in the hospitals.

The fountain head whence spring our highest certificated teachers of cookery is the National School of Cookery in the Buckingham Palace Road. It undertakes to teach every kind of cookery from the humblest to the highest, to every class of person from poor to rich. To qualify for a plain cook's certificate covering a five weeks' course a fee of 5*l.* 5*s.* is charged. To qualify for a cook's certificate in the high-class kitchen—six weeks' practical instruction—a fee of 10*l.* 10*s.* is charged. But to come more immediately to the point under consideration, the charge for qualifying a high-class teacher stands thus:—

	£	s.	d.
Twenty-four weeks' plain cookery . . .	13	13	0
And if successfully passed, further—			
Twenty weeks' high-class . . .	21	0	0
Total . . .	£34	13	0

If the students desire to board on the premises they can do so for an extra charge of 25*s.* a week, and 35*s.* if a private room is desired. When added to the other it brings the total to

	£	s.	d.
Instruction and board	55	0	0
Or, ditto	77	0	0

This certificate is the highest qualification known, and entitles the possessor to a good salary as teacher elsewhere. •

Between these two institutions we have hygiene and cookery provided for under the highest auspices.

Previous to the teaching of domestic economy being taken up by the County Councils, the desire for practical knowledge had been widely felt and in various places provided for. Thus in the Yorkshire Ladies' Council of Education an immense organisation has been in existence for some years, the objects being:—

1. The promotion of higher education by encouraging the establishment of high schools for girls, by lectures, classes, the universities' local examination, *the special training of teachers*, maintaining students' library, &c.

2. The improvement of girls and women of the industrial classes by means of evening classes for general instruction, and for teaching sewing; by lessons and lectures on health, on domestic economy; by demonstration and practice lessons in cookery, and in such other ways as may from time to time become possible.

3. The promotion of the employment of necessitous gentlewomen, and the formation of benevolent funds for their special benefit. In connection with this department, a committee for promoting emigration has been formed, with a view of aiding ladies to find lucrative employment in our colonies.

The central office of this big work is in Leeds, Lady Frederick Cavendish being the President of the Council. The associated centres are Sheffield, Wakefield, and Mirfield, and from these centres they are able to reach most of the surrounding National and Wesleyan Schools, with a view to teaching domestic economy. Without entering too deeply into the ramifications of this wide scheme, I shall confine myself solely to that branch which deals with domestic economy. The great Cookery School at Leeds is the centre from which specially trained teachers are sent forth to give instruction in cookery to factory and servant girls, to girls in the grammar schools of Yorkshire, and, under the direction of Lord Emly, even opening a centre in Limerick for instructing girls in the convents and workhouses of Ireland in cookery and laundry work. They have a special department for the training of kitchen and scullery maids, and another for teaching invalid cookery, and supplying the food cooked to the neighbouring invalids.

They have also admirable arrangements for the teaching of their teachers, the pupils going up for examination and taking their diplomas at the Northern Union of Schools, and in the Science and Art Department. It is *de rigueur* that all teachers must finish with a course of instruction on 'Method and Order in Teaching.'

In the midst of all this practical teaching for the lower or middle classes, it is curious to find the little impression it makes on the training of domestic servants. The expenses of the School Board have been enormously increased by the demand for domestic teaching.

The County Councils, as we have seen, have a large sum at their disposal to devote to technical education, but as only a small portion goes to the instruction of women and girls, the benefits accruing do not spread to the upper classes through their servants.

To find where servants are taught, we must turn to the benevolent institutions of our country. In a little book on the law of domestic servants, I observed that several of these institutions were mentioned, and resolved to pay some of them a visit, in the hope of solving the important question—Where are servants trained?

The first mentioned on the list was styled, 'Servants' Training School.' Having written to the Matron, I was received on a certain day, at a certain time, and was taken over the place. I found a wilderness of corridors and dormitories exquisitely clean, kitchens and basement severely tidied up, not a sign of cooking going on (it was the afternoon), but the whole of the girls at the sewing class. 'What about the training of servants?' I asked. 'Ah! that was the *original intention* of the founder, but the parents of the girls showed so much disinclination to have their children taught domestic work, that the institution threatened to collapse, so it had to be abandoned.' As the parents or friends in this case paid from 15*l.* to 20*l.* a year for each boarder, they could not afford to hold out. Thus the advanced education, and the piano, have overridden the domestic and practical. True, the girls have to do the cooking, but to cook the 'regulation' dinner of the establishment does not teach them domestic cookery. They have also to do the washing, but they are not taught laundry work, as in Belgium. They make their own clothes and dresses, but they are all 'regulation.'

The next institution mentioned was the School at —, where it was said, 'All the girls are trained for domestic service.' This is one of the largest charitable institutions of our country, and, under extensive Royal patronage, is one of the best supported. Without entering into particulars about the charity, it is sufficient to say that the training for domestic service forms no part of the girls' education. The establishment is so vast that the work has to be done on 'regulation' principles, so that, in common with the other institution, needlework is taught, a sound education is given, but the girls are turned out utterly ignorant of the requirements of the home, and are alike unfit for the duties and responsibilities of married life and for domestic service. It is stated that on leaving the institution situations are found for them, but this is entirely in the hope that, under upper servants, a knowledge of domestic work may be acquired.

Turning to less ambitious establishments, I visited the 'Servants' Training School,' at —. This is an old-fashioned, ordinary dwelling-house, turned into a Training Institution for Girls. It is supported chiefly by Quakers. The whole expenses are under 500*l.* a year, the rent, rates and taxes costing about 180*l.* In the house

there were sixteen girls being 'trained,' ostensibly as servants, whose parents paid for each 8*l.* a year. Here, as at the first institution mentioned, the parents objected to domestic service as a career for their daughters. On visiting the kitchen, where I expected to find cookery instruction going on, I found an empty grate. The regulation meal for the day was over, the pea soup and rhubarb dumplings had been, and the kitchen fire was no more till the regulation tea came on. Upstairs, four or five girls were in the dining hall elaborately darning stockings without holes, but with a view to strengthening toes and heels. On a table lay the bodice of a dress in process of cutting out. There was no model, no ingenious device for the teaching of this art: the matron did the cutting out, the girls did the sewing, and the walls were dumb, save for an illuminated text which told them to 'Trust in the Lord.' The domestic training which they professed was limited to the regulation work of the establishment, except for a little washing which was taken in from the neighbourhood. In the wash-house there was no evidence of the work being taught as an art, or as a means of opening the intelligence as it is abroad, but a machine was used to get over the work quickly. The garden at the back was used for no other purpose than a drying ground.

Hence, within a four miles' radius of Charing Cross, two large institutions and one small, while giving a good education to hundreds of girls, and professing to train them for domestic service, were only after all laying the moral foundation on which the domestic servant had yet to be built.

Wandering further afield, I found myself within the walls of a modernised charity of the last century, in the granite city of Aberdeen, gazing at a statuette by William Brodie, with the following inscription in black letters:—

JOHN PHILIP

Born in Aberdeen, 1817	Died in London, 1867
The son of a shoemaker in Skene Square.	The best painter colourist of his day.

It was here that the great painter of Spanish scenes received his education, but since these days the Emslie Hospital, or hospice, has become amalgamated with other outlying charities, which are now welded into the Aberdeen Educational Trust Schools.

I was not decoyed hither by any professions as to the training of domestic servants, but a significant feature of this great institution, and the one which attracted me, was a 'School of Domestic Economy.'

In the general amalgamation of charities it was found necessary to comply with the benevolent design of some of the founders; thus while some foundations are resident on the premises, others from outside come in to feed. For five days a week three meals a day are given to about 218 boys and girls. They are called 'feeders,' but the regulation food supplied comes from a properly regulated kitchen, and has nothing whatever to do with the school of domestic economy. This school has been annexed to the big institution at the suggestion of the Commissioners to meet the requirements of the day, the object being to afford women the education that will best fit them to be good housewives, or, failing that, will enable them to make a living either as properly trained servants or teachers of domestic work.

Here we come nearer our ideal of what a public charity should be. In this great school domestic service is regarded not as a bogie, but as a privilege, and practical training forms an important part of the education. Outsiders are allowed to become pupils on the payment of moderate fees; thus in the laundry I found a young woman going through a course of instruction in the higher branches, before entering a situation as laundress for which she had already been engaged.

The cookery school of this establishment has been recently built and designed for the purpose, and is commodious, well ventilated, and light. The kitchen where 'practical' lessons are given is very large, and contains the costly cooking range of upper-class life, with all its attendant copper saucepans and articles *de luxe*. At the other end of the apartment is an ordinary cooking stove, and again the humble fireplace of the artisan. The high-class, the household, and the plain cookery lessons are arranged for different days and hours, the plain being limited to evening, so that the kitchen is never overcrowded, and no confusion takes place. Here they can give special training to those pupils who desire to obtain the diplomas of the National School of Cookery, London, the head teacher, Miss Duthie, being herself a diplômée of that school.

The charge in this school for a course of ten demonstrations and ten practice 'high-class' cookery is 30s. The fee for the 'household' cookery, covering the same number of classes, is 21s., while the 'plain,' for working girls, is 2s. for the demonstrations, and 2s. for the usual ten lessons of practice.

The laundry work of this school is particularly well managed, and is presided over by a competent teacher. She shows the badly washed, stained, shrunk, pink flannel shirt and the same material perfectly fresh and unshrunk after the same number of washings properly done.

The dressmaking is taught in a large hall by graphic chart, and in the evening class-sewing, patching, knitting, and grafting lessons

are given. This well-conceived and admirably carried out scheme for bringing a School of Domestic Economy into combination with the Girls' Home and other charities, is due not only to the suggestion of those in authority, and the energy of the governors in carrying it out, but to the energy of the practical women who have associated themselves with the work, and without whose counsel the small matters of detail could never have come to such perfection.

My next visit was to Edinburgh, where a 'School of House-keeping' has recently been started. It was begun seventeen years ago in a small way at 6 Shandwick Place (once the residence of Sir Walter Scott), by a few energetic ladies, who managed affairs so well that they succeeded in saving 1,900*l.* during that time. An imposing prospectus gives forth that it has now become 'The Edinburgh School of Cookery and Domestic Economy, Limited,' 3 Atholl Crescent, for technical training in domestic work.

The savings of the former school have now become merged in the Company Limited, and it is to the credit of all parties that the practical management is left in the same energetic hands. This school is open to rich and poor, with a well-regulated scale of charges, the mean being halfway between those of Aberdeen and Buckingham Palace Road. The unique feature of this school is that it gives the whole of the practical training for a housewife's diploma. While the basement of this house is devoted to cookery and laundry work, the upper part is told off for sewing classes and rooms for private boarders. The charges for board are from 1*l.* to 30*s.* a week.

During my visit I was present at a cookery demonstration class given to sixty girls from ten to twelve years of age, sent in from charity schools, on the payment of 2*d.* a lesson for each pupil. The teacher had the good sense not to overburden the children with difficulties. As she proceeded with the cooking of her date pudding, which requires no sugar, and other simple things, she repeated everything twice over slowly, to allow them time to take notes. Some of the children showed great intelligence, and all were very attentive.

In this institution we at last find a place where the mistress and the maid can be trained together in their respective domestic duties. Under the resident housekeeper and lady boarders, parlour maids and housemaids are initiated into the mysteries of lamp cleaning, silver cleaning, and the various duties falling to their lot. Thus they are taught to consider their duties in the light of a business. They are qualified to perform the work they undertake, and for which they are housed, fed, and paid a good wage. They are the only well-off class of the community who are exempt from all taxes, and yet who, in the majority of cases, live in a comfortable way.

These, then, are some of the methods we have of teaching women how to do, and how not to do, woman's work. What we want is the School of Housekeeping everywhere for every class. I have shown at

the beginning of this paper how the teaching of domestic economy was taken up by the State in Belgium, and systematised with a view to ameliorating the condition of the poor man's dwelling, and how the State entrusted the organisation of the scheme to a committee composed of some of the highest ladies in the land, and a few practical women. Through the Board Schools and County Councils we are aiming at the same thing, but in too desultory a fashion to reap the full good. With proper organisation there ought to be no reason why the benefits accorded to one class of the community should not be made sufficiently far-reaching to bring back a little of the comfort to the class who so freely give. If we had certificated domestic servants, as well as certificated nurses, governesses, and plumbers, we should soon excite the desire for domestic service by elevating it into a 'finishing' or 'higher education' for women of the humbler class. What Girton and Newnham are to the intellectual minority, let the School of Housekeeping be to the practical majority. If the poor man finds his wages squandered through ignorance, not less does the poor clerk, or the average man of business struggling to get on. Not only in the charity schools is this branch of a woman's education neglected, but throughout all the 'schools for young ladies' this essential part of a young lady's education is entirely ignored and overlooked. With a little more system and cohesion 'woman's work,' according to nature's interpretation, ought to become an accomplishment to be proud of, a career for those who can teach, a qualification for married life, equally among the rich and among the poor.

ELIZA PRIESTLEY.

SOME MISCONCEPTIONS ABOUT THE STAGE

THERE are few arts about which there has been more discussion than the art of acting. As a rule in life, men have left art work to speak for itself, and have most certainly tried, positively as well as negatively, to hamper the artist as little as possible. But then most arts require technical knowledge, and those who are endowed with most knowledge are the most tolerant. The technique of the Stage is the technique of daily life—or it appears to be—and this is perhaps the reason why anyone gifted with a fine egotism and unembarrassed by knowledge considers himself duly qualified to undertake, or at least point out, the road to the regeneration of the Stage. We have lately seen the sorry sight of certain gentlemen—some of them distinguished novelists—attempting to depreciate an art of which they know nothing, the art of the dramatist, forgetting that Shakespeare and Molière were players as well as playwrights, and thoroughly understood the technique of their calling. From a novelist's letter in the *Pall Mall Gazette* the following is culled: 'What recognition the novelist obtains is his own. He doesn't have to share it with the tragedian, the comic gentleman, the reigning stage-beauty, the bandmaster and the stage-carpenter—or rather to take humbly from their hands such crumbs and splinters of recognition as are left over when their weird lust for flattery has been gorged to the throat.' How different this from Bulwer Lytton, novelist and dramatist, who in gracious and modest language acknowledges his shortcomings as a playwright and his everlasting indebtedness to the advice and counsel of the actor-manager, Macready! How different also from another great novelist—Charles Dickens—whose affection for Macready and Frederick Yates, and Fechter, and other actors, was so deep and sincere!

In an article in the September number of the *Contemporary Review* is modestly set forth a series of propositions which it may be of some little interest to examine. I am grateful to the Editor of this Review for allowing me the opportunity of placing these statements before the public in such a manner that the authority of the

writer may be fully appreciated. The subject of Mr. George Barlow's essay is 'Talent and Genius on the Stage,' and the text is seemingly supplied by his opinion of the inferiority of British as compared with French acting, exemplified by some recent performances in London. Here let me say that I yield to no one in my admiration for the genius of Madame Bernhardt. And my admiration is in nowise lessened by the respect which I feel for the courage of that gifted actress in having broken away from certain cramping conditions of French art. The bearing of this may be seen later with reference to the contradictory statements of Mr. Barlow, which, taken singly, illustrate the precarious quality of his judgment.

At the start, I may point out that he ignores entirely the comedy acting of London, than which none is better, but proceeds to inform us that the true method of declaiming verse has been lost in England, and why the British dramatists are so badly recited upon our stage whilst the verses of Racine are so delightfully recited by the French actors. When we are asked why we do not recite our Shakespeare as we would Racine, we may well rub our eyes in wonder. 'Those days are past, Floranthe!' The classic correctness of Racine's verse—which the French believe none but a Frenchman can understand—is wholly opposed to the freedom of that of Shakespeare, which therefore requires a totally different method of delivery. Although the march of Shakespeare's verse should be most delicately preserved, it is 'flat burglary' to demand for it the recitation of Racine. Only bad actors and schoolboys support this dreadful practice. Mr. Frederick Hawkins, in his *History of the French Stage*, says: 'Molière, unconsciously following the example of Shakespeare, delighted to ridicule the mechanical and inflated recitation of his contemporaries. Mascarille is greatly astonished when Cathos asks him to which troupe he intends to give his piece. "A pretty question to ask!" he replies; "why, to the great Comédiens," those of the Hôtel de Bourgogne, "of course. It is only they who are able to do justice to such things. The others," those led by Molière, "are ignoramuses who recite as they speak off the stage; they know not how to roar their verses and bring down the house." In his *Impromptu de Versailles* the dramatist returns to the charge. "What!" he asks, "do you call that reciting? You are joking. It must be said with emphasis. Listen to me." And therewith he gives an imitation of the stagy Montfleuri. "Note me well. Mouth the last line. That is the way to bring down the house." Probably wincing under the laughter evoked by the satirist, Floridor showed a tendency to speak his lines instead of intoning them, and Mdlle. Champmélée, with whom he was associated in after years, must be credited with equal discernment. Baron, strengthened by the precepts he had received from Molière, went much further than either. He reconciled the demands of theatrical effect with those of natural truth

His utterance was distinguished by a noble and unaffected simplicity. Believing the observance of metre to be mischievous in the highest degree, he uniformly recited verse as elevated prose, and there can be no doubt that he succeeded in depriving the alexandrine of its peculiar monotony.' The greatest French actors have shaken off the trammels of tradition, and have adopted a more natural delivery of tragic verse. 'There is not a scene shifter, madam,' said Dr. Johnson to Mrs. Siddons, 'who could not recite "To be or not to be" better than Mr. Garrick. His excellence was in the interpretation of nature and a true conception of character.' There lies the secret of the actor's success. Garrick supplanted the dull, declaiming Quin, as did afterwards Edmund Kean the declaimers of his day. Recitation, no matter with what spirit it may be delivered, is but a bastard substitute for truthful interpretation of Shakespeare's verse. In the expression of character, rhythm is subordinate to dramatic significance, and except in the most rhetorical passages, every sentence should be expressed as a new thought, and every thought with a varied intonation. 'Is there any living actor among us who could speak seventy-three lines of Shakespeare at a stretch?' asks Mr. Barlow. I believe there are plenty of actors who could speak this number of lines—or twice seventy-three if required. I have known actors speak passages of double that length to audiences who listened with breathless attention. The elocution of Mr. Forbes-Robertson, in *King Henry the Eighth*, is most admirable, and could with difficulty be excelled.

Another aim of Mr. Barlow is to prove that Shakespeare's plays, as now represented, are mere *tableaux vivants*, and he contrasts the attitude of audiences now with the attention given to the plays in Shakespeare's day. To the people of that age, the poet's works were what histories, novels, and newspapers are to-day. One can imagine the fervour of the players with the Armada in their thoughts—with 'Crispin! Crispian!' on their lips, and with Shakespeare himself perhaps to guide them. Not, indeed, that poets are always the best interpreters of their work.

Poets ever fail in reading their own verses to their worth,
For the echo in you breaks upon the words which you are speaking,
And the chariot wheels jar in the gate through which you drive them forth.

Poets have not even similar methods of delivery. Lord Tennyson declaims with measured emphasis; Robert Browning was more familiar and less grand; Lord Lytton read his father's poetry as familiarly as prose. The players of Shakespeare's time declaimed, and strongly, too, with what we should call a 'burr,' which would sound odd to our Cockney ears, for the letter 'r' had not yet been banished from our language. And yet Mr. Barlow says: 'In those days when plays were acted in open-air theatres, without sumptuous dresses and with no attempt at what we call "spectacle," there must

have been some reason for the close attention given by the public quite other than any reason based upon dresses, spectacle, and the features which attract to-day. What was this power? Beyond doubt it was the spell latent in the poetry of the play itself; it was the magnificent poetry of the Elizabethans, interpreted and expressed (this is the point) by adequate actors, which drew the public of those days.' Let us examine the facts of the Elizabethan stage as compared with the Victorian, and it will be found, I think, that, whatever our faults, the comparison is scarcely to the detriment of our day. The sixteenth century was in many ways a coarser age than ours, and even some of Shakespeare's plays cannot be acted in their entirety at a time when refinement, personal and social, is part of the progressive effort. In Shakespeare's day not only were ideas and diction sometimes broad, but the interpretations were necessarily broad—very broad both of tragedy and comedy—the conditions of the playhouse, with its smoking and chattering, and divers noises without and within, admitting of no other method. Certain subtleties of acting, elaborate by-play, and the finer lights and shades of intonation must have been impossible. Great as Burbage undoubtedly was, he would, if living now, adopt a very different style under the conditions of the modern theatre. We know for certain that the jests of the comedians were frequently of the most villanous and revolting character, and were thrust in at all points to make the barren spectators laugh. The dresses were sometimes excellent, and although Julius Cæsar might appear to us a little out of date in trunks and hose, still the Elizabethan costume was actually appropriate to many of the plays. Various attempts were made to suggest pageantry, and costumes were probably lent by the nobles to realise the splendour of Cleopatra or the luxury of Timon. The Globe Theatre was burned down through a too zealous artillery announcing the arrival of Henry the Eighth at Wolsey's palace.

Costumes and scenery have, however, little to do with the effect of the interpretation. Hamlet in a dress coat might be just as effective as in the costume of a more barbaric time; and scenery, if the spectators were unused to it, would never be missed. I remember with keen pleasure a performance of the *Merchant of Venice* which the Lyceum Company gave at West Point before the chivalry of Young America. Never did actors play to a more alert or enthusiastic audience, and never did actors respond with more fervour to stimulating sympathy. And yet we acted in Elizabethan dress, the conventional dress of Shakespeare, and we had no scenery whatever—a board with the name of the supposed scene chalked upon it, 'A Street,' 'Portia's House,' and so forth, being, as in olden time, the only pictorial aid to the imagination.

The question of scenery and costume, so persistently raised by certain writers, is to me wearisome in the extreme. As well find

fault with painters for the truthful accessories of their pictures as with a theatrical manager for producing his play with suitable environment. When now and again we are told that Shakespeare performances owe their success to their scenic adornment, we know this can be refuted by practical experience. No play of Shakespeare's was ever successful because of its scenic accessories; if this were possible, it would be in the power of any speculator to realise pretty considerable profits by the production of these plays. Such experiments have ended in disastrous failure. On the contrary, at the Lyceum, our representations of *Hamlet* and *The Merchant of Venice* were of the simplest kind; and each play ran hundreds of nights. They were as thoroughly put on the stage as any of our other plays; but for them the Tudor pageantry, with its pomp and gorgeous richness of apparel, was not needed to realise to the full the historic circumstances in which the poet had set his characters. We know that Shakespeare yearned for other conditions than those of his day:

Where—O for pity!—we shall much disgrace
With four or five most vile and ragged foils
The name of Agincourt.

That he, whose mind was the very storehouse of cosmic beauty, could have been content to have his Constance or his Juliet acted by boys we cannot believe. Although he formed his perfect conceptions of womanhood in all the ardour of the poet, with abstract beauty seen of his inner eyes rather than concrete perfection seen with his material organs, we cannot doubt that his heart would have leaped with joy had he been able to witness the impersonations of a Siddons or an O'Neill. We are told by Mr. Barlow of the simple folk who leave the Lyceum with an impression that they have seen a Shakespeare play, when they have, in truth, seen only a series of pictures 'with profuse glory of colour and beauty of scenic background.' Of this it is not quite fitting that I myself should speak; I must leave it, and I leave it willingly, to the memory and the judgment of our audiences. It would be easy to enumerate the ungrudging tributes to conscientious work; but it is easier still to scoff at the beautiful in any art; to ignore the thoroughness shown in the production of a play when all the arts combine to make a harmonious whole. Since Shakespeare's own time there has ever been a wail for ideal Stage conditions. Betterton complains of the hideous figures upon the tapestries before which he had to act, and he tells us how they distracted his auditors, and set them thinking upon other things, and how he began to substitute more fitting surroundings. Garrick improved upon Betterton, and actually paid his scene painter, Loutherbouree, 500*l.* a year, a pretty considerable remuneration in those palmy days. I possess three sketches by Loutherbouree, made for Garrick's production of *Richard the Third*, which are of a most elaborate descrip-

tion, including a practical bridge over which the armies of Bosworth Field were supposed to cross. Macklin added a more judicious costume to many characters, and instead of dressing Macbeth as did Garrick, like a footman in a fine gentleman's family, assumed a more realistic habit after the fashion of the ancient kilt. Then followed Kemble and Macready, who introduced further reforms; and the line will stretch till the crack of doom—for art never rests, perfection is its death-knell. It must be never forgotten that all these actors, Betterton, Garrick, Kemble and Macready, were in their day reviled for making the Stage pictorial, just as in our own time managers are assailed for seeking aids to the imagination amongst the scientific appliances, the inventions and discoveries of the time.

With a seeming benevolence which I greatly fear must be ironical, Mr. Barlow gives me credit for having founded a 'school.' If I have done so, it is, I trust, a school where the students are grateful for any light thrown upon the conceptions of the great masters; a school which endeavours to hold the mirror up to nature—a school which will be judged by its achievement when its day of judgment comes.

I have been accused of treating criticism of the Stage in a pontifical spirit, but there is so much infallibility abroad that the actor is in no danger of suffering from odious comparisons. Mr. Barlow is, I am told, a Minor Poet, and in this character he naturally deplors the absence of 'appreciation of poetry in the public.' Then he suggests that art is vanishing from the Stage, because we are in process of being 'democratised.' Incapacity to speak Shakespeare will, I suppose, culminate some day in manhood suffrage. Mr. Barlow devotes a page to trivialities, concerning what appears to have been an uniquely bad-mannered audience at a French play, and then deduces the conclusion that they demonstrate 'our lack of artistic instinct.' These things are unworthy of notice, except as illustrations of the boundless comprehensiveness which distinguishes the casual critic of the drama. This capacity of constructing a whole philosophical system on some foolish ejaculation overheard in the playhouse is eclipsed by the novelist who assures us that, when the racial instinct of the British public, at the end of the Napoleonic wars, decided that fiction was the real vehicle of literary art, the drama became unnecessary. Theatres have multiplied in our time beyond all expectations. The number of people in London who go to the play in the course of the year must be not far short of the number of novel-readers. But we are told that as the racial instinct decided against the Stage about the year 1815, the millions who have interested themselves in the drama since then are of no account in the census of intelligence.

These singular judgments are only samples of many, and they suggest at least some extenuation for the actor who prefers the col-

lective opinion of the public to the fantastic individualism of his censors. Some of us who are zealous for what we conceive to be the highest interests of dramatic art have no reason to deplore any want of public sympathy. The popular taste for the theatre is heterogeneous. It is gratified in some ways which, perhaps, are no more artistic than certain novels, not dignified with the name of literature, though having thousands of readers. I am not aware that this phenomenon is peculiar to this country. But when I survey the extensive area of theatrical enterprise, I see a great deal of admirable talent, both in the drama and its interpreters, and a very large measure of public appreciation for artistic effort. Nobody except Mr. Barlow suggests that the prosperity of the music-hall is a stigma on the theatre. Under no conditions can there exist more than a limited number of theatres in which dramatic art, properly so called, can be said to be paramount. There are many places of entertainment, excellent of their kind, from which the genuine art of the stage must be dissociated. But in this limited number of theatres may be seen plays destitute, it is true, of the pessimism of Ibsen or the moral squalor of Zola, yet abounding in delicate observation and broad views of humanity. They are comparatively few, perhaps, but a wide experience of dramatic authorship has taught me that to write a good play is one of the most difficult achievements, and demands a combination of talent, thought and patience not often surpassed by the novelists who have been telling us, somewhat superfluously, why they do not work in a medium which is absolutely strange to them.

HENRY IRVING.

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THE LABOUR QUESTION

I

EVERY politician is ready to admit that there is a Labour Party and a Labour Programme—many are prepared to declare themselves members of the one and devoted adherents of the other—but no two are agreed in their definition of the Programme, or are able to give a reasonable account of the composition of the Party. We are told of the New Radicalism, the New Socialism, and the New Unionism; and there are even some who would have us believe that the Labour Question itself is a new thing which, rightly approached, will lead inevitably and speedily to the regeneration of the human race.

The fact, of course, is, that the problems associated with labour have always been present in the minds of thoughtful and kindly men since social relations were first established, although from time to time, owing to economic changes, they have assumed exceptional importance. But in all times, from the earliest historical period to the present day, the central idea of every reformer has been to secure a more equal distribution of wealth and the means of happiness, and to render the conditions of ordinary labour more safe, more healthful, and more agreeable. Confining ourselves entirely to the last fifty years, no impartial person will doubt for a moment that a marvellous improvement has been effected. The average of wages is much higher—their purchasing power is greater—the hours of labour are much less—the conditions of work are better—the provision for education and recreation is more extensive—the duration of life is

longer, and all the claims of a healthy existence are more efficiently secured, than they were in the first half of the nineteenth century. Yet, if we are to believe some of the self-constituted representatives of Labour of the present day, the working classes are still in a state of misery and servitude. The working man, we are told, feels himself to be a slave, and regards the whole social system as a huge scheme for his exploitation: he is degraded and discouraged; discontent is seething in his breast, and there is to be a stupendous awakening; all the efforts that have hitherto been made for his intellectual emancipation and material welfare have been mere tinkering and empiricism; but now his redemption is at hand, and the New Unionism—or the New Collectivism, or some other brand-new device of continental philosophers or of hitherto unappreciated geniuses of home manufacture—is to raise him to heights of co-operative prosperity and collective enjoyment of which, in his dull acceptance of the existing order, he has never even dreamed.

If this view of the situation is extreme and unwarranted by the facts, it is hardly more so than that of the optimists who persistently act on the theory that this is the best of all possible worlds because it is good for them, and who boast of the improvements that have taken place as though they had had any hand in them. The fact that things are better than they were fifty years ago is not a proof that they cannot be made better still: it is rather an encouragement to us to proceed further, and an indication that we are on the right lines. Many of the changes which every one now admits to have been just and beneficial were resisted in their time; and by arguments which are now advanced against reforms in the same direction which experience of the past, or the altered circumstances of the present, show to be desirable; and, if we would ward off revolutionary violence or dangerous legislation, we must be ready to accept all practicable proposals for still further ameliorating the condition of the great masses of the population.

Before going further in any attempt to define the Labour question or to formulate a programme, it will be interesting to consider the composition and aims of what is called the Labour Party. This is not an easy task, for it is more than doubtful whether any of the various groups which may together constitute such a party have really definite and fixed ideas; while it is certain that some of their proposals are mutually conflicting and destructive. For this reason, it is difficult even to separate the groups, since their objects overlap and are intermingled, so that any representative leader may be at the same time an Anarchist *in posse*, a Socialist *in esse*, a Collectivist in theory, and a Trades Unionist in fact; while beyond all and above all, he may be a strict party politician, limited by the exigencies of this position in all his other capacities.

But, making these allowances, there seem to be no less than six

groups, each professing to have the interests of Labour at heart, but seeking them by methods which differ, at any rate, in their ultimate result.

1. *The Individualists*, whose doctrines, now somewhat discredited, were once the stock-in-trade of the Liberal party. According to these gentlemen, freedom of commerce should have its complement in freedom of labour. All restrictions to individual liberty are to be removed, except so far as they are absolutely necessary to protect the liberty of other individuals. Freedom to get drunk, freedom to contract, and even to spread, disease, freedom to be ignorant and to keep children in ignorance, are all sacred rights to be carefully preserved; and even freedom to decline taxation has been suggested by an extreme adherent of the principle. There should be freedom to buy and sell without reference to the respective position of the parties, who must be taken to be free agents, whether they are so in fact or not. There may be freedom to combine, but there must be freedom, even for the smallest minority, to defeat the objects of the most beneficial combination. Individual responsibility is the one thing to be cultivated and protected. All officialism is tyranny. The State which represents the majority is the common enemy. The best government is the government which governs least!

If we look back for fifty years we shall see that the main principles at least of this school, though not their exaggerated development, were needed for the work that had to be done. Bright, and Villiers, and Cobden, together with a host of their fellow-workers and supporters, accomplished a necessary labour of destruction—the breaking of the fetters by which trade and every relation of life were then shackled. But now we are in the constructive period, and it is doubtful if these great representatives of the older Liberalism would be content to have nothing in place of the clearance they made and the restrictions they removed. Mr. Bright's well-known views in regard to State assistance to land purchase, and to State-assisted education, prove clearly that he was not an advocate of unqualified *laissez-faire*, but was ready to support those measures of State Socialism which he regarded as practical and beneficial. The Manchester school is now, however, practically extinct. Mr. Illingworth is still faithful; Mr. Gladstone, in spite of his Irish legislation, is really a survivor; while Mr. John Morley may also, perhaps, be included as one born out of due season; but, in all these cases, political exigencies have already made sad havoc with innate predilections. Those who claim to wear the mantle of the older economists have fallen on evil times. They are compelled by their principles to regard almost every act of legislation for the past thirty years as fatally mistaken. Mr. Herbert Spencer mournfully tells us that we are steadily tending downwards from freedom to bondage, but he is preaching in the wilderness, and must be painfully aware of his inability to stay the fatal declension.

2. Next in order come the *Old Trades Unionists*, who were never of the straitest sect of the Individualists, and were, in fact, hotly denounced by them, but who had nevertheless many leanings in that direction; and it is curious now to see some of their early leaders, as Mr. Howell, Mr. Shipton, and Mr. Broadhurst, lending their pens and their influence to find arguments for the Property Defence League against the modern Socialists. The old Unionism was suspicious of State interference, and resented State control. Trades Unionism was by its own forces to do everything for the working classes, or at least that section of them which could be persuaded to join these organisations, and which was alone worthy of consideration. The pioneers of the movement inculcated self-help and voluntary thrift, and one of their primary objects was to provide for their members in sickness and when out of employment. In the early years of its existence their greatest victories were in the direction of removing restrictions and of securing freedom of combination. In theory at any rate, they respected the right of all who did not agree with them to remain outside and to sell their labour on their own conditions, and they claimed that with full liberty of voluntary co-operation and combination they would be able to increase wages and to raise greatly the average standard of comfort. The freedom they asked for has now been fully won, and, according to Professor Marshall, 'nothing is now illegal if done by workmen, or by a combination of workmen, which would not be illegal if done by any one else or by a combination of other people.' Any impartial retrospect of their work must be, on the whole, a favourable one. If it is not, and cannot be, proved that they have had the power permanently and generally to raise wages; if it be true that wages, in cases where there are no unions—as, e.g., in domestic service, and in the unskilled labour market—have risen more than in any other instance; still, it is certain that in special cases and at particular times the influence of the Union has been successfully exerted to obtain quickly all the benefits of a rising market, and to delay, as long as possible, the reductions necessary in times of depression. In addition, they have been largely instrumental in securing and maintaining better conditions of labour, and in making all kinds of work, especially dangerous employments, more safe, more healthy, and more pleasant for the workpeople. A strong union gives to all its members the sense that they are bargaining with the employer on terms of some equality, and that they will not be oppressed solely because their poverty prevents them from resisting unfair exaction. These advantages have been generally obtained without any injustice to employers or injury to trade, although there have, of course, been cases of foolish and arbitrary action by Trades Unions, as well as by employers. But as the Unions have gained experience, their leading officials have almost invariably discountenanced unfair or excessive demands, and have frequently assisted

to bring about a peaceful compromise, where, in the absence of all combination, a strike must inevitably have taken place.

In the last twenty years, and especially since pressure has been exerted by the newer school, the old Unionism has fallen into some disrepute, and there is a tendency to look more and more to the State for assistance. Of sixty resolutions passed at the Trades Unionist Congress in 1890, Mr. Burns boasts that forty-five were of a Socialist character; while the opinion in favour of a legislative eight hours' day has completely changed, having been defeated at Dundee in 1889 by 88 to 63, and carried at Liverpool in 1890 by 193 to 155. Meanwhile, the old leaders have lost their influence and popularity. They are accused of apathy and selfishness, of confining their action to the requirements of their own craft, and of treating unskilled labour with contempt. According to Mrs. Besant, 'the aristocracy of labour thus created now treats the unskilled as their fathers were treated by the middle classes.' This is very sad, but there is worse behind, and Messrs. Tom Mann and Ben Tillett are concerned to find that 'the richest and strongest of all the Unions' (the Amalgamated Engineers) 'expended over 105,000*l.* in 1889 for benefits, and only 1,820*l.* in actual trade disputes.'

It may, however, be urged in defence of the older principles that if the Trades Unions cease to be benefit societies they will lose their hold on their members in bad times, and will find it difficult to maintain the permanence of their organisations.

3. The *New Unionists*, whose views we have next to consider, may learn this lesson in the course of the period of depression which now threatens all our commercial interests. For the moment, however, they are triumphant, and have practically captured the organisations of their predecessors. Even where the old officials are suffered to remain, the methods are changing and a more militant and aggressive spirit is being infused into their proceedings. The main objects of the older Unionism are still advocated by the new, although the provision of sick-pay and benefits is discouraged, but the sphere of action is enlarged and more ambitious schemes of social reconstruction are brought into view.

The difference is more easily perceived in practice than in formulæ, but some distinctions may be specifically noticed. New Unionism is in its conception national, and even international. It does not bound its aspirations by the limits of a particular class of workmen in a trade, or by a single trade, or even by national considerations. It is the boast of the Gas Workers and General Labourers' Union that it has combined many kindred employments and has opened its ranks to labourers as well as to skilled workmen—to women as well as to men. Every approach to federation with continental associations, even with some which are reasonably suspected of anarchical views, is eagerly welcomed, and the solidarity of Labour as opposed to Capital is

persistently preached. But while catholic in its invitations to all, the New Unionism is more intolerant than the old ever was in its attitude towards those who obstinately reject its approaches. The non-Unionist is to be forced out of existence. No Unionist is to work with him or to have any dealings with him, and his life is to be made a burden to him till he has given proofs of repentance by joining the Union. Again, New Unionism no longer rejects or under-estimates the value of State assistance—on the contrary, it recognises that Trades Unionism alone is powerless to emancipate labour, and accordingly its main object is to control the action of Government, whether in municipal bodies or in Parliament, and then to use its power to effect its objects by legislation. What these objects are it is difficult to say, as they vary with different leaders, and naturally tend to multiply with the progress of time. At present they embrace all the ordinary demands of labour agitation, and in addition they place in the front rank the question of a universal eight-hours day secured by legislation and not by voluntary action. But the leaders are careful to guard themselves against any idea of finality in the present proposals. These, they say, are practical, urgent, and capable of immediate realisation, and their acceptance will pave the way for the further demands which in the fulness of time they will be ready to put forward.

There is one feature in New Unionism which may have the most important and unforeseen results. For the first time we have as a definite and principal object of a combination of Labour the formation of an independent Labour Party—independent, that is, of any political party, and willing to sell its votes to either in return for the inclusion of its programme in the party platform. The idea is evidently derived from a consideration of Mr. Parnell's policy and success. Mr. Champion, who has on several occasions put this new policy into practical shape, says in a letter to the *Times* of September 21, 1892:

We are only repeating the tactics of Mr. Parnell and forming an independent Labour Party with the intention of thwarting the Gladstonians until they have found salvation upon the Labour Question ;

and he anticipates that

my policy has only to be persisted in to make them as obedient to the Labour Party as they are now to the apostles of public plunder of a few years ago.

Mr. Champion is probably right in his estimate of the powers of resistance of the Gladstonian items; and the successive phases of mental development on the eight-hours question, exhibited by Mr. Gladstone in the course of six short weeks under continuous pressure from the Labour delegates, afford a striking illustration of the squeezability of modern statesmen. The prospect is not a pleasant one for the Gladstonian Party, but the fact is, that the chickens are coming home to roost, and the shameful surrender of 1885 to the

powers of anarchy, disorder, and rebellion in Ireland has stimulated every minority in the United Kingdom that is discontented with the existing system to employ Mr. Parnell's 'constitutional methods' in the confident hope of thereby coercing the Gladstonian Party into the adoption of its views. Labour does not stand alone. Temperance, Welsh Disestablishment, and London Progressivism may all claim their victories, although at the expense of every shred of consistency, traditional principle, and political morality, from the new Liberalism of Mr. Gladstone and his followers. If Mr. Champion were supported he might accomplish his object. He could not perhaps return his own candidate in many places, but he might make the return of Gladstonians impossible, when, as no one will doubt for a moment, they would speedily arrive at the conclusion that the Labour Programme, like Home Rule, is necessary to the Union of Hearts and an essential article of the Liberal Creed. But at present Mr. Champion stands alone. It is noticeable that both at Newcastle and at Leeds he received no support from Mr. John Burns, Mr. Tom Mann, Mr. J. H. Wilson, or Mr. Ben Tillett, who are leading apostles of the Independent Party movement; and up to the present time all the representatives of the New Unionism, except Mr. Keir Hardie, have been, like the leaders of the old, devoted adherents of Mr. Gladstone, and apparently better content to form a part of an existing political organisation than to undergo the labour and face the unpopularity of making a party of their own. This circumstance probably accounts for their abstention in the recent bye-elections; or it may be due to the fact that the new sect of Unionism is already divided into sections and weakened by personal jealousies, which would certainly be a most fortunate circumstance for the much-threatened capitalist, who has good reason to dread the unanimity of his enemies.

Before passing from the New Trades Unionism, it may be well to point out that it started into existence under the most favourable conditions, in a time of good and improving trade, when wages were rising naturally, and employment was more plentiful than usual. It has been the universal experience that in such times the organisation of Unions is comparatively easy, and the officials are able to claim the credit of an improvement which is largely due to economic causes. A successful strike carried out by the Dockers' Union greatly increased the prestige of the new movement and led to its rapid extension. Whether it will continue to be as active and as well supported in the present period of depression and slackened demand may be considered doubtful; but if it does, its success will be contrary to the recorded experiences of the past. Meanwhile, the accentuated bitterness of the struggle between Capital and Labour, which has been fomented by the spirit in which the New Unionism has been worked, has had its natural result in stimulating further organisation amongst employers, of which the most notable instance is the Ship-

ping Federation, which has hitherto proved strong enough entirely to defeat the avowed objects of the Unions, and to preserve the liberty of non-Unionist labour.

4. We have next to deal with the *Collectivists*, who exist at present rather as theorists than as a practical organisation, and whose motto is the exact opposite of that of the Individualists, being, 'The best government is that which governs most.' Collectivism is not necessarily connected with Trades Unionism, although some of the leaders of the Trade organisations are vaguely committed to Collectivist doctrines. It was truly stated by a German delegate at the International Congress at Paris in 1886 that

the great difference between German and English workmen was that the German was first of all a Socialist and afterwards became a Trades Unionist, while the Englishman began by being a Unionist and *sometimes* developed into a Socialist.

Collectivism is a doctrine essentially foreign and exotic, of which Karl Marx is perhaps the best known professor, although the principles of the school are indicated with more or less definiteness in the teachings of St. Simon and other French philosophers, and are foreshadowed in the works of Godwin and Robert Owen in this country. Unfortunately, none of these masters have promulgated a final and complete statement showing how the collective commonwealth would work in practice. The general principle is, however, clear enough: the State is to be the sole owner of the land, of capital, and of all the means of production, and it is to distribute the results of labour, giving to each in proportion to his work. Private property will be abolished; competition will entirely cease; everybody will be obliged to work for his living; and work will be found for all sufficient to procure for every one the means of rational and comfortable existence. This is really all that can be authoritatively stated of the programme, and if more is required we must perforce seek it in works of the imagination, such as the Utopia of Mr. Bellamy in his book entitled *Looking Backwards*, a work of scientific fiction which many people insist on considering as a gigantic practical joke.

In any scheme under this system, as labour is to be rewarded with products, it is necessary to fix a comparative value to different kinds of labour, and also an exchange value for different products. Let us suppose that an agricultural labourer wants to have Mr. Bellamy's book. How many hours or days of hedging and ditching must he give for that portion of the labour of composition, of printing, of binding, of paper-making, &c. &c., which goes to the production of the book? Next suppose that the book is wanted by a musical composer, or by a man of science. How long must Signor Mascagni work at the score of his new opera, or how many asteroids must the Astronomer Royal discover, before they will be entitled to solace their leisure with the American author's ingenious speculations? Schäffle

in his *Quintessence of Socialism* explains the theory of Marx to be that the value of products is determined by the necessary labour which, on the average, must be expended upon them. This theory apparently leaves out of account the different quality of labour, but some Collectivists are willing to allow that the value of different kinds of labour is to vary, and unskilled labour is to count for, say, half the value of skilled work. If this idea is logically pursued, it is evident that the day's work of some exceptionally gifted person—say of Mr. Bessemer or Mr. Edison—who creates a new industry, or who enormously increases the productiveness of an old one, must be reckoned at a myriad times more than that of the unskilled labourer. Such a man would therefore soon accumulate an immense claim on the total products; and this claim, according to the Collectivists, would be represented not by money but by labour cheques, each giving the right to a certain value of products in exchange. But if in exchange for labour cheques the great inventor could receive all the articles of art and luxury and comfort that now excite the desires of rich men and constitute one of the chief objects for amassing wealth, it is very difficult to see in what respect the Collectivist owner of cheques will differ, except in name, from the existing capitalist. On the other hand, if in the Collectivist State the great inventor and man of genius is only to be remunerated on the same scale as ordinary labour; or if his labour cheques will only be exchanged for articles of common use and necessity, and will not procure for him the luxuries he desires, it is certain that either he will leave the Collectivist kingdom and carry his talents elsewhere, or else, finding that they bring him no return, he will allow his mind to lie idle and unproductive, failing the stimulus of self-interest and personal advantage which is found to be so all-powerful in ordinary human affairs. There would be no reward for originality, no stimulus to exertion or initiative, in the reformed commonwealth of the Collectivists. Even in the case of what is called ordinary labour, arbitrary limitations would destroy the spirit of enterprise and the desire to rise. The workman of extra skill would be discouraged when he found that his labour and time counted for no more than that of the shuffler and sluggard. Production would be diminished, and would soon be insufficient even for the bare necessities of subsistence. Foreign exchange would be impossible, unless indeed other nations could be persuaded to reduce themselves at the same time to the level of the Collectivist State.

There are innumerable difficulties of a similar kind which will suggest themselves to any one who will sit down and try to work out for himself the complicated details of a Collectivist polity. Here it is only necessary to indicate their nature, and for further information the reader may be referred to the clear, impartial, and withal sympathetic, examination of the proposal which is contained in Professor Graham's *Socialism New and Old*, published in the International Science Series.

But sufficient has been said to show that, until human nature has been radically altered—until a love of humanity in general universally takes the place of a love of self or of those who are nearest in blood and affection—any scheme which ignores the strongest inducement which has yet been found to the strenuous exercise of all human faculties is bound indubitably to fail. And when it is remembered that this particular scheme presupposes the extinction, without compensation according to its advocates, of such numerous and powerful classes as those of landowners, capitalists and investors, bankers and financial agents, middlemen, distributors, advertisers, and all the persons now dependent on them, it must be evident that the Fabian Society has a really gigantic task before it, the difficulties of which will not be lightened when the working classes come to understand that small ownership of land and houses and small savings or investments are just as strongly condemned by all orthodox Collectivists as large estates and colossal fortunes.

5. Proceeding still further in our inquiry, we must notice in a few words the *Anarchists* who avow their hostility to all governments and to authority of every kind, and who would compass the destruction of all State institutions by revolutionary and violent means. Their views have absolutely no hold on the English working class, although in some foreign countries they may constitute a serious danger. Their representatives in this country are chiefly foreigners, assisted, as long as the revolution is in the distance, by a few tyrant-quellers of the Simon Tappetit order, and their propaganda may safely be left to the care of the police.

6. Lastly, there are the *State or Municipal Socialists*, a wide term which covers many members of the other groups we have described, except the two extremes of Individualists and Anarchists. A man who is in favour of our factory legislation is a State Socialist—so is a supporter of the poor law, of free education, of the Artisans' Dwellings Act, or of the vaccination laws. Old-age pensions assisted by the State, land purchase with State advances, municipal sanitary inspection and control, free libraries and art galleries, are all developments of the same principle; while, in a different degree, the universal enforcement of an eight-hours day, municipal workshops for all who are unemployed, and the abolition of all private property, are further extensions of the principle. It will be seen from this that, while the Trades Unionists, whether old or new, and the Collectivists, are all State Socialists, a man may be a moderate State Socialist without accepting any of the distinctive views of the other three groups.

M. de Laveleye in his *Socialisme Contemporain* relates that when Proudhon was asked What is Socialism? he replied "C'est toute aspiration vers l'amélioration de la société."—"Mais dans ce cas, dit le président, nous sommes tous socialistes."—"C'est bien ce que je pense," conclut Proudhon.

State Socialism, therefore, cannot be condemned *in toto* by any section except the Individualists. Its proposals must be examined separately on their merits, and with due regard to the circumstances of the time.

All the groups whose programmes we have hitherto considered have one thing in common—the desire to secure a greater equality of social conditions and the more equal distribution of wealth. Even the *laissez-faire* school would welcome this result if it came in the course of natural evolution; and all criticism of the several schemes for attaining it is based on the probability that they would fail of their purpose and would produce greater evils than they profess to remedy. But it is not pretended that the present system is perfect and incapable of amendment. It is admitted that labour has, in many cases at any rate, a smaller share of profits than it is fairly entitled to, and that wages do tend to fall to the minimum required for subsistence; that employment is inconstant and irregular in many trades; that in some instances the work is excessive and carried on under conditions destructive of health and life; that precautions to prevent these are at least occasionally neglected; and, generally, that the contrast between the excessive wealth and luxury of a few and the poverty and extreme misery of a considerable portion of the population is a distressing and dangerous feature in our modern civilisation.

It is not enough to make these admissions and then to put them aside. Under democratic institutions the people will insist that at least an effort shall be made to remedy confessed evils. No one but an empiric would promise immediate redress of all the grievances arising from such complicated causes, or profess to be able, as by a stroke of a magician's wand, to abolish poverty from the land and to relieve all people from what is in many cases the consequence of their own folly and misconduct. But because we cannot do everything we are not to sit down with folded arms and do nothing. It remains to be seen whether, among the different proposals that have been made and the various wants that have been expressed, there may not be some of the former that can be accepted and some of the latter that can be gratified. If we can do this without injustice to individuals and without danger to the State, we shall be able to say that we have a Labour Programme which, without pretending to be absolutely final and complete, will be practical and capable of early realisation, and will, therefore, attract the support of the great majority of the working classes.

II

The first point in all Labour Programmes is the payment of members, and on this account it is necessary to consider it here, although it may fairly be argued that it has no direct connection

with the object of this paper, and that its concession will do very little to improve the condition of labour generally. But those who describe themselves as being in a special sense the representatives of Labour attach the greatest importance to it, partly perhaps on personal grounds, as they may very properly object to the position of dependence on individuals to which their readiness to serve the State has reduced them, but principally because they believe that the adoption of the principle would at once have the practical result of greatly increasing the number of Labour members and so enabling them to obtain that control of the Legislature which is necessary for the success of their ulterior objects. Collectivism, or Universal Trades Unionism, may be very good things, but at present the working classes are not prepared to pay 300*l.* a year for the services of the men who would secure them. If they are to be obtained at all, the capitalists, the landlords, the middlemen, the employers, and the non-Unionists must all be made to pay for their own extinction. It is therefore urged that it is unfair to any constituency to limit its area of choice by excluding from the candidature all who are unable to pay their own expenses or to attend Parliament without a salary.

It is very doubtful whether the proposed reform would have all the effect that its promoters anticipate. It would certainly bring more candidates into the field, and some of them might make excellent representatives, although their situation in life does not permit them under existing circumstances to make the sacrifice of their time and present income. It would also tempt some undesirable competitors, to whom the salary, however moderate, would be the chief object; but it is extremely problematical whether any considerable proportion of these candidates of either kind would be chosen. Already in the greater number of constituencies the working men are in a majority and can elect whom they please; but there is no evidence at all that they prefer men of their own class as representatives in Parliament any more than they would prefer them as doctors for their children or advocates in the law courts for themselves. Election agents of all parties are agreed that, other things being equal, a working man makes the worst candidate. He excites jealousy among his fellow-workers: he is thought likely to exercise less influence in the House of Commons than some man who has been specially educated and who has enjoyed exceptional advantages for the profession of a politician, and who, at the same time, is perhaps just as far advanced in his opinions—or at least in his pledges—as the workman himself. Accordingly, even where the funds have been found for the expenses of the election and for the subsequent support of the candidate, very few workmen have been successful; and these owe their election in the great majority of instances to their adoption and support by the organisation of one of the great parties.

It may be added in confirmation of this view that in those self-governing colonies in which payment of members prevails there does not appear to have been a larger percentage of working-class members than in those in which the system was not adopted.

Under these circumstances it is not likely that any great political results would follow on the suggested change, which may be left to be decided on other grounds. On the one hand, it is unjust that any man, fitted in all other respects to serve his country, should be debarred from doing so by requirements in the nature of a property qualification. On the other hand, it seems absurd that the country should be made to pay from 200,000*l.* to 600,000*l.* a year to remunerate persons who do not wish to be paid in order to meet the case of some score or dozen of gentlemen to whom this remuneration is an absolute necessity if they are to fulfil duties to which their fellow-citizens would willingly call them. Surely a compromise would be possible which would entitle members who desire it to claim a moderate salary from the State, while allowing those who enjoy a sufficient and independent income to continue to render their gratuitous services. The question is really one of expediency and not of principle. There is no conclusive reason why Members of Parliament should not be paid like members of the Government, and we know that this is the practice in almost every other representative Legislature; but, on the other hand, there is no necessity for going this length so long as there are so many members to whom the honour of the position and the opportunity of public service are ample reward.

A question of much more practical importance to the working classes, although it is placed second by their leaders, is the proposal to lessen by legislation the hours of the working day. The New Unionists demand that a maximum eight-hours day shall be the limit of work in every trade and employment; but it would be waste of time to consider so vast a proposition at the present moment. There is absolutely no evidence that the workers in the majority of trades would accept such an arrangement; and even those trades which have in some way or another expressed a desire for such legislation would agree that the first claim—the one which has most argument on its side—is that of the Miners. If an experiment in this direction is ever to be made, it should at least begin with them; and if it should succeed in their case it may be possible that other industries would be able to take advantage of their experience. •

The case of the miners is a strong one. Their employment is admittedly dangerous, disagreeable, and unusually laborious. Few persons would seriously contend that eight hours' work at such labour is not sufficient. At the present time the average does not greatly exceed the proposed limit, although in exceptional cases it is over-

passed. The vast majority of the Unions have by their representatives expressed a desire for legislation. It is not at all certain that the change would increase the cost of production, as any shortening of the hours may very likely be made up by greater efficiency in the work. If, however, there were a slight increase in the cost, it would probably fall on the consumer in the shape of a corresponding rise in price, and not on the workman's wages or the employer's profit. On the other side it is urged : (1) That it would be a new departure in legislation, since the law has never interfered with adult male labour—a contention which cannot be sustained in view of the provisions regulating Sunday labour, of the Factory Acts, the Truck Acts, the Merchant Shipping Acts, the Sanitary Acts, the Irish Land Acts, and a host of other measures, all of which directly or indirectly have limited free contract in the alleged interest of the community. (2) That the object can best be obtained by voluntary effort—a statement which is refuted by all past experience, which shows the difficulty of combination for such a purpose. But, besides this, we must remember that the alternative to legislation is the pressure put on recalcitrant employers and workmen by means of strikes and trade boycotting; and it seems unwise to resort to what are barbarous means of commercial warfare in order to enforce the views of the majority, when legislation offers an effective, economical, and powerful way of securing the same result. (3) That the eight-hours limit could not be applied to all employed in the business without a diminution in the case of some to six hours or less—an objection which might be removed in Committee by inserting any exceptions and conditions shown to be necessary. (4) That the miners of certain districts, notably in the north, object to the limitation; to which it may be answered that there are signs of a growing change of opinion among these men, and also that, if thought desirable, they might be given a local option in the matter.

On the whole, it seems both practicable and desirable to allow this experiment to be tried where it is most urgently demanded, and thus to give some satisfaction to what is undoubtedly at the present time a claim supported by the prevailing sentiment, even of the most intelligent and most moderate of the working classes.

The case of the railway servants also deserves careful consideration. There is no doubt that in many instances an excessive strain is put on men in very responsible situations, and that this strain involves danger to the public as well as hardship to the men. It seems, however, to be admitted that it would be impossible to fix an absolute standard of hours to be observed in every case, as a driver could not leave his train on the road, or a switchman desert his points, whenever the limit of his service had been reached, and without regard to the circumstances. „The claim might be met, and excessive work prevented in all but exceptional instances; by requiring full returns,

and giving more power of regulation and control to the Board of Trade.

Closely connected with these demands is the similar contention put forward on behalf of the shop-assistants and shopkeepers, whose lot in some respects is even worse than that of the miners; for, although their work is not dangerous, and is not nearly so laborious and disagreeable, it is much longer, extending in many instances to twelve, fourteen, or even fifteen hours a day, and leaving no time for self-improvement, for recreation, or even for ordinary domestic intercourse and family life. There is, too, a very important distinction in favour of the shopkeepers as compared with any other class of employment. As their work is work of distribution and not of manufacture, and as the time allotted for it is very much more than would be necessary for its accomplishment if the employment were uninterrupted and continuous, there can be in this case no question of a limitation of production or profit-bearing energy. The consumption will be practically the same whether the shops are open fifteen hours or ten. Wherever opinion has been fairly tested, a vast majority of the shopkeepers, as well as of their assistants, are found to be in favour of limitation; but voluntary action is impossible, because a minority, however insignificant, have in this case more than the usual power of coercing the majority. If in a mining industry two-thirds of the workmen refused to work more than eight hours, and one-third insisted on a longer day, the minority would have to yield if the majority stood firm. They would be physically unable to take up the work left undone by the two-thirds, and the employers could not afford to keep their mines on one-third production. But if one-third, or even one-thirtieth, of the shopkeepers in a given trade or district insisted on keeping open till twelve, after all the rest had decided to close at eight, this fraction of the trade would be able to render the combination futile, as they could divert to themselves and retain the late trade of all the rest. Accordingly it is impossible to secure a reform without the aid of legislation. No general bill or stereotyped conditions are asked for: all that is necessary is to give powers to the local authorities in each district, on the application of a large majority of two-thirds or three-fourths of any trade, to approve of regulations prepared by the representatives of the trade, and dealing with holidays and the hours of closing—and after approval to enforce them by summons and fine. This plan would allow of the experiment being tried in different ways and in different places, and there would be ample opportunity of securing the public convenience and full power to prevent injustice.

What are the objections to such a plan of local and trade option? In the first place there is the general argument, which has already been dealt with in considering the claim of the miners, that it would be a new departure, and an unwise extension of the power of the

State to interfere with adult male labour. It is also urged that restrictions would be inconvenient to the working class and unjust to the smallest class of traders. As to the former, it may be pointed out that the Trades Unions when consulted have uniformly favoured legislation, and that the hours of artisans and labourers have already been so much curtailed that it can be no inconvenience to them to shop a little earlier than they formerly did; and in reference to the latter it is to be observed that the smallest traders are at least as desirous of a change as the large, and that they could not be injured by an alteration which would compel their customers to make necessary purchases at reasonable hours. In addition, it must be remembered that under a system of local option the special circumstances of every district could be fully considered; and the local authority, representing as it does not only the particular trade, but the well-being and comfort of the whole community, would take all representations into account, and refuse to approve regulations which failed to satisfy the great majority of those concerned.

There are three other points in all Trades Unions' programmes which deserve special consideration—namely, boards of arbitration or conciliation, compensation for injuries and the abolition of the doctrine of common employment, and the amendment of the Conspiracy and Protection of Property Act, 1875.

The first of these does not invite controversial treatment. There are precedents for legislation which, in this case, could hardly be described as socialistic, and which has been advocated alike by the opponents and supporters of other forms of State intervention. The law as it stands is contained in an Act, the 5th of George the Fourth, cap. 96, and the subsequent amending Acts, of which the latest is 35 & 36 Vict. cap. 46. The principal Act provides that matters in dispute as to *agreed* wages and conditions, and other details of employment, may be carried, by agreement of both parties, to a magistrate, who has power finally to determine them and to enforce his decision; or, on the application of either party to appoint arbitrators, with reference to the magistrate in case of disagreement. By another Act (30 & 31 Vict. cap. 105) the employers and workmen in any trade may form a board of arbitration, which can then receive a license from the Home Secretary to determine and enforce their decision as to all questions of dispute, as defined in the principal Act; but in none of these statutes are there any adequate provisions for determining disputes as to *future* rates of wages or conditions of labour. This is intelligible enough, because no magistrate and no board would have effective power to enforce its decisions in such cases, and accordingly very little use appears to have been made of this legislation.

What is actually required is the establishment of a judicial and

impartial tribunal commanding public confidence, to which all the disputes now ordinarily settled by strikes could be referred. These disputes have generally reference to the future rate of wages or the hours of labour, and, as they affect large bodies of men who could not in practice be made to work against their will, the decision of the tribunal could only be accepted as the authoritative opinion of a competent court, and could not be enforced at law. But such an expression of opinion would go far to determine public sentiment, and experience shows that this almost invariably decides the issue. If either party to a trade dispute refused arbitration, or if, having accepted it, it refused to be bound by the decision, the public feeling would be strongly opposed to it, and success would be almost impossible. All that the Government is required to do is to find the court, which might be done by appointing a judge to each important manufacturing district, with provisions for expert assessors in each case, to try all disputes submitted to him. For matters involving very large interests there ought to be an appeal to a judge of the High Court detailed for the purpose. If it be thought that there would not at first be work enough for judges in every district, the appointment might be made only where asked for by the local authority of a manufacturing centre, and they might be required to make some contribution towards the salary of the judge. The experiment would in no event be a costly one. It could not possibly do harm, and it might very probably be the means in many cases of preventing differences from degenerating into bitter and ruinous contests between Labour and Capital. Another proposal which stands upon the same footing, and deserves favourable consideration, is for the establishment of labour bureaux or exchanges in each populous centre where workmen out of employ could obtain information as to the state of trade and the demand for their services in other districts. Such exchanges have been created in some foreign countries, and have worked well as long as they have been kept entirely free from political influence and have been conducted on purely business principles.

The second point is perhaps of greater importance, and is certainly much more difficult. The trades unions ask that employers shall be legally compelled to pay compensation for injuries to workmen in all those cases in which the doctrine of common employment now limits their liability. This is generally considered to be a very large demand, and Parliament has hitherto refused to entertain it by considerable majorities; but it does not appear to have struck the working class that, even if it were granted, there would still remain an immense number of injuries and fatal accidents for which no provision would be made. According to the German statistics, of the more serious accidents in all employments, 19·76 per cent. are attributed to employers, and would be compensated for by them under

the present English law; 25·64 per cent. are due to workmen, and might be, so far as the majority of them are concerned, compensated for by employers, if the doctrine of common employment were abolished; 7·73 per cent. are partly attributable to employers and partly to workmen, and would come under the same rule; making in all 53·13 per cent. provided for. But 43·40 per cent. are due to accidents which are not attributable either to workmen or masters, but are inherent in the work itself; while 3·47 per cent. remain unaccounted for. It is evident, therefore, that the abolition of the doctrine of common employment, taken by itself, would still leave entirely out of consideration the victims of nearly half the accidents that take place.

Now it will be generally agreed that the sufferers by any accident, to which they have not themselves contributed by carelessness or misconduct, are proper objects of public sympathy, and should receive the most liberal treatment. Suppose that three men are killed in a mine, A by the failure of a rope which the avarice of a covetous employer has suffered to remain in a dangerous condition; B by the carelessness of his mate, who has improperly 'tamped' or plugged the shot which it is B's duty to fire; and C by an entirely unexpected fall of roof, which could not possibly have been foreseen and provided for. In dealing with these cases it would be quite right that A's employer and B's mate should be punished—the one for his wickedness, and the other for his carelessness; but what is really of the greatest importance is that the families of A, B, and C should alike receive compensation, and should not be compelled to depend on public charity or poor-law relief to keep them from starvation. Under the existing law the family of A would be entitled to compensation; by the proposals of the trades unionists B's family would also receive compensation, but the employer would be punished for no fault of his own; while under both systems C's family would be left entirely unprovided for.

The present law of this country on the subject is a half-hearted compromise. It throws the burden of compensation on the employer when it can be proved that the accident is due to defects of plant for which he is assumed to be responsible, or to the negligence of the superintendents whom he has appointed. It leaves all other cases of injury without redress. Owing to the attempt to distinguish between different kinds of responsibility, the Act has given rise to many anomalies. Thus liability for superintendents is limited to those whose sole or principal duty is superintendence; and the negligence of a superintendent who only occasionally superintends does not carry with it the liability of the employer. Again, even when the accident arises from defects due to negligence of the employer, he is not liable if the workman has been aware of the defect and has not protested—a most unfair provision, as many workmen would knowingly incur

danger rather than run the risk of dismissal for making troublesome complaints. Then the onus of proof is thrown on the person asking for compensation, and it is frequently impossible to obtain evidence when the employer has control over the scene of the accident and great influence with the witnesses. There is also the greatest difficulty in many cases in deciding whether the accident was due to any human default or was inherent in the circumstances of the work itself. For this and other reasons the English law as it stands must be condemned as incomplete and uncertain in its action, defective in its machinery, and doubtful in its interpretation.

The German law proceeds on a different principle, and grants compensation in every instance as being a public right arising out of the natural obligation of the employer to compensate every workman injured in his service. The recognition of the universality of the right to compensation is the only merciful, and indeed the only logical, principle; but in practice it would be impossible, as well as unjust, to throw the burden invariably and exclusively upon the employer. Take, for instance, the case of an explosion in a mine, caused by the criminal folly of some workman who has opened his safety-lamp to light his pipe, and has thus been the cause of hurrying into eternity some hundreds of his fellow-workmen. Would it be fair that an employer should be entirely ruined on account of the voluntary action of a man whom it was absolutely impossible for him to control? The only way of meeting the case with any regard to equity is to acknowledge that the cost of providing compensation is really a charge attaching to the business in which the accidents occur. No human care or foresight, no expenditure however lavish, can entirely prevent these casualties, although they have been reduced, and may be reduced still further, by proper appliances. Let the law then insist on every precaution and every appliance which experience and science from time to time show to be necessary. Let it punish with the utmost rigour any failure to observe the statutory regulations; but as, after all its resources have been exhausted, there will remain many cases of undeserved suffering for which no one can be made individually responsible, let it make the cost of providing for them a charge on production, to be reckoned and ultimately paid for in the price of the commodity produced.

The addition would be so trifling as to be scarcely appreciable by the consumer. The average annual production of coal in the years 1881 to 1890 was 164 millions of tons, and the number of workmen employed 610,000. It appears from the reports of the Miners' Permanent Societies that their average expenditure for the years 1885 to 1890 was 171,000*l.*, but this was not wholly required for provision for accidents. These societies deal with 269,000 members, and assuming for the sake of argument that compensation absorbed the whole expenditure, and that the cost for all other workmen engaged

in coal mining would be proportionately the same, the total for 610,000 men would be 387,770*l.* per annum, which is equivalent to $\cdot 595$ of one penny, or rather more than one halfpenny per ton on all the coal raised. For this almost infinitesimal addition to the cost of our fuel we could secure adequate compensation for all accidents, and thus relieve every miner from anxiety as to his own fate if he were disabled, or as to the future of his widow and children if he were killed.

In this argument the case of the miners has been taken as being the clearest and most simple; but the principle would be the same for all employments, though the method of raising the funds might be different. In mining it would be easy, if otherwise desirable, to obtain them by a tax on the product; but in miscellaneous trades this would be impossible, and the result must be secured by making the employers liable primarily, leaving them to protect themselves and to average the expense by a system of insurance.

This proposal would not injure employers, who would recoup themselves in every case from the consumers. It would not injure the community, because they already in one way or another—as a matter of charity, or as an obligation under the poor law—pay the cost; and it would completely meet the claims of the working classes to whom accidents now bring not merely personal pain and disfigurement, but also the suffering attendant on want and destitution.

There remains one objection to be considered. Some trades unionists protest strongly against allowing employers to insure against the cost of compensation on the ground that security from loss would take away the stimulus to care and watchfulness by which accidents are rendered less frequent. This is a reason entitled to respect, for it is natural that workmen should attach even more importance to the prevention of accidents than to the alleviation of their results. But the answers to this objection are conclusive. In the first place, most accidents are costly to the employer, even if he has no compensation to pay, and his pecuniary interest is therefore clearly on the side of safety. Secondly, if the employer is not allowed to insure, and the trade is one in which an accident may simultaneously destroy a great number of workmen, the cost will be ruinous, and the risk so great that no sensible man of means will incur it. Accordingly, a condition of this kind would either be evaded under the limited-liability law, or the men of property would go out of the business, leaving it to those who would be willing to assume a liability which they know they cannot discharge; and in either case the sufferers by an accident would have no redress at all.

The proposal to amend the law of Conspiracy raises a totally different set of considerations. The history of the question shows the futility of past attempts by the Legislature to interfere with the right of legitimate combination. At one time, under the Act 39 &

40 George III. cap. 106, all agreements between workmen for obtaining increased wages were illegal and punishable by fine and imprisonment. This arbitrary and unjust enactment was of course evaded and defied, and was repealed in 1824. Trades Unions, however, if not forbidden, were still discouraged, and had no legal status or right to hold and protect their property. Much fraud and injustice was the consequence, and in 1871 and 1876 the defects in the law were remedied by the Trades Union Acts.

But, even after their associations were legalised and protected, the workmen were liable under the common law to find their combinations to raise wages treated by the judges as a conspiracy, until at last the Conspiracy and Protection of Property Act of 1875 attempted to settle the controversy by a statutory definition of conspiracy as applicable to these cases. By this Act, combination to settle the conditions of labour is practically unrestricted except in the following two cases: (1) where any breach of contract involves the failure of gas and water supply; (2) where there is a wilful breach of contract with the knowledge that the consequences either alone or in combination will endanger life or cause serious bodily injury, or will expose valuable property to destruction or serious injury. It is to be noted that in both these cases there must not only be injury to the public service, to life, or to property, but there must also have been a breach of a contract previously entered into. In addition, the Act provides against intimidating, annoying, or watching, with a view to compel another to do, or abstain from doing, any act which he has a legal right to do or to abstain from. It is to this clause especially that the trades unionists take strenuous exception, and they desire its total repeal, leaving such offences altogether to the operation of the general law. It is possible that the law as it stands has produced some instances of hardship and injustice, although there is no sufficient evidence to that effect. It may also be that the additional powers of the Act are unnecessary, although, as Professor Jevons points out, the law is bound to look to the real character and consequence of such actions, and not to the mere outward manifestation of them. All the arguments that can be adduced on behalf of the claims of the Unions should be carefully studied, but they must be considered in connection with the declared objects of some of the New Unionists to follow Parnellite examples, and to treat as lepers all who do not join the Unions, and to make their lives intolerable.

On this subject one of the older school of Unionists writes:

The claim of the pioneers in the cause of Labour hitherto has been that no man shall be tabooed socially or be placed under the ban of the law because of his belonging to a Trades Union. This was always the plea of those who sought for the repeal of the Combination Laws. That plea was for liberty to act, not for the power to coerce. Unionism is being used for the latter purpose of late to a degree which is dangerous and wicked. To what an extent it might be used if the Unions, controlled by such men, were powerful enough to exercise their authority,

especially if they had behind them the sanction of statute law which the new leaders invoke, it is not possible to conjecture; but we can have some faint idea from what has taken place and is taking place in various parts of the country.¹

These considerations are of serious importance. At the present time, the total number of Trades Unionists is only a fraction of the whole of the working class, and the pretension on the part of an active and aggressive minority to be allowed to compel the majority to come in is contrary to all true democratic sentiment, and cannot be allowed to pass unchallenged. The advocates of a change in the law will have to make out a much better case than they have hitherto done before Parliament will be justified in giving them that unlimited right to boycott and liberty to oppress which some of them would have us believe are essential points in any true charter of industrial freedom.

Every Labour programme of the future will have to give a prominent place to the subject of pensions for old age—a question which touches the happiness of the people much more closely and directly than many of the more ambitious projects of the New Unionism. We are confronted with the fact that in this, the richest country in the world, one in two of the working classes, or, according to the latest inquiries of Mr. Charles Booth, one in four of all classes and of both sexes, who reach the age of sixty-five, will be compelled to seek the aid of the poor law in their declining years; and of these eight-ninths will never have been chargeable until the age of sixty, thus showing conclusively that their destitution is not owing to misconduct, but entirely to the incapacity consequent on advancing years. The principle of the poor law is that its assistance shall only be rendered in cases of absolute destitution, and in a form which shall necessarily discourage and repel applications for relief, and accordingly it is to this semi-penal discipline that nearly half of our industrial population are condemned in their old age. Whatever may be the cause of this, the fact is lamentable, and it is not probable that it will be allowed to exist without many attempts to find a remedy. The Individualist is, of course, quite satisfied. He sees that things are improving. He refuses to recognise that the improvement is in any way due to legislation or State intervention, and he counsels patience while the process of evolution is going on, and until the fittest only survive in the persons of those who will provide themselves without assistance, and by the most extraordinary exercise of foresight and self-denial, for all the possible contingencies of a prolonged existence.

It would be useless to argue with the Gradgrinds of the present day, especially as their influence is waning, and, according to their own principles, their failure to maintain the struggle for existence is

¹ George Howell, *Liberty for Labour*.

quite sufficient to condemn them. Let us, then, proceed to examine, as carefully as is possible in the limits of a single article, the proposals that have been made to secure an object which almost everyone admits to be in itself desirable. It will be found that these proposals all range themselves under four principles, and if we could agree to accept any one of them the details of a scheme might hopefully be left to any Government to elaborate.

The first is the principle of compulsory provision, of which a concrete example is to be found in the German system. The objections to it are serious. It is extremely costly and complicated in working; it is very partial in its application, as it can only be enforced where the insurers are in regular employment; and it is undoubtedly a very arbitrary and irritating interference with individual liberty. It is somewhat remarkable that the great majority of open meetings of workmen in this country who have considered the question of old-age pensions have pronounced in favour of this principle of compulsion, but it may be doubted whether they have fully realised its operation. The German law has already become unpopular, and it is practically certain that a similar law could not be carried in the British Parliament nor be enforced in the United Kingdom.

The second principle is that of universal endowment, advocated by Mr. Charles Booth. Logically, it is complete, just, and perfectly effectual for its objects; but it requires the levy of new taxes to the extent of at least twenty-one millions sterling per annum. Mr. Booth estimates that seventeen millions would be wanted for England and Wales alone; Scotland and Ireland would take another seven millions. Allowing a rebate of three millions for diminished poor-rate, the new charge would be twenty-one millions, as above stated. It is true that indirectly the charge is already borne by the community, but the transfer of obligation which this scheme would entail could hardly be effected by any Government likely to hold power in this country. We must, therefore, dismiss this proposal as being outside the scope of practical politics.

The third principle is that of stimulating voluntary thrift, so as to increase largely the provision already made for the future by the more self-reliant and provident of the working-class population, and under this head we may place the scheme of the Parliamentary Committee, which held its meetings in the two final sessions of the last Parliament.

This scheme has aroused much discussion, and has been severely criticised; but, assuming, for the sake of argument, that the principle is sound, it may be safely asserted that no competing scheme has yet been proposed which offers less scope for objection and more advantages. Broadly speaking, its object is to appeal to the working class while they are young and in the heyday of their strength to make a substantial beginning towards a provision for the future, and

then to trust to their intelligence not to throw away all the results by any default in the small annual payment which is required to complete the work. To those who think only of themselves, a payment of 2*l.* 10*s.* down, and an annual subscription of 10*s.*, will, with the assistance of the State, secure the object; while, in the case of those who are more disinterested, a deposit of 5*l.*, and an annual payment of 20*s.*, will secure a pension for themselves if they survive, and will provide for their widows and children in the event of death before the pension age. There are other provisions, to which it is not necessary now to allude, and it is evident that there may be an infinitude of combinations arranged to meet different contingencies. Thus the scheme might provide, as suggested by the Registrar of Friendly Societies, that the pension should come into force if the insurer were disabled before sixty-five, or be deferred if he were able to work after sixty-five, of course varying in amount proportionately. It should also be remarked that the calculations of the committee were based on the Government Life Tables, and on a rate of interest of 2½ per cent.; and if, as has been stated, the Government assumes too high a rate of mortality, or if a higher rate of interest could be obtained by working the scheme through the local authorities, who now pay 3½ to 4 per cent. interest on loans, it is evident that the contributions might be greatly reduced or the benefits largely increased. These are details, however, with which we are not now concerned; we have only to look to the principle involved.

The proposals of the Parliamentary Committee have been met with something like hostility by the leaders of some of the principal Friendly Societies, and this is a matter of some surprise, considering the extraordinary efforts made to conciliate their support and the special advantages offered to them. The scheme provides that whenever any man has secured for himself a pension of 2*s.* 6*d.* per week, or any woman of 1*s.* 6*d.* per week, in any Friendly Society or Trades Union, they shall receive from the State Pension Fund an equivalent amount to that secured by their own exertions. It is needless to point out that this would give a great stimulus to old-age insurance in the Friendly Societies, many of which are now hampered by their liabilities for sick-pay after sixty-five; and they would be able in return for a very insignificant contribution from their members to put them in a position to claim the proposed addition. Apparently, however, the officials of the great Societies have made up their minds to allow no other solution of the old-age problem than one which is entirely in their own hands. It is significant in this connection to note that the Chief Registrar in his last Report states that very few of the Societies register for old-age insurance, because they would be compelled to have their tables actuarially examined and certified; and he adds that experience has shown that the relief now given in many instances by way of sick-pay in old age cannot safely be paid

without much larger contributions than are actually demanded. The constant fear of the leaders of the Friendly Societies is that Government may seek to exercise greater control and supervision over their accounts and proceedings; but they may rest assured that no claim of this kind could be based on the scheme of the Parliamentary Committee, as the Government would give its aid directly to the individual members, and would enter into no new relations and undertake no new obligations with regard to the Societies. If ever they do incur the fate they dread so much, it will not be in consequence of any such proposals as those under discussion, but only if experience should show that owing to mistaken calculations or imprudent investments they are unable to meet their obligations. It seems a pity that the officials of these great and valuable organisations, who may hereafter be glad of support from every quarter, should now warn off as intruders on their preserves the fellow workers who are striving to increase the inducements to thrift and, at the same time, to strengthen the societies without interfering in any way with their much-prized independence.

One of the chief objections brought against the scheme is that it would not provide for those who are most in need—for the very poor or the submerged tenth. That is true, and it may be at once admitted that if this class of the population can be benefited at all it must be by other means. But it is a great mistake to suppose that they form the bulk of the aged poor. As a matter of fact they do not live to be sixty-five; and those who do, and who seek parish relief, are for the most part persons who might make some provision for the future in their youth. Then it is said that these people do not need assistance, since they could have done all that is necessary if they had been prudent. The answer is, that the principal object of the whole scheme is to stimulate and persuade to greater self-denial those with whom the ordinary inducements have hitherto failed.

Lastly, it is confidently asserted that the stimulus actually offered by this scheme, or that can be offered in any similar proposal, is insufficient to produce the desired result, and that those who now fail, for one reason or another, to make this provision would not be tempted by such a shadowy incentive as the promise of an addition to their pension by the State thirty or forty years hence if they should happen to reach the age of sixty-five. This is a serious objection, although it may be pleaded in answer that its force cannot be determined without actual experiment. The promoters of the Parliamentary scheme are, however, fully conscious of the difficulty, and they are not sanguine enough to suppose that any bonus offered by the State would at once and in all cases induce the provident habits that they desire to foster. All they claim is, that as far as the subsidy did secure these results it would be well expended, and to that

extent at least it would lessen the magnitude of the problem to be dealt with and would make its complete solution more easy.

The only other alternative method which has yet been proposed for alleviating the condition of the aged and deserving poor is an alteration in the system of administering outdoor relief under the present Poor Law. It is interesting to take note here of the Bill introduced by Sir Walter Foster, M.P., and backed by Mr. Labouchere, soon after the proceedings of the Parliamentary Committee attracted public attention. Determined not to be forestalled, these gentlemen proposed that every person not having received parish relief, and not having been convicted of gross misconduct, during the five years preceding the application for a pension, should be entitled as of right to a pension of 5*s.*, a week, or of such sum, not exceeding 5*s.*, as would make up their total income to 10*s.* a week. Sir W. Foster is now Secretary to the Local Government Board, and he has no doubt ascertained before taking office that he will be allowed to give effect to his opinions; or if not, perhaps Mr. Labouchere may be trusted to remind him of his promises.

Another Bill with similar objects was brought in by Mr. Bartley, M.P., and provided that every person not having been convicted of crime for fifteen years nor of drunkenness for ten years preceding the application, and being in need, should, if he had never received parish relief, be able to claim a pension of 7*s.* a week. In addition, any person, even although he may have received parish relief, should, if insured in a Friendly Society for more than 2*l.* a year, and not disqualified by conviction as above, receive an addition of 3*s.* 6*d.* per week, together with a further pension, not exceeding 1*s.* 9*d.* per week, equal to the amount of his own insurance.

Judging from a speech made at Newcastle in February 1892, Mr. John Morley also inclines to some relaxation of the Poor Law as a solution, and he suggested that an official inquiry should be at once instituted into the whole subject. Having regard to recent precedents, we may therefore expect to see a Royal Commission appointed, with a Judge of the High Court as President, and with instructions to find a policy for Her Majesty's Government. However the matter may be approached, those who have most attentively studied the question, and who are deeply conscious of its difficulties, will not feel themselves tied to any particular proposal, but will heartily welcome every honest and strenuous effort to promote the cause of thrift and to improve the condition of a class well entitled to sympathy and consideration.

In the preceding pages we have twice had occasion to consider the advisability of extending the powers and enlarging the functions of local authorities in relation to social questions. It is desirable, before concluding, to give some special attention to this

branch of the subject, especially as it forms an important part of the Socialist programme. Undoubtedly there is a growing tendency in this direction. Beginning with the Poor Law, we have seen education, sanitary regulations, the housing of the poor, the provision of open spaces, and many other social duties, entrusted to local discretion and local management. It is certain that we may proceed further on the same lines with hope and confidence; but it is necessary to warn the ambitious members of the new school of municipal politicians that it is possible to kill the goose that lays the golden eggs, and that the policy avowed by some of the most ardent advocates of the extension of municipal liberties will, if pushed to the utmost limits, infallibly destroy the power of usefulness of our local bodies. Judging from the writings of some members of the New Unionist and Collectivist parties, the greatest and most praiseworthy work of the London County Council has been the establishment for all its employes of a rate of wages and conditions of employment more favourable than have ever been or are now the rule in any private enterprise dealing with the same class of work.

Sir Thomas Farrer has found it necessary to point out in a memorandum addressed to his colleagues that in the Parks Department alone this policy has added one-fourth to the total charge, and that the increase to the expenditure will exceed the amount of any possible economies that may hereafter be effected. He expresses the fear that the creation of a privileged class of workmen in the employ of the Council will excite jealousy among other working men, and he concludes by declaring that the tendency to be generous at the expense of the ratepayers 'constitutes one of the most formidable dangers to which the Council is now exposed.'

Sir Thomas Farrer is right, and the principle which ought to govern all municipal work is that those who are employed by the community should enjoy all the advantages and the highest remuneration that is allowed by the most liberal-minded of private employers. But if the local authority goes one jot beyond this it will make a most serious mistake. In the first place, it will be creating, as Sir Thomas Farrer says, a privileged class of workmen at the expense of all the ratepayers, the majority of whom are workmen also. The places so created under artificial conditions will be prizes which active partisans will be certain in the long run to appropriate for their own friends. Those who obtain these places by favour will be very likely to consider that under-work is the natural and proper consequence of over-pay; and we shall ultimately find that here, as already in many corporations in the United States, municipal work is many times as expensive as private undertakings. When this fact is appreciated by the payers of the taxes it is not likely that they will support proposals for new extensions of municipal enterprise with a corresponding increase of public burdens. After all, the rateable

value in any community, and its capacity to bear taxation, is a limited quantity. It should be treated as a public trust, to be administered for the benefit of all, and not of a few individuals; and any arrangement by which a fortunate minority of favoured officials are treated exceptionally is nothing more or less than a fraud upon all who are of necessity kept outside this privileged circle.

Assuming, however, that the honourable traditions of our municipal and local institutions are preserved, and that those who direct this great machinery remain, as they have in general hitherto been, as careful of the public purse as they would be of their own, there are two directions in which it is strongly contended that they may usefully extend their efforts.

The Collectivists demand that what they call the 'right to labour' should be recognised by local authorities, who should be bound to find work for all those who are willing to labour, but unable, for one reason or another, to find suitable employment. In times of trade depression especially the 'reserve army of Labour,' as Karl Marx calls it, is recruited by large numbers of industrious, deserving men and women who are pushed aside in the eager competition by those who are more youthful and more active than themselves; and for these at any rate the practical sympathy of the community may be reasonably invoked. It is evident, however, that if the provision is to be complete it must be suitable in kind as well as in quantity. It is no use setting a watchmaker to build a house, or a bookbinder to plough a field. Each man must have the work to which he has been accustomed and for which he is fitted. It is here that the difficulty arises—a difficulty curiously illustrated by the somewhat inconsistent proceedings at the Liverpool Trades Congress. By one resolution the representatives of Labour affirmed that every municipality and County Council should have power to establish workshops and factories for the unemployed, and in two other resolutions they protested against the competition of goods made in Government prisons, and against the injustice of using pauper labour to the detriment of the firewood cutting trade. Now, if the demand for any article of manufacture is for the time strictly limited, and if the supply is fully sufficient, it must be clear that for every person employed by a Corporation in that trade, and producing goods to be sold in the open market, another person employed by private manufacturers will be displaced and thrown out of employment. This is true of every trade, and not of matmaking or firewood-cutting only; and unless, therefore, the municipalities were bound not only to manufacture but also to refrain from selling their produce, the establishment of these municipal workshops would only relieve the unemployed at the expense of those previously in employment. The evil against which we have to struggle is want of demand. It would be no remedy at all artificially to increase production. If the working classes are wise, they will not seek the amelioration of their

lot in empirical and fallacious proposals of this kind, but they will use all their influence, which may be irresistible, to press on every Government in turn the necessity of promoting the commercial interests of this country by seeking new markets and by developing and protecting the old ones. It is much to be desired that working men would devote more thought to questions of foreign policy, which they are apt now to disregard as being far removed from their domestic interests. If, however, they would consider all that is included in our colonial relations, in the maintenance of our hold on our great dependency of India, in our influence in Egypt, and in the efforts which Englishmen are making to develop the vast and hitherto unknown regions of the African continent, they would perhaps feel that the future condition of labour is more dependent on the success of our all-pervading foreign enterprise than on any artificial attempt to stimulate production.

It is, however, well worthy of consideration whether the struggle for existence ought to be made more difficult by the constantly increasing competition of foreign imported labour of the lowest class. Having regard to the restrictions now placed on immigration by the United States of America, to the recent action of Russia in the case of the Jews, and to the growing tendency of all other nations and of our colonies to limit their hospitality, it appears to be necessary to take some steps to prevent such an influx of pauper aliens as may seriously diminish the already insufficient employment offered to our own working population.

The second of the proposals for the extension of municipal enterprise to which reference has been made is much less questionable than that of the establishment of municipal workshops. It is to enlarge its operations in connection with the housing of the working classes, and is justified in principle by precedent and experience. The difficulty in this case may be stated in a sentence. It is that proper houses, built with due regard to all sanitary conditions, cannot be erected at prices which the working classes are at present able and willing to pay; and the problem is to find some means either of cheapening the cost or of inducing working people to increase the amount they are ready to pay for the accommodation. It is needless to add that in the latter case the average wages may have to be increased also to meet the extra demand upon them. As one means of securing the former alternative, it is suggested that local authorities should in all cases provide the necessary buildings of the required character; but it must be clear that this will not diminish the cost of building, especially if they are expected to pay more for all the labour employed than any private builder or contractor would be able to afford. The only advantage which a local authority possesses is its power of borrowing at $3\frac{1}{2}$ to 4 per cent. instead of 5 to 6 per cent., which might be expected of a speculator. But in

country districts it not unfrequently happens that cottages do not return more than 1 or 2 per cent. on the outlay ; and in any case the difference will be more than eaten up by the superior appliances and accommodation which a public body will feel compelled to provide. Unless, therefore, it is proposed that the whole extra cost shall fall upon the rates, when the richest municipality in the world would be ruined long before the operation was completed, the intervention of the local authority will not be effectual in reducing the cost of dwellings, although it may improve their quality ; and if its operations were partial, and only extended to a provision of a small part of the total accommodation required, the result would not be sufficiently important to justify the interference with private enterprise and the discouragement of all private effort which would follow on the competition of a public body. The objections, however, to large building operations do not apply to the preliminary work of obtaining and clearing a site, which can only be undertaken with the necessary powers by some representative authority ; but the obstacle to important schemes of this kind has hitherto been the excessive cost, amounting to over 2,000,000*l.* in London, where 33,000 people are said to have been re-housed at a cost of 70*l.* per head. This unsatisfactory result is due to two causes : (1) the excessive sums allowed under existing arrangements for the property taken ; and (2) to the confined and limited area of the operations. The first condition of a successful treatment of the whole problem is a radical reform of the system under which property taken for public purposes is now valued ; and until some arrangement is made under which the community is protected from having to pay more than the fair market value, no prudent authority will undertake large responsibilities in connection with this object. Hardly less important is the question of area. To pick out congested spots here and there of insanitary property, in order to clear the ground and to occupy perhaps one-half the space with improved dwellings, is to incur a certain loss—heavy out of all proportion to the amount of good accomplished. But if local authorities were allowed to combine important city improvements and rearrangements with the more special work of sanitary reconstruction, the increased value of much of the property improved, together with the collateral advantages to all classes of new arterial communications and wider and better-ventilated thoroughfares, would go far to compensate for any loss which might ultimately fall upon the rates. If schemes of general improvement were in this way facilitated by the Legislature, the various municipalities of the country would quickly bestir themselves to clear the worst quarters of their cities ; and they might safely leave to private enterprise the task of rebuilding, under stringent regulations to prevent any recurrence of former evils.

It is also most desirable that, in granting fresh powers to railway and other transport companies, liberal arrangements should be insisted

on for sufficient and cheap communication with the outskirts, so that the residential area may be enlarged and one of the causes of overcrowding be removed.

Lastly, there seems to be no sufficient reason why the principle of the Irish Land Purchase Act, the Irish Labourers' Dwellings Act, the Allotments Act, and the Small Holdings Act, should not be applied with some modifications to the creation of house-owners among the working classes. The local authority might be empowered, after proper inquiry, to lend a large portion of the purchase-money of a house under a certain value to any person desirous of becoming the owner—such advance to be repaid with interest by annual instalments extending at the option of the purchaser over ten, twenty, or thirty years, at the expiration of which he would become the absolute owner. It is probable that the desire for ownership, which is at least as strong in working men as in any other class, would induce large numbers of the most industrious and thrifty among them to make sacrifices in order to secure this result, which should be none the less desirable because it is regarded with abhorrence by the Collectivists as tending to strengthen the principle of private property and to contribute to the stability of existing institutions.

It will now be convenient to recall the principal suggestions which have been considered with approval in the course of the foregoing review. They are:

1. Legislative enforcement of proposals for shortening the hours of work for miners and others engaged in dangerous and specially laborious employments.
2. Local enforcement of trade regulations for the earlier closing of shops.
3. Establishment of tribunals of arbitration in trade disputes.
4. Compensation for injuries received in the course of employment, and to widows and children in case of death, whenever such injuries or death are not caused by the fault of the person killed or injured.
5. Old-age pensions for the deserving poor.
6. Limitation and control of pauper immigration.
7. Increased powers and facilities to local authorities to make town improvements, and prepare for the better housing of the working classes.
8. Power to local authorities to advance money and to afford facilities to the working classes to become the owners of their own dwellings.

It is not pretended that this programme is a final or complete one, although it deals with all that is most urgent and practical in the general demands of labour. There are sections of the working classes, and particular employments, that would require exceptional treatment. Such, for instance, is the case of our seamen, persistently championed by Mr. Plimsoll, but still, up to the present time, very imperfectly dealt with. The proportion of loss of life at sea has fallen considerably since the agitation over the Shipping Bill of 1884, but no man acquainted with the facts would deny that many of the casualties constantly occurring to ships are preventible, and ought to be prevented. There are also some specially unhealthy trades

which seem to require further legislation, but these are all matters that do not come within the scope of an article claiming to deal only with those subjects in which the working class as a whole is interested.

Even with this qualification it may be admitted that the programme now suggested will not satisfy those ardent representatives of the working class who have committed themselves to the Collectivist ideal, and who mistakenly, but sincerely, believe that they can convert the artisans and labourers of this country to the doctrines of Karl Marx and of Herr Liebknecht. Neither will it be popular with that section of labour representatives who have identified themselves with the Gladstonian party, and who have become mere political partisans. But working men are not always of the same mind as their self-styled representatives, and there is reason to think that the majority of those who gain their living by the work of their hands would accept it as an honest endeavour to improve the conditions of their existence. They are shrewd enough to know that universal panaceas and specifics are generally untrustworthy, and that the regeneration of society, the abolition of poverty, and the equal distribution of wealth, although they may all be ideally desirable, are not to be accomplished by any programme, even if it be as voluminous as the Newcastle *omnium gatherum*. The improvement effected during the last thirty years is incontestable, and it has been accomplished without shock and without prejudice. It is by proceeding on the same lines, in the path which experience has shown to be the right one, that we shall make further progress towards securing the greatest happiness of the greatest number, which is the common object of all reformers.

There is one more fact which the working classes will shortly learn, if they do not know it already—and that is, that no scheme of social reform, however well devised and intended, has the slightest chance of realisation if it is to be sandwiched in between vast projects of constitutional change. Home Rule, Disestablishment, and Parliamentary Reform are all subjects affecting such powerful interests and affronting so many prepossessions, that they must inevitably absorb and monopolise all the energies of Parliament, and all the attention of the nation, whenever they are seriously discussed. For this reason, if for no other, the Gladstonian party is now disqualified for dealing with labour questions.

It is another instance of the irony of fate that the statesman who was especially prominent a few years ago in advocating the claims of the working classes should now be largely responsible for the policy which would indefinitely postpone them. In the *Fortnightly Review* of March 1877 there is an address to the miners by Mr. John Morley, in which he says:

England has now reached a point when, for the time, there are only two great central and absorbing fields of interest. One of them, new discoveries in

science . . . the other, new improvements in the condition of the workman . . . all other objects of interest are at present secondary to these two . . . the labour question is infinitely greater than all merely political questions whatsoever.

This, however, was written in the days when Mr. Morley was a stout supporter of the nine-hours movement and of the legislation in connection with it; and when he was, if possible, a still stouter opponent of Home Rule, and would not even listen to an inquiry into the subject—so fearful was he of raising false hopes and expectations. We are very far removed from this early stage; and the question which, in the opinion of the essayist of the *Fortnightly Review*, was infinitely greater than all merely political questions, is now relegated to a back place by the Chief Secretary for Ireland. We have nothing to do with the reasons or the motives for the change, we are only concerned with the result—and that is, that, however great may be the goodwill of individual members of the Gladstonian party, they are powerless in presence of the decree which has gone forth that until Home Rule is passed Ireland blocks the way, and that when Home Rule is passed Wales and Scotland shall each have their turn at constitutional reconstruction. It is therefore to the Unionist Party that Labour must look for even the partial realisation of its hopes. The Unionists are free to act, and to act at once. Their hands are not tied by compacts with the men who are 'marching through rapine to the dismemberment of the Empire.' They are not compelled to call for orders from Mr. McCarthy and Mr. O'Brien, and they have already given earnest of their goodwill by the legislation of the last six years.

But will the Unionist Party as a whole accept such a policy as is sketched in the preceding pages? Judging only by the action of Lord Salisbury's Government, there is nothing in this programme to which objection in principle can be taken, although there may be difference as to methods and details. There is, however, a small section of the Tory Party who do not conceal their dislike of the progressive conservatism which has found favour with the majority in recent years. They assert that Lord Salisbury and Mr. Balfour have yielded to the pressure of the Liberal Unionists—a complaint that may fairly be considered in connection with the common accusation of the Gladstonians that the Liberal Unionists have become more reactionary than the most extreme of the Tories. The fact is, that in social questions the Tories have almost always been more progressive than the Liberals, and the Conservative leaders in their latest legislation have only gone back to the old Tory traditions. Almost all the legislation dealing with Labour questions has been initiated by Tory statesmen, and most of it has been passed by Tory Governments. The Factory and Workshops Acts, the Mines Regulation Act, Merchant Shipping legislation, the Acts relating to sanitation, artisans' dwellings, land purchase, allotments, small holdings, and free education.

are all Conservative, and it is therefore historically inaccurate to represent the Tory Party as opposed to socialistic legislation.

It will be perhaps more difficult to persuade those Unionists who are thoroughly disgusted by the lavish promises made to secure electoral support, and who have come to regard every programme as an immoral attempt to buy votes. Granting, however, to the full the truth of one of Mr. Gladstone's latest declarations—

No greater fault could be committed by a public man than to cast out before the country a whole bundle of promises and engagements, overlooking conditions of time and circumstances in which he has to labour—

it may be urged that it is the imperative duty of a statesman to study these conditions and circumstances, to make himself acquainted with the wants and desires of all sections of the people he has to govern, and to seek strenuously for some means of satisfying them which shall not be inconsistent with justice and reason or with the permanent interests of the whole nation. At the bottom of every popular demand there is usually something deserving of consideration, and for every popular grievance there may generally be found some practicable and equitable means of redress.

To adopt a purely negative attitude—to meet with destructive criticism every well-meant suggestion without proposing any alternative—is neither statesmanlike nor just, and will deservedly involve the defeat and the discredit of any party which adopts it. The Unionists were successful in the last Parliament, almost beyond precedent, in completing the work which they had undertaken and the pledges they had given; and no Government has ever left behind it a shorter list of promises unfulfilled. They look forward with confidence to a not distant time when they will once more be placed in a position of responsibility, and they cannot make a wiser use of the interval than in studying the social problems which are more and more absorbing the attention of the people and in trying earnestly and sympathetically to find their solution.

J. CHAMBERLAIN.

*SOME RECOLLECTIONS OF
ERNEST RENAN*

By a strange coincidence France and England have lost within one week the two men who stood a month ago, by all but universal consent, foremost among living writers of their two languages: Tennyson, a master in poetry, a true scholar, and a consummate craftsman in English verse, the only modern verse which has approached that of the Greeks in power and variety; Renan, accomplished alike as Orientalist, critic, and philosopher, and unsurpassed in the handling of modern French prose, the most exquisite instrument of human thought and exposition that has been fashioned since the Attic of Plato. The two men had little enough in common, perhaps as little as two great contemporary men of letters could have, and there was a certain irony of fate in the contrast of their lives. Renan had the contemplative nature of a student willing rather to flee from the press of disputants than to seek it, and shrinking from the crude affirmations and equally crude negations of popular controversy. Tennyson, with all his fine and sensitive perception, was of the robust build of north-eastern Englishmen, not always free of speech, but delivering his mind, when his mood was such, with a noble and somewhat imperious frankness. No man was more capable, at need, of making opposers beware of him. Yet the lot fell upon Tennyson to be born, even as his own ideal poet, in a golden clime, to be not only the master but the friend of his generation, to be not only loved by his friends and honoured by scholars, but known and admired wherever English is spoken and read, to live out a happy life into fulness of years with the present assurance of durable renown, and at length to pass away in one long-drawn tumult of harmonious acclaim. Renan's life was no sooner marked for fame than it was involved in intellectual conflict. He was assailed with much and violent blame, and received some praise which must have been hardly less distasteful. Flee from the press he might not, for the other part of Chaucer's counsel came first with him, to dwell with soothfastness. *Veritatem dilexi* was his own chosen device; for the search after truth he renounced the favour of the Church, the good word of many whom he never ceased himself to think of with respect and

affection, and, as it seemed for some time, his prospects of worldly advancement and honour.¹ And so Renan's life, though not less happy in its intimate relations than Tennyson's, could not outwardly be one of unbroken peace. One quality was common to him and Tennyson, as, indeed, it is common to most right-minded men of whom their country or their generation is not notably unworthy. Both were sincere patriots in their different but appropriate ways; both have had a portion of their reward in parting honours which were not only public but national. The fashion of those honours exhibited all the difference of genius between their two neighbouring nations. I was myself of the few persons (I should think very few) to whom friendship gave the right of being present on both occasions, and whom circumstances enabled to exercise it. This personal detail must be my excuse for having so far joined the two great names when my purpose was to speak of the master who is less known and less understood among Englishmen, perhaps misunderstood by some who, with better opportunities, were well able to understand him.

My title to acquaintance with Tennyson was inherited. In undergraduate days, when *Boadicea* was new, I heard its rhythm demonstrated from the poet's own lips, and then an outpouring of gigantic scorn on a luckless reviewer who had talked of anapæsts. The claim to know Renan was acquired, such as it was, many years later; there was never occasion to measure its merits, for it was met from the first with that large bounty which can be fully bestowed and enjoyed (so scholars and artists may be allowed to flatter themselves) only in the things of intellect and art. In 1877 I had been asked to take part in the movement started in the Netherlands for the commemoration of Spinoza, and to do what I could for that object in England. Early in the year, Renan delivered at the Hague, on the anniversary of Spinoza's death, the address now to be found in his collected works. It is a good example of Renan's felicity and lightness of hand, saying just so much as was fitting for the occasion, and in the most perfect form. A few months later I was in Paris to meet the secretary of the Central Committee and ascertain what kind and amount of interest in the project might be looked for from French students of philosophy. The purpose in hand, I may say, was happily accomplished after some delays. An excellent statue of Spinoza, the work of a French sculptor, stands at the Hague, and a complete and critical edition of his works has been published under the care of Dr. Land of Leyden. Doubtless the fact that we had such a spokesman as Renan contributed sensibly to the result. This gave me the occasion of seeking Renan's acquaintance, and even at our first meeting he put me far more at my ease than I had done anything

¹ I do not know whether the Benedictines are still grateful to him for having supported, many years ago, their claim to the authorship of the *Imitation of Christ* against the received attribution to Thomas à Kempis.

to deserve. In that spring the air was full of rumours (by no means unfounded) of a monarchical *coup d'état*. Renan talked quite freely of his opinions and expectations. He was anxious, but did not believe that Marshal MacMahon would go the length of using violent means. Likely enough the wish was father to the thought, for Renan, like most people who have thought seriously on politics without being active partisans, held that sudden and extreme changes, in whatever direction, almost always do more harm than good. At any rate, his forecast was justified by the event. People who never knew Renan talk of his levity, being misled partly by his real gift of good-humoured irony, partly by certain superficial points of manner which are prominent only in his minor works. Nothing could be farther from levity than his manner in speaking of public danger. But, indeed, this kind of accusation is not worth meeting; it is made broadcast, and is as idle as it is common. Soldiers are supposed to treat war with levity. I have never heard anything of the kind from a soldier who has seen the face of war, nor have I met with levity in any true scholar's mouth when speaking of the serious matters of his calling. In 1862, when Renan was deprived of the Hebrew chair at the Collège de France, he vindicated his conduct and explained his position in the form of an open letter to his colleagues.² No graver or more dignified plea for the freedom of science has been published since the revival of learning. But, as Renan himself once wrote, 'La liberté de penser et de croire n'a de prix que pour ceux qui sont capables de croire et de penser.'³

Renan had all the old French courtesies, with that touch of ornamental grace which English people are apt, most unjustly, to set down as insincere. For it means only that which it expresses, the desire and intention to make human intercourse agreeable to all parties for the time. If anything more comes of it, so much the better. If nothing, still it is well that a passing acquaintance should be as pleasant as may be while it lasts. But I think there was some national predilection about Renan's first welcome of me. Later I came to know, as indeed he made it known to the world, that he set a special value on English appreciation. His visit to this country in 1880 gave him great pleasure in the anticipation, which was fully realised in the event. He wrote in the preface to his discourses then delivered in England: ⁴—

Il y avait longtemps que je désirais voir l'Angleterre et serrer la main des nombreux amis que j'y compte. J'acceptai, et certes une des récompenses de ma vie a été l'accueil bienveillant que j'ai trouvé chez la nation qui m'a toujours inspiré le plus d'estime et de haute sympathie.

² *La Chaire d'hébreu au Collège de France: explications à mes collègues* (reprinted in *Questions contemporaines*). The dismissal was not formally completed till 1864, Renan having rejected a proposed official compromise: *Déstitution d'un professeur au Collège de France, op. cit.*

³ *Questions contemporaines, ad fin.*

⁴ *Conférences d'Angleterre, Paris, 1880.*

Although he cannot have followed the movement of English philosophical thought in detail, he did justice to our school and our methods with 'an insight and a generosity very rare among Frenchmen of his own standing. Thanks to such masters as M. Taine and M. Ribot, it is otherwise now; but not many of his contemporaries could or would have written as Renan wrote to me ten years ago.

Je ne connais rien de plus élevé que ces études morales et sociales, dirigées d'après une méthode vraiment expérimentale, que poursuivent en ce moment en Angleterre quelques esprits éminents. Ces problèmes qu'on agite ailleurs dans un vide et vague *à priori*, vous les abordez directement par la science et le raisonnement; vous jetez les bases du véritable progrès.

Renan was an idealist in philosophy and a scientific optimist in practice. He loved knowledge for its own sake, and believed that patient and sincere work of every kind must count in some way for the improvement of man's estate. His flights of fancy on the one hand, his interludes of sceptical dialectic on the other, are as pure diversions as many of Plato's seeming contradictions. They are protests against the vanity of dogmatising, taking form as charming exercises in imaginative writing. If one may try to sum up in one word Renan's habitual way of bearing himself in the world of nature and of man, I should say that he was eminently a humanist. He was much nearer to Erasmus than to Voltaire on the one hand, or the modern theologians of Tübingen or Leyden on the other, and if he had any definite intellectual ideal, it was that of the Greek philosophers. As he has said in the name of a fictitious person, but speaking in the main his own mind: 'Nous sommes des anciens, nous revenons à la tradition des savants grecs.' I may recall the bolder saying, uttered in a kindred spirit by another master of historical science, Sir Henry Maine: 'Except the blind forces of nature, nothing moves in this world which is not Greek in its origin.' Both Maine and Renan had the reward of those who truly worship the Greeks, artistic sureness in design and expression. It was Maine's fortune to say little that aroused controversy, save once or twice when his work stood in the way of rival theorists; Renan did solid uncontroversial work before he was famous, but his European fame came in a storm of controversy which remained always more or less with him, and he had to offend one power which has outlived many generations of men, seldom forgets anything, and has never been known to forgive desertion. Each of the two masters, however, whether the matter in hand be such as to give offence in any quarter or not, is eminently felicitous in saying exactly what he means to say, and in the manner appropriate for his purpose.

Renan's command of written language is its own sufficient witness in his published works. The charm of his conversation was equally felt by all who had the happiness of knowing him in person, and will live in the tradition of his friends and companions as long

as incommunicable things can. It was something quite different from what his appearance could have suggested, or his portraits are likely, by themselves, to suggest to posterity. Judged by sight, he might seem nothing but a genial, easy-going, rather unwieldy old gentleman, with not the least pretension to good looks; probably a rather careless and desultory talker, perhaps not ready in expressing himself. Most persons who have any character in their faces and presence may be likened, without any violent straining of fancy, to some animal. If I had been commanded to choose a totem-beast for Renan by the law of signatures, I should have chosen a very wise and benevolent toad. But this is said in confidence to people who agree with me in liking toads and not understanding why they are called ugly. When Renan spoke, it was a magical change. One forgot all about his looks, or rather it seemed quite fitting that he should look exactly as he did, and he became manifest as a supreme artist in the rare and difficult art of good talk. Dr. Johnson would have execrated his books if he could have read them, and opened his arms to Renan himself after five minutes' conversation if they could have met. It was the utmost refinement of performance on a fine instrument, and without any stiffness or artificial display. Renan's speech might be said to revive the Homeric simile of words falling even as snow-flakes, *νιφάδεςσιν ἐοικότα χειμερίησιν*. It was uniform, continuous, soft and yet brilliant; every part was crystalline and individual, and seemed to have its place in the whole by a sort of inevitable felicity. One other talker whom I have known (excluding living persons) might be named as Renan's equal, though in his own manner, which was a quite different one: it was the late Mr. Kinglake, also a master of written style. Some excellent talkers are open to the criticism that they talk too much like a book. This was never the case with Renan. It would be easier to charge some of his writing with being almost too colloquial, not in form, indeed, but in tone. A curious little point of art in Renan's talk was his management of the expletive 'dame.' So far as etymology goes, this (it is needless to remind any one who knows French) is neither better nor worse than Pepys's 'Lord.' The French word, however, has long been admitted in polite and even serious language. In common speech it has no very definite force, and it is defined merely as an 'affirmative formula'; but it can be made in conversation to suggest many shades of meaning. In Renan's mouth it had the flexible subtilty of the particles in a Platonic dialogue. It carried something of ironical or half-ironical humility, something of courteous but firm refusal to commit himself, something of unwillingness to insist on a dissenting opinion or different point of view. When Renan sat back in his chair, and began a sentence with 'Dame,' and a barely perceptible pause, one knew that something more than usually good was coming.

It would be of little use to attempt any account of the matter of Renan's conversation, even if I thought myself entitled to do so and had the materials. For the charm, like that of all good talk which is really talk and not set discourse, depended on the speaker's presence, and also on a close and flexible adaptation to persons, occasion, and circumstances, which even at the time was felt like musical overtones rather than directly apprehended. But I may mention one or two things which involve nothing of a private nature. Once I heard Renan speak of the siege of Paris, not long after I first knew him. He was a man of peace in every way; certainly he was a stranger to that noble and joyous science of arms which gives its followers one reason more for loving France, and I suppose he had never handled any weapon of war. We all have our imperfect sympathies, and I think Renan's lay in this direction, and were a hindrance to him in dealing with the martial and adventurous side of Old Testament history. But this did not prevent him from appreciating the passive valour of the non-combatant population of Paris, and, indeed, bearing his part in it by going cheerfully about his business as usual; which is not such an easy thing to do when you do not know how near actual want of the necessities of life may be, and, if you live in the St.-Michel quarter, may come home to find a German shell on your best armchair, as an intimate friend of Renan's, still living, actually did. Whatever may be said of military faults, the people of Paris bore themselves, in the main, as true men and good citizens while the stress lasted. But for the wretched catastrophe of the Commune, Renan told me, they could have remembered the siege with something like pride.

Renan was not much given, so far as I remember, to telling personal anecdotes, but he could leave a strong impression of men whom he had known and esteemed. More than once he spoke to me of his friend Littré, who held one of the highest places in his judgment as a scholar and a man. He believed that Littré was too modest ever to do himself full justice, and rated his philosophical ability decidedly above that of Comte, whom Littré was content to follow. It has been put about, once and again, that Renan was a mere ornamental man of letters, and his work not to be taken seriously. To any one who has really made acquaintance with his work the suggestion is too absurd. But it may be remarked, for the benefit of those who have not done so, that this imaginary Renan was hardly the man to be the friend and devoted admirer of Littré, a giant of conscientious learning and austere industry.

There was one point of Renan's opinions and feelings in which I venture to think that a certain number of Englishmen will more easily understand him than most Frenchmen. I mean his love for the Collège de France. This is one of the few institutions in France which it is possible for a man to love, not merely as a good citizen or a

grateful pupil, or because he has put his own work into it, but with a sort of domestic and intimate affection such as Oxford and Cambridge men commonly feel for their old colleges. It would be presumptuous for a foreigner to assert that there are not other such, but the only other one I can think of is the Théâtre Français. How and why this is so cannot be explained here, but the Théâtre Français is without doubt the centre of a true collegiate feeling. Now the Collège de France, though a State foundation, has a distinct and independent aim. It was founded expressly to give scope for the expansive growth of the new learning, and to encourage the pursuit of scholarship for its own sake.⁵ Francis the First, in establishing a counterpoise to the routine of the Sorbonne, not only anticipated the modern problem of the 'endowment of research,' but to a great extent solved it. Thus, with all differences of structure and detail, the Collège de France has much in common with our own foundations of the Renaissance period. Renan loved it for its history, for its work past and present, and for its loyalty, shown in his own case so far as the College could make its voice heard, to the humanist ideal. He lived to preside there over his fellows, who in turn honoured and loved him as the one man best fitted to impersonate the genius of their body. It was no mere official condolence that M. Gaston Paris delivered from them when, in the name of the Collège de France and at its threshold, he bade a long farewell to all that was mortal of Renan.

I have spoken above of the contrast between the last honours to Renan and to Tennyson; I cannot help reverting, while memory is fresh, to the two scenes, widely different as they were. About the Collège de France, as about Westminster Abbey, was a throng of curious and interested folk, interspersed with vendors of ephemeral chap-books; all else was unlike. In Paris it was a State function with all the marks of public authority. Thus, everything seemed to say, shall France, armed at all points, with the sword of the flesh and the sword of reason, honour a great French scholar in his departure. The court of the College, made for the nonce a sable-apparelled cloister, was the background and the centre of a carefully ordered academic and military pomp. Within were groups of doctors, officers, judges; the brilliant robes of the Parisian Faculties, justice in its most solemn garb, war in its fullest accoutrements, and the sober and formal but envied habit of the Academy. Without, a considerable escort of troops of all arms; lance-pennons fluttering and bayonets glistening for a man of peace and books; even guns went past in the procession. 'Jamais Renan n'a vu tant de militaires,' said someone near me, not unkindly, as I thought. It was probably true enough. Discourses were delivered in which the State, the College, the Academy, set forth by their chosen spokesmen how Renan had deserved

⁵ See Renan's essay on Ramus (*Questions contemporaines*).

this commemoration at their hands. Everything had been studied and arranged with a view to enhancing the solemnity of the occasion.

Here in England we seem to have no collective will in these matters; or if we have any, it is rather to avoid any semblance of taking thought for visible effect. Tennyson was buried in the Abbey with no special pomp save that which was inherent in a multitude of people being there, and without extraordinary provision or arrangement of any kind save such as was absolutely required for the safety of the congregation and the decent conduct of the service. The Dean and Chapter of Westminster had judged, in their absolute discretion, that this English poet was worthy of the fellowship of Poets' Corner; and, on the nomination of the family, had invited such persons as they thought proper to join the procession or simply attend the ceremony. The offices of the Church were not magnified save by the beauty and reverence of the place itself; indeed, the impression was one of austere simplicity. Whatever was lacking in outward show was supplied by the inarticulate sympathy of the people of many pursuits and conditions who had assembled. No State department had moved a finger or been called on for any direction or suggestion; not a penny went out of the Treasury. Not one sentinel's round of duty was shifted, not one symbol of public authority inside or outside the Abbey was ordained to bear witness that this great Englishman was deemed to have truly served his country. Such is our way; perhaps it is the only way that suits us. It has its good sides, for we must not forget that Charles Darwin, who had been accused of subverting religion, received the honours of Westminster Abbey without so much as a murmur of dissent. Still it was passing strange to see these two ceremonies in Paris and in London within a week's time, and it sets one thinking on the old truism that English and French have much to learn from one another.

When all pomps and shows are over, when the curiosity for anecdote is sated, and when controversy has expired for want of sustenance, one great legacy of Renan's to his country remains, the spirit of serious and disinterested work. He lived to see a great and beneficial change in this respect come over the rising generation of France. It is now the young French scholars who are large-minded, full of scientific zeal, versed in foreign tongues, eager for wide induction and comparison. While too many Germans are resting in the generalities of their predecessors, or frittering themselves away on ambitious paradox, a solid array of Frenchmen, lucid as Frenchmen always have been, patient as Germans used to be, ballasted with common sense like Englishmen, are building up historical and political science. While the men of steel and explosives at the Canet workshops are developing unheard-of muzzle velocities with new quick-firing guns, the men of books are preparing a nobler revenge,

and, unless the Germans look shrewdly to themselves, will accomplish it before the century's end: may it be the only one that comes in our time or our children's. A notable and wholesome sign is that the movement is not merely a central one. While Berlin is striving for a monopoly of the best German talent, this fresh activity is bearing fruit in good work not in Paris alone, but from Nancy and Grenoble to Montpellier. Great things may yet come from the revival, in spirit if not in form, of the old French universities, hitherto crushed by the levelling Napoleonic routine. It may well be that among M. Carnot's chief claims to remembrance will be the far-seeing judgment with which he has encouraged this tendency. French intellect, arisen again in its might from the incubus of the Second Empire, is making good throughout France that valiant motto of the city of Paris, *Fluctuat nec mergitur*. French youth can pay no better or more welcome tribute to the memory of such a master as Renan than to work after his example, and insure that for yet another generation the world shall be richer in beauty, fuller of knowledge, more cheerful, more rational—in one word, better and happier—by the wit and wisdom of their mother France, and the power of the glorious tongue they inherit.

FREDERICK POLLOCK.

WHENCE COMES THIS GREAT MULTITUDE OF PAINTERS?

THAT a glut exists in the profession of Painting admits of no doubt—that it has arisen at a comparatively recent date is not less certain. A quarter of a century ago a painter was considered in the majority of domestic circles in the light of a curiosity; now there is hardly a household of which one member does not belong, either professionally or as an amateur, to the artistic community. Fifty years ago the two hundred artists who exhibited at the Royal Academy and Water Colour Societies comprised almost every member of the profession; now the list of exhibiting artists extends to nearly five thousand names, and is increasing by hundreds yearly. It is little wonder, then, that we read, at a recent trial, of struggling aspirants to fame ready to pay for space on the walls of art exhibitions where not a single picture had ever been known to be sold.

Concurrently with this increasing crowd a continuous growth in art knowledge has arisen, so that productions which would have been acclaimed, and even found purchasers, as works of art not many years back, now only cumber the creator's studio. A change has also passed over the sentiments of society as regards commerce, and an amateur now considers it no degradation to compete with his professional brethren for the sale of his pictures, nor do his relations scruple to act as his agents and endeavour to foist off the emanations of his brush upon all their acquaintances.

It will therefore be readily imagined that the outlook is not a pleasant one for a large percentage of those who have selected painting as a profession, and whose talents were once sufficient to procure a livelihood, but who now find themselves pushed aside by hosts of younger, more businesslike and energetic aspirants, who themselves will, with few exceptions, in their turn have to go to the wall when they reach the most needy time of their lives.

In such a state of affairs the question naturally presents itself to statisticians: Whence comes this great multitude?

The answer lies ready to hand, and it is curious that it is so persistently overlooked and disregarded even by those who suffer through it.

The multitude is the outcome of state-aided art education, carried out upon different lines from those which the nation intended when granting that aid.

Stated briefly, the nation provided funds to improve the status of our art manufactures, by teaching workmen how to design. These funds have been misdirected and misappropriated in an attempt to make them professional painters.

The following facts, taken from official records,* prove this irrefutably, and render it no longer surprising that our industrial arts have not received the impetus which was prophesied for, and expected of them, after so many years of bounteous grants from the public purse.

The present system of state-aided art education arose out of an inquiry made in 1835 by a select committee into the best means of extending 'a knowledge of the arts and of the principles of design among the people (especially the manufacturing population) of the country.'

The result of that inquiry was a recommendation in the following year to establish schools of design. This was promptly acted upon, and a grant of 1,500*l.* was made for a normal school of design with a museum and lectures, which school was started in 1837 at Somerset House. The schools and the vote increased until in 1851 there were, in addition to that in London, seventeen at Manchester, Birmingham, Glasgow, Leeds, Paisley, and other places, at which 7,000 persons were taught, and upon which 15,000*l.* was annually spent.

Things were, however, working so unsatisfactorily that another select committee was appointed, and the scheme was reorganised in 1852 under the title of the 'Department of Practical Art,' the minute which created it stating that its three principal objects were to be:—

(a) The promotion of elementary instruction in drawing and modelling.

(b) Special instruction in the knowledge and practice of ornamental art.

(c) The practical application of such knowledge to the improvement of manufactures.

To carry out the first of these objects, examples of drawings were prepared for elementary schools, and a class for training instructors of these schools was opened at Marlborough House.

To carry out the second and third objects, special classes were established for training designers in the following departments:—

Woven fabrics, paper-staining, metal-work (*repoussé*, chasing, casting, &c.), architecture and construction, porcelain-painting, wood-engraving, lithography, casting and moulding.

These classes were held at Marlborough House, and were in addition to those already held in drawing, painting, modelling, and

designing at Somerset House, and which in time were also moved hither, until all were, in 1857, transferred to South Kensington.

The establishment of local schools of art had progressed meanwhile, as well as the teaching of scholars in elementary schools, and at the date of the creation of South Kensington there were 12,500 students instructed in local schools of art, 43,000 children taught in elementary schools, and 396 in what was termed the National Art Training School. A national competition had also been inaugurated at which a hundred prizes were awarded.

The formation of a museum to assist this instruction had been going forward simultaneously. In 1851, 5,000*l.* was voted to purchase from the Great Exhibition objects notable 'entirely for the excellence of their art or workmanship,' and these were formed into a 'Museum of Ornamental Art,' which was opened by the Queen in 1852. It was thereupon decided to take an annual vote for the formation of a systematic collection representing 'the application of Fine Art to Industry,' and the first report of the Department stated

that a collection of specimens which should illustrate the progress and the highest excellence attained in manufacture, both as to material, workmanship, and decoration, had long been a most desirable object, and was considered indispensable to instruction.

It was but a short while, however, before the original purpose was departed from, for in 1855 Mr. Gladstone, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, sanctioned the purchase of the Gherardini collection of models for sculpture, and, as the Calendar of the Department for 1891, which contains a history of the formation of the Museum, admits,

This collection, inasmuch as it illustrated a branch of art not directly connected with manufactures, assisted in extending the limits of the Museum. It no longer comprised solely the industrial application of art, but art collections of an ornamental character in general.

Having thus commenced to encroach upon the province of the British Museum, it was not long in doing the same towards the National Gallery, but this time through no act of its officers, but through the gift by Mr. Sheepshanks of his admirable collection of British paintings.

It was evidently felt by the Government thus early that the Museum was straying too widely from its original purpose, for in 1863 it was thought necessary to lay down these general principles for its development:—

Future purchases should be confined to objects wherein fine art is applied to some purpose of utility, and works of fine art not so applied should only be admitted as exceptions, and so far as they may tend directly to improve art applied to objects of utility. The decorative art of all countries should be completely represented.

It will thus be seen that hitherto the intention of Parliament in voting money was mainly, if not entirely, to aid the country's manu-

factures by the creation of schools where design would be primarily taught, to institute a museum where the best examples of design the world has produced could be seen, and a training college at headquarters where a race of teachers could be reared to teach design in provincial schools. It will be noted that when in 1852 matters were not working satisfactorily, the lines upon which the instruction was to go were plainly laid down—that drawing was to be but *elementary*, that ornamental art was to be *special*, and that the practical application of all such knowledge was to be the *improvement of manufactures*. Painting was not even mentioned and the creation of a profession of painters not thought of; nay, further, when some years afterwards, in 1863, the Museum departed from illustrating the applied arts only, its hand was at once stayed, and it was directed to confine its attention to completely representing the decorative arts.

But, in spite of these repeated warnings, the system thus early inaugurated of preferring the propagation of the art of painting to that of design continued to be persevered in for another twenty years, at the end of which time the powers that be stepped in once more and appointed yet another commission of inquiry. This, 'The Royal Commission on Technical Education,' examined a large number of witnesses as to the method of instruction at home and abroad, and ultimately issued in 1884 what was considered a studiously mild report, but which emphatically condemned the English system then in vogue. Of the teaching of the Science and Art Department they said:—

Without depreciating what has been done by the schools and classes, your commissioners cannot conceal from themselves the fact that their influence on industrial art in this country is far from being so great as that of similar schools abroad.

Then, as regards industrial designing, they proceed:—

This has not received sufficient attention in our schools and classes. In fact, there has been a great departure in this respect from the intention with which the 'schools of design' were originally founded, viz. the practical application of a knowledge of ornamental art to the improvement of manufactures. Large grants of public money for teaching art to artisans in such classes can scarcely be justified on any other ground than its industrial utility.

Close upon ten years have passed since that report was issued, several more millions of money have been voted by Parliament for art education, but, as we shall presently show, no sign has been made by the Department of any change in its system of art education, and it continues as of yore to turn out thousands of self-satisfied artists, as against scores of designers so ill trained for the trades for which they are nominally fitted that employers will have nothing to say to them.

To prove these premises we will as shortly as possible present

few statistics respecting the Department, its method of education, and the results arising therefrom.

After more than one reorganisation it was incorporated, in 1864, under the title which it is now known by of 'The Department of Science and Art of the Committee of Council on Education.' At its head is the Lord President and Vice-President for the time being of the Committee. The general administration of the entirety is carried out by a body, with Major-General Donnelly as secretary and chief officer. The whole is subdivided into various divisions, with which we have in this article only to deal with the following: (a) the Art Division under the direction of Mr. T. Armstrong, the well-known painter, and the National Art Training School also under him, but with Mr. Poynter, R.A., as visitor, and Mr. Sparkes as principal; (b) the South Kensington Museum under the direction of Sir P. Cunliffe Owen.

With the last named of these divisions we have little more to do. Opinions may differ as to the strictness with which the purchasing committee has adhered to the instructions mentioned above, but no one can question that the result is a remarkable and unmatched collection, and one that has so impressed the owners of works of art that they have added to it from their treasures gifts valued at over a million of money.

With the Art Division rests (a) the administration of the annual parliamentary vote; (b) the art education of the people; (c) the form of this education; (d) the training of teachers; (e) the bestowal of honorariums at the national competition by which the result of teaching is gauged.

The financial side of the Department need only be dealt with shortly, especially as the votes for art are so inextricably mixed up with those for science that it is impossible to divide them. It is only necessary for our purpose to show the very large and increasing sum which is being granted to these forms of education: this of itself should be sufficient to render it imperative that it should be disbursed to the greatest good.

The sum voted for science and art was we said in 1835 1,500*l.*, and in 1851 15,000*l.* In 1880 it had increased to 334,000*l.*, and in 1891 it was over half a million, namely 530,000*l.* Of this sum one-fourth, namely 129,000*l.*, went in direct payments upon the results of examination in art alone.

Passing on to an enumeration of the persons whom this money suffices to teach, we note, first of all, the children in elementary schools. These have risen from 7,000 in 1849, and 55,000 in 1857, to 768,000 taught in 4,700 schools in 1880, and 1,170,000 taught in 6,212 schools in 1891. Next come those in Schools of Art and Art Classes. These numbered in 1880 56,000 so-called artisans, taught in 792 schools and classes; in 1891 at 1,313 schools and classes

instruction was given to 100,000 students. Lastly comes aid to 53 training colleges containing 3,500 persons, and the National Training School at South Kensington. Thus the grand total of persons educated in art by this means was in 1880 829,000, and in 1891 1,273,000.

We will now consider of what this education consists, for this it is which has practically called for this article.

If we refer to the circular issued to would-be students at the National Training School (which school we may take as the type of all the others), we find that it is established for 'the instruction of students in drawing, painting, modelling, and designing, for architecture, manufactures, and decoration.' Here, be it noted, a complete somersault has been turned by the subjects, and the teaching of ornamental art, instead of being placed first, takes the last place in the curriculum.

This curriculum is divided into the following groups: (a) drawing; (b) architecture; (c) theory and designing; (d) painting; (e) study of the figure; (f) modelling, and is for convenience divided into grades and standards. The first grade is for elementary schools only, and has seven standards, none of which advance beyond freehand drawing from the flat, or drawing from any common object in light and shade. We may therefore dismiss nine-tenths of our million and a quarter scholars from notice, for not only are they taught no design, but perhaps from the nature of the case could not be expected to be, and pass on to the 100,000 taught in art schools and classes.

For these and for the remaining 3,500 persons taught in training schools the following programme is laid down, strict adherence to which is necessary in order to receive government aid.

Line drawing by the aid of instruments; freehand outline drawing; shading; drawing the human figure, animal forms, foliage and natural history objects; anatomical studies; painting ornament; painting direct from nature in monochrome and colour; modelling ornament, the human figure, &c.; time sketches in clay from nature; elementary design; drawings from actual measurement.¹

The majority of the subjects, it will be noted, have to do entirely with painting, and a very small minority are confined to design.

The National Art Training School being, as we have said, the model upon which all other schools of art are founded, it will be well to glance at its constitution as shortly as possible.

¹ For those who wish to judge for themselves of the course and the results, no readier way lies to hand than in the supplement to the Directory issued by the Department in 1891. Here are set out illustrations in autotype of the works executed by students during the varied stages of instruction, being for the most part reproductions of prize drawings. Fifteen only of the forty-seven illustrations appertain to ornamental design, whilst drawing and painting monopolise almost all the rest.

The staff of the school consists of a principal, a registrar, eight teachers, one instructor in decorative art, lecturers, and a visitor.

Its special object is the training of art teachers of both sexes, of designers, and of art workmen, to all of whom facilities and assistance are granted. Besides these, there are fee-paying students. The numbers of pupils rose from 292 in 1856 to 840 in 1880, from whom fees amounting to 3,500*l.* were received. Since then the number has decreased, until in 1888 there were only 563, paying 2,000*l.*, the females outnumbering the males in the proportion of 313 to 250. The figures were somewhat larger last year.

These 600 students include some 40 in training to become teachers (who issue thence at the rate of about a score a year), a number not exceeding 20 national scholars, in training to become designers or art workmen, some 200 who receive instruction either gratuitously or at reduced fees as a result of examinations satisfactorily passed, and 350 who are paying members, who form the bulk of the school, and of whom it may certainly be assumed that a very small proportion study design, and a very large proportion are engaged in endeavouring to become either professional or amateur artists.

It is impossible to say what amount of time is given in local schools to design and what to painting, but presumably it is not more, if as much, as in the National Training School. According to the latter's time-table of class lectures, design is not taught at all at the morning or evening classes, which are *entirely* given up to drawing, painting, and modelling; only on three afternoons a week does design form any part of the course, and two of these are set apart to elementary and advanced students, so that practically instruction is only possible on but two afternoons, and an artisan who can usually only attend in the evening has presumably no opportunity at all of gaining instruction in this subject. This is perhaps the strongest proof of the neglect of design, but were any further wanting it would be found in the fact that at the only course of lectures upon ornament held at the school the average attendance in 1890 (out of 600 students) was 9!

The deduction from this surely follows that students are neither compelled nor even encouraged to take up its study.

A principal, if not *the* principal, feature of the Departmental system is the National Competition, which takes place in the summer of each year. Undoubtedly this acts as a considerable stimulus not only to students but to schools, and when it is understood that the works which take the prizes are selected from a hundred thousand which are sent up for examination, their holders may well be proud of them.

This year the works examined were no less than 108,300, which were weeded out until 3,217 were left for the National Competition.

To these 8 gold, 49 silver, and 140 bronze medals, and 340 prizes of books were awarded, exclusive of 4 gold, 18 silver, and 49 bronze medals and 102 book prizes, which were retained for students in the National Training School.

Analysing this list to see how far design was successful or had the number of prizes allotted to it which its importance deserves, we find as follows :—Of the 8 open gold medals, 3 were awarded to ornamental design, but none of these were taken by South Kensington, all falling to women at provincial schools. Of the 4 gold medals confined to students of South Kensington not one was awarded to design, but all to sculpture. Of the silver medals, 19 went to design, and 30 to other subjects, one of two taken by South Kensington being for design. Of 18 confined to South Kensington 6 were awarded to design.

It is further possible from this prize list to gauge the character of the teaching at various schools, and to see where the study of design is fostered and where it is neglected. For instance, at Birmingham, which is certainly the premier school in Great Britain this year, of 51 honours 27 came to design; at Manchester, which received 55 prizes (but of less importance), 26 were for design; but at Liverpool, which with its 850 pupils only took four prizes, not one was for design. Canterbury, which is always to the fore, carried off 9 prizes, a very good record for 130 students, and all were taken for design, and all by ladies, whereas at the Bloomsbury female school not one of twelve prizes were for design.

But besides awarding prizes, the examiners, who include eleven Academicians and two designers, issue a lengthy and outspoken report, and from this document, perhaps more than from any other source, may be gathered how the art education of the country is progressing. With intention apparently the examiners single out the teaching and the productions of South Kensington for praise and blame in much larger proportion than those of the provincial schools.

Taking the various sections into which the report is divided we find that in modelling Messrs. Armstead, Brock, Thornycroft, and Onslow Ford see considerable improvement, especially in the South Kensington work; on the other hand, Messrs. Yeames and Gow, who examined the painting from the living model, consider that much of the work at headquarters is decidedly poor, and some is not such as they have a right to expect; nor are Messrs. Yeames, Dicksee, and Crofts much more satisfied with the drawing from the antique, which comes under their notice, some of which emanating from South Kensington they characterise as reflecting no credit on the school. Finally, the examiners in painting still life in water-colours consider the works from this school very unsatisfactory.

When we turn to the section of design, the examination of which is undertaken by those eminent authorities, Messrs. William Morris and Lewis Day, in conjunction with Mr. Alan Cole, we find what we

might almost term a studied silence as regards the national school, were we not to remember that possibly in many classes there was nothing either to praise or blame. For instance, neither in lace, table linen, silk hangings, cotton hangings, book illustrations, metal-work, stained glass, linoleum, or internal decorations, is any mention made of works sent by the school; of carpets one design receives qualified approval, but of the wall papers it is stated that the few designs sent in are not worthy of any award; and of tiles, whilst those from provincial schools are generally very good, those from South Kensington are decidedly inferior. In pottery, however, the positions are reversed, and in wrought iron a set of gates receives a silver medal. A note concerning a pleasing design for a fan winds up the scanty tribute to the efforts of the parent school in this department.

Before leaving the subject of awards, it should be mentioned that thirty-eight scholarships and exhibitions are bestowed each year as the result of these competitions, but whilst the maximum number of marks in the competition for these is in other subjects 2,220, in design it is less than a fourth, namely 520.

In view of the foregoing, it is not surprising to note that at the annual distribution of these prizes to the students of the Art Training school ornamental art was kept very much in the background. The chairman, Sir James Linton, had not a word to say for it, but devoted the whole of his address to a comparison between the English and French schools of painting. Nor was he likely to do aught else when he had just heard from Mr. Sparkes that of the 114 prizes only seventeen had fallen to the section of design, a less number than went to drawing from the antique, and about half of those which were given to drawing from the life.

Probably ere this the majority of those who have waded thus far into the facts which have been marshalled together to prove our case will have cried out, Enough!

Whether or no, we will take it to be so, and now proceed to consider very shortly how this state of things has come to pass.

It has proceeded from the co-operation of the following causes:—

(1) To a small extent from the inclination of the governing body, who having been almost entirely selected from the ranks of the painters, are naturally and unconsciously biassed in the direction of what has been their chosen, and therefore favourite walk in life.

(2) To a greater extent from the training and qualifications of the teachers. As regards the former, we have shown that everything at the schools would predispose them in favour of attaining proficiency in painting rather than in design, and the following facts clench this argument. To qualify for a teacher of an art class no pass is requisite in design of any kind, and for an art-master's certificate all the design requisite is to draw a flowering plant in water-colour from

nature, without background, together with three designs based on it to fill agreeably a square, circle, and rectangle. Is it to be wondered at that with this modicum of education not one master in a hundred is qualified to teach a subject which must require much greater natural aptitude than all the others combined?

A yet more convincing argument to a teacher's mind as to what to study during his training would probably be this, that from the practice of painting a status and income would accrue which would not be so in the case of design. It is well known that many of our provincial masters have not only obtained both status and income from adopting the former, but many have in consequence abandoned teaching entirely. This brings us to the prime cause, namely

(3) The disinclination of the majority of pupils towards design.

The reasons for this are not far to seek. In the first place fashion, unfortunately, has decreed that whilst a considerable prestige attaches to the name of a painter, something quite the reverse accompanies that of a designer or decorator, and it is therefore only human nature that unless any special liking or aptitude for design manifests itself in a student, or the work is made interesting to him, or he sees a possibility of deriving gain from it, he will, especially if he be drawn from the lower classes, wish to improve his social position by becoming an 'artist,' especially when this is accompanied by visions of royal honours and large incomes. Consequently we may expect to find (even should the course of training be opposed to it, which it is not) the inclination of the majority tending in the direction of painting and not of design, and one and all aspiring and expecting to tread in the footsteps of Fildes, Herkomer, Woods, Sir J. Linton, Logsdail, Bramley, and others whose careers have been linked with schools of art.

Nor can the artisan be expected to take an interest in studies helpful to his trade when he sees that none is taken by the town which is dependent on it, the manufacturer he serves, the master who instructs him, or the trades union to which he belongs. There are, of course, solitary exceptions to this, Birmingham being a case in point, where the municipality is about to take the schools into their own charge, where manufacturers assist in every way, where the master is capable and ambitious, and where the result is (as we have seen) most encouraging. That other countries are not so short-sighted or indifferent in this respect as our own may be seen by any one who will trouble to read a series of articles which appeared in the *Art Journal* from the pen of one who has studied the subject most thoroughly, Mr. A. Harris.² In the majority of the German States, for instance, even the small villages are stirred up to exertion, and realise the advantages to be derived from art knowledge as applied to

² *Industrial Art in Würtemberg*, 1887, p. 20. *Our German Competitors*, 1888, p. 85. *The Development of Modern Industrial Art in Germany*, 1889, p. 38.

to therein, so it may have been begun in that year. In 1541 it was exposed to the public on Christmas Day, and the great artist hoped at last to be able to resume work upon the tomb of Julius. But Pope Paul resolved that the Chapel of the Holy Sacrament in the Vatican, which Antonio di San Gallo had just completed, should be frescoed by Buonarroti, and induced the Duke of Urbino to yield to his wishes. The Duke agreed to be content with three statues, including the 'Moses' by Michelangelo's own hand, for his kinsman's tomb, if the great sculptor superintended the execution of the rest by good workmen.

This story of the monument to Julius runs like a black thread through the best years of Buonarroti's life. He writes to some prelate: 'My whole youth and manhood have been lost, tied down to this tomb.' The saddest thing is that the outcome of it all is discordant. As Mr. Symonds truly remarks:—

The 'Moses' now remains detached from a group of environing symbolic forms which Michelangelo designed. Instead of taking its place as one among eight corresponding and counterbalancing giants, it is isolated, thrust forward on the eye; whereas it was intended to be viewed from below in concert with a scheme of balanced figures, male and female, on the same colossal scale.

With patient research Mr. Symonds has traced the history of this unfortunate monument which embittered forty years of Buonarroti's life. It is almost a relief to turn to the noble lady Vittoria Colonna, with whom he probably became acquainted in his old age (about 1538).

Left a childless widow while still quite young, the Marchioness of Pescara devoted her life to the memory of her husband and to religion. She was celebrated for her poetry, and associated with the men of letters of that time. Her chief friends were among that group of earnest thinkers who, without ceasing to be Catholics, desired to reform and regenerate their Church, and she was accordingly viewed with suspicion and placed under the supervision of the Holy Office.

Michelangelo, devout by nature, shared her sentiments, and her influence strengthened his religious feeling. They were also drawn together by a common love of poetry, and some of his finest sonnets were written for Vittoria. Several of her letters to him exist, always written in the style of a great lady, and showing high admiration for the illustrious artist. Her friendship was one of the consolations of his old age, and we are glad to see that Mr. Symonds has swept away the web of romance which gradually had distorted the nature of a sincere affection and esteem between two noble and, in some respects, kindred natures.

to their homes the lady students of that state-supported school. The fact has been so forcibly put by one of the Inspectors of Schools, that it is only necessary to quote his words. Reporting generally on art schools in 1890, Mr. Barwell says :—

Many art masters find it difficult to resist the demands of the pupils of morning classes to waste their time in copying from landscape examples, many of them chromo-lithographs, on the plea that these classes, which help to keep the school going, would otherwise materially diminish.

At present it seems the most extraordinary anomaly that the practice of all the decorative arts should be left to voluntary endeavour, and that some of these should actually be carried on through these means at the very doors of South Kensington—as, for instance, the Schools of Wood Carving, of Art Needlework, and the Home Arts and Industries, all of which are working under the shadow of the National Art Training School. It may be said that these will be provided for in the Technical Institutes which the municipalities will build throughout the kingdom out of the rate authorised by the Technical Education Act of 1889. This is possible, and the plans just decided upon for the first important building which will be erected, that of the Whitworth Institute at Manchester, are adjusted to some of these industries. But to an outsider it would seem as if this Act would certainly result in friction between the Science and Art Department and the municipal bodies, and that it is hardly sense that whilst a large Imperial vote is granted for the purpose a local rate should have to be levied for the furtherance of that which the former should provide. The provisions of the Act seem to infer that the local authority will in every case have to be subservient to South Kensington, and have to administer much of its rate either in relief of that department, or, if concurrently with it, under conditions imposed by that body. It may be noted in passing that of the 700,000*l.* granted by the Local Taxation Act to County Councils for technical education, a considerable part has (apparently from disinclination to do anything in the matter) been handed over to the Department.

It is impossible to discuss at length within the limits of a single paper what should be done to remedy the defects which the foregoing facts have, we believe, proved to exist, or to turn aside the masses from an overcrowded profession towards one in which there is ample room. The remedy appears to be so simple, that it is difficult to understand why the Department should persist in pursuing the even tenor of its way,² until it is forced to reform either by legislative action, a popular outcry, or the recipients of its education finding out their mistake and the schools failing for the lack of pupils.

This last-named event cannot delay its coming, for most assuredly

² The *Science and Art Directory*, revised to June last, contains a large quantity of alterations in, and additions to, the regulations, but not a single one tends towards greater recognition of design.

it will not be very long before the tale of the disappointed artists permeates the country, and sensible folk find out that even to obtain admission for one of their productions into the Royal Academy does not mean a house in Melbury Road within a twelvemonth, and election to that body a year or so later. They will then, perhaps, turn to the statistics of the National scholars during the last five years, and note how those who have selected the more modest path are now in the employ of such notable firms as Minton's, Powell's, Collinson & Lock's, Starkie Gardener's, Wyon's, &c., with a certainty of what, in their more reasonable hours, they must consider a handsome income.

But probably, even before the students see the mistake they are making, the masses will discover how the nation's money is being misused. Everything points that way. First, the growing attention taken by them to parliamentary votes from which they ought to benefit; next, the doctrine inculcated not only by their fellows, but by all who take an interest in them, that the working man of the future should be a craftsman in the proper sense of the word, and not a mere machine; lastly, the increasing irritation against both imported labour and imported manufactures, as regards which history shows that there is no reason why every piece of stone carving of any merit which adorns a building should be cut, every mosaic put in place, or every piece of ivory inlaid by a foreigner; or why Venice should provide us with art glass, Genoa with cheap ironwork, Japan with wall-papers, Stuttgart with linen and embossed leather, and France with the greater portion of our figured silks.

The working man will insist upon his children being taught something which may be of use in after life, rather than letting them misuse their time in producing pretty landscapes in water-colours, huge black-and-whites of ladies in a state of nudity, or ghastly oil studies of heads of Italian organ-grinders.

When that day comes his action will most assuredly benefit the classes equally with the masses, and will increase the quality, not only of the art of which there will be less, but also of that of which there will be more.

Meanwhile it behoves every one, whether he be interested in art, manufactures, or the commonweal of his country, to do what lies in his power to remedy the present state of things whenever and wherever opportunity occurs. Thus it comes to pass that the writer, having for several years past urged this much-needed reformation through the medium of the art periodical which it is his privilege to edit, now gladly avails himself of the opportunity here afforded him to lay the matter before a more varied and more widely extended audience.

MARCUS B. HUISE.

THE RUIN OF THE AMERICAN FARMER

THE political and financial condition of the United States at the present time is so complicated and in the opinion of many so critical, that it gives to the coming Presidential election more than usual interest, and some remarks on the causes which have produced it and the results to which it is likely to lead may prove of interest to English readers.

The origin of all the evil may probably be summed up in the one word—*party*. It may be, and possibly always will be, necessary that there should be at least two parties in the government of all states; but when these parties have advanced to the point that they are willing to sacrifice public safety and public morality to their own advantage in the struggle for supremacy, the situation cannot fail to be fraught with much danger to the commonwealth. Such is the position at the present moment. The Republican party, which, with the single exception of the Cleveland Administration, has been in power since the War of Secession, now finds itself in great danger. Its chief weapon, both of offence and defence, has been the tariff, but this is now proving itself a two-edged sword, as dangerous to those who wield it as it has hitherto been to their opponents. As a means to pay off the expenses of the war and to re-establish the credit of the country it was most effective; and we doubt if any party in any country can compare with the republican party in the United States for the stupendous nature of the work it undertook, and the success which crowned its efforts. That the wonderful prosperity which followed the war should have been claimed by that party as the direct result of their policy was, perhaps, not unnatural. While their leaders could justly point to the reduction of the national debt as one of the greatest achievements of any government, they could also point to an equally rapid increase in manufactures, in population, and in wealth generally, which had taken place at the same time, as the direct results of a protective policy; and for more than twenty-five years their claim has been accepted without question by a majority of the nation.

Fortunately it is not necessary to explain to English readers the folly of protection; but it has one inherent characteristic, which I

may point out : it can never be satisfied. Like the daughter of the horse-leech, its cry is, and ever must be, 'Give! give!' Industries which are not protected demand protection, those already protected find the ever-increasing competition, both from within and without, has curtailed their profits, and clamour for higher duties. Thus, as some poisonous reptiles were supposed to do, protection may be said to carry its antidote with it ; for it is evident that it may, and in the end will, be carried to a point where even the most ignorant and the most long-suffering must rebel.

The last Presidential election, therefore, was fought on the question of protection ; but, unfortunately for the Democratic party, towards the close of the campaign the cause of free, or at least freer trade, became involved with other issues. The battle was lost and protection was victorious, not, perhaps, entirely on its own merits. But the axiom, 'To the victors the spoils,' holds good in America, even outside of office-holding, and the manufacturers now demanded more protection as the price of their support in the contest, insisting that the result of the election proved that the people were in favour of such a policy. More protection they got in the shape of the now famous McKinley Bill, passed, I believe, with very considerable misgivings by a majority of the party, which had no alternative but to quarrel with the most powerful section of its supporters or to accept the measure. They had, however, not long to wait for the verdict of the country. At the elections of 1890 it spoke out with no uncertain sound, and if, as seems not improbable, the Democratic party is successful at the next election, Major McKinley will probably descend to posterity as one of the great benefactors of his country—the man who in his day and generation did more for free trade than any other man in America. Let us hope, for the sake of his descendants, that posterity will never know that the benefit was quite unintentional. Should this anticipation prove correct, it will then be seen that protection, which has carried the Republican party to repeated victories for the last twenty-five years, will at last prove the cause of its downfall. On this question the Democratic party is solid, and is pledged, if not to absolute free-trade, at least to a very considerable approach to it.

There has, however, recently come upon the stage another, and practically an entirely new factor in American politics—the American farmer. We have heard a great deal in late years of the depression in English agriculture and the miserable condition of the English farmer. He has complained of the American competition, and has asked with apparent reason how he could be expected to compete with a man who owns his own land while he has to pay his landlord a heavy rent. Unfortunately this is all too true. It might prove some satisfaction, if not to him, at least to others, if some good had come out of so much evil, and if the American farmer had made the

money which he has lost. Such is, however, not the case. That there are farmers in America who have made money, even in recent years, is beyond doubt, but this is equally the case with English farmers. There are some who from exceptional circumstances have done well; but I speak of the great majority of farmers in both countries, and I have no hesitation in saying that the position of the English farmer to-day is immeasurably superior to that of his competitor in America. As regards the rent, the difference between them is rather apparent than real. It is true that the English farmer pays rent, but it is equally true that no landlord can afford (to put it on no higher grounds) to see his farmers ruined, and in bad years, whether he wishes it or not, he has to take his share of the loss, by making some abatement in the rent, while any permanent reduction in the prices of agricultural produce must be borne altogether by the landlord, who has to make an equivalent permanent reduction of rent. In the meantime the English farmer lives well, perhaps too well, all things considered; he pays only his fair share of taxation, and he pays his labourers rather under than over what may be considered fair wages, as gauged either by his own expenditure or by the wages paid in other industries. He does little or no work with his own hands. His wife and daughters are well educated, and live in comfort, at the most superintending the dairy and henhouse, and having a servant, or perhaps two, to cook and do all the work of a comfortable, well-appointed English farmhouse. I do not blame him. Long may he continue so to live, and with the returning prosperity which I venture to predict for him, it is not improbable that he will do so. But let him not envy his American rival, at least not until he knows something more about him.

It is true that the American farmer pays no rent; but as a rule he pays a much worse thing—interest on his mortgage. In every state in the Union mortgages are increasing with amazing rapidity, and, fast as they are increasing, they are not keeping pace with the necessities of the farmer. Ordinary lenders, who require a regular income from their investments, are beginning to get rather shy of farming land as a security for their money. Farmers are too often unable to pay the interest when it is due; and too often it has to be added to the principal, and then wiped out by a further loan at a higher rate of interest. In bad seasons the American farmer has no landlord to share the loss with him. The mortgagee cares nothing about him or his land as long as he receives his 10, 12, or even 18 per cent., which, if not paid at due date, runs at compound interest until payment is made. When there is a permanent reduction in prices, which naturally affects the value of the land, there is no landlord by whom the loss must eventually be borne. When such a fall takes place, the mortgagee either calls in his money at the first opportunity, or, if he is still satisfied with the security, probably

contents himself with raising the rate of interest. If the former course is adopted, it generally results in foreclosure; if the latter, it as often as not leads to the same thing at a later period.

So much for the rent; let us now see how the American farmer compares in other respects with his English rival. He certainly does not live well, unless a diet of salt pork and beans nearly all the year round can be considered good living. This diet he shares with his workmen, who, as a rule, live with him. The meals are cooked by his wife and family, who also do all the washing, baking, &c., and, hard as an American farmer works, I question if the women of his family do not work even harder. He himself labours with his men, and generally harder than any of them, for he has the impending mortgage ever before his eyes. The wages he has to pay are out of all proportion to his own expenditure and that of his family, being necessarily regulated by the wages paid in protected industries in the neighbouring town; nay more, he must pay even higher wages to induce men to leave the comforts and amusements of a town, to share his poor fare and hard lot in the country. For everything which he buys he has to pay a protected price. The village storekeeper who supplies him with groceries, the smith who mends his ploughs and wagons, the lawyer who draws his mortgage, the doctor who attends his family, even the undertaker who at last buries him, all require and obtain a protected price for their services. Ragged, or at best patched, he stands alone, the one unprotected man in all America.

Recently, when passing through one of the largest towns in the United States, in one of the principal thoroughfares I noticed a huge sign which stated that 'free land made free men,' and that these were the offices of the Single Tax Association. We have heard a deal about Mr. Henry George and his theories during the past ten or fifteen years, and he is said to have a considerable following both here and in America. We are told by some that Mr. George's idea will prove the panacea for all our social distresses, by others that it will prove the reverse; but while we have been wrangling over the question, it seems to have escaped our notice that Mr. George's theory is in full operation in the United States, and still the millennium has not yet arrived. The whole of the taxation falls on the land, in other words on the farmers who own the land, and the result is the impending insolvency of the whole of the agricultural classes throughout the country. Manufacturers, shopkeepers, professional men, and labourers are all protected. They require and obtain from their employers a fair, and generally an exorbitant, remuneration for their services. If they have to pay protected prices for what they buy, they also receive protected prices for what they have to sell, and protection makes little or no difference to them. But with the farmer it is different. The price he receives for his product is not fixed by the cost of production in his own protected country, but by

the price he obtains for the surplus he has to export and sell in a foreign market in competition with India, Australia, Canada, Russia, and every other exporting country. The result is that he has been working (slaving would be a more appropriate term) for years, and every year, with perhaps a few exceptions, has seen him deeper in debt than the previous one. Not only have his debts been increasing, but his land has also been deteriorating. He has had no money to buy manure, and has therefore had no alternative but to go on cropping his land year after year, taking all he could get out of it, and putting nothing back, until, as a consequence, it is nearly worn out, and about ten bushels an acre is considered a fair average crop of wheat as against over thirty bushels in this country.

After all, the American farmers are, perhaps, not deserving of very much pity; for, if the burden has not been entirely of their own creation, it could only be imposed on them of their own free will, and had they seen fit to resist, they unquestionably had the power to transfer it to the shoulders of those better able to bear it. But the apathy and ignorance of the farming community in America are simply marvellous. It ought to be the most powerful, as it is the most numerous, class; but, while there is not a single manufacturing industry, no matter how small, which has not insisted on having its claims considered, the voice of the farmers has hitherto never been heard protesting against the flagrant injustice of which they are the victims. Even now it is doubtful if they could have been aroused from their lethargy were it not that the situation is becoming serious for other classes of the community, which have hitherto been willing to enjoy an apparent prosperity at their expense, and to profit by their misfortunes by investing their savings in mortgages on farming lands at high rates of interest. They are now beginning to find out that it is impossible, for one section of the community to support all the others, and are getting anxious about their security. It is obvious that anything like general foreclosure is impossible, and, as the mortgages are largely held by the banks, and especially by the savings banks, anything approaching general insolvency among the farming classes would produce a financial crisis further reaching and more disastrous than America, or possibly any other country, has ever seen before. All classes, even the manufacturers, who have apparently benefited most by protection, would be affected by it; for, confined as they are by this policy to their own markets for the sale of their goods, the ruin of the largest consuming class would be at least as disastrous to them as it would be to any other section of the community. With certain exceptions, this is no exaggerated view of the condition of the agricultural classes in the United States, and of the complications which their ruin is likely to bring with it. People in England have often wondered how it was that America continued to flourish notwithstanding protection, and

some have even doubted if free trade could be as desirable for a country as we were led to suppose. Americans, at least those of the Republican party, have never ceased to ridicule us for our slavish adherence to economical principles, which might be all right within the walls of a university, but were of no value in practical life; and they have pointed to their great prosperity as the best possible proof of the soundness of their policy. It may now turn out that their vaunted prosperity has been rather apparent than real, that the profits have been flourished in the face of the world, while the losses have been scrupulously kept out of sight, until now they have accumulated to such a point that they can no longer be hidden. It is impossible to make any trustworthy estimate of the profits of any business till both sides of the account have been seen; and if, as seems only too likely, it should turn out that these apparent profits of a protective policy, of which we have heard so much, are more than balanced by the losses; it will be found that there is something more in political economy than has generally been supposed on the other side of the Atlantic.

While on this subject, I may point out that it would be extremely interesting to know to what extent Americans have been drawing on their capital during these twenty-five prosperous years. The Government must have sold many millions of acres during that time, as little government land is now to be found in any of the more favoured states. If any still remains, it is because it is of little or no value. I have never seen the figures, but the amount of money received or which ought to have been received, must be enormous; and this source of revenue is passing, if it has not already passed, away. It is a somewhat significant fact that in some of the Western states the Federal Government handed over to the State Government two sections in every township—that is to say, two square miles in every thirty-six, or, in other words, about 6 per cent. of the whole surface of the state—to form a school fund; and, although that land has practically all been disposed of, the money received for it seems to have disappeared, leaving no trace behind, and the inhabitants are now taxed for their schools apparently just as much as if no such fund had ever existed.

However, to return to the farmer. On one point all seemed to be agreed, something has to be done for his relief, and, as is usual, when the condition of the patient seems almost hopeless, the remedies proposed are not only numerous, but are in most instances calculated greatly to aggravate his disease. It is by no means the smallest of the evils which utter ignorance or a total disregard of true scientific principles entails that the false doctrines which do duty for them must be supported by doctrines equally false; and ignorant or interested politicians are able still further to mislead or delude the electorate. Perhaps the most important organisation to which the

present agricultural depression gave rise is one calling itself the Farmers' Alliance. Originally started in the Southern states, it gradually spread both North and West, and at one time claimed to control 4,000,000 votes. As the total vote cast at the last election was only about 11,000,000, it will be readily seen what a formidable opponent had arisen against the old political parties. From the first, however, it had to contend with what will always prove a great obstacle to any united action in America—the jealousies of the different states. The West and North were Republican, the South Democratic, and it was at once asserted that the latter was making use of the Alliance to elect a Democratic President. Moreover, states are very much like individuals: each has its own particular 'fads,' and it is therefore not quite easy to tell exactly what the platform of the Alliance really is. In each state the main issues are complicated by demands for such special legislation as it may deem to be for its own advantage, and consequently for the advantage of every other state. Even a modern English Government, great as it has latterly shown its capacity in this respect to be, could scarcely swallow all the contradictory pledges which their patriotic zeal in the pursuit of office has induced American State politicians to give. I believe, however, the Farmers' Alliance is in all states pledged to a reduction of duties to what is absolutely required for revenue, and to the most vigorous opposition to the protection of one industry at the expense of others. If it would stop there all would be well, but people having found out that the prices of manufactured goods were very high, while the prices of all agricultural produce were very low, the extraordinary theory was started that this was owing to there not being money enough in the country, and that the only way in which more money could be obtained was by the free coinage of silver. It seems a most conclusive argument to an uneducated man that if he had ten dollars in his pocket instead of one, he would be ten times as rich, and he does not so readily see that if every one had ten times as much, the only real difference would be that there would be ten times as much to carry and to count. Then it was clearly laid down that gold was the rich man's coin, silver the poor man's, and therefore, if the Mint was fully occupied in turning out silver, it would be coining for the poor man. If a good broad theory like this is once established, it is hopeless to try to convince the ordinary elector that the trifling difficulty of the transfer of the silver coin to his pocket cannot be got over.

Sentiment also plays an important part in all nineteenth-century questions, and it was imported into this one. In this connection silver is always spoken of as the 'white metal,' and is almost personified. In its organs we find columns upon columns of the most pathetic, not to say lachrymose, lamentations over the degradation to which it has been subjected, and flourishes of trumpets announcing

its speedy rehabilitation at the hands of the intelligent electorate of the country. But there was one inducement kept in reserve for those who could not be influenced by such specious but absurd arguments. It was sounder if more immoral. Gold is the metal in which creditors have now to be paid, and, if the currency is depreciated by the free coinage of silver, debts already incurred will be more easily repaid than if gold is retained as the single standard. The real motive power behind all this, however, is the silver interest, which carries with it all the Western states, in the belief they will thereby create a better market for their silver product. Senators and Congressmen from all the silver states are the apostles of the movement, and harangue the public in impassioned periods on the advantages to be gained by the passage of such a measure. One of these gentlemen, who I observe is one of the commissioners appointed by the President to represent the United States at the proposed Bimetallist Conference, in a speech advocating the measure in the Senate, spoke of silver as the 'Threnody of Toil.' I do not in the least know what this may mean, but it sounds very well, and is better than most arguments one hears on the subject, as I do not know that any one is prepared to say it is not.

So far the Eastern states have been able to prevent the passage of a free coinage measure, and both Mr. Harrison and Mr. Cleveland are pledged to veto it, should one pass the Senate and Congress, but the great West is now beginning for the first time to feel its strength, and has come to the front in this silver question as a powerful and aggressive factor in national politics. It declares it will no longer submit to be dictated to by the Republicans of the North or the Democrats of the South, but must be acknowledged as an independent part of the community, which has both the right and the power to make itself heard. That it has the power I do not doubt; what I do doubt is whether it has the intelligence to know what is best for itself or the nation at large.

Mr. Gladstone most wisely pointed out, some years ago, the danger of the existence of a third party, collectively small perhaps, but strong enough to hold the balance of power and eager to sell their unconditional support to either of the other parties in exchange for their adoption of some particular policy to which it is pledged. If such a temptation is too great to be withstood in this country, it is a thousand times more dangerous in the United States, where there is probably not a single family which is not directly and pecuniarily affected by a change of government. My chief hope lies in the mine-owners of the Western states finding that the free coinage of silver may not be for their ultimate advantage. In 1889 a bill was passed increasing the quantity of silver the Mint was obliged to buy and coin to 54,000,000 ounces, just double what was being taken previously. In anticipation of the passage of that measure there

was a rapid and considerable advance in the price of silver, but since then it has steadily declined, until to-day it is lower than it was ever known to be before. I am inclined to believe that the passage of that bill, and the extravagant expectations to which it gave rise, are to a very great extent responsible for the decline which has taken place. Production was greatly stimulated, both by the opening of new mines and the reopening of old ones which had been closed as unremunerative. It was, in fact, to some extent, the history of the French Copper Syndicate over again. In my opinion, Bimetallists have themselves to blame to a very great extent for the violent fluctuations they complain of in the price of silver. So long as they believe, and lead others to believe, that government has it in its power to apply some artificial remedy which will give silver a fictitious value, so long are they stimulating production, and maintaining prices for a time only, to see them come down with a run when stocks have accumulated and can no longer be held. The writer of this article was, he believes, the first who ever pointed out that the fall in silver was far from being an unmixed evil for India. In a letter to the *Daily News* in 1875 he showed how the exports of all kinds of agricultural produce had been and would be still further increased by a fall in silver, and his prediction has been more than verified. India has been more prosperous during the last twenty years than she has ever been before in her long history, notwithstanding the steady decline in silver during that time. In this connection I may mention that in America the opposition of Great Britain to bimetallism is explained by her desire to stimulate the exports of wheat from India at the expense of the United States. Of one thing, however, we may be sure—the free coinage of silver can in no way help the American farmer, but must, if adopted, do him great injury.

Another remedy for his misfortunes was suggested by Mr. Stanford, one of the senators for California. He proposed that the government should issue bonds bearing interest at 2 per cent. to each farmer, to the extent of half the assessed value of his farm, and that these bonds should be legal tender for both public and private debts; in other words, that the government should advance the farmers money on mortgages for half the value of their farms at 2 per cent. Mr. Stanford argued that there was not enough money in the country, and that a farm was as good security on which to issue currency as a quantity of gold bullion in a vault. He brought in a bill to this effect, but it naturally came to nothing. His proposal has, however, been adopted by the Farmers' Alliance, and it has extended the principle very considerably, by demanding that government should also advance on wheat and all other farm produce, so that the farmers may be able to hold it *until they can sell at a profit*. The Alliance also proposes, in some states at least, that there shall

be no foreclosure, a measure which is clearly not calculated to induce capitalists to come to the assistance of the farmers. Still another proposal is to make it illegal to deal in options or other forms of contract for grain, &c. It is generally supposed that the 'Bulls and Bears' on the Corn Exchanges live by devouring honest farmers, and that these mysterious 'corners' of which they hear so much are in some way responsible for the agricultural distress, while, if they only understood their subject, they must see that it is to speculation they owe any steadiness the market has; without it the fluctuation would be much more violent, and farmers would be completely at the mercy of the dealers.

Such are a few of the fallacies with which this vast organisation deludes its followers, and nothing could go further to show the danger of an ignorant electorate, which is called on to decide on important financial and currency questions, and is led by politicians little less ignorant, and much less honest, than themselves. It seems unlikely that the Farmers' Alliance will be able to elect its own candidate for President, but it seems not improbable that it may indirectly insure the election of a Democratic President, for if at the election none of the candidates secures at least one half of the votes the election is void, and Congress elects the President, and the Senate the Vice-President. As Congress is democratic by a large majority, Mr. Cleveland would be chosen, and free, or at least freer, trade secured. This is the only hope for the American farmer, the one thing that can stem the current which is rapidly bearing him, and the rest of the country with him, to a financial catastrophe, the like of which has never been experienced before in any country.

It must seem almost incredible to English readers that the silver and other kindred financial questions, involving as they do the credit of a great empire, can be left to be decided as the exigencies of one or more of the political parties may require; but it must be remembered that with us a change of government means little more than a change of policy, if indeed it means that, and not, as in the United States, the turning out of office of every official, from the President down to the smallest village postmaster, and the installation of an equal number of office-seekers, who for years have been hungering for their share of the spoils. Add to this that it means the patronage of the Pension Bureau, and one can readily see how a change of administration, involving a direct pecuniary loss or gain to large classes of the community, transforms them into violent partisans, willing to ignore the interests of the country in their pursuit of personal aggrandisement. It must also be remembered that for twenty-five years the country has been educated into believing that the principles of political economy may be excellent in theory, but are of no practical value. I have nothing to say against popular government. It generally comes out right in the end, but it

will be an evil day for the United States, and every other country, should the uneducated classes, at the instigation of a number of interested speculators and corrupt politicians, resolve to take upon themselves the duties of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and with an experience of finance which is limited to a supposed knowledge that the stamp on a coin and the engraving on a bank-note alone give them their value, determine to increase their currency by a free use of the Mint and the printing-press. The lesson they will receive will be a lasting one, but it is not too much to say that the effects of a little amateur financing of this nature will be felt throughout the whole civilised world. That there are many educated people in the United States adverse to such legislation is unquestionable; that every banker, merchant, and capitalist is opposed to it goes without saying, but these are unfortunately not the classes from which the politicians are drawn; and, having their business to attend to, they are neither office-holders nor office-seekers, while their vote, if they do vote—and as likely as not they never do—will go but a short way against the vote of the ignorant masses led on by the hope of pillaging their wealthier and more intelligent countrymen.

In the meantime the American farmer is sick unto death, and has the additional misfortune of being attended by many doctors, each one intent on prescribing his particular remedy with a view rather to his own immediate profit than the ultimate recovery of his patient.

WILLIAM MAITLAND.

A NORTH-COUNTRY ELECTION

I WONDER under what other circumstances any man can experience a greater number of varied sensations and fleeting emotions in an infinitely short space of time than does a parliamentary candidate during a hard-fought electioneering contest. Such an one must surely feel, as he wearily closes his eyes on the night following the poll, that there is no joy or sorrow of which he has not been a partaker; no grievance or wrong which he has not promised to redress; no terrible wound, deformity, or wasting sore which he has not gazed upon unflinchingly; and, still greater test of a man's forbearance, there is no excruciating bore, egotist, or fool, within a radius of twenty miles, to whom he has not tried to respond during the few preceding weeks, as if he were his best loved friend, his country's benefactor, or his only guide and adviser. However, not being a candidate for parliamentary honours, but merely the wife of a recently elected one, I need not dwell on these possible reflections, but will only try to put down truthfully a few of my impressions, and one or two trifling incidents which it was my lot to witness during this exciting time.

May I begin by saying that I cannot but agree that a contested election during the present times serves more in the main to give one an ennobling, elevating, and less disappointing insight into the lives and characters of all classes of one's fellow-beings than can possibly be conveyed by the ordinary events and circumstances of every-day life?

The reason is not difficult to follow. With the exception only of the paid officers of each organisation, there is now not a single partisan of either cause who can demand or expect to gain any greater personal acknowledgment of his labours than the thanks and heartfelt gratitude of the candidate for whom he is making such vigorous efforts.

There are instances, no doubt, when such a battle is fought from feelings prompted by real personal devotion, or by a neighbourly kindness of heart; and this is to be admired. As a rule, the ruling motives of this enthusiastic labour arise from a firm conviction that this is the best cause, and this the fittest man to represent the constituency, which is blended with that indescribable delight of having

something to oppose, and something to win, which is worth a few weeks of good hard fighting.

Once the election addresses are issued, and posters adorn every available corner in the county, the election fever seems to spread like wildfire amongst all classes. There are always, even in the most peaceable times, a few men in every village and hamlet to whom politics are an absorbing topic and a constant source of interest; consequently their opinion is sought, and their knowledge generally much respected by their local surroundings.

They of course are the first to spring into the fray, eager to convert and to argue with their whole acquaintance, from their own great-grandmother upwards, till at last their enthusiasm becomes gradually caught up by others. All the tiny local disputes and squabbles are now left to take care of themselves; those petty gossipings and mean insinuations, before so rife, have now vanished into thin air; and although each man takes a side, and champions a cause, the contest is fought on broader lines than before, and there is real ground now for argument.

Is it possible, I ask, for anyone to avoid becoming nobler in aspiration, and wider in horizon, when his mind is directed, and his energy spent, all to gain what he believes is for the public good and general welfare, than when in times of peace and inertion his own private ends and ambitions are necessarily his chief concern?

Whilst my husband was canvassing the townspeople it fell to my lot to go round most of the country districts, and to this end it was arranged that some man who lived thereabouts (generally a farmer), and 'knew the neighbourhood' well, should take me about.

I was immensely struck by the ungrudging way in which these kind friends gave up a whole day's work, and by their unflagging earnestness as they took me from house to house, arguing as they did so with every man we saw, and leaving not a stone unturned to try and win over even the most confirmed adherents of the opposite side.

And how courteous, how kindly-mannered, were all those we visited. This was not so surprising perhaps in our own partisans, but in those who either differed largely, or to whom politics were a matter of indifference or of boredom, one could not but wonder at their forbearance and politeness. The difficulty of entering into conversation with so many new acquaintances was of course sometimes immense, and ideas occasionally failed, but after the first few days it became easier and so habitual that I believe I used to talk all night long in my sleep, and often woke up to find myself sitting bolt upright in bed arguing furiously.

One day when we were out canvassing I was suddenly taken into a barn where some sheep-shearing was going on. During shearing time in our country the neighbouring farmers all assist at each other's

shearing days, so we found about eight or ten men seated solemnly on the ground in a ring, each with a bewildered sheep lying across his knee on its back, partly shorn.' My companion was delighted at finding so many voters together, and entreated me in audible tones to canvass them, pointing with his finger to those I was to 'tourn.' Alas! a sudden wave of shyness seemed to seize us all.

As he introduced them one by one, every man held up one hand to be shaken without raising his head, and then hastily bent again over his particular sheep, and continued snipping silently.

I gazed down hopelessly on to the brims of their hats, and in a quivering voice tried to make a different remark to each; but getting no answer save the monotonous snip, snip of the scissors, or an occasional indignant kick from a sheep, I left the barn humbly and sadly.

Another time, too, when I went into a turnip field where a 'doubtful' voter was working on his knees, I had exactly the same result, simply because I could not catch his eye.

I had rather an embarrassing scene with an old lady down her ear trumpet. Old lady, handing trumpet: 'I am sorry I have not got a vote to give your husband.' I, having observed an old gentleman in the garden, shouted back: 'Oh, but your husband has one.' Old lady: 'But I am sorry I have not got one.' I, still louder: 'But your husband has a vote.' Old lady: 'But I am sorry I have not got one.' Sharp voice from a dark corner: 'That was my husband you saw.' I threw down the trumpet much confused, and took my leave.

I very seldom asked outright for a vote unless I was sure of getting it, as it was only under those circumstances they liked it; and I rarely embarked in political discussion unless I saw it was distinctly wished. 'What are your politics?' I asked one old man. 'Well, I'se raader a bit of a Leeb'ral,' he answered. 'Oh, then you're a Home Ruler, I suppose?'

This fairly puzzled him, and, fumbling nervously, he muttered: 'I don't know as I is 'Ome Reuler, but my fader was allus a bit of a Leeb'ral.'

Of course a good many had no politics at all, but knew perfectly well what colour they were in the habit of supporting. 'I'se allus voted blau,' they would say, or 'yaller,' as the case might be, and nothing would change them. Sometimes they would be very mysterious, and say with a wink that they always kept it a secret, and 'ne'er a body' knew which way they voted. I often found the master of the house out at work, and his wife knew little about his politics, except as to what colour he wore at election times; but she generally had a baby which she was quite certain I must wish to see. 'Eh, ye'll be fair cap't wid him!' she murmured, dragging a huddled bundle from its cot, and shaking it out of a sound sleep. When we got on

well, they generally finished up by showing me the parlour and the dairy, but if particularly friendly they added, 'Eh, and maybe ye'd like to see where me oosband and I sleep, and the girl's room, and the farm servants', and a', and when we had gravely inspected every room, and discussed each quilt and watch-pocket, I felt we were friends for life.

The one thing I disliked was canvassing any very aged or sick men, for, much as I liked to see them, I could not prevent my companion entreating them, at whatever risk, to go and vote.

I shall never forget the piteous look of an asthmatic and decrepit old man of ninety, on being asked to drive five miles over a very rough stony road to vote for us, and, much to my friend's dismay, I told the old fellow I would not hear of his attempting such a thing.

I came across very little sickness during my wanderings. True that in one valley, where we canvassed every house, I afterwards heard scarlet fever was raging, and I then remembered that at one farm I was taken upstairs to see a family of five children all in bed; but as they seemed in good spirits, and no mention was made of illness, I concluded that their bed-time was an early one. Some were certainly quite big, but my brain was pretty well muddled just then, and I didn't think much about it.

One friend who was canvassing for us told me of a very sad case he found—a poor woman who has lain bedridden for nearly twenty years. Her hands and limbs are twisted with paralysis, both her legs have broken in bed from disease, and she is stone blind. She is attended to by a friend, but is always in terrible pain, and the only relief she can get is from morphia which a doctor injects daily. No hospital has yet been found which will take in such an exceptional case.

But to return to my own experiences. Whenever I met a voter who wished to argue, the subjects he more often chose were those of 'Local Option,' 'Sunday Closing,' 'Protection for Farmers,' and 'Arbitration between Landlord and Tenant.'

It was in vain that I gave examples of landlords in our country, who had given a reduction of rent in this and other bad years.

'It's all very well for them as have good landlords,' said one man, 'but they are not all like that, and we want some established board of arbitration to enquire into matters, and to insist on a reduction where it is really needed.' Home Rule was the one subject that was avoided by one and all, and though I tried again and again to draw out their opinion, they very rarely expressed more than mere approval or disapproval of such a policy.

I suppose everyone has attended a political meeting of some sort, but have they always been during election times? We had had a good many already during the preceding winter months, but now, when everyone was boiling over with frantic expectation and uncontrollable excitement, they assumed a very different aspect.

Whereas in quiet times the difficulty had been to get anyone to attend, and the room was more often chiefly filled by those invariable old sweet-sucking women and children who gather round every lighted candle, it was now simply full to overflowing, and that with nothing but solid electors, all very well aware of the importance of each one of their votes, which they were not prepared to give away till they had heard the plain facts of every case, and the burning subjects of the day freely discussed and criticised. Some, I fancy, had been to our opponent's meeting also, and now came to ours, simply from a desire to see fair play, and compare both candidates and their speeches before the voting day. But many came from a sense of duty and from *esprit de corps*, to show they still stood by the same party as their fathers had done, even though they might be ignorant or indifferent alike as to what were its principles and who its leaders.

Our meetings certainly varied much in character. One, for instance, that we had in a lonely valley where the farms were few and scattered, contrasted strangely with another that was held in the midst of our principal town. The first must have numbered less than twenty; and its chief supporters were a gentle old man, perfectly blind, led by his idiot grandson, and an enthusiastic old farmer's wife, who muttered loudly at every pause: 'We *maun* get rid of all their nasty trash! oh ay! oh ay!'

The large town meeting was not unanimous. It was certainly partly filled with our friends, who all stood up and waved yellow handkerchiefs and cheered when our leading statesmen were mentioned, but intermingled with this was a very steady and depressing booming sound like a distant fog-horn, which came from the back seats, and instantly changed into a ringing cheer for the other side when our shouts were exhausted. Some of our speakers were listened to, but others must have been somewhat disconcerted by a sudden burst of that wild and invigorating song, 'Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay,' which greeted them between every sentence, and was continued straight through the whole chorus. The uproar might have continued had they not finally exhausted the patience of one of their own supporters, who stood on a chair and begged them to give a fair hearing to both parties, and then matters improved somewhat.

I think we were pretty well avenged the following night when our opponent held a meeting in the same hall, for I heard that just as the speeches were beginning some of our supporters suddenly turned out half a dozen pigeons with yellow ribbons round their necks, which completely distracted the attention of the whole audience as they fluttered hither and thither. But it was after our meeting was over that the real hustling and fun began. When my husband and I emerged quite unsuspectingly into the street, attended only by about a dozen friends, we were instantly closed in by a hooting and yelling mob of men and boys. I don't know if they meant to hurt

us. I think not. But anyhow our friends and a few policemen managed to keep round us, and, what with pushing and dragging us along, and elbowing freely right and left, they managed to get us up to the hotel.

I confess I enjoyed the little scrimmage, for in spite of very determined pressing and banging about in the crush, we could not but feel that it was a perfectly good-natured crowd we had to deal with, and that their main idea was the fun of making a row, and of trying it on a bit.

Neither of us got a scratch, though we were all pretty hot and out of breath by the time we reached the hotel. Here whilst we refreshed, and the horses put to, the crowd remained outside, making a tremendous row, some cheering and others booing untiringly.

When we got into the carriage, such a number of hands were thrust in to wish good night, friends and foes alike, that we finally put both arms out of the windows, which were nearly wrung off by the good-natured fellows as the carriage moved slowly homewards.

Well, I suppose some people would call that a rowdy lot, for we were very much commiserated with afterwards, and there was every possible report about the insults I received. I was supposed to have had my hat torn off my head by mill girls, my face had been scratched, and some said my arm had been broken, but what I have just written down are the real facts of the case.

At last polling day arrived, and we drove frantically round to every polling station in the constituency except one, waving yellow ribbons and feeling rather low, but as it was a fine day we had not an irksome task, particularly as we were always met at every stopping place by kind and encouraging friends. 'Soocess!' 'Yaller for iver!' shouted the country people, brandishing everything of that colour they could lay hands on, from a beautiful silk handkerchief to a skein of wool or a pat of butter. But in the town we were somewhat damped by a larger preponderance of blue, and it was 'Get along wi' yer, dorty yaller! Blau! blau! blau for iver!' and many an unsuspecting person would get a good handful of blue in his face as he passed a house to whose occupants his yellow decorations were distasteful.

We could not resist stopping at one cottage to see two old friends, of ours, who we knew were madly keen about the election, although the wife was stone blind and the husband was tottering at the brink of the grave, or, as she put it, 'was in sic sore fettle, and could neither doff nor don hisself.' Knowing what trouble they had taken to procure yellow bows, I asked rather surprisedly why they had not got them on. 'Eh nay!' said the old woman severely, 'I'se keepin' mine clane to wear on Soonday.'

When we were at the last polling station we suddenly heard a distant rattling of wheels, and sure enough whirling down the steep

hill in a cloud of dust came a man in a gig driving furiously. The reason flashed upon us in an instant; it wanted only two minutes to eight, and he *must* arrive in time to vote.

Out he jumped, threw down the reins, and dashed like a madman into the schoolhouse, with about a dozen men goading and hurrying him along. I do not believe that at the final moment of any race there could have been a moment of more breathless terror when, with anxious, careworn faces and bated breath, we watched the hand of the clock till the man emerged again, and it struck eight just as we knew his vote was safely recorded.

Does anyone know what real suspense means? Setting aside the crisis of a severe illness, when one we have lost in the world is struggling vainly between the contending angels of life and of death; setting aside that terrible and sickening moment when a suitor awaits his answer, having just besought for the one thing that can make or mar life for him; setting aside, too, that other awful moment when a prisoner, pronounced guilty of murder by the jury, gazes wildly towards the throne of justice, knowing too well that the adjustment or non-adjustment of one small black cap on the judge's head will be the sign to him of utter blackness, despair, and hopelessness, or else of a possible return to life, a ray of light, a dream of hope in the future—setting aside conditions such as these, I say, the condition of many an anxious Parliamentary candidate from the hour of eight, when the poll closes, till the moment of its declaration next morning, is one quite unsurpassed in mental agony, and which none need envy. Terrible forebodings, feverish calculations, gloomy recollections of important people overlooked, a poultry show unvisited, a telling point left out in a speech, a letter unanswered, a bill unpaid, nods, bows left unreturned through absence of mind—all these and hundreds of other cases of inadvertence or neglect rise up in grim and ghastly reality, and assume exaggerated proportions to the heated and overwrought mind of the political candidate as he tries in vain to sleep that night. At last he dozes off, but only to awake with a shudder as he realises the awful responsibility which may be his before twenty-four hours—nay, before twelve hours have passed, should the counting of votes prove nothing but a disappointment, a crushing disaster to the hopes of thousands of his party.

And is the most favourable result worth such frightful exertion, such awful anxiety, do my readers ask?

But for answer let me go back in recollection to that eventful election morning.

We are in the town-hall, and the votes, in large tin boxes, are turned out on to tables, and each counter begins to separate carefully the votes of both candidates, whilst a chosen supporter of either party eagerly watches his every movement to see that all is perfectly fair. After this has been done the votes are counted into separate

packets containing a hundred apiece, and now the critical moment draws near. The packets are placed down either side of a long table by the sub-sheriff, one side being reserved for our party's votes, the other for our opponent's. Slowly and evenly they progress side by side down the long table, and the minutes seem unendurable, till, with a sudden tremor of joy, I notice that the first extra packet is placed on our side. Yes, there is ground now for confidence, for another, another, and another packet quickly follow. The game is ours, and all is over! And then I can see the high sheriff as he rises hastily and goes to the town-hall windows, there to declare the decisive numbers to the eager crowd who await him. What are those triumphant shouts? Why are our hands nearly shaken off the next minute by crowds of kind and exultant friends—such beaming smiles, such bright and happy faces, which need no speech to express their joy? 'Have we really won? Say it again, again, and again! I am dreaming surely, it's too good to be true.'

And the successful M.P., where is he, and what are his sensations at this minute? Reader, I cannot say; you must imagine it for yourself; for just as that first fierce burst of excitement has reached its height, when victory is assured, and shrieks of exultation rend the air, my eyes become suddenly blinded with tears, as I catch sight of that other candidate and his wife, standing silently and unobtrusively to one side, hopeless, forlorn; but unreproachful. Their anxiety has probably been as great as ours, but with how different a termination! Ah, now do I understand too well that it is only those who experience the indescribable joy of triumph, and know the delights of success, who can fully realise the bitterness of defeat, or can sympathise with the despair of the vanquished.

DOSIA BAGOT.

RAILWAYS IN NATIVE INDIAN STATES

NOBODY who appreciates the conditions under which we hold our Indian Empire can desire to see Indian questions made the subject of party controversy in the House of Commons, and even less on the hustings. It is on this account that the true friends of British rule in India have always deprecated the movement of which the election of Mr. Naoradji as member for Finsbury is the first practical outcome. What we object to is not that a Hindoo should sit in Parliament, if any constituency considers him an eligible representative of British interests, but that he should sit there as a spokesman of Indian interests. Our objection is based on a belief that Parliament is not the proper tribunal before which appeals against the action of the Indian authorities should by rights be tried. Under our system of party government any question, whether home or foreign, must necessarily be determined not on its intrinsic merits or demerits, but in virtue of the bearing it may have upon the interests of the Ministry or the Opposition. It will be an evil day for India as well as for England if ever such purely Indian matters as the regulation of the opium trade, the propriety of child marriages, or the freedom of the native press are decided by a party vote which may involve the fate of a Ministry. I can recall no single instance in which Parliament has ever interfered in controversies affecting India to any practical advantage. The ideas, the traditions, the customs of our Indian fellow-subjects are so different from our own, that no Englishman not personally acquainted with Oriental countries can trustworthily form any opinion as to whether a policy, which may be advantageous in this country, may not prove disastrous if applied to India. It is a question whether there ought not to be some tribunal in England, other than the Indian Council, which should have power to supervise, and, if necessary, to reverse the action of the Supreme Government of India in cases where complaint is made of any alleged act of injustice or impolicy. But the very worst tribunal for such a purpose that human ingenuity could devise, would be the House of Commons as at present constituted.

I think it right to express this view of mine at the outset, because I am most anxious to avoid even the appearance of saying

that the grievances, if any, of which Cashmere—in common for that matter with other Native States—has to complain are matters for parliamentary interference. The ultimate decision must rest, and ought to rest, with the Indian authorities, and even if an appeal against their decision could be made to the House of Commons with any possible chance of success, I, for one, should never counsel such an appeal being made.

On the other hand, I am afraid that under our existing democratic institutions Parliament is only too likely to interfere in Indian questions. The growth of public opinion in India, the spread of education, the intellectual and material progress made under our rule, and above all the rapidity of communication between the East and the West, are all causes which must necessarily modify the relations between England and India. Whether we like it or not, we must accept the fact, that any serious agitation in India is certain nowadays to command a hearing in England, and if once the British public rightly or wrongly comes to hold a decided view on any Indian question, this view is certain to command the attention of Parliament. Under these circumstances, the wise policy should obviously be to remove any real grievances of which Indian subjects or Indian States may have to complain, before these grievances can be brought into the arena of our party politics.

Now there are no subjects connected with India which have come more prominently under public discussion, and the venue of which, if I may use a legal phrase, has been more often transferred from the Ganges to the Thames, than questions bearing on the wrongs, whether genuine or factitious, sustained by the rulers of Native States. The explanation of this fact is not far to seek. The millions of India have neither the organisation nor the means, even if they had the desire, to carry any grievances they have, or may deem they have, before the British public. But the rulers of the Native States have both the will and the means to appeal from Cæsar to Cæsar's master. Experience has shown that Indian Rajahs never find any material difficulty in getting some Member of Parliament to advocate their cause, and as a rule the advocate has always endeavoured to enlist popular sympathy in favour of his client by denouncing the British authorities in India as guilty of deliberate disregard of justice. In view of the marked alteration in the character both of our political institutions and our parliamentary representatives, we may reasonably expect that attempts to induce Parliament to criticise the action of the Indian Government with reference to Native Princes will become more frequent than they have been hitherto; and in order to avert this danger it is eminently desirable the Native States should have no cause to allege that they are subjected to unfair treatment by the action of our Indian administrators.

The present position of the Native States is, in itself, anomalous, and is regulated, in so far as it is regulated at all, by traditions and rules which had their origin under completely different conditions from those that exist to-day. The subject is far too wide a one to enter on here. For my present purpose it is enough to say that the system under which the Native States are administered is a relic of the days of the old East India Company. The merchant adventurers who founded our Indian Empire had no idea or intention of founding an empire at all. Their desire, and their most legitimate desire, was to have as little to do as possible with the internal administration of India, provided they could make satisfactory arrangements for carrying on their trade at a profit. The successive annexations which gradually converted a trading community into a sovereign power were forced upon the representatives of the Company by the necessities of self-defence, and were carried out against the wishes, often against the orders, of the Board of Governors at home. The permanent policy of the Company and its administrators was to leave the native princes absolute independence within their own country so long as they accepted the position of vassal chiefs in external affairs, and did nothing in contravention of the commercial supremacy of the British Guild of Traders, which had its headquarters in London. As the Charter of the Company became more and more modified by the intervention of the Home Government, our administration of India became more political and less purely commercial; but still our policy remained in substance the same; and when the Company was suppressed after the Mutiny, the Queen issued a proclamation, under the advice of her then Ministers, granting to the native princes the undisturbed possession of their sovereignty. In the old days this arrangement meant, that the rulers of the Native States might administer their dominions and govern their subjects as they pleased, so long as they caused no trouble to the suzerain power. If a protected prince squandered his revenues, so as to endanger the solvency of his State, or tyrannised over his subjects so grossly as to excite them to revolt, the offender was deposed or placed under temporary tutelage. But within any reasonable or even unreasonable limits he was left to govern as seemed best in his own sight. Gradually, as our own territories became more and more civilised, and as the sense of the duty we owe to our Indian Empire became more keen at home, the supervision exercised by the Central Government became more active and more watchful. Still, up to the present day, the Native States have preserved an almost complete autonomy. It would be foreign to my purpose to discuss whether this autonomy is beneficial or otherwise. For good or evil the Native States are, and are likely to remain, absolutely autonomous, in so far as their own territories are concerned. They are not allowed to make war upon one another; they are not permitted to enter into relations with foreign Powers;

and they are not at liberty to enter on any course of action which would imperil the safety of our Indian Empire. Subject to these restrictions, their rulers are free to govern or misgovern as they think fit.

This is the theory of our Indian administration, but, in practice this freedom is not so absolute as it is supposed to be. One of the traditions of the days of the Company, which still influences the official world of India, is an intense dislike to any interference in the affairs of the Native States on the part of persons not belonging to the official hierarchy. The Company was a close corporation, and looked on outsiders with the same sort of jealousy as that with which a trades union regards non-unionists. And though our present Anglo-Indian officials have not the same reasons as the servants of the old Company for resenting the intrusion of outsiders, they cherish the sentiment which actuated their predecessors. It is only in accordance with human nature that this should be so. To the official mind, the capitalist or financier who desires to enter into transactions with Native protected States represents an element of trouble and annoyance. Nor is the feeling I allude to altogether selfish. The better class of our Indian officials regard themselves as the protectors and guardians of the natives, and therefore they view with suspicion any project under which Englishmen not under their control might attain a footing in the Native States. It was my fortune at one time to be a good deal, if I may use the phrase, behind the scenes during our recent official administration of Egypt, and I can truly say I never knew one of our Anglo-Indian officials who did not dislike and oppose every scheme for introducing English capital into Egypt, or for developing the resources of the Delta by the means of British companies or syndicates. I do not say that they were wrong, but I do say that the bias thus displayed by our officials in Egypt against any industrial scheme conducted by Englishmen not under their own authority explained to my mind why so little has been done hitherto by private British enterprise to develop the great natural resources of the Native States of India.

In former days the sort of isolation to which the States in question are necessarily condemned through the causes to which I allude, was of no great practical importance. All that the British Government did—or was expected to do—was to keep the peace, to hinder animosities of creed and race from assuming an active form, and to interfere as little as possible with native customs and institutions. Of late years, however, a new era has commenced for India. We have felt it our duty to educate the people of India in accordance with Western ideas of civilisation; we have recognised it as our interest to increase the facilities of communication, to encourage Indian industries, to reform the condition of the masses, and to cover the country with railroads. These benefits have in the main been

reserved for our own possessions, though many of the Native States have railways of their own. Cashmere is the only important State in India which, so far as railways are concerned, is completely isolated. Still the general result has necessarily been that the Native States have not relatively made the same progress as the British territories by which they are surrounded. Their rulers, even when they are energetic and intelligent, are not possessed either of the energy or the resources which have transformed the face of British India, and yet, by virtue of their position as Protected States, they are debarred from availing themselves of any outside assistance other than that which they can obtain from the Supreme Government. What was formerly only a theoretical anomaly has now become a practical grievance.

The position of Cashmere is a case in point. Politically speaking, this State is absolutely and entirely under the control of the Indian Government. No sensible Englishman would desire to see this control relaxed. But in so far as its internal and industrial condition is concerned, Cashmere is completely independent. Indeed to all intents and purposes Cashmere is an enormous estate, belonging to a great private landowner. The whole of the land is the absolute property of the Maharajah. The occupiers of the soil are, in reality, crown tenants, holding their tenure not of right, but by favour, and liable at any time to have the terms of their tenancy modified in accordance with the pleasure of the sovereign. All the commerce of the country is virtually in the hands of the Maharajah; and the trades carried on within his dominions are, in fact, if not in name, Government monopolies worked for the profit of the reigning dynasty through persons appointed by the Court. In fact, the present condition of Cashmere exactly resembles that to which Ismail Pacha designed to reduce Egypt if he could have succeeded in obtaining the ownership of the land, as he endeavoured to do by means of the foreign loans, which ultimately led to his ruin and downfall.

It does not need saying that such a system of administration is destructive to the progress and development of Cashmere. The country abounds with agricultural and mineral resources, and yet these resources contribute little or nothing to the wealth of the treasury or the prosperity of the population. Now the first step in Cashmere, as in any other Native State, towards developing the resources of the country and increasing the revenue of the State, is the introduction of railways. It is the iron horse which has done more than any other single agency to make British India prosperous; and connection with the railway system which now covers India has become absolutely essential to any Native State which desires to make progress or even to hold its own. It is not too much to say that the construction of railways which would unite the most productive districts of the country with the Indian lines, and thereby open up fresh markets

for its products, is urgently desired alike by the Government and the people of Cashmere. The advisability of providing Cashmere with railways is fully recognised by the British authorities, who have repeatedly advised their construction. There is, further, every reason to suppose that railways in Cashmere would form a profitable investment in a not remote future. Seeing that such a consensus of opinion exists amongst all the various parties interested, it may seem strange that, save for a short line of sixteen miles, constructed by the Maharajah for his private accommodation, Cashmere should still be without railways or without any immediate prospect of their construction.

The explanation, however, of this apparent anomaly is exceedingly simple. The construction of railways in a remote and thinly populated country is an enterprise which involves a large immediate outlay, without any prospect of an adequate return for some time to come. The Maharajah, who may say with much greater truth than Louis the Great of France, '*L'Etat, c'est moi*,' has not the means to supply the capital or the credit which would render his guarantee a negotiable security. The Suzerain power has both the means and the credit, but declines to either advance money or to guarantee interest for the purpose required. The reasons for this refusal are intelligible enough. The revenue of British India, owing to causes which have affected many other countries in a similar way, has of late shown a marked decline. In the case of India, too, there are special influences at work, such as the falling off in the opium duty, and the depreciation of the silver currency, which render the Government of Calcutta most properly reluctant to incur any outlay that can possibly be avoided, or to add in any way to the liabilities by which the Indian Treasury is already overburdened. All the highest authorities on the subject of Indian finance and administration are agreed that any serious augmentation of the revenue by increased taxation is a thing not to be thought of, except under the presence of imperative necessity. In the face, therefore, of a falling revenue and a depreciated currency, the British rulers of India are in the right in hesitating to carry out any improvements outside their own territory, the cost of which would at any rate in the first instance have to be borne out of the resources of British India.

Under these circumstances it is obvious that the Cashmere railroads, if they are to be constructed at all, must be made by private enterprise. But as everyone acquainted with such matters is aware, there are very few contractors who are able to construct railways out of their own pockets, and the few who may possibly be able to do so are unwilling to lock up the capital, which forms their stock-in-trade. As a rule the construction of railways abroad is only undertaken by British contractors, provided they can see their way to induce the public to provide the funds required, by investing in the securities

which, by virtue of their contract, they are authorised to issue. At any time and in any country, it is a matter of extreme difficulty to induce the public to invest money in railway construction unless the payment of the interest on the capital invested is secured from some other source than the hypothetical earnings of the lines when opened to traffic. In the case of a remote country such as Cashmere, which does not even form part of the British dominions, the public at home would never subscribe money for the purpose of building railways; and this being so, British capital, save under very exceptional conditions, is not forthcoming. I may add here, that even if foreign capital were available for such an object, it would be contrary to all the traditions of the India Office to allow a foreign syndicate to construct important works in any Native State. If Cashmere is at any time to be developed by private enterprise, the work of development must of necessity be conducted by English capital and English energy. It would appear therefore at first sight that all idea of providing Cashmere with railways would have to be abandoned. The Maharajah cannot provide the funds; the Indian Government will not guarantee the interest; the British public will not subscribe without a guarantee; and the British contractor will not incur the cost unless he has the British public at his back. This being so, we are face to face with an apparent dead-lock.

A scheme, however, has recently been brought forward by which Cashmere could secure the railway accommodation she requires so urgently for the development of her resources, without any cost to the country and without any risk to the Indian Government. A Syndicate has been formed in London, which is prepared to construct the railways at its own cost upon certain conditions. The limits of my space, as well as the patience of my readers, would be exhausted if I were to enter at any length on the details of the scheme in question. All that is necessary for my purpose is to indicate the general character of the project.

The whole gist of the proposed scheme is that, in addition to a share in the profits to be derived hereafter from the working of the railway when completed, the Maharajah should grant certain other concessions which, in the opinion of its authors, would supply the place of a guarantee. In the application now before the Government the Maharajah is requested to grant the Syndicate, or, more correctly speaking, the British Company which they undertake to form on their application being accepted, the right for a certain number of years to carry on various industries which are now a monopoly of the Government. These industries comprise the manufacture and sale of silk, paper, cloth, wine, and beer; the growth of the zingara nut, and of a root called 'kut,' for which there is a considerable demand in India; the right to search for minerals; the power of breeding horses and goats within a specified district; and the option of farming some

50,000 acres of land situated in the vicinity of the proposed railway. There are various matters of detail into which I must not enter. But it may be stated briefly, that what the Syndicate propose is to provide Cashmere with railways at their own cost, if the Maharajah will concede to them the right of working and developing some of the native industries which are now carried on by Government officials in the supposed interest of the Prince's Treasury.

There are obviously four parties to such a compact—the Company, the Maharajah, the people of Cashmere, and the Indian Government. With regard to the first, they may fairly be left to look after their own interests. It is for them to decide whether the investment they propose to make is likely to prove profitable or otherwise. If they are mistaken in their estimate, the loss will fall on their shoulders and their shoulders alone. If they make money by the enterprise, so much the better for them; if they lose money, nobody else will care. With regard to the Maharajah, the question whether the proposed arrangement is likely to prove profitable or unprofitable is one which his native advisers are well qualified to decide by their own knowledge. The real inducement to him to grant the concession in question is a belief that under English management, supported by English capital, his estate—for Cashmere, as I have said, is, in fact, an estate belonging to, and farmed by, the ruling sovereign—will yield a far larger revenue than it does at present.

No doubt it may be said, and said with truth, that the people of Cashmere have to be considered as well as their ruler. I feel this most strongly; though it hardly seems to me that the Indian Government are in a position to oppose the grant of such a concession as the one referred to, on the ground that it is not sufficiently advantageous to the population of Cashmere. The system of Government under which the whole soil of the State is the property of the Maharajah, and his subjects are simply tenants at will, was accepted and sanctioned by the Indian Government when the present dynasty was established on the throne by our direct action. Up to the time of the Mutiny, Cashmere was a province of the Mogul's kingdom, and was ruled by a Governor appointed by the Court. When the Mogul took sides with the mutineers, the then Governor of Cashmere, the grandfather of the present Maharajah, remained faithful to the British Raj and assisted us with troops. In return for these services he was, at his own request, made Maharajah of Cashmere by Lord Canning, after the suppression of the Mutiny, and thereby became the absolute owner of the soil, and the supreme master of the people. The arrangement, bad or good, was one into which we entered of our own free will; and, hitherto, the rulers of Cashmere have not abused their powers in any so flagrant a fashion as to justify our depriving the Maharajah of the powers accorded to him as a reward for the fidelity displayed by his ancestor. Nor, in as far as I am aware, has any attempt been

made at any time by the British authorities to place the relations between the Maharajah and his people on a different footing. For this I do not personally consider the Indian Government is to blame. Intervention in the internal affairs of a Native State is the first step towards annexation, and it is the settled policy of our Indian administration not to annex the Native States, except under absolute necessity. Moreover, I doubt greatly whether the population of Cashmere, or of any other Native State, are desirous of annexation. The evils and abuses of despotic rule do not affect Orientals in the same way as they do the peoples of the West. Indeed, the rough and ready justice of native tribunals, the happy-go-lucky system of native administration, and the caprice of a native ruler, who allots punishments as seems good in his own sight, are more congenial to the native mind than the hard and fast principles on which justice, employment, and patronage are distributed in British India. Impartial justice, equal enforcement of the law, and active reform of abuses, may be, and doubtless are, boons to any community; but a boon is of no value if you do not recognise its utility. My observation of human nature, and especially of Oriental human nature, has led me to the conclusion that the bulk of mankind care very little about being kicked if they have the chance of kicking others in their turn; and according to Oriental notions immunity from personal oppression is dearly purchased by the surrender of any power of oppressing others. Still, while allowing all this, it would, I admit most fully, be a great objection to the proposed concession if it were calculated to impoverish the people of Cashmere, or to render their plight more pitiable. The contrary is, however, the case. Whatever the fate of the British Development Company might be, it could not fail to benefit the population of Cashmere. And what is more, the introduction of a British element into Cashmere creates an indirect but a very effectual protection for the inhabitants. Whenever there is a British settlement in a Native State, the local Government is influenced by the public opinion of the English community, and this opinion is always exerted against any exceptional oppression which comes under English cognisance. I do not hesitate, therefore, to say, that whatever may be the case with individuals, the bulk of the Cashmerian population would have their lot improved if the exploitation of the local industries were taken out of the hands of native officials and transferred to those of a British Company. Indeed, the only persons to suffer by the change are the officials in question, who, as a body, have enriched themselves out of the administration of these industries to the detriment of the Maharajah and the people of Cashmere. If the men who have profited by incapable and dishonest management are injured financially by the introduction of a more honest and more intelligent system of administration, their fate neither demands nor deserves sympathy.

There remains but the Government of India, which considers itself—and justly considers itself—entitled to exercise a sort of ill-defined guardianship over the Native Princes. If the guardianship were extended somewhat further with respect to the internal administration of the Native States, I, for one, should not object. But practically, except in extreme cases, this right of supervision is confined to their external relations. In the case of Cashmere the Indian Government would only be fulfilling their duty in objecting to the Maharajah's granting the concession in question, if, after a careful investigation, they came to the conclusion that the applicants were not able to raise the money they undertook to provide; or that the money, if provided, would not be adequate for the construction of the railway.

Any increase of prosperity and any extension of trade and industry in the Native States cannot fail to benefit the whole Indian community. Moreover, there are special reasons why the opening up of Cashmere would prove a benefit to British India. The Vale of Cashmere deserves its traditional repute for natural beauty. The climate is the best in the whole of the Indian Peninsula; and the country if properly administered would become a magnificent sanatorium for the North and North-Western provinces. Under the direction of British enterprise, Cashmere might be made the granary of India; its great natural advantages of soil and climate would, if intelligently directed, enable it to supply India with any amount of horses, cattle, sheep, and goats; while its population, if furnished, as is not the case at present, with inducements to earn money, and with power to keep it for themselves when earned, would soon supply a great and growing market for British manufactures. Hitherto Cashmere has been practically forbidden ground to our countrymen, as no Englishman is permitted to hold property there of any kind, or to reside in the country without a special licence, which is not granted as a rule for more than a few months. It is an essential condition of the proposed concession that Englishmen should have the right of owning property and residing in Cashmere.

It is therefore natural to expect that the Indian authorities will in their own interest do everything to facilitate this attempt to throw open Cashmere to British industry and enterprise. Up to the present, however, the sanction of the Indian Government, which is absolutely essential to the success of the undertaking both in India and at home, has not been granted. No doubt, objections may be raised by the Indian authorities, which may, I think, fairly be thus expressed: 'The grant of such extensive powers to an English Company as are contemplated by the proposed concession would amount practically to the right of farming a large portion of the trade of Cashmere, and this would involve a complete change in

the present system of administration, and might prove distasteful to the natives, and thus lead to difficulties and complications.'

I think this objection is met by the various considerations I have already put forward. What is not so easily controverted is the instinctive dislike of the Anglo-Indian official mind to the introduction into India of any English element not forming part and parcel of the administration. Every attempt to open up India to British capital and energy has met with similar opposition at the outset. I am not prepared to say that the opposition is altogether unreasonable. I can quite understand that Anglo-Indian officials should prefer having to deal solely either with natives or with Englishmen directly subject to their own authority; and if the Indian Government were prepared to construct the railways and develop the industries of Cashmere at their own cost and by their own agency, I do not say that from a political point of view their action might not be preferable to that of an English commercial company. But the Indian Government are not prepared to do anything of the kind. The practical alternative is that either Cashmere must go without railways for an indefinite period, or that in default of any other assistance the railroad must be made by private capital. Under these circumstances, for the Indian Government to place a practical veto on the granting of the Concession by the Maharajah is to put themselves in a false position. They would have, in fact, to declare that Cashmere must remain without railways and without means of locomotion, without a market for her produce, and without the improvements and civilisation enjoyed by other parts of India—simply and solely because it does not suit the interests of the Indian Government either to build the railways themselves, or to allow English capitalists to build them at their own risk and cost. A declaration of this kind would constitute a real grievance not only to Cashmere, but to all Native States similarly situated: and at the present day, as I pointed out at the commencement of this article, it is not wise policy to furnish the rulers of the Native States with any substantial grievance, which, in case of need, they could get brought before the Imperial Parliament.

EDWARD DICEY.

THE ART OF COOKING

INASMUCH as the art of dining would be unattainable without considerable proficiency in the art of cooking, it has occurred to me that, *à propos* of my remarks touching the former subject last August, I might next say a few words concerning the present state of our *cuisine*, and examine our prospects in regard to the future; for I think that it is possible to approach the subject in a conversational manner without going into the wearisome details of recipes, or technical mysteries, which, except perhaps to one in a thousand, cannot possibly be interesting.

When we think of an artistic dinner, we think in French, do we not? There is, of course, every reason for our doing so. For although intelligent cookery was born and bred in Italy, France certainly stands out prominently as the country in which it was educated, and Paris for a couple of centuries at the least has been the *alma mater* of the best professors and students of scientific gastronomy. Whether this will continue as long as the rising generation may be able to enjoy the good things of this world is a problem. Certain it is, that the veritable *cordons bleus* is becoming a *rara avis* by no means easy to find, while the deterioration of Parisian culinary art-skill has for some little time past been a fact that none can dispute. Time was when the possession of a French cook in England indicated a *ménage* of very superior attainments, the happy owners of which enjoyed immunity from all trouble in regard to their table, and fared with enlightened good taste every day. People have of late, however, been brought face to face with the plain truth that a French cook is not, as a matter of course, a *chef*, and that there are many pretentious, well-paid impostors among us who are not as skilful as a thoroughly reliable Mary-Jane. Conversing once with an artist who at one time of his professional career had been a member of the Imperial establishment in the days of Napoleon the Third, to whose memory he was most loyal, I happened to mention that some friends of mine had secured the services of a Monsieur X. as *chef*. The professor shook his head, and remarked that he did not remember the name. So I went on to explain that the individual in question had passed his earlier days in the army, and had been taken prisoner at Sedan; that at the expiration of his detention in Prussia he had turned his sword into a

couteau de cuisine, and after a few years' work at his new calling had appeared on the scene as a *chef*. 'Then,' replied my friend, his double layer of chins inflated, his heavy eyebrows highly arched, and his shoulders shrugged level with his ears, 'he cannot be *chef*: he may be cook of course—not more. For a *chef* the boy shall begin at twelve or fourteen years in a kitchen of the first rank, and clean the pot, then he shall advance by degrees, and by twenty-two years, if he have the ability, and has learned with diligence, he may gain his *brevet*. Ah, sir! there are many cooks, but *chefs*—how few!' Thus we see that not only is a steady period of apprenticeship *usque ab lavatrina* necessary, but that the pupil cannot expect to become a master unless his tuition has been of the best. Now it is notorious that Paris can no longer offer these exceptional educational advantages save to a very few. Various circumstances have conspired to bring this about: the national misfortunes of 1870–71, considerable social changes in the capital itself, and the largely increased demands of other countries. The best men now find such lucrative employment away from France, that the talent which was formerly concentrated at home is scattered abroad. England, it is said, attracts a good many able men, the best of whom are chiefly to be found in private houses; America takes away others, and, of course, a large proportion find service with the Plutocracy of Europe. Except at a few special places then, the French cookery that comes within the reach of the *οἱ πολλοί* is not at the present time of such rare excellence as from its costliness and pretension many are inclined to believe.

While this decadence has been gradually taking place at the fountain-head of the art of cooking, England, roused at last after centuries of torpidity, has been trying to cast off the slough of insular dogmatism and indifference in regard to food and feeding, and people, full of zeal for better things, have arisen, like the clever yet idle boy, who for very shame pulls himself together, determined no longer to remain bottom of his form. This excellent awakening has now taken shape, and we have to congratulate ourselves upon the birth of an infant, as yet in swaddling-clothes, which has been christened 'The Anglo-French School of Cookery.' Now, if those responsible for its appearance would only be careful, what an excellent future there might be before this little one. This is, however, more than a mere question of nursing and judicious nourishment. The child must not be allowed to attempt things beyond its strength, or to fiddle with things it does not understand; and, as I said in my last paper, above all it must not be allowed to try to run before it has found what nurses call its 'walking feet.' Let us look into this carefully. When a blend is decided upon in order to improve the flavour and general character of a wine or spirit, the crucial point, of course, is the fixing of the relative proportions of the combination. We have a similar crux here, but in our case, perhaps, it is more a question for the grafter—which is it

to be? Is the stock to be British and the scion French, or *vice versa*? I think that the answer should be, speaking as if we were in a garden of roses, a judicious budding of *La France* upon the strong Anglo-Saxon briar. All that is good of our own national *cuisine*, concerning which I shall say a few words by-and-by, should be most studiously preserved, while as much of the French system as is desirable and suited to our resources should be introduced. Taking the latter first, wherein does the great strength of French cooking-lie? Briefly summed up, it may be said, in a thorough knowledge of the values of all materials and their systematic arrangement—much as the painter knows and arranges the colours on his palette; in the extraction scientifically of all that is savoury, nourishing, and succulent from these materials, whereby nothing is wasted, much made out of little, and things presented in an appetising form that would otherwise be unpalatable; in a keen appreciation of the intense importance of cleanliness, not merely of the kitchen, the *batterie de cuisine*, and all belonging thereto, but in the nicest treatment of delicate foodstuffs in the course of their preparation; in the intelligent use of many utensils which are little appreciated in the English kitchen; in the cultivation of the faculty of patience, whereby no step in a toilsome process is scamped or slurred over; and in throwing into the work such sympathy and personal interest that the question of trouble never even suggests itself. These characteristics were doubtless evolved by various circumstances, but the chief incentive in the origin certainly was the possession, generally speaking, of very inferior materials—especially in regard to animal food—which, to satisfy the naturally refined taste of the nation, demanded infinite attention and scientific assistance. Matters have improved considerably of late years with reference to the quality of the food-supply in Paris, but the practice of assisting it, confirmed by habitual custom, has in no way been toned down. At all events, the modern tendency of French art *with us* is to overdo this, as I hope presently to show. England, on the other hand, seems to have been absolutely handicapped by her goodly heritage of fish, flesh, and game; things so excellent in themselves, indeed, that even ignorant treatment could hardly rob them of their virtues. The national taste, never of a very fastidious type, was easily gratified with simple fare provided that the quality of the meat was beyond question, that it was plainly cooked, and that there was enough of it. Sowers who attempted to sow the good seed of French gastronomy in English soil found that it fell on stony ground. The voice of the scientist appealed but to a very small portion of the community, and good disciples were alone obtained among people whose taste had been educated up to a higher standard than that of their neighbours. At length, however, the outlook has brightened considerably; facilities of travelling abroad have brought forth good fruit, and Mr. Cook (odd coincidence!) has probably done more to educate the British

palate than any crusader in print or on platform against the gastronomical benightedness of the Anglo-Saxon.

Next in regard to the means whereby the engraftment of the French and English systems is to be practically accomplished. Sir Henry Thompson, while speaking in *Food and Feeding* as encouragingly as he can of the good work that may be done by our new schools of cookery, exposes in a few significant words the stumbling-block of British enterprise in the direction of culinary reform:—

Hitherto (writes he), the practice of cooking has been merely a resource for wage-getting among ignorant women who took to it at hazard, and acquired such traditions as pertained to the kitchen they have happened to enter. Still further, until it is recognised in this country as a profession which a man with some education and natural taste can exercise, we must be content to rank below other countries in rearing artists of the first order.

Now this most accurate view of the case gives rise to an interesting question. When did man cease and woman begin to practise the art of cooking in England? We all know that in our earlier history both cooks and scullions were men. Pictures of old-time festivals are familiar to us in which the 'boar's head' is represented as being carried, with loud acclaim, by the head cook, followed by the kitchen staff—all of them men. At the legendary bestowal of knighthood upon Sir Loin by the 'Merry Monarch' the joint is shown as having been placed before his Majesty by a master cook supported by his knaves. In all countries where cooking is good you find that men are the leading practitioners. Even in the East, where culinary skill is intuitive and merely requires leading aright, the cooks are men. Why, then, came it to pass that in England the paper cap has for upwards of a century been worn by the baker and pastrycook alone? How and whensoever this happened, and the English man abdicated the kitchen in favour of the other sex, he certainly bequeathed to his successors his masculine John-bovine characteristics. We have only to watch the actions of the ordinary English cook—I speak of the class, admitting, of course, that there are bright individual exceptions—to be forced to confess that there is an inbred rough national way with her which is fatal to the attainment of any high degree of excellence. She sets about her task in the same manner as she scrubs her floor—with vigorous determination, looking upon it as 'a job that's got to be done, so the sooner it's knocked off the better.' And oh! the obstinacy of those 'traditions.' It is, we know, a very difficult thing to reclaim any one who in the practice of art has grown up in a confirmed bad habit. We see this especially in painting, and in music both vocal and instrumental. What, then, is to be done with a cook who has unfortunately acquired the many bad habits of the English school of cooking? It is certainly of no use whatever to send her to an *atelier* of the latest enlightenment to learn how to achieve a few 'smart *entrées*,' for this will only

raise her self-estimation both professionally and financially, without striking at the root of her inherently false training and erroneous proclivities. She may pick up a special dish or two, perhaps, and return with a thin coating of new Anglo-French veneer, but beneath the lacquer the 'traditions' will remain unshaken. And what thank have ye if she be still wasteful, and not strictly clean in petty details; if she still put valuable materials 'down the sink,' and is 'worried' if peradventure the preparation of such and such a thing demand no little patience and time? This diabolical hatred of trouble is the cardinal sin of the English kitchen. The readiness with which Mary-Jane will fall back upon any subterfuge, 'that'll do just as well,' is eloquent of sad national ineptitude, and shows that she is not really in sympathy with her calling. 'My! what a lot of trouble you *do* take,' exclaimed a very worthy woman with whom I was working once upon a time, the 'high art' demonstration in which I was engaged being nothing more than the possibility of mincing parsley without employing fingers (tainted with onion perhaps) in the process. She was somewhat hurt too, I remember, at my raising an objection to her facile method of buttering some *darioles*, which she accomplished with the index finger of her right hand. I do not venture to state that this is the common way in vogue, but I fear that it is sometimes done even by educated cooks from whom better and cleaner things might be expected. The woman to whom I have alluded was in all other respects most cleanly, and would have as soon thought of permitting a cobweb or a particle of dust to be found in her kitchen as to have appeared before her mistress in a cap or apron of questionable tidiness. She was only the victim of those 'traditions.' My objection to any toleration of the precept which ordains that 'fingers were made before forks' may appear to some readers to be hypersensitive, but I feel convinced that the principle is sound, one indeed that should be inculcated from the earliest days of a young cook's training. On these grounds I take exception to culinary instruction which directs the student, when preparing cutlets of pounded meats set in moulds, to 'make a little hole in the centre of each with the finger' for the introduction of the moistening sauce. Why not use the handle of a small spoon? But touching our cook's aversion to the taking of trouble: I once served on the staff of a General Officer in India who, for an amateur, had picked up a large store of useful culinary knowledge. He had a native servant, a *Madrassi*, whom he had carefully brought up from callow youth to riper years, and had instructed diligently in the art of cooking. This servant, by the way, had 'seen service,' for he attended his master throughout the Mutiny campaign, including Outram's defence of Lucknow; and once, when reproved for the foolhardy manner in which he brought the little dole which constituted the captain's luncheon to a certain outpost, passing *en route* through a withering fire upright and

apparently unmoved, he calmly replied, 'What, sir! master's tiffin must bring it the prâperly I!' In due course of time the General returned to England, taking with him his faithful 'Samuel,' and proceeded to stay with a sister, who had a fine house and large establishment. On the first evening the clear soup was by no means up to the General's standard, and his sister noticing this, there followed a little conversation, the upshot of which was that it was arranged that 'Samuel' should show Mary-Jane how to make a really good *consommé* the next day. This was accomplished most successfully; so the following morning the mistress of the house went with no little satisfaction to the kitchen and cheerfully observed, 'Now that you have seen how the nice clear soup which I have so long wanted is made, cook, I hope we shall always have it in future.' Upon which Mary-Jane drew herself up resentfully and observed, 'Me, ma'am! me make that soup! 'Ow hever can I a'while for to do it? Why the black man stood hover that blessed stock-pot the 'ole of the morning!' Then followed an epitome of the multifarious duties of her handmaidens and herself between nine o'clock and noon, which clearly established the fact that 'Samuel's' process did not 'come within the reach of practical politics,' and the mistress had no alternative but to abandon the subject. Now here was a case of triply braized English detestation of anything troublesome. The skimming of the stock-pot, and the careful retarding of ebullition till all scum has been removed—the preliminary task so essential in order to secure the limpidity of an artistic *consommé*—by no means occupies 'the whole of the morning.' This, of course, is precisely the sort of exaggeration to be expected from the self-satisfied ignoramus who has no desire to go out of her way to improve, who in reality resents with bitterness any trespassing in 'her' kitchen, and has no intention of 'working her fingers to the bone' in any culinary 'new-fangled job' whatever—ay, even if she be 'passing rich on forty pounds a year!' When we think of these things, surely it would seem hopeless ever to do much with a class so habitually unsympathetic and inappreciative. The only thing to be done apparently is to begin at the beginning, to catch our cooks quite young, and bring them up beyond the reach of 'traditions' in a practical school where the course is not hurried, and they are taught step by step in the manner alluded to by my friend the *chef*. Habit in art, whether for good or for evil, is caught by the intelligent young mind very quickly; it is, therefore, essentially necessary that the girl-student's ideas should be moulded by proficient hands, and that she should never see slovenly work, nor be allowed to choose the 'quickest way' if by any chance that method entail questionable manipulations and makeshifts over which the nicely minded would fain draw a curtain.

In addition to its obstructive effect upon culinary progress, the

practice of the fine art of evading trouble is the cause of deterioration in regard to a branch of cookery in which English women used formerly to excel. There are, we know, several modern appliances which have for their object the simplification of labour in the kitchen. Among them there is the ventilated oven, which for many things is an excellent contrivance. As ill luck will have it, however, it has become Mary-Jane's *repertorium* for everything; the 'jack and screen' have been set aside, and the consequence is that roasting proper, *i.e.* before the fire, unless firmly insisted upon, is passing out of fashion in the kitchens of moderate establishments. The prime joint 'roasted to a turn' was, we all know, in time past, the *pièce de résistance* of our national *cuisine*, and is still to be enjoyed at clubs, certain hotels, and the good old English taverns and chop-houses which have not yet been swept away with Temple Bar, Northumberland House, and other old London landmarks. At these places there is, of course, a special roasting apparatus with every appliance necessary to produce the 'joint' at its best. It is chiefly at private houses that oven-roasting is carried on. What with watching and keeping up the fire, regulating the proper distance, maintaining the constant basting, and so on, roasting is obviously a much more troublesome business. No wonder, then, that 'cook' considers it far preferable 'to put it in the oven and have done with it.' In the case of game, poultry, ducks, &c., the practice of baking is wholly to be condemned. It is not uncommon to hear a connoisseur ask how it is that a roast fowl with the peculiar '*je-ne-sais-quoi*' of the Parisian *poulet rôti* cannot be obtained in England; and most people are prepared to admit that the French beat us in the preparation of poultry for the table. Perhaps one of the chief reasons is that in Paris the bird is cooked by a *rôtisseur*, whose only business it is, *à la broche* before a charcoal fire, not to mention other little attentions before and during the operation.

And this leads me to the consideration of the good points of English cooking—as it was—which may be thus briefly summed up: Excellent thick soups; the well-roasted joints of beef, mutton, and lamb aforesaid; specially well-dressed game on its own merits; very tasty little savouries, including 'toasts,' and a large *répertoire* of good 'sweets,' as our grandmothers called them, of which perhaps the nice plain puddings remain to this day as pre-eminently national. Of these *spécialités* our fine rich and sustaining turtle, hare, game (of sorts), mock-turtle, oxtail, &c., have provoked French sneers for many a long day. Gouffé describes them as being a meal in themselves, and much too substantial to come up to his standard of what a soup should be. And this is undoubtedly correct, except at certain times and places. Still, could we not cry Roland to his Oliver, and point to the delicious Parisian *bisque*, which is surely as deadly in its action on the appetite for the rest of a dinner as our sapid hare soup,

or thick turtle? Touching the cooking of vegetables, it is, to be sure, the fashion to cry down the old English school of cookery; nevertheless just judges are inclined to say that this is not fair. There are, of course, a number of *entremets de légumes*, some of which are still unknown, and some but recently acquired in England; but for the plain treatment of garden produce, especially the potato, a good English cook has always been able to hold her own with her French neighbour. The mere existence in the Parisian menu of *petits pois à l'anglaise* is a compliment to her skill. As to fish, if we except boiling (the least desirable of all methods), and perhaps broiling, we have always been rather weak. In frying, the English cook is only just learning to distinguish between work that should be done in the *friture* kettle, and work that should be done in the *sauté* pan. Stewing seems to have been confined to eels, of which our cooks have long been able to present a good dish. Fish *au gratin* they rarely attempted, while the cooking of one *à la broche* appears to have passed away since good Mr. Isaak Walton discoursed so pleasantly as to how a fish could be made 'a most excellent dish of meat' by this process. But where Mary-Jane invariably crumbled to pieces was in the concoction of a sauce to accompany it, even if her fish were otherwise well served. This incapacity claimed her for its own throughout the whole course of her business, and small blame to her, for came she not of a nation credited with the possession of 'fifty religions and one sauce'? Sauce-making seems to have been a special branch in the art of cooking which Gastræa reserved for Parisian artists to whom alone she revealed its mysteries.

On devient cuisinier,
On devient rôtiſſeur,
On naît ſaucier,

said some witty *gourmet*, aptly correcting Brillat-Savarin, who gave the palm to the *rôtiſſeur*. 'It is natural,' we read in *Food and Feeding*, 'that French *cuisine* should be essentially distinguished for its sauces, by which it adorns and transforms material in itself somewhat uninteresting and uninviting;' and if a student were asked to define the difference between the British and Gallic schools in a sentence concisely, he could hardly do better than quote this extract. Such preparations as we had might be counted on the fingers of one hand; among them bread sauce for game and poultry, oyster sauce ordained certainly to assist cod, and mint sauce for lamb, being given the first places. For the rest, the less said the better. I specially indict the far-famed lobster sauce, which for many a bygone year—did I hear that a sporadic case of it had occurred in 1892?—was highly esteemed as the proper accompaniment of boiled salmon! What gigantic Philistine was primarily answerable for thus attempting to pile *Ossa* on the summit of Pelion is not recorded, I believe, by

the Society of Antiquaries, but it is a matter of consolation to us to know that many just persons are now trying to forget that they ever admitted that this most luscious composition was possible with the king of rich fishes. It must have attained its acmé at the time when her Majesty's subjects rejoiced in gorgeous velvet-pile carpets portraying Brobdingnagian tulips and peonies, wore splendid ornaments, bracelets, earrings, and the like in pure gold, and marshalled their food in 'grand divisions' in massive silver 'services' on their 'festive boards;' when the voice of Maple had not been heard, Art pottery and glass had not been developed, and Liberty silks and floral decoration were in the womb of futurity.

Well, the moment it departed from its thoroughly 'good plain' vantage-ground, with a banquet in view, the tendency to make things as rich and creamy as possible was the prevailing error of the old English school, and the modern Anglo-French zealots, to judge from what we see, are, as I before pointed out, running in much the same groove, notwithstanding that their extravagance is introduced to us beneath the cloak of fine new Gallic phraseology. There is an unwholesome desire prevalent apparently to improve everything, heedless of any consideration whether the food in question might not be very much better left alone. If a *bonâ-fide* French artist happen thus to commit himself—and some of them certainly do in London—depend upon it it is because he thinks that it is only by so doing that he can propitiate *le goût anglais*. To this alone at least can be attributed the awful combinations too often placed before us, in which excellent things are so completely overpowered by their complicated surroundings that their presence in the medley can in no way be recognised. These are the rocks towards which the Anglo-French school of cooking is fast drifting. We do not want any very elaborate work—at present, at all events. We ought to be contented with a careful study of the scientific method of accomplishing each branch of the art of cooking, without attempting at the same time to learn a hundred different soups and sauces, half a dozen new 'smart *entrées*' a week, and an equal number of fancy dishes sweet and savoury. Little and good should be our guiding principle, and every care should be taken to avoid the charge of charlatanism. The English cook will require time to acquire the good characteristics of the French school that I have described, and to master the grammar of the art. A good clear soup as a guide to all of them, the fundamental sauces and their derivatives, and a few nice *entrées* and *entremets* should suffice, with the other instruction I have indicated, till she can begin to think out things for herself. Take a couple of very simple examples of our backwardness at the present time: look carefully at the glaze on *pièces de bœuf*, tongues, and other cold meats displayed in the provision departments at our various justly popular Stores, and note the untutored manner in

which it is applied, that there is too much of it, and that in some cases a terrible beetrooty red tint is being substituted for warm brown in the clumsy smearing. Observe also the shapelessness and lack of finish in the *croquettes* which they erroneously call *rissoles*, and compare them with those turned out by a good French cook whose skill in details we think we have acquired. These matters appertain to the A B C of the art of cooking, and till we know 'our alphabet, how on earth can we possibly talk and think in French?

Throughout these remarks I need hardly say that I have not for one moment contemplated the possibility of introducing what a French professor means by the term '*la haute cuisine*' to the English cook. To think of such a thing would be a mere waste of time; and people who cherish the hope that the highest attainment of the Gallic artist will presently come within the reach of Mary-Jane, and that, like him, she will soon become a composer of masterpieces, are cherishing a chimera. All that we can hope to do is to raise her from the level she has at present reached to that of a very sound well-taught *cook*. With this we must be contented, for we cannot hope to educate her beyond that standard. To climb to the topmost branches of the art requires not only the highest cultivation, but natural gifts and inspirations. If, as Sir Henry Thompson says, 'men of some education and natural taste take to it as a profession'—and I would venture to say educated women of taste too—working at the subject *pari passu* with their earlier teaching in other matters exactly as do those who decide on choosing a professional career in painting or in music—devoting all their energy to the study, spending money in securing the best tuition, and travelling to the acknowledged head-centres of the art—some may become masters, but only *some*. For let us acknowledge the fact, that as in the struggle for eminence in the higher arts, so in this, the competitor contends in a race out of which many fall back beaten, and that, after all, 'there are many cooks, but *chefs*—how few!'

A. KENNEY-HERBERT (*Wyvern*).

THE INNS OF COURT AS SCHOOLS OF LAW

THE four Inns of Court, as seats of legal learning, can be traced back to the thirteenth century. Lincoln's Inn takes its name from Henry de Lacy, Earl of Lincoln, who had his town mansion on the spot in the time of Edward the First. It was then called 'Old Friars House juxta Holborn,' Holborn being a small village, so called from 'Old Bourne' (corrupted by the cockneys into 'Holborn'), a tributary of the river Fleet, which joined the Thames at Blackfriars. Henry, Earl of Lincoln, died in 1310, and 'Old Friars House' was shortly after his death occupied by the lawyers. The earliest record of Lincoln's Inn is that known as 'Black Book,' being the register of the orders made by the society. It commences in the second year of Henry the Sixth. The first deed of conveyance direct to the Inn is dated 1580. It is in the form of an ordinary purchase deed, and discloses no trusts or purposes on its face.

The societies now known as the Middle and Inner Temples formerly constituted one society under one common name. They first settled in their quarters between the Strand and the Thames in 1315, renting their lands from the Earl of Lancaster, on whom had devolved the confiscated property of the Knights Templar—those military friars, half monks, half soldiers, whose wealth attracted the envy of popes and kings, and at length occasioned their overthrow. The separation of the two societies did not take place until the fourteenth century, by which time the number of their inmates had increased to such an extent as to make it necessary to build a second dining hall. In a royal charter of James the First the Temples are described as 'two of the four Colleges dedicated to the study of the law, the most famous in Europe;' and the charter directs in terms that their lands, the title to which is thereby confirmed, 'shall serve for the entertainment and education of students and professors of law for ever.' The effect of this instrument is to fasten on the Temples an express educational trust. In the case of the other Inns, the work of education is more in the nature of a moral duty.

Gray's Inn takes its name from Lord Gray de Wilton, and its site was formerly described as the Manor of Portepole. The oldest title

deed in possession of this Inn is dated in Henry the Seventh's reign; when the Grays sold the manor to one Hugh Dennys. On the extinction of the Dennys family it passed to the Crown, and thence to the prior and monks of Sheen, who enjoyed its profits till the dissolution of the monasteries, when it was seized by the King. For several previous generations the manor had been held and occupied by a legal fraternity known as Gray's, at a fee-farm, or perpetual rent. In 1733 this rent was redeemed, and the holding converted into a fee-simple.

Each of the Inns is, and has always been, governed by an independent executive, although of late years they have all bound themselves together by common rules and regulations, in respect of the admission and education of their students. They have never been incorporated, the bill to incorporate them, introduced by Lord Selborne in 1874, having failed to pass the House of Lords. Situated in what was formerly a suburb of the City of London, out of reach of its jostling crowd, they were well adapted for purposes of study and retirement. A line of palaces such as Essex House, Somerset House, the Savoy (once the residence of John of Gaunt), and Whitehall, connected them with the Royal Courts at Westminster. The Temples were the most happily placed of all. Their buildings reaching down close to the river, they were approached from the water even more readily than from the land. Spenser viewed them as

those bricky towers,

- The which on Themmes brode aged back doe ride ;
- Where now the studious lawyers have their bowers,
- There whilom went the Templar Knights to bide,
- Till they decayed through pride.

In the immediate neighbourhood of the Inns of Court there existed for several centuries subordinate seminaries of legal learning known as Inns of Chancery. At these the students of the Inns of Court began the elements of the law. The lesser Inn was not unfrequently the property of the greater. Thus Thavie's Inn, until 1769, and Furnival's Inn, until 1889, belonged to Lincoln's Inn; Clifford's Inn, Clement's Inn and Lyon's Inn were at one time appanages of the Inner Temple; New Inn of the Middle Temple; Barnard's Inn of Gray's Inn. Down to the middle of the sixteenth century both sets of Inns (Court and Chancery) were open to either branch of the profession, no distinction being made, so far as membership or education was concerned, between the student for the bar and the articulated clerk of the attorney. In 1557, or thereabouts, the Inns of Court, headed by the Temples, refused membership to all attorneys or students destined to be such, and relegated them to the Inns of Chancery, which from that time came to be regarded, however undeservedly, as of an inferior social order. Teachers continued to be sent from time to time by the Inns of

Court to the lesser Inns, but this practice ceased in the last century. The Inns of Chancery have now, for the most part, drifted away altogether from their original design, and have either become diverted to merely social purposes, or have been sold to the highest lay bidder.

The students in the Inns of Court led in early times a life of college discipline similar to that which now exists at Oxford, Cambridge, or Durham, but on stricter lines. They dined daily in a common hall. They had to attend chapel, and to be inside their Inn gates by an early hour at night, usually 6 P.M. They had to wear college trencher caps, as well as bombazine gowns. This sober costume, it is true, sometimes concealed a pink coat and leather continuations. James the First, who took a paternal interest in the Inner Temple, has left on record a remonstrance with its members for coming into hall in top-boots. 'Boots and spurs,' said His Majesty, 'are the badges rather of rovers than of civil men, who should use them only when they ride. Therefore, we have made example in our Court that no boots shall come into our presence.'

The Lecturers at the Inns during this period of their history were the most learned lawyers of the day. They were not, however, called lecturers, but 'Readers,' a phrase of monastic origin handed down from the time when the monks were 'read to' during their meals by way of enforcing silence. Lord Bacon's *Reading on the Statute of Uses*, and Mr. Callis's *Reading on Sewers* (both Bacon and Callis were Benchers of Gray's Inn) are still held in high repute amongst us, and still cited as authorities in our Courts. Logic was also lectured on, and, to a certain extent, Theology. The Roman Civil Law was not taught in the Inns, nor was the Canon Law. The introduction of the latter into England had, it will be remembered, been strongly resisted by the Parliament of Merton. Those who wished to study either had to repair to Oxford or Cambridge, where both were taught by the clergy.

Another important feature of education at the Inns was the system of debates (called 'Moots' or 'Bolts'), which took place in the halls and libraries. In these benchers and barristers took an active part, as well as the students. Sir Simonds D'Ewes, in his diary, gives an account of the 'mootings' performed by him when a student of the Middle Temple between 1625 and 1628:

I had twice mooted in law French before I was called to the bar, and several times after I was made an utter¹ barrister in our open hall. Thrice also before I was at the bar I argued the Reader's cases at the Inns of Chancery publicly, and six times afterwards. And then also, being an utter barrister, I had² twice our Middle Temple Reader's Case at the cup-board,³ and sat nine times in our hall at

¹ 'Utter' (or *outer*) barrister here means a full-fledged barrister, one licensed to practise; *inner* barrister means a student.

² 'Had,' i.e. 'handled.'

³ The board, or side table, on which stood the 'loving cup' and other festive drink.

the bench, and argued such cases in English as had before been argued by young gentlemen or utter barristers in law French bareheaded.

Besides having to attend the readings and the moots, the students were subject to periodic examinations. The Readers had the right of calling to the Bar those whom, after examination, they considered fit, and of rejecting the rest. The ceremony was a very simple one, the selected students being invited to cross a bar, or barrier, set up in the Inn library. This is the origin of the phrase 'call to the Bar.' The judges were not consulted in the matter. When, according to modern practice, a judge in Court invites a newly appointed Queen's Counsel to 'take his seat within the bar,' this is no 'call' in the true sense. It is simply a public recognition of the right of pre-audience conferred on the new 'silk' by the Royal patent.

How long the system of education thus rapidly sketched remained in force we do not know. It seems to have fallen into early decay, for we find Lord Bacon lamenting its insufficiency and suggesting the foundation of a university in London which should 'impart legal knowledge and fit men for public life.' Certain it is that by the end of the seventeenth century both lectures and classes had been discontinued, one cause of their suspension, strange as it sounds, being that the 'Readings' involved costly entertainments which the Readers had to provide at their own expense. In course of time, we are assured by Dugdale, it was considered to be quite as much the Reader's duty to feast the nobility and officers of State as to instruct an audience in the principles of law. In the reign of Queen Mary, according to the same writer, the Benchers of the Middle Temple resolved that no Reader should 'spend less than fifteen bucks in the hall,' and an old MS. account of the Readers' Feast informs us that

there be few, Summer Readers who in half the time that heretofore reading was wont to continue [the whole time was usually three weeks], spend so little as three score bucks besides red deer; some have spent four score, some a hundred.

The only vestige of education which remained after the Readings had been given up was the 'Exercises,' which each student was obliged to keep. These were, however, the merest form. 'A paper,' says Lord Brougham, recounting his own experience, 'was put into the hands of the student, containing a proposition of law, for instance, that a widow was in certain circumstances entitled to dower out of her husband's lands. The paper consisted of about eight lines and the student "kept his exercise" thus. He came before one of the Benchers and began to read it. As soon as he had uttered the words "I say that the widow shall have her dower," the Benchers bowed, the student retired, and the exercise was "kept." This description calls to mind the account given by Lord Chancellor Eldon of his examination for the degree of Bachelor of Arts at Oxford before

class lists were invented, and when 'ploughing' was unknown. He was, he tells us, examined in Hebrew and History. "What is the Hebrew for the place of a skull?" I replied, "Golgotha." "Who founded University College?" I stated (though by the way the point is somewhat doubtful) that King Alfred founded it. "Very well, sir," said the examiner, "you are competent for your degree."

A state of apathy such as has just been depicted was not favourable to the cause of jurisprudence, or conducive to the dignity of the profession. Procedure became gradually overlaid with technicalities. Special pleading, an excellent invention as originally conceived, degenerated into hair splitting, and cost many an honest litigant his cause. Principles were lost sight of in the search for precedents. Judges and counsel alike narrowed in their ideas, ignorant, as they were in nine cases out of ten, of any legal system but their own.

The attorneys and solicitors (it is not worth while to stop to distinguish between the two) were, during the same period, in no better plight than the Bar. Their exclusion from the Inns of Court, coupled with the decadence of the Inns of Chancery, left them an unorganised body with small facilities for procuring solid and nutritious legal diet. The articled clerk was mostly occupied during the spare hours of his five years' apprenticeship in mastering the numerous forms of writs, and in studying technical maxims, with about as useful a result as when a precocious lad studies a modern science primer. At the end of his time there was no test of his competency, and there was no protection for the public against a dishonest practitioner. In 1825, a few leading solicitors in London, notably a Mr. Bryan Holme, resolved to remedy both these mischiefs. They set on foot a society of which the object was not only to keep the profession pure, but also to educate it by the establishment of courses of lectures on law and the formation of a legal library. In 1828, they secured a convenient site by purchasing four or five houses in Chancery Lane and Bell Yard, which they pulled down, erecting in their place a commodious building which they named 'The Law Institution.' In 1832 a Royal Charter entrusted to a council selected from amongst them the superintendence of the legal education of the entire body of articled clerks, subject to rules to be made by the judges. This is, in a few words, the origin of the Incorporated Law Society. In 1836, the judges ruled that no attorney or solicitor should be admitted to practice who had not passed a satisfactory public examination. Seven years later (1843) this ruling was embodied in an Act of Parliament.

While these important changes were going forward in what is often conventionally styled by the solicitors themselves 'the lower branch of the profession,' a stir was also made in the higher branch. In 1833 (the year after the grant of the first Charter of the Incorporated Law Society) an effort was made by the Inns of Court to revive education for the Bar. Three of the Inns reappointed

Readers : the Middle Temple a Reader in Jurisprudence and Roman Law, the Inner Temple a Reader in Real Property, and Gray's Inn a Reader in Common Law. But there was as yet no concert between the Inns, and no student of any of them could attend the lectures delivered at any other, however much he might wish to do so. A system so one-sided and inadequate at length attracted the attention of Parliament. In 1846, a Select Committee of the House of Commons sat to enquire into the whole subject. As a result of their Report the four Inns resolved to appoint a Standing Council consisting of eight Benchers (two to be named by each Inn) which should by analogy to the Council of the Incorporated Law Society settle a scheme of lectures and classes open to the members of all the Inns on payment of a small uniform fee. This is the origin of the Council of Legal Education, the first meeting of which was held on the 8th of May 1852, Sir Richard Bethell (Lord Westbury) being its first chairman.

Five Readerships were set on foot, namely, the three already mentioned, with the addition of one in Equity, one in Constitutional Law and Legal History, and later on, in 1869, one in Hindu and Mohammedan Law. The Readership in Jurisprudence and Roman Law was held for many years by the late Sir Henry Maine, and those who heard him discourse in the Middle Temple Hall on the evolution of legal ideas and the progress of mankind from Status to Contract, will not easily forget the intellectual pleasure he gave them or the enthusiasm for further investigation which he aroused in their minds.

When this greatly improved system had got into working trim, the Benchers of the Inns fondly hoped that they would be suffered to rest in peace. But in this they were disappointed, for the end was not yet. It was pointed out as a strange anomaly that there was a compulsory examination (both preliminary and final) for the articled clerk, but none at all for the future barrister. In 1855 a Royal Commission, composed of the brightest legal luminaries of the time, recommended that there should be a preliminary examination in English History and Latin before admission to an Inn of Court, and another in general legal knowledge before call to the Bar. The preliminary examination was at once adopted by the Inns and made a *sine quâ non*; the final examination they declined to adopt, and that examination was not made compulsory until several years afterwards. The Benchers preferred at that time to leave it open to the Bar student to choose between three separate routes : (a) the examination if he felt equal to facing it; (b) attendance during one year at the lectures of two at least of the Readers; (c) attendance for a like period in the chambers of some practising barrister, special pleader, conveyancer, or equity draftsman. This last alternative in many cases resolved itself into paying to some barrister, who was willing to take pupils, the customary fee of a hundred guineas. The formal certificate of attendance was generally forthcoming, notwith-

standing that the so-called 'pupil's' visits might have been, like those of the angels, few and far between; for, as one of our shrewdest advocates remarked when this tender point of conscience was referred to him as *bâtonnier* of the Chancery Bar, 'Why assume that the young absentee is not spending his time in studying law elsewhere; and what right have you to question him as to how he spends it when he is beyond your jurisdiction?' Besides, the rule, in the strictest interpretation of it, only required, after all, that the pupil should sit for so many days on the bank of the stream of legal lore that was making his 'master's' fortune; it did not, and could not, require that he should be made to drink of its dark and troublous waters.

The history of the important movement in favour of a general school of law which 'fluttered the dovescotes' of the Inns of Court for about fourteen years, must be reserved for the second part of this article. Suffice it to say here, that it was the direct cause of considerable educational changes. In the first place, all the Inns agreed that the examination for call to the Bar should, as recommended by the Commission of 1855, be forthwith made compulsory, no amount of attendance at lectures or in Chambers being accepted as an equivalent. In the next place, each of the four Inns started, rather inadvisedly as it seems to the present writer, separate systems of education for their own students. In the third place, the Council of Legal Education was enlarged from eight to twenty Benchers, from amongst whom was selected a small permanent committee, styled the 'Committee of Education and Examination.' Further changes were made in the joint teaching staff of the Inns. In lieu of the six 'Readers' five 'Professors' were appointed. One of these, the Professor of Jurisprudence, was three gentlemen rolled into one. If he had been a professor of conjuring more could not have been expected of him. His lectures were to embrace (a) International Law (public and private); (b) Roman Civil Law; (c) Constitutional Law and Legal History; each a host in itself.⁴ The private classes for personal instruction might be conducted by the professors, or, if the professors preferred it, by 'tutors,' independently of the professors. Roman Law, Common Law, Equity, and Real Property were made compulsory subjects for the pass examination. Jurisprudence, Constitutional Law, and Legal History were made optional—pleasant *hors d'œuvre* in the bill of educational fare, to be partaken of or not at pleasure.

In 1875, the salaries of four out of the five professors were raised to 1,000 guineas a year; at the same time the 'tutors' were done away, and with them the private classes, for, although the professors

⁴ Of course, the task proved impossible. This Professorship was after a short time distributed, like the Consulate at Rome, between two persons, both men of the first rank, Mr. Frederic Harrison and Mr. James Bryce. But the 'onenesship' of the office was grimly preserved by giving to each only half its salary.

were at liberty to hold them, they did not care to do so merely to earn small capitation fees.

This was the state of affairs at the beginning of last year, when the spirit of reform again awoke, and this time from within the Inns themselves. Amongst those who were now the active movers may be mentioned Lord Justice Lindley and Mr. Justice Mathew, a fact which furnishes another illustration of the saying, that the busiest men have most leisure. When I have specified the main changes which they and their colleagues brought about, I shall have brought the foregoing survey 'down to date.' They were shortly as follows. For the 'Committee of Education and Examination,' established in 1872, there was substituted a 'Board of Studies,' composed partly of members of the Council of Legal Education and partly of members of the teaching staff. The subjects of instruction were rearranged, and instead of four Professors there were appointed six Readers at the modest salaries of 500*l.* a year apiece. Their respective departments were parcelled out thus : (1) Constitutional Law (English and Colonial) and Legal History ; (2) Roman Law and Jurisprudence and International Law (public and private) ; (3) the Law of Real and Personal Property and Conveyancing ; (4) Common Law, including all matters specially assigned to the Queen's Bench Division ; (5) the Principles of Equity as administered in the Chancery Division ; (6) Procedure (civil and criminal) and the Law of Evidence. To each of the Readers in the five first-named subjects was given an Assistant, at a salary of 350*l.* a year, to conduct the elementary classes. The sixth Reader had no assistant. To these Readers have since been added, but by way of experiment only, (7) a Reader in Roman-Dutch Law for the benefit of students intending to practise in our South African and other Colonies originally ceded by Holland, and (8) a Reader in Hindu and Mohammedan Law, the Reader in that subject appointed in 1869 having not been reappointed since 1874, for want of a sufficient attendance. The course of instruction of each of the Readers is arranged to last for two years, of which the first year is to be devoted to elementary, and the second to advanced work.

The examinations are conducted after this fashion. A General Board of Examiners has been constituted, which consists of all the Readers and four other examiners, and from this Board one Reader and two examiners are selected to examine in each subject, no Reader being allowed to examine the papers of his own pupils unless requested by the other examiners to do so. An examination in Roman Law (which may be undergone after the fourth term) and an examination in certain portions of English Law and Equity (which may be undergone at any time after the ninth term) are obligatory for call ; but the Council may accept, as an equivalent for the examination in Roman Law, a certificate that the student has passed a satisfactory examination in that subject at some university within the British domi-

nions, whether such examination shall, or shall not, have been followed by a degree.

The prizes which the Council of Legal Education has power to award as distinguished from those which are awarded by the Inns separately are these: (a) A 'Studentship' of a hundred guineas a year, tenable for three years, is awarded every half year to the student who has passed the best general examination, that is to say, has gained the most marks on the whole. (b) A special prize of fifty guineas is awarded every half-year for the best examination in Constitutional Law and Legal History. (c) A 'Scholarship,' known as the Barstow Law Scholarship, worth about sixty pounds a year, tenable for two years, is awarded once a year to the student who, 'on obtaining a certificate for his call to the Bar, has passed the best examination in Jurisprudence, including International Law (public and private), and in Constitutional Law, and Legal History.' The Council is not, however, bound to award any of these prizes if the work done does not come up to the required standard. On the other hand, it may award any number of Certificates of Honour, these having no money value. At the last Honour Examination conducted by the Council there were eleven candidates. One studentship was awarded, and only one Certificate of Honour.

In addition to the prizes awarded by the Council, three of the Inns award special prizes to their own students. Lincoln's Inn and the Middle Temple each gives twice a year a prize of 50*l.* to the students of those respective Inns who obtain either a 'Studentship' or a Certificate of Honour from the Council of Legal Education. The Middle Temple gives, in addition, a prize of ten guineas once a year to the student of that Inn who is certified by the Council to have surpassed all the other Middle Temple candidates in the examination in Criminal Law.

At the Inner Temple no separate prizes are given, but the matter is, it is believed, under consideration of the Masters of that Bench.

Gray's Inn gives no less than five scholarships and one special prize. The examination for two of the scholarships (called 'The Bacon' and 'The Holt') are in 'The History of England, Political and Constitutional.' They are worth 45*l.* and 40*l.* a year respectively, and are tenable for two years. The other three scholarships (called the 'Arden') are awarded to students of the Inn who obtain a Studentship or Certificate of Honour from the Council of Legal Education, and also 'pass such other examination (if any) as the trustees may require.' The Arden scholarships are worth 60*l.* a year each, are tenable for three years, and one is awarded every year. Gray's Inn also awards once a year a prize of 25*l.* (known as the 'Lee Prize') to the student of that Inn who writes the best essay (provided it be of sufficient merit) on some subject of Roman or English law, the title of which is announced twelve months beforehand.

II

Such is the story of the Inns of Court, such the educational work they are doing. It is well that it should be known by the outside public, because the Inns have found themselves in the near past, and will again find themselves in the near future, face to face with movements originated beyond their walls which, if altogether ignored, may seriously shake their stability and even bring about their destruction. There have been two such movements in our own time. The first was that for establishing a General School of Law, the second that for establishing a Teaching University for London. It is necessary to understand both these if we would rightly appreciate the present position.

The movement in favour of a general school of law originated with the late Mr. W. A. Jevons, a solicitor of Liverpool. In September 1868, Mr. Jevons read a paper of great ability before the Conference of Provincial Law Societies, then sitting at Leeds, which attracted a large amount of attention. His proposal was that there should be established a Central Law University, to be supported mainly out of the revenues of the Inns of Court, and such of the Inns of Chancery as were then subsisting. This university was to confer degrees, and these degrees were to be the only test of legal standing, apart from official precedence, and were to carry with them advantages proportionate to their several grades : (1) the right to practise as an attorney ; (2) the right to practise as a barrister ; (3) qualification for judicial office. Mr. Jevons's idea of reviving a common scheme of legal education for both branches of the profession was so well received at the Conference that a committee was formed, to put it into shape, and an interview sought with Lord Selborne (then Sir Roundell Palmer), who proved himself a warm sympathiser. An Association was formed in 1870, called the 'Legal Education Association,' and Sir Roundell Palmer accepted the presidency of it. By his advice the term 'legal university' was dropped, the notion of conferring degrees was abandoned, and the labours of the Association were confined to promoting the establishment of a general school of law. The Incorporated Law Society, the Metropolitan and Provincial Law Society, and several other legal fraternities located in the busy centres of commerce, were favourable to the proposal. The Inns of Court, after some wavering on the part of the Middle Temple and Gray's Inn, resolved to oppose it, mainly on the ground that it placed the education of the two branches of the profession under the same management.

In 1872, Sir R. Palmer, as President of the Association, placed on the notice paper of the House of Commons the following resolutions :—

1. That it is desirable that a great School of Law should be established in the Metropolis by public authority, for the instruction of students intending to prac-

tise in any branch of the legal profession, and of all other subjects of Her Majesty who may desire to resort thereto.

2. That it is desirable on the establishment of such a school to provide for examinations, to be held by examiners impartially chosen, and to require certificates of the passing of such examinations as may respectively be deemed proper for the several branches of the legal profession, as necessary qualifications for admission to practise in those branches.

These resolutions were debated in a House of 219 members, and although they received no support from the Government of the day, were only rejected by a majority of thirteen. Mr. Gladstone, who was then in his first administration, stated that although he and his colleagues could not at that moment affirm the resolutions, they must not be taken as opposed to them. But the time of the House was fully mortgaged, and he could hold out no hope of the Ministry taking the matter up and putting it into shape. 'There was,' he added, 'one man in the House more competent than the Government to do this, and that was the mover of the resolutions, the honourable member for Richmond himself.'

Later in the same year, the 'honourable member for Richmond' was raised to the woolsack, on the resignation of Lord Hatherley, and he shortly afterwards acted on Mr. Gladstone's hint, and embodied his resolutions in a 'Bill to establish a General School of Law,' which he introduced (as Lord Selborne) into the House of Lords. This Bill was vigorously opposed by the Inns of Court, who petitioned Parliament against it. It was read a second time on the 17th of April 1877, at the same time as another bill, also prepared by Lord Selborne, for incorporating the Inns of Court and regulating their disciplinary power over the Bar. Both the Lord Chancellor (Lord Cairns) and the ex-Lord Chancellor (Lord Selborne) expressed on this occasion their respective views as to the legal character of the Inns in words which are worth recalling. Lord Cairns considered that they were private bodies, in respect that they regulated their own government, admitted their own members, and possessed their own property. But he was equally free from doubt that they had important public trusts and duties to perform. The first of these was to educate those who desired to be called to the Bar; the second to admit students to the Bar after sufficient examination had; the third to enforce professional discipline on those who had been already called. Lord Selborne, on the other hand, was of opinion that the Inns had no property which could be treated as private. In proof of this he referred to the Charter of King James, mentioned in Part I. of this article, as conclusive as regards the two Temples, and he contended that, although in the case of the two other Inns there was no proof of express trust, yet three were all so alike in other respects that a trust must be taken to be implied.

The School of Law Bill was considered in Committee in May 1877

and 'reported' in the following June, but was not further proceeded with by its author, owing to the second reading of yet a third Bill, introduced by Lord Cairns and entitled 'The Bar Education and Discipline Bill,' which was, however, in its turn, withdrawn in the course of the same year.

It very seldom happens that a scheme which has lain in abeyance for a very considerable length of time is revived in its old form; it may be, therefore, assumed that the movement for establishing a general school of law, as a wholly independent institution, will not again come before the public. But the spirit which animated it is not dead, nay, it survives in as full force as ever. It has only 'gone under' in order to reappear in the second and more comprehensive movement to which I have already adverted, (namely, that for a Teaching University for London. It would not fall within the limits of these pages to examine in any detail the combination of circumstances by which this movement has reached its present advanced stage. Suffice it to say that it had been long felt that so great and populous a city as London ought to possess an institution, or group of allied institutions, in which instruction in the larger fields of thought and activity should be accessible to all who might choose to avail themselves of it. The University of London is, as is well known, an examining body only. It has no direct connection with any teaching establishment, for, although both King's College and University College are formally affiliated to it, this affiliation became only a name when, in 1858, the new Charter of the University threw open its examinations to the whole world, and attendance at a teaching institution ceased to be insisted on as a condition necessary for a degree in any of the faculties, medicine only excepted. The Association for promoting a University for London which should be fully equipped with a professorial staff, was formed in May 1884, one of its many objects being to bring about an alliance between the University, in respect of its faculty of law, and the Council of Legal Education, as representing the Inns of Court. In 1886, this last idea was so admirably worked out in a letter addressed by the Executive Committee of the Association to the last-named Council, that a portion of it is worth transcribing.

The Committee ventures to think that the work hitherto done for legal education by the Inns of Court, useful and fruitful as it has already been, is capable of an extension leading to still more important results. The lectures established by the Inns of Court for the benefit of their students, have done much in the way of direct instruction, and as much perhaps indirectly in the way of raising the general standard of legal study and teaching. Brought into connection with a more comprehensive system, the instruction carried on under your direction would command a wider range of hearers; it would assist in removing the ignorance that still prevails among the lay public as to the nature and functions of the Inns of Court, and it would tend to maintain the just weight and reputation in the country of those ancient and honourable Societies. To the proposed University it would be

of inestimable value that those Societies, already showing a long and illustrious collegiate history, should be intimately associated with its faculty of law, and bear therein the prevailing authority which would be their due.

It is hardly necessary to say that no suggestion is made, or would be entertained by the Committee, to the effect of interfering in any manner whatever with the existing powers and functions of the Inns of Court as regards the right of Call to the Bar, or any other matter appertaining to the professional character of these honourable Societies, or the authority which they exercise over their members and the profession generally. By taking through the Council of Legal Education a leading part in constituting the faculty of law in the proposed University, the Inns of Court would in no way prejudice their perfect independence and ancient rights in all things affecting the Bar as a profession.

Nothing could be more courteous, conciliatory, or appropriate than the form of this address. It was as courteously acknowledged on behalf of the Inns of Court—and there the matter ended. The Inns had appointed five professors, four of them had been provided with very handsome salaries, and what more could possibly be required? Why not let well alone? Such was the feeling of the Benchers; so they and the Association parted and each went their several ways. The Inns, as already stated, greatly improved their educational system. The Association prosecuted its campaign with vigour and is now almost in sight of victory. Those who are familiar with the Report of the Royal Commission of 1888, of which Earl Selborne was chairman (than whom no man more fit for the post could have been found in all England); with the proceedings before the Privy Council in the summer of last year, when the Draft Charter of the new University was discussed, and the Inns of Court were conspicuous by their absence; with the subsequent action of Gresham College; with the discussions in the Press and in Parliament last spring; and with the work of the 'Gresham University Commission,' which resumed its sittings in the middle of last October,—cannot doubt that some such University will be called into existence at no distant date, either by the grant of a supplementary charter to the University of London conferring on it teaching powers, or by the grant of an original charter on the lines of that applied for by King's College and University College, London.

What will be the attitude of the Benchers of the Inns of Court in, say, 1893, when they are asked to make a further effort on behalf of the cause of legal education? I cannot think that it will be an attitude of obstruction, or even, as before, of passive resistance. Sundry internal changes have taken place during the last six years which afford some ground for believing that such an appeal, when again made, will be very differently received. With a view of showing why this should be so, let me, as a loyal member of the Council of Legal Education, only anxious, like my colleagues, that we should do our best, first point out one or two defects in our existing teaching system, and then offer some suggestions, as to how they may be remedied without impairing in the slightest the ancient privileges of the Inns

or even wounding the susceptibilities of the most sensitive member of their governing bodies.

A. There are two ways in which Law may be regarded; two ways in which it may be studied. It may be studied as a science, founded on the same principles as the other sciences, as, in short, a philosophy of right and wrong applied to the practical phenomena of life. Law, in this aspect, is synonymous with Jurisprudence. It is not a purely empirical system, still less a mere set of rules evolved from the investigation of a vast number of decided cases. It is not concerned with one country only; it demands an acquaintance with the legal systems of many countries. Law, in a word, in this aspect of it, is not professional, nor, it must be confessed, is it often lucrative; it is scientific, unprofessional, and pursued for its own sake rather than for any remuneration it may bring.

B. Law, in its second aspect, is not so much a science as an art. It is a path to official distinction and one of the most honourable means of livelihood. It is pursued, like most other professions, not for love, but for gain.

C. There are several departments of legal learning, the knowledge of which is part of a liberal education, and of which few cultivated men care to be wholly ignorant. Such are Constitutional Law (so far, at least, as regards the relation between States in times of peace or war), the principles of legislation, &c., &c.

D. There are other departments of legal learning which are the peculiar monopoly of the practising lawyer and with which no one but he need at all concern himself. To these belong the mass of our Acts of Parliament, and the decisions and dicta of our judges which are to be found embedded in upwards of 100,000 cases and scattered through some 2,000 volumes of Reports.

With the Law denoted by A and C, experts of the professorial type are best fitted to deal, while that denoted by B and D is best expounded by the professional lawyer who is in close touch with the current decisions of the Courts.⁵ The Council of Legal Education is at present made up of judges and practising barristers, to the exclusion of all outsiders. The Board of Studies is composed of the same material, and actually consists of two judges, six Queen's Counsel, and three of the six Readers. It is obvious that neither such a Council nor such a Board, however eminent its members may be, is competent to undertake the superintendence of instruction in departments of learning with which the daily avocations of these members have little or nothing in common. What is wanted is the infusion of fresh

⁵ This distinction between the professional and non-professional departments of law is so clearly recognised in the city of Baltimore, U.S., that the two are there studied in separate institutions—the former at the University of Maryland, which confers on its *alumni* the degree of Bachelor of Laws; the latter at the Johns Hopkins University, which confers on its *alumni* the doctorate of Philosophy. The faculty of law in the new teaching university should embrace both departments.

blood, and I maintain that there should be no limitation of the source from which the fresh blood is taken.

In the Report of the Select Committee of 1846, referred to in a previous page, there occurs the following passage :—

We are deficient in a most important class—the legists and jurists of the Continent, men who, unembarrassed by the small practical interests of the profession, are enabled to apply themselves to law as a science, and to claim by their writings and decisions the reverence of their profession, not in one country only, but in all where such laws are administered.

Can it be maintained that the standard of the legal teaching of the Inns of Court, even after all that has since been done to improve it, has been so raised as to supply this deficiency? Again, the same Report says truly that

a proper system of legal education should meet the wants, not only of the professional, but also of the unprofessional student.

The Inns of Court, through the Council of Legal Education, are making excellent provision for the former ; what, it may well be asked, are they doing to assist the latter ?

Consider the matter from another point of view. A large and increasing number of Indian and Colonial students is admitted yearly to our Inns of Court. The proportion of those attending the lectures on the strictly professional subjects is about one-third of the whole attendance ; in Constitutional and Roman Law it is somewhat higher. Now, these outsiders do not require to be initiated into the mysteries of our Real Property Law, or the details of our civil and criminal procedure. What they do want, is the best exposition of the general principles of Jurisprudence that they can get anywhere, and so much only of English law as is common to their country and ours. If they are minded, as they often are, to enter the lists against our English students and to compete for the prizes at the Inns in the hope of carrying back with them some mark of distinction in the shape of a 'Studentship' or Certificate of Honour, they have to go through the whole of the curriculum in order to achieve their object. The Oriental's power of deglutition is, it must be confessed, enormous, but whether when he returns home he finds he has digested all that he has taken in is open to grave doubt. Would it not be better that he should receive the decoration of a university diploma, or a place in a university class-list, rather than that he should carry away with him many prizes designed for British consumption only—prizes, too, so large as to be of material assistance to many a British student who manages to secure them ?

Again, we have seen that the Inns of Court, some twenty years ago, resolved to oppose the movement for a school of law on the ground that it proposed to place the education of the two branches of the profession under one management. The objection was at best a

merely sentimental one, and was contrary to the precedent of the olden time. Now that the Consolidated Regulations of January 1880 allow a solicitor of five years' standing to be called to the Bar without delay, provided he (1) gives formal notice of his intention to change his line of business; (2) produces a certificate of character signed in a prescribed manner; and (3) passes the examination for Call, the objection would be an anachronism. The lectures at the Law Institution have been so little of a success in recent years that they were abandoned last month, and a new system of instruction substituted for them. This new system is certainly remarkable. It consists in the appointment of tutors in all the practical branches of law, who are to issue periodical letters to both London and country students containing suggestions for their course of reading, with hints as to the points to be noted and general advice, accompanied also by questions, the answers to which are to be written down from memory and returned to the tutors for correction and comment. In addition, each student is to have the opportunity of consulting, at stated times personally, or at any time by letter, on such matters as present difficulties to him. Besides the 'tuition by correspondence,' the tutors are to hold classes and to examine those who attend them.

This scheme, which is apparently modelled on that of 'University Correspondence College,' whose London office is in Booksellers' Row, shows a just appreciation of one of the law student's needs, viz. that of detailed personal instruction, but I cannot think that, taken alone, it is at all satisfactory. Unless there is some mysterious influence at work which insulates the purlieu of Chancery Lane from the rest of the educational world, there must still be many learners for whom the old method of instruction would be at least equally beneficial. Why should not they, too, get what they want? Here, then, is an opportunity for the Inns of Court to step in. Let them throw open the doors of their lecture-rooms to all articled clerks, and thus revive the days when they sent 'Readers' of their own to teach in the Inns of Chancery. The bogie 'fusion' will, of course, be trotted out. But it is ridiculous to suggest that there can be any real risk of 'fusion,' even assuming it to be an evil, because two sets of learners meet on common ground for educational purposes. In Scotland, writers to the signet and solicitors are required to attend the same lectures and classes, yet no fusion has taken place, and no mischief whatever has arisen from the practice.

But the argument cannot be allowed to rest here. If the Council of Legal Education is expanded in the way here suggested and is converted into a faculty of law attached to a teaching university, its teaching must not be confined to members of the legal profession. It must be open to any member of the public who cares to avail himself of it. That this is so as regards what I have described as

scientific law is obvious, and it is equally true of practical or professional law. How many young men engaged in commerce would be glad to learn more about bills of exchange and bills of lading than they can pick up by attending in a merchant's office, or by poring over a dry legal text book? How many tenants for life and other limited owners of land would like to master, under intelligent guidance, the leading provisions of the Settled Land Acts with a view of ascertaining the extent of their powers over their own estates? How many directors of joint stock companies would willingly have their eyes opened as to the responsibilities of their office instead of having to undertake them blindfold, as they now frequently do to their cost? A score of other illustrations might be given. Who could impart this knowledge to the layman better than the teachers of the Inns of Court, with whom it is the very breath of their nostrils? A little knowledge is a dangerous thing—yes, to a fool or a madman, but a little knowledge of law is a necessity to a man of business and common sense.

One or two words more to guard against misconception. The establishment of a Faculty of Law will not, as did Mr. Jevons's scheme, in any way interfere with the exclusive right of the Inns of Court to determine, for themselves and by themselves, who shall, or shall not, be called to the Bar. Neither will it affect in any way their disciplinary authority over their members after they have been so called. All this will be left precisely as before. Further, there need be no duplication of examinations. The Medical Act 1886 (49 and 50 Victoria, c. 48) provides that an examination in medicine or surgery, held for the purpose of granting a diploma conferring the right of registration under the Medical Act (and therefore the right to practise) by any University in the United Kingdom, shall be a qualifying examination within the meaning of those Acts. It further provides that 'any combination of any such university as aforesaid with any other such university or universities shall have the same effect.' With this precedent before them, there is no reason why the Inns of Court should not accept diplomas granted by the 'Teaching University' in any subject whatever, or by Universities such as those of Oxford or Cambridge, in part satisfaction of their own special requirements.

To sum up what has been here urged, I submit, in conclusion, for the consideration of the Managers of the Inns of Court as well as of the lay reader, the following general propositions:—

(1) That it is expedient that a Teaching University in and for London should be established, having, amongst other Faculties, a Faculty of Law, and that such Faculty should be formed and endowed by the four Inns of Court.

(2) That the teaching in this Faculty of Law should, subject to the general, but presumably formal, superintendence of the Senate of the University on which all the faculties would be

represented, be under the management of a Board of Studies elected by the four Inns of Court, with the addition of experts (not necessarily members of any Inn) in those branches of Jurisprudence which are of a non-professional character, and are of interest to laymen as well as to lawyers.

(3) That lectures and classes, open to all comers, should be set on foot by such Board of Studies, and should embrace both the scientific and the practical departments of Law.

(4) That the Faculty of Law in the Teaching University should be empowered to enter into arrangements with any other University for holding, in conjunction with such other University, examinations in any department of Law whatever, so as not to put the student to the inconvenience of having to undergo more than one examination in the same subject.

(5) That the existing distinction between a University degree in Law and a license to practise should be maintained, the Teaching University having authority to confer an academical legal degree, and the power of granting a license to practice, either as barrister or solicitor, remaining, as at present, with the Inns of Court and the Incorporated Law Society respectively.

If the Inns of Court can be induced to accept the foregoing programme they will, I am satisfied, reap a threefold benefit. They will at once be relieved from all imputation of apathy and exclusiveness. They will be brought into line with the other higher educational institutions, which have of late been advancing by leaps and bounds within the metropolitan area; and they will add fresh dignity to their ancient Houses by enlarging their spheres of influence and usefulness.

MONTAGUE CRACKANTHORPE.

A PICTURE OF THE PAST

WHEN locomotion was difficult and costly, and the roads were both bad and unsafe; when society was still suffering from past convulsions, and the arm of the law was as short as it was weak; when the smuggler and the footpad snapped their fingers at royal proclamations, and the genteel ruffian pinked his man and dared the gallows at the end of the crooked lane, women of necessity lived at home. She who wandered far afield was a marvel of courage and audacity, such as is now the adventurous lady who traverses Darkest Africa at the head of a caravan; or she who crosses the mountains of Persia in mid-winter, braving frost and fatigue, hunger, outrage, and robbery; or she who cruises about the islands of the Pacific, making friends of the man-eating savages, who yet are no respecters of persons. Indeed, a long journey in England, a hundred or a hundred and fifty years ago, was a service of so much peril and fatigue that only those who were obliged were bold enough to venture—piously making their wills and commending themselves to the care of God before setting out from York or Carlisle to London, or the still more perilous wildernesses of the South-West. Men of desperate fortunes 'took to the road' as the surest way they knew to fill their purses; and 'stand and deliver!' from the mouth of a masked highwayman, with the shining barrel of a horse-pistol thrust through the coach-window by way of emphasis, was what was only expected by those who adventured their property and lives in travel. Naturally, then, the voyaging woman was a rare phenomenon, and the sex in general had to be content with such enjoyments as the restricted sphere of home could be made to yield.

In those bygone days women not only kept closer to home than they do now, but they also kept more in the house, spent fewer hours out of doors, and were entirely without those athletic games which modern habits deem necessary for feminine health and development. For their place of daily exercise they had the high-walled garden, where aromatic herbs and spiked lavender, clove pinks and gillyflowers, white lilies and damask roses bordered the spaces given up to berry-bushes and vegetables. To the side was the orchard, where walnut-trees and sweet chestnuts, filberts and cobnuts, were

mixed in with the cherry-trees and the apple-trees, the quinces, the pears, and the medlars, which gave to the household the winter supplies of fruit represented now by tinned peaches and preserved pine-apples.

As they wandered about the trim walks and down the grassy paths which divided the garden into four equal parts, crowned by a spreading mulberry-tree in the midst, these home-staying women knew as much pleasure in their own quieter and more stately way as perhaps their restless, rollicking descendants can command. Their interests were here, and here was their future occupation. The pink flush of apple-blossom presaged a good cider-year, or the reverse. The yield of berries, the clusters of scarlet currants, bespoke the amount of wine that would be made. Large purple plums ripening against the wall might give pies and puddings now, but, as with the smaller damsons, the bulk had to find their final cause in the preserving-pan. The sweet-water grapes growing on a sunny stretch of wall would be cut and strung on strings in the apple-loft, where the Catherine pears and Ribston pippins, the golden russets and the sweet pearmain, would be so carefully housed and sedulously watched. Statues of nymphs and 'heathen goddesses so fair' adorned the shady walks. Grottoes and arbours were found in unexpected places; and a Triton was sure to blow his conch-shell at the margin of a stagnant pool, which should have been a fountain.

Miss and Madam paced up and down these walks and paths, in summer shielding their eyes from the sun with their open fans, in winter clad in cloth pelisses or short, fur tippets; and their sober wishes never learned to stray beyond the close-set limits which were all that the times allowed. If they did leave these safe precincts for a walk to the village, or through the flowery meadows and along the riverside, some discreet Abigail accompanied them; and, maybe, some trusty serving-man protected both mistress and maid. As still in France and Italy, our ancestresses did not go about alone. At the worst, they had a companion of their own sex; at the best, one of the other sex, to guard them from bulls, dogs, gipsies, and, maybe, pretty gentlemen not over-scrupulous as to the law touching abduction.

While young and unmarried a girl's courtship was of the soberest kind. She and her Abigail might light on Master William sitting on a stile on the off-chance of her passing, disconsolate if doubtful of the issue, jubilant if he thought his suit was prospering with the parents, without whose consent no honest lover could hope to win his way. If the two did thus meet, Master William would be sure to pay his fair *innamorata* some fine compliment, beginning his speech with 'Madam,' and accompanying it with a profound bow. To which she would reply by a deep courtesy and a pretty little half-coquettish

assumption of personal obligation, while making the supremacy of her sex distinctly felt. This meeting would be enough delight for a few days, the pace being slower than it is now, and time not so crowded with events. And, human nature being a constant quantity, Abigail would in all probability diligently search the hedges for gooseberries in April, the while young Madam and her swain exchanged those formal courtesies to which bright eyes and young blood gave as much piquancy and meaning as belong to bolder words and more passionate demonstration. All this went in the approved way, provided that Master William had the wherewithal for settlements. For then, just as now, the girl's wishes counted for very little against the guineas of her suitors. Between Master William, handsome, gallant, and slenderly endowed, and Tony Lumpkin, drunken, loutish, and well-plenished, no mother would hesitate. Master William's personal claims to favour would weigh like so many feathers as against the other's more solid pleadings, and Tony Lumpkin's gold would cause all the graces, if impecunious, to kick the beam.

This was when the courting was honourable ; but woe unspeakable befell the weak, fond wench who listened to some unprincipled Lovelace, and was by him induced to stoop to folly. Cut off from her family, she was discarded as one leprous and infectious. Her name was never spoken ; her mother's heart was steeled against her ; her father's curse lay heavy on her head ; her sisters were taught to forget her, and to shudder when they remembered her ; her gallant's life was not worth an hour's purchase if her brothers could cross swords with him in the street, or meet him, flushed and roystering, at the tavern-door. She had exchanged the high-walled garden of family repute and honour for the desolation of sin and shame. She was emphatically dead to all her past and belongings, and the Lord have mercy on her sinful soul ! There was no tampering with the Accursed Thing in those hard old times. The worth of women was in their purity ; and He who forgave the woman taken in adultery, and bore the Magdalene on His heart, had wrought as a God if you will, but had not set the step for men to follow. Even when repentant and forgiven, the Olivias of those resolute days had to bewail their folly in everlasting social twilight. They were never reinstated. They could not flaunt it in public as now, when modesty has lost its power and shame its significance, and the heroine of the Divorce Court is the lioness of the drawing-room. The harlot and adulteress were not then the ideals of washy sentimentalists ; and to speak of them as Temples of the Divine would have been accounted blasphemy.

The life of a young girl in those simpler times had its full share of pleasure and decorous love, not to speak of the domestic duties

necessitated by the material conditions of society. Dances enlivened the winter; and the spacious family coach was half filled with straw, to keep the cold out and the warmth in. The rhythmic grace of the minuet showed off fine figures, and gave occasion for the display of an accomplishment which held high rank among a woman's acquirements; while 'the livelier gavotte and still livelier country-dance supplied that romping element which youth naturally loves and the manners of the time did not disallow. In summer there were jaunts to distant places—picnics they were called afterwards—and junketings in the hayfield, where syllabubs freshly made from the red cow standing in the midst, mighty draughts of home-brewed ale and modest little sips of home-made wine, foreshadowed the Badminton and champagne-cup of a later period. And at all times there were games: and forfeits 'cried' by him who had the nimblest tongue and prettiest wit; when Miss blushed in a manner vastly becoming—'bridling' as she had been taught, and dropping her formal curtsy, standing upright and straight, keeping her hands before her and her elbows well in—as she redeemed her token and prepared to pay the price. Hot cockles; hunt the slipper; blindman's buff—when the bandaged eyes were sure to see and the groping hands as sure to catch the right person; King and Queen on Twelfth Night; all sorts of charms and 'sortes' on All Hallows' E'en—these were amusements as exhilarating to the girls of those days as are our midnight balls and elaborate cotillions, our tennis tournaments and skating-rinks, our cricket matches, golf, and cross-country hunting days, without which so many would think life not worth living at all. It all depends on the *Zeitgeist* and to what one is accustomed; and the *Zeitgeist* of those bygone days was satisfied with what it had.

Dinners were not so much in the order of things as suppers. When they did take place, they were chiefly remarkable for the profusion of heavy meats, which must have taxed the housewife's culinary resources how to serve up again in a more appetising form than as cold remains. At these dinners healths were drunk and toasts were given; and when, after the cloth had been withdrawn and the dessert set on, and the ladies had given their toasts as in duty bound, they were told they might 'command the house,' they left on the pretty plea of 'going to prepare the tea-table for the gentlemen.' Then the heavy drinking set in; for this was the abominable blot on the manners of those times, with which the world has done well to dispense. Even Master William got fuddled, and the old squire undeniably drunk; and the parson was 'smoked' with scant decency and less reverence; and the pretty girls, with their red lips daintily wet with cowslip wine taken in thimblefuls, had to forego the attentions of their swains for the rest of the evening if they would not see human nature too broadly translated. Our forbears were fine, stalwart, honest gentlemen

enough—none more so—and we owe to them the English name some of us might honour more than we do; but they had their faults, and this of hard drinking was one of them. For which uncomely dance down the broad pathway of excess we, their more sober but more nervous descendants, are now paying that inexorable piper in insomnia and ‘suppressed gout.’

Suppers took the place of dinners where the young were concerned. Indeed, these suppers were what our late dinners are now, with this difference—that the fun of the fair began before and continued after. Less substantial and ponderous than the dinners, they were still substantial enough. Healths were drunk, toasts given, and speeches made, all the same as at the earlier meal; and those who had tunable voices sang without music the pretty little-ditties of the time, one or two, maybe, taking up the air and turning it into an improvised part-song or glee—like to the improvised Eisteddfodsgot up in the open air at Welsh watering-places. The jokes might have been broader than modern manners allow; the mirth was perhaps more boisterous, the fun a little coarser; but the anecdotes were not insidiously immoral, and the masher sails nearer the wind than did his ruder forefather. Be that as it may, the entertainment served its turn. It made the young people happy, and it amused the elders, and thus fulfilled the original end and aim of social gatherings. The cold formality of reciprocal ‘obligation’ was not so predominant then as now; and society gained in heartiness what it lost in variety.

Life then was both busy and concentrated. Domestic economy was a matter of supreme importance, commerce not having yet supplied the kitchen and the still-room. As everything had to be done at home, the mistress and maids were brought into a closer contact than they are now; and the duties of the young ladies were as accurately defined as those of Molly and Betty. There were fewer servants than in the modern rule, and there was less professional spirit and more domestic feeling. A country house was a kind of microcosm, for the most part self-supplied and self-sustained, yet needing forethought and judgment in laying in supplies from the outside. The butcher might bring in the beef, but the ‘kill’ was not as we know it, and folk had to take what they could get. The mutton came from the home-farm, and the poultry-yard gave the eggs and fowls. The dairy was as much a matter of course as the flour-bin, the bread-pan, the beer-barrel, and the wash-tub. When a pig was killed, the family fed on spare-rib for as long as the supply lasted, and a ‘rich hailet by the fire’ was one of the most coveted delicacies of the occasion. The wide chimney received the hams; the ‘sides’ went into the pickling-tub. Every good housewife knew how to make brawn and collared head as well as she knew how to make raisin wine and gibleet pie—as well as

she knew how to make lemon cheesecakes and camomile tea; and the sausages and black-puddings were at least free from horseflesh, and of wholesome material all through.

Every good housewife, too, knew all about baking and churning; and what she did not do with her own hands she instructed her young servant to do, standing over her and 'learning' her till she was perfect in her lesson and able to go alone. But the mistress and the young ladies always kept certain things for themselves, as the preserves, custards, pastry, creams, and cakes of all kinds. The test of a good housewife lay in these things as well as in her mince-pies and plum-puddings at Christmas time, her lambs' wool and her treacle-possets—as well as in the care that she took of the linen and silver, and the pains she was at to exclude moths and rust and mould and mice from the stores. By the way, had they any cockroaches and black-beetles in those days? Were they infested with red ants as we are now? Of rats and mice they had probably abundance; of moths also; but these other abominations—were they in the list of archaic things not to be desired?

Every fortnight or so, perhaps even at longer intervals—though we never went so far as the French, who often have only two 'wash-days' in the year, at six months' interval—the house was in steam and soapsuds, with short tempers superadded. The young ladies were expected to assist in the 'getting-up' of the fine things. The great ladies had gentlewomen's gentlewomen, who were really humble companions, ready to take a hand at cards when wanted, going with the family in the lumbering old coach when, out for an airing or on a journey, and at the same time deft in the getting-up of laces and fine linen, in the concoction of teas and tisanes from herbs and simples, while patient under the tyrannous tempers of their lady, to whom idleness and late hours gave the spleen, and tight-lacing the vapours. For more dainty employment still, there was that yearly addition to the jar of sweet-pot—pot-pourri or rotpot was also a frequent but less euphonious term—when damask rose-leaves, dried in the sun, mixed up with a handful of lavender and jessamine flowers, sweet-scented drugs and spices, a few bay-leaves and a sprinkling of bay-salt, made a persistent perfume for the rooms. This perfume was superior even to that given by oranges stuck full of cloves, bags of lavender pure and simple, and highly perfumed apples set on each side of the china ornaments—that shepherd and shepherdess mutely piping and untiringly dancing on the mantelshelf above the bright wood fire. Then there were the grave and delicate brewings of artful washes for the hair and face, like those on which the daughters of the dear old Vicar busied themselves, and for which Narcissa was really too 'mild' to 'stew a child;' and there was that cross-stitch embroidery, executed chiefly on samplers, where purple and yellow

wedges symbolised the grapes of Eshcol, and a pious sentiment closed the ranks of letters and numerals.

Fine needlework was a grand 'ploy' in those home-staying days. It belonged to the indoor life of women, and it has gone with it. The modern woman does very little, if any, of that dainty 'white work' which was once such a feature in the womanly life. If you want it, you must go to convents for it—the old association of the needle and the four walls still holding good. Our modern working women are deft at embroidery, which is generally more showy and effective than scientifically neat; but we may look in vain for that exquisite carefulness of stitch which was part of the value of old-time needlework, and without which our ancestresses would not have thought anything wrought by the needle worth praise at all. A good deal of needlework of various kinds was done at home in those more primitive times. A few fashions, a year or two old, filtered into the country from London, and all the nice young wives and pretty misses were agog for the change of style. Then came the busy time for the local 'mantua-maker.' She went from house to house, stopping at each for as long a time as madam and the young ladies needed her for the work which was to make old clothes as good as new. That well-worn bombazine was to be transmogrified into a *négligée* as modish as my lady Bellairs'; that purple paduasoy was to be brought out as a brand-new night-rail; that stately brocade, which would stand alone, was to be made to look as fresh as when it was bought by a few clever patches here, a breadth of gold lace there, a ruffle, or a knot of ribbon to hide the frayed parts which could not be taken away. And the feminine heart, which loves its wardrobe as a sailor loves his ship, or a soldier his sword, was soothed and rejoiced by this transformation of the old into the new, which the slower fashions of the time would keep good for a couple or three years more.

The mantua-maker brought her own patterns. She had cribbed them from some modish madam's Abigail not averse from this kind of petty larceny in the way of unauthorised imitation. She brought, too, the gossip of the countryside, carrying her wallet full of news from family to family, the contents increasing like a snowball as she travelled. Her arrival was the signal for a rare fine time to these restricted lives, and gave a breath from the outside world more exhilarating perhaps than edifying. The young ladies sat with her, doing the less difficult and purely prentice parts of the work, like running the seams, making pipings, overcasting, hemming when properly basted, and setting on the gathers when told how and where. Like my lady's gentlewoman, this peripatetic Worth held the middle distance between the servants' hall and the parlour; and she was specially careful of her dignity, with a 'Marry come up, you saucy jade!' to any little Prue who dared to be either pert or familiar.

This close communion of work led to a certain friendliness between mistress and maid ; but, all the same, my lady kept up a disciplinary exercise of dignity. We see what the feeling was better, perhaps, in Swift than elsewhere ; but Addison and Steele, and inferentially Mrs. Delaney, show us the same kind of thing. The feudal spirit survived in the home long after it had died out elsewhere. Servants were emphatically 'dependents,' and the phrase 'eating my bread' embodied the obligations of serfdom, and the rights of seigneurship—when a lord fed a wageless rabble on condition of their service when required. Even when wages were paid for work, and service was both voluntary and removable, this sentiment remained in force, and the mistress of the house was as absolute over her maids in the eighteenth century as she was in the seventeenth, when Mrs. Pepys beat her maid Mary for going home without leave. This high-handed kind of authority did not interfere with the friendly reunion of the whole household as one family, men and maids, and master and mistress, all taking part in those impromptu concerts which gave so much pleasure to the loose-lipped, merry-eyed lover of music and beauty. And, by the way, Pepys's sister was a true prototype of the lady-help of modern days—is there really nothing new under the sun?—when he took her to live with them as a servant, not a sister, 'putting his foot down' from the first on anything like an assumption of equality, and forbidding her to eat with them as their peer and companion.

This feudal spirit being still in full force, mistresses were in their right to regulate their households on the absolute lines which then prevailed. Had they not done so, there would have been disorder unlimited, and they themselves would have failed in their duty and earned disesteem and disrespect. The idea of trades unionism was not yet born, and that of the old sumptuary laws and the fitness of fashions with station had not yet died. The length of the hiring strengthened the hands of the mistress more than those of the maid, and the impossibility of escape, together with the want of any court of appeal, helped to consolidate the authority of the head of the house and the mistress of the family. A year's service was the shortest term of hiring. Afterwards, this came down to half a year, while now, half an hour's notice serves the turn of our large establishments, and 'this day month' is the longest date thought necessary by the most conscientious servant or the kindest mistress. 'This day month' will sever the connection of twenty years, and no one has the right to feel aggrieved. But the old servants lived on for years and years in the same place—lived on till they married or died. In the North, at least, they took their master's name, and were known as 'Birkett Tim' or 'Southey Betty,' their own surnames merged in this prefix and absolutely forgotten. And by this time the family

was 'ours' to them, and 'we' did all that was wanted in the house, and enjoyed all that came that way, and brought up 'our' children and saw them married, 'Lord love them!' and nursed the babies of those who only yesterday were babies themselves.

In very old-fashioned houses the arrangements of the sleeping apartments were what one still finds in France. In the centre was the chamber of the master and mistress. Branching off on one side were the women's rooms, to be approached only through this central and commanding chamber, and all opening one into the other, without independent doors giving on to the corridor. The maids slept farthest off, then the young ladies—as a rule, the youngest nearest to the parents. The men and boys were similarly disposed of on the other side. French houses of a certain, and the most general type, are constructed on the same idea. The daughter's room can be entered only through the mother's, and it would be impossible for well-conducted girls to sleep in the same corridor with the men. There is often a window or hatch between the mother's room and the daughter's, so that an eye can be kept on the girl at all times—the French mother having a profound dread of human nature, and a fixed belief in its evil tendencies, if left to itself. Some of us can remember that in our youth, without going to this extreme, it would not have been considered decent to mix up the boys' rooms and the girls' in indiscriminating propinquity. In all houses there was a slight attempt at segregation and the assignment of quarters; and, unlike the modern system of 'General Post,' when the smoking room itself is not sacred, where the men were the women did not go.

In town, manners were freer and pleasures were more fervid, perhaps more perilous. High play ruined many a fine lady in more than gold and jewels, and that 'last stake' was not all a fancy sketch. But even then, and in town, well-brought-up girls were restricted in their amusements, and not taken too much to public places. To have taken them to such entertainments—analogously—as Ibsen's plays would have been impossible. But with us no play is too *risqué*, no ballet too indecorous to exclude young girls, whom modern mothers make haste to initiate early into the mysteries of life, on the doubtful plea of thus being better able to take care of themselves, and who for their own part, in their zeal to provide themselves with weapons of defence, drop that very thing which they say they want to protect.

This is not saying that the literature of the last century and *ante* was not coarser than ours. It was—infinately, and, to us, almost inconceivably coarse. But it had not the maleficent moral influence that is to be found in Ibsen and certain others. It spoke broadly of things as they were—openly of things natural, in a straightforward,

farmyard kind of way ; but it had no seductive aliminess, no artful suggestiveness about the sweetness of things sinful in themselves. It did not idealise the Abominable, and it did not warp the mind from reverence for the good by showing the evil as a higher, because a more 'artistic,' condition. Virtue was not then Philistinism, and sin was not art ; and crimes which are to the moral world what sewer-bred rats are to the material, were not dragged forward from their filthy hiding-places, and tricked out in tinsel and paste, as though they were divine things for men to worship and admire. Good principles were still considered necessary for the fit ordering of society, and when these fell slack and evil consequences ensued, there was lamentation and dismay, not idealisation and a kind of fuliginous apotheosis. And the young were under the control of their parents. If the time had passed for the nips and bobs and pinches which poor Anne Askew had to undergo, the time had not come for the emancipated girl who owns no law but her own desire, and who, living with neither guidance nor control, buys her experience in the very dearest market which a woman can frequent.

Now the whole spirit as well as the programme of life and habits is completely changed. Not one characteristic of those past times remains with us. Good and bad together have been swept into the great abyss, and in both our improvement and deterioration we are equidistant from the starting-point we have considered. Increased facilities for locomotion and for intercommunication have changed our views as much as our ways. The supply has created the demand, and because it is so easy to leave home, no one desires to stay in it. From the highest to the lowest, we all rush about the world, some with a longer, some with a shorter tether. Ladies go to Central Africa ; servants travel from London to Glasgow or Exeter, Dublin or Paris, according to the place where their parents live, and think less of the journey than their great-grandmothers thought of a walk five miles off to the next valley. To spend the winter in Palermo or Luxor counts as an ordinary incident in an ordinary life ; and the chief desideratum in taking a house and making a home is the ease with which it can be left.

Then, commerce has invaded the house from garret to basement, and things are made by wholesale providers which once were part of the individual ordering. No one bakes at home, brews at home, washes at home. No one makes brawn or collared head, for no one fats pigs for home consumption. All go to the butcher, and the family buys 'York hams' warranted 'home-cured.' A few girls with short allowances, and a few industrious, home-staying women, make their own dresses, and there still are to be found a few seamstresses who go out by the day ; but the rule is—the best dressmaker to be had for love or money ; and even the servant who makes her own

frocks is an exception. The democratic spirit of the age has destroyed the last lingering remnants of the old sumptuary laws which were once so stringent; and Molly looks like Mildred, and unless you see the hands, the difference between the two—on Sunday—is very slight indeed.

Maids are now professional rather than domestic, and their 'place' is not their home. Ladies have delivered the whole essentials of housekeeping into the hands of their servants; and beyond consulting with cook as to the day's dinner, and paying the bills when they are given to her, the mistress has but little to do in the home where once she was the moving-spirit and absolute controller. The house-linen belongs to the housemaid; the silver and glass are in the care of the butler; cook is responsible for the supplies; the nurse knows all about the children, and does with them pretty much as she likes—the mother knowing nothing; and too often in the nursery, as always in the kitchen and the garden, the mother and mistress is allowed only on sufferance and by grace of the presiding power. The gardener brings in such fruit, vegetables, and flowers as he permits the family to have; and she would be a bolder woman than most who should consider the greenhouse her own, or hold the right of free warren among the flower-beds. Things which used to belong exclusively to the mistress and young ladies are now bought at the nearest chemist's or grocer's; and patent medicines have put those various teas and tisanes out of favour, just as home-made wines are obsolete.

There is little or no fine white-work done at home, and the bride, like the mother-expectant, prefers to buy her outfit of linen machine-stitched rather than hand-sewn, compounding for inferior material with the delightful sense of freedom from an irksome task. So with the layette, which only women of the old-fashioned kind, instinct with natural impulses, find a pleasure in making and admiring. For the most part, the modern woman buys it all ready made; and does not love to look at it even when she has got it. She generally prefers lawn-tennis or the hunting field.

The consequence of this radical change in the material conditions of domestic life has been the letting loose all those feminine activities which once went into the good conduct of the house. Hence have arisen those crowds of political Wild Women who think to 'set the world on fowre stoups,' and who propose to themselves and society to make a good job of all those things where men have blundered. Facing them everywhere is their own peculiar difficulty—the servant question, with which they are confessedly unable to cope; but the woman who has lost touch of her servants, who is defied by Molly and deceived by Betty, and who is swept along the stream of economic tendencies, as a straw is swept along the current of a

river, is very sure that she can fitly influence and featly direct treaties and enactments on which depend the integrity of empires and the honour of nations.

The unrest of the day has penetrated far deeper than the mere habits of society, important as is the change herein wrought. The souls of women are tormented as by demons because of the idleness in which they live since the invasion of the universal provider took from them all their domestic duties. Their energies demand the sustenance of work. Hence, having none of their own, they have turned to the occupations of men; and, in a certain clique, the more thoroughly they can unsex themselves, mentally and morally, the more honour they gain and the more stir they create. All the old emblems that once symbolised a beautiful womanhood are now obsolete and laid by. Their old virtues are as extinct as the volcanoes of the moon. The walled garden is laid level with the high road, and the once safe enclosure is open for all the passers-by to visit. Seclusion, obedience, restraint, modesty, have gone by the board, and the ramping qualities of coarsely heroic adventuresses have taken their place. For the race of heroines has not died out. Setting aside those garish globe-trotters who are to the real thing what marsh lights are to beacon fires, we have still among us those grand and noble women who in times of peace can be quiet, loving, and domestic—and who when called on to act can be heroines as sublime as the world has ever seen. But these great occasions occur but seldom, and the day of small things is always with us. For one real heroine we have a hundred *homasses*; and for one woman of clear insight and calm judgment we have a hundred hysterical busybodies, who cry out against the ducklings when they take to the water, and call men and gods to witness to the mare's-nest found among the reeds. We cannot put back the hand of Time, and it must needs be that manners, customs, and thoughts change with the ages. The ultimate of all these changes is doubtless for good, but the transition time is ungainly. The best women of the future will be as noble as the best women of the past, but the manifestation will be different, and the rank-and-file are not so sure to come right. At all events, the exchange from those demure and home-staying women, dutiful, respectful, self-restrained, and innocently coquettish, to the modern overflow of restless discontent and brazen wildness, is not wholly delectable, and we might have done better. Doubtless, here as elsewhere it is that distance by which the view becomes enchanted and beautiful. Still, the gentlewomen of the past were oftentimes very lovely. That high-walled garden where purple plums ripened in the sun, and gillyflowers and jessamine, clove pinks and damask roses decked the borders—where the children played in safety, and the pretty girls mused in sweet security—that high-walled garden had its charms, though these were not those of the

streets and the racecourse. At least it kept the young maid free from that contact with the vice and misery of the world which now our unmarried girls look on as their assigned privilege; and between adding to the 'sweet pot' and making a book on the Derby—setting a wash for the face to simmer on the hob and smoking cigarettes with the men—calling Master William 'Sir' and Algy 'dear boy' or 'chappie'—we for our parts prefer the former, as daintier, sweeter, more picturesque, and more refined. .

E. LYNN LINTON.

THE MORALITY OF 'VIVISECTION'

I

THE question of the value and character of scientific research, when carried out on living animals, has recently been aroused by an attempt on the part of the enemies of Science to entrap the influence of the Church. For this purpose the active portion of the antivivisectionist agitation contrived to have the matter referred for discussion at the meeting of the Church Congress at Folkestone. The terms of the reference are not a little peculiar, and appeared to be still more so to those who are not acquainted with the wise regulations under which the debate of matters commonly regarded as extra-clerical is carried on in the Church Congress. The reference ran thus:—

Do the interests of mankind require experiments on living animals; and if so, up to what point are they justified?

I say that the terms of this reference are peculiar, because there is no direct mention of the interests of the lower animals, and yet it is difficult to say which has benefited most by 'vivisection,' man or his congeners. The reference ought to have run thus: 'Do the interests of mankind and of the lower animals require experiments on the latter,' &c., &c.

It is certainly quite impossible to calculate how much life, how much pain and suffering has been saved to the lower animals by the experimental investigations made by bacteriologists into their infectious diseases, diseases which used to sweep them off by hundreds and by thousands. Even our knowledge of the disease 'rabies,' the dread of humanity, the scourge of the Carnivora, was most crude, inaccurate, and remedially useless until M. Pasteur, by the laboratory researches of a few months, made known to us the real nature of the malady, revealed the secret working of its poison, and discovered the means of saving fourteen out of fifteen persons doomed to die of the disease.

Yet, clinically and popularly, the disease has been known for certainly two thousand years to spread its fell ravages among, if not

the most useful, certainly the most faithful, of animals. To leave out the general interests of animals, therefore, in the discussion of such a question was a peculiarly unfortunate error.

The reference, it will be seen, is strictly divided into two parts: first the utility, secondly the morality of experiments scientifically carried out on the lower animals. When the reference was published, great exception was taken by many leading medical men to the first part of it on the incontestable ground that persons unacquainted with the technical details and requirements of physiology, pathology, medicine, and surgery could not be expected to discuss such a question with advantage to themselves or to their subject.

I think myself that this criticism, though perfectly sound in itself, is not absolutely just to the executive of the Church Congress. The very ordinations of the Congress show distinctly that what is asked of those taking part in the discussion is that they shall, so far as they can, contribute to the knowledge of the meeting, and that, for instance, if medical men were invited to speak to the present question, that they should either impart information on the question of utility of research, or point out where irrefragable opinions and facts of assured accuracy on the subject can be consulted and obtained by the otherwise uninformed. This duty Dr. Wilks, Dr. Ruffer, and myself endeavoured to fulfil so far as was possible in the very few minutes available.

The opinion of the medical profession on the question both of utility and morality of experiment in this and all countries is unanimous, for the three or four medical men in opposition who safely hazard themselves in writing to the general newspapers have never dared to openly profess what they call their beliefs when the questions involved were raised before public meetings of their colleagues who alone could expose them. Mr. Lawson Tait was invited, for instance, on behalf of the anti-vivisectionists, to speak at the Church Congress. He accepted, but later withdrew his name.¹ Although he withdrew himself he had the hardihood to write to the *Birmingham Daily Post* two days before the meeting, saying, 'I have been excluded (I certainly have not withdrawn) from the Congress.'

Serious as the foregoing facts are, there is one more point in this connection not without its ludicrous aspect. In 1889 the Antivivisectionist Society endeavoured to collect money from their supporters to start a hospital—termed the Shaftesbury Hospital—in which the patients were to be treated by doctors who disapproved of experimental science, but in the circular it was advertised that the treatment would be

¹ The reason why he withdrew is not pertinent to my present point, but in common fairness to the executive of the Congress it should be stated that it is contained in a correspondence which Mr. Tait has been challenged by the Bishop of Dover to publish in the daily press, needless to say with negative result.

in accordance with the highest medical and surgical knowledge of the time, and it will be an especial object to avoid all methods of treatment founded upon experiments on animals.

Thus these persons deliberately intended to make free use of the knowledge gained by science while at the same moment they paraded their hostility to it and unbelief in the facts they secretly purposed to use. Nevertheless they collected some 2,000*l.* towards the scheme.

But the point I wish to lay stress on is the reason why this characteristically anti-vivisectionist plan broke down. The reason is not far to seek—they could not get a *medical staff*!

The main part of the reference to the Congress was, of course, that which the Church might pre-eminently be considered able to deal with, viz. the morality of research.

The reference very properly took note of the fact that a number of fundamental discoveries of benefit to mankind having been made by experiments on animals, the question of morals chiefly concerns the issue as to how far such researches might properly be extended. Now in the first place I desire to protest most strongly against the position arbitrarily taken by Bishops Barry and Moorhouse that it is possible, nay even moral, to discuss the question of morality of the purpose and means to effect an object without reference to the utility of the object itself. Both the bishops disproved their own assertions by bringing in the matter of utility when it served their own purpose.

While for the purpose of dialectics it is possible to separate morality and utility, it is impossible to perform this operation when dealing with mundane affairs and questions of daily living and dying. Though the bishops refuted themselves in this their own department, there are many important points raised in their treatment not only of this subject in the abstract, but also by their allusions to the profession that relies on the science they oppose, and a few of these I desire now to touch upon.

To begin with, the bishops, and especially Bishop Barry, isolated themselves from the rest of the Church in their attitude towards the medical profession.

The position of the two professions is one of natural harmony and loyal co-operation. The business of both is to further the best aims of our civilisation and social life, and this has been accomplished by mutual respect and help. Bishop Barry has attempted to raise discord where none existed, by stigmatising the medical profession in terms which cannot be explained away. In the paper of this speaker, the meeting learnt with surprise and shock, that the medical men they personally knew were demoralised and degraded, and that their unanimous expression of gratitude to science was but an exhibition of 'arrogance.'

Such language on the part of a bishop when directed against men of honour and repute, only discredits its utterer; but, manifesting as it does a scarcely conceivable contempt for science, it may become a practical danger to the public. In the first place it naturally excites animosity. No profession is more sensitive than the medical to any charges against the honour of its work. In the second place, as the public trusts that a man occupying the honoured position of bishop is thoroughly acquainted with at least the groundwork of scientific knowledge, and the objects and character of scientific men, his dicta justly assume a very special importance.

Although while at King's College Bishop Barry must have known and, we hope, rejoiced in the brilliant additions to the science of physiology made in the laboratories of that institution by Professors Ferrier and Yeo, and although he must have repeatedly been brought into contact with the methods and objects of physical science, yet it would seem that such experience has left no impression on his mind.

A melancholy instance of this was recently afforded when he nearly shipwrecked the Church of England Temperance Society by being deceived by the specious statements of some American quacks advocating a 'gold cure' for intemperance. Fortunately the prompt action of the Bishop of London averted this grave danger to a noble cause.

It is not easy at this stage to discuss the full difficulty of Bishop Barry's position; for although, in response to a question from me, he stated (*vide* the *Times* of the 21st of October) that his paper would be published *in extenso* in the *Guardian* on the 12th of October, it was not, as a matter of fact, published till the 19th; and on examination of that journal I find that, so far from being *in extenso*, every single passage involving matters of fact has been cut out. No explanation of this has been received by me yet, although several days have elapsed, and I hesitate, therefore, to comment upon it. But I must now refer to the matter to which I have already publicly drawn attention, and which of itself most gravely affects Bishop Barry. The matter in question is the manner in which he plunged into this agitation and embraced widely and unquestioningly every one of the accusations which form the stock in trade of the agitation. Are we to believe that any educated man can do this without harm to his moral character or without serious damage to his reputation?

But further, it really is a point for the public to decide whether the joining of this agitation does not of necessity place a man in a false position, and tempt him in consequence to try by unworthy means to maintain himself in what he feels to be an untenable position. Take, for example, Mr. Hutton. In his capacity as Editor

of the *Spectator* he appeared on another day at the Church Congress as the author of a paper on Ethics.

Mr. Hutton in the *Spectator* of the 22nd refers in an editorial to my recent *exposé* of his chief's or rather chieftainess's methods of action and omits the gravamen of my charge while describing her conduct as 'frank.' He advisedly avoids reference to deliberate omissions, for he is guilty in that himself, since, as I showed at the Church Congress, he has for years systematically refused to avail himself of the opportunities in his power to learn what experiment is, and consequently has, in the meantime, made himself the instrument for the suppression of the truth. But Mr. Hutton's Ethics take him further. In this same editorial he categorically states what is not the fact, for he asserts that 'I have made the allegation that certain statements were false, 'neither arguing nor producing evidence.' Those who will take the trouble to refer to the originals will find that the exact contrary is the case.

Can such a writer be seriously regarded as fit to express opinions on Ethics?

The excuse usually made for such men in a matter involving sentiment is the so-called charitable admission that they are 'only a little weak.' Well, I would ask, is it charitable to make such an excuse?

Of all virtues charity demands that the truth, even if not published, should at least be acted upon.

And so, conversely, we have a right to ask that no charity should be extended to a man who so guides his actions that he may avoid being obliged to publish the truth.

With such enemies and with such weapons raised against science (which is truth), the result of a public contest was what might have been expected.

But it is quite evident from the surprise which is exhibited by non-medical witnesses of the result of the discussion at the Church Congress, that the methods by which the anti-vivisectionist controversy has been carried on, ever since its commencement, have come as a revelation to many of the general public.

It is not a little extraordinary that this should be so, seeing that from time to time the actions and statements of the leaders of this agitation have been repeatedly exposed in the public press.

Of course, it would not be surprising if this ignorance had been confined to the readers of low-class newspapers, or to politicians of a certain creed, who rely on sentiment rather than fact for the hustings breeze which is to waft them into power.

But what is felt at the present time by medical men and physiologists is the gratuitous injustice which is done them by a certain 'superior' set. Thus there are a very large number of persons who

express themselves freely, and in perfect sincerity for the moment, on a subject, condemning vigorously what in the next minute they gratefully adopt. Sometimes such so-called inconsistency is so glaring as to make the object of the conduct unmistakably clear. But, on the other hand, there are persons who it is evident only act in this way from sheer lack of power to view two similar and even interdependent facts from a common standpoint of moral judgment. Thus the late Mr. Browning once expressed himself to me as greatly interested in the psychological aspect of Professor Ferrier's discoveries in brain physiology and wonderful extension of Professors Hitzig and Fritsch's discovery of cerebral localisation, and he sought to learn the latest acquirements of this branch of science. Yet it evidently did not occur to him for one moment that in such questioning he was traversing his own position as the possessor of one of the few honoured names lent to the anti-vivisectionist agitators, and, as may be supposed, liberally used by them.

Some persons of this calibre are apt to claim that their ideas alone are moved by humanity, as though they possessed a monopoly in this particular exercise of moral virtue. This is, curiously enough, particularly the case with regard to the facts of biological science. Whereas the great secret which interests all mankind is the nature of life, and whereas there is no one human being who does not feel that for him personally everything that would tell him more of life and living tissue is of value and, let us add, of utility, nevertheless there are some who, while yet profiting thereby, find themselves able to depreciate the motives and even the morals of those scientists who are content to labour at the apparently thankless task of clearing up recondite points.

This leads me to take advantage of this occasion to say one word with regard to the way in which the public at this present are apt to look on biological research, carried out on living animals. Until the influence of several generations of board school and high school education is felt, it is hopeless to expect that the majority will fully appreciate the importance which may be concealed in one insignificant fact of science. Concrete examples of this have been given again and again. Discoveries which were regarded as most trivial, sometimes even by their discoverer, have proved to embrace the germ of what has ultimately developed into the greatest boon to humanity and to the lower animals. Though with all this experience before them, the people of this country have never adequately recognised the immense importance of fostering abstract science. Abroad we see the grandest efforts made, more especially in Germany, to advance not only applied science, but also theoretical and abstract science, the wise rulers of such nations knowing well that the latter is but the foundation stone of the former. In fact, the miserable spirit of *cui bono*? finds, we fear,

its highest development within our shores. Most true is this of biology. Fortunately now there is hardly a university which does not possess a thoroughly equipped physiological laboratory, for the study not merely of the requirements of the medical student, but also for the advancement and furtherance of pure physiology on both its physical and chemical sides, but this is only an instalment of what ought and must be done.

Just as we are told that 'an evil and adulterous generation seeketh after a sign,' so the same criticism may very properly be passed on those who, when science presents them with a new fact, always ask, What is the good of it? how can it be immediately made to serve my ends? Such uninstructed and almost mercenary questioners are to be found in every rank, in every class of life, and in every age: we shall have them always with us. It does, however, seem incomprehensible that such beings should be so purblind as not to recognise that scarcely a single great discovery has been made in biology, save by the most careful collocation of scattered truths and very laborious investigations, and that the sudden and instantaneous finding out of an isolated new fact only occurs to exceedingly few observers.

Even the full appreciation of this truth has perhaps only been reached by some biologists comparatively recently. Certain it is that the amount of research work, whether to solve the problems of health or cruel puzzles of disease, has greatly increased, even within the last ten years. Unquestionably, of all epochs, the last thirty years have seen the most striking change in the applied sciences of medicine and surgery, and equally unquestionably this change is due to the scientific spirit which is abroad, not only metaphorically speaking but in part literally so. The development of that marvellous principle of surgery known from its discoverer, Sir Joseph Lister, including as its central idea the destruction or exclusion of those living organisms which M. Pasteur had found to be the agents of chemical fermentation, was purely the outcome of scientific research in the hands of an experimental investigator. Three points are most noteworthy in this discovery—the saving of life, the prevention of pain, and the permitting a rapid extension and infinite improvement in the treatment of surgical diseases and in operative surgery itself. But this vast work of humanity is at this time made the object of unscrupulous attack and misrepresentation by the anti-vivisectionists.

Such an instance ought to be a perennial example of the fatuity of the eternal demand for so-called practical results, and to be a striking object-lesson of the fact that what is contemptuously styled a useless result of abstract research to-day may to-morrow be the corner-stone of an elaborate scheme of applied science.

Fruitful as the Church Congress is in good work, it has been of really inestimable service in enabling the public to judge for themselves the bearing which the question of the morality of experimental research has upon abstract science and applied science respectively, and further it has afforded a fresh and very prominent occasion for the renewed demonstration of the unscrupulous methods of anti-vivisectionism.

VICTOR HORSLEY.

II

The discussion of the morality of Vivisection at the Church Congress of 1892 must remain a memorable event in the minds of those who took part in it, nor is it likely to be forgotten by the large class of people who take an interest in scientific pursuits. The debate soon narrowed itself into a discussion on the morality or immorality of experimentalists and anti-science fanatics respectively, and the question whether experiments were morally justifiable or not was scarcely touched on by any of the speakers. It was impossible that this could have been otherwise, for experimentalists and non-experimentalists had no common basis to start on.

It appears strange that the question of experimentation on animals should have been brought forward at all at a Church Congress; for, as I shall show presently, it is not possible to disconnect the morality of this subject from its utility, and the utility of experimentation is a point on which the general public is hardly competent to form an opinion. Before medical men and clergymen can discuss this subject in a truly scientific manner, it is essential that the latter should know something about the question they are discussing. At the present moment the general public, and more especially the prelates who denounced us at the Congress, are in utter ignorance as to how experiments on animals are performed. When challenged before the Congress to give us the facts on which some of our opponents based their assertions, all they were able to do was to refer their audience to the notorious work now exposed by my friend Horsley. Their position in the matter is somewhat parallel to that of the boy who is getting the worst of it in a pugilistic encounter: 'You hit me,' says the boy, 'but just wait until I tell my mother.' So the bishops who could not answer our challenge merely referred us to their *lady-champion*. It would appear, indeed, that some dignitaries of the Church trust to a woman for their facts, and on this slender foundation denounce from the pulpit men with whose works they are totally unacquainted.

The agitation against experimentation on animals might influence the opinion of the better class of people, if only its leaders could show that they had honestly studied the question, and also if they could

substitute some other method of investigation to take the place of that they wish to overthrow.

The anti-scientific spirit which pervades some of our opponents is well shown in some of their publications. Like the uninstructed of all countries, they reject what is based on a solid foundation of facts, whilst they tenaciously cling to some charm or fetish; they object to treatment based on scientific principles, only to take up with some audacious form of quackery. We find the Rev. T. P. Wright ridiculing rational forms of preventing hydrophobia, but diligently advertising Bouisson's sweating treatment of that disease even after this treatment has been proved by experiment to be useless. We find Lady Paget and others speak of science with scarcely veiled contempt, and at the same time call attention to the miraculous cures of Mattei. We hear of Bishop Barry running down science, and then becoming the champion of a quack cure for intemperance; and we find their favourite newspaper showering curses on medical men, and on the same day giving a free advertisement to a notorious bone-setting 'professor.' Inconsistent to a degree, they ridicule established remedies, but allow themselves to become the dupes of impostors. One might feel inclined to laugh at such vagaries, were it not that the free advertisement given by our opponents to such quack medicines—harmless enough in themselves—prevents the unfortunate victims from making use in time of other and efficient remedies. Truly, it is a terrible responsibility for any man or any woman so to play with human life.

The Bishop of Manchester's speech is one which requires a few words of comment, for, of all our opponents, he is the one whose opinion will carry weight with wavering persons. His remarks were certainly striking, but I cannot allow that they were logical or even worthy of his eminent position. He began by stating that he knew something about morals, and that his morals differed *toto cælo* from those of Professor Horsley; for whereas, in Professor Horsley's opinion, the highest morality was to search for truth for truth's sake, in the Bishop's opinion it lay in the service of love to God and man and all creatures. With all due deference to one so well qualified to speak on such a subject, I submit that the eminent prelate was rather putting the cart before the horse. 'The service of love to God, man and all creatures' is a somewhat lengthy mode of expressing what a plain-speaking man would call 'doing one's duty,' and I am unable to comprehend how a man (and a medical man especially) can do his duty to God, man, and animals, without first seeking to know the truth. The service of love to man surely includes the curing of the sick, the prevention of disease, the relief of suffering, and the various duties of doctor and nurse. True knowledge enables us to fulfil such duties whilst giving the least possible pain; and the acquiring of knowledge, the searching for truth, is likely to enable us to render efficiently those

services to men and animals. So that—as a matter of fact—Professor Horsley's morality includes that of the lord bishop, just as the greater includes the less.

'The law of sacrifice is the law of life,' wrote Sir Andrew Clarke. Yes! the law of sacrifice of oneself and of others: for it is a law of Nature that if life is to be maintained at all, each individual must sacrifice himself for others, and others for him. * Everyone, willingly or unwillingly, helps in sacrificing others (both man and animals) for his own benefit. The State which supports the Church of which our opponent is so distinguished a member, is obliged to sacrifice men and animals every day for the good of the nation. The soldiers who perish in war, the diplomatic agent killed by yellow fever, the sailor whose life is shortened through hardship, all sacrifice themselves for others, and are sacrificed by them. And the Bishop of Manchester ought to have known that the medical profession in general, and more especially the experimentalists, are the last men in the world who ought to be accused of cowardice and want of self-sacrifice. Only lately Dr. Tylden died of the disease he was investigating; and I could add four examples of death, and many more of men crippled in the laboratory by their devotion to research for the relief of suffering.'

Should the bishop answer that man has no right to sacrifice animals because the latter have no power of expressing their opinions, I would reply that animals, having received benefits from man, must help man in his struggle for life. Every day we inflict acute suffering on animals (not for food) but to protect our material interests. No one will deny that at the present moment war is occasionally inevitable. The Church recognises this, and lends its moral support to such a state of things by appointing army chaplains. I have known a military man use very bad language because I took the blood-pressure of a chloroformed rabbit, and yet the same gallant colonel fought valiantly and sacrificed his men and hundreds of horses for 'the good of his country.' To sacrifice himself and his men was well and good, but how about the horses which remained in a mangled condition on the battlefield, and which suffered torture for weeks? Did *they* willingly sacrifice themselves for the good of their country? An anti-vivisectionist warrior, if logical, must, in future, mount himself and his men on safety tricycles.

In the same way the members of the anti-science party—to be logical—should join the ranks of the Vegetarian Society. This objection drew forth one of the most illogical and egotistical utterances ever heard at a public meeting. 'I eat animal food because I find it necessary to keep up this big voice of mine,' said the Bishop of Manchester. How very hard pressed he must have been when he thought of that answer: he eats meat in order to keep his voice—*forsooth!* Quite superfluous! is not the president of the

Vegetarian Society an excellent speaker? and in the animal kingdom, the strongest voiced animals are herbivorous. The bull, the stag, the donkey lack not in strength or richness of tone, and yet I believe that meat is not a staple of their diet. Granting, however, that the human voice requires animal food, by all means let our opponent consume the best and juiciest of meats; but if the maintenance of his voice justifies the infliction of pain on animals, then he must allow that the health of millions of human beings now alive and of countless future generations justifies some amount of suffering. No doubt that big voice must be kept in good condition, in order that it may render services to God, man, and all creatures, and long may it do so! but then it would appear that this service of love—this ideal episcopal morality—requires the infliction of suffering on animals. Who would deny, then, that the saving of other human lives in order to allow them to render the same services is a praiseworthy object even at the cost of animal suffering? Lastly, there is just one point which apparently did not strike this speaker—namely, that Tom, Dick, and Harry perhaps consider their own lives to be of as much value as the voice of a prelate.

The Bishop of Manchester has evidently been actively studying the papers published by the anti-science party, for he has told us experimentalists that we were becoming demoralised, that we were rendered more callous to suffering, that we pursued our researches at the peril of our souls; and, lastly, he has kindly compared us to the supporters of his voice, the butchers.

Bishop Moorhouse's diatribes would have been more effectual had he given in the pulpit and at the Congress some definite facts justifying his terrific onslaught; and if he had told us whom he had in his mind's eye. If we experimentalists are such shocking bad men, some instances might have been quoted in which we had shown that disregard for suffering, that demoralisation with which we are charged. Surely the Bishop of Manchester had some case in his mind; for, if not, we must conclude that he brought these charges against medical men without any evidence whatsoever. Are we to suppose that his insulting remarks were merely copied from the pamphlets of those who have reduced to science the art of slandering medical men without incurring legal responsibility? It must not be forgotten that, not so very long ago, the chief agitator of the society of which the Bishop of Manchester is an honoured member wrote to the papers a letter implying that the Whitechapel murders had probably been committed by physiologists.

'The end justifies the means' is a dictum which no honest man will accept without qualification, and rightly so, for *all* means do not justify *all* ends. Not a day passes without each of us being obliged to give pain to ourselves and others, for which the only justification is that the good in view immeasurably exceeds the amount

of suffering inflicted. A child born of wealthy parents, if attacked by an infectious disease, is often carried away to some far-distant hospital, that his brothers and sisters and neighbours may be saved from the risk of contagion. No doubt some suffering and some increased risk are inflicted on the ailing child by this journey, but will anyone maintain that in this case the end does not justify the means? And similarly with experimentation on animals: if through experiments on a few rabbits, dogs, and guinea-pigs, a scientist has saved, and is saving, thousands of cattle and hundreds of men from certain death; if through experimentation on a few monkeys a surgeon has been able to successfully perform operations on human beings which could never have been performed before, then I say that the 'end did justify the means.'

To take an example: in 1887 I was shown six men whose lives had been saved through an operation on the brain. This operation never could have been performed had it not been for the knowledge which the surgeon had gained through experiments on monkeys; and let me remark here that these experiments had not involved a hundredth part of the suffering which these six men had already undergone before they were operated on. Are we to understand that these six men, and many others operated on since, ought to have been allowed to die? Ask their friends, wives and children, what is their opinion of a morality which thinks more of animals than of the life of a breadwinner? The Bishop of Edinburgh with great courage characterised the Bishop of Manchester's morality as 'morality up in a balloon;' I would go yet further, and say that it is *downright immoral* to place man and animals on the same footing, and that there is not a mother who would not kill with her own hands a score of animals rather than that her child should perish.

I contend, therefore, that in our case the end justifies the means. If experiments on animals were absolutely useless, then they would certainly be immoral, but if experiments are of value in saving human life, then, if done with as little infliction of pain as possible, they are justifiable. The consensus of medical opinion on that question is remarkable, and was well expressed by Sir James Paget, when he wrote that

the opinion of the members of the medical profession and of other scientific men is, on this question, as nearly unanimous as is any opinion held on any subject by any large number of persons.

Experiments, therefore, become unjustifiable when pain is inflicted which might have been avoided, or when experiments are performed by men who have not received the necessary preliminary education.

At the end of this short paper I must beg to express my regret that up to the present moment this discussion has been to a great

extent on the immorality of anti-vivisectionists. It is a pity that it should have been so, for we have immediate and more important work to do. Nevertheless, it was absolutely necessary that this washing of dirty anti-vivisectionist linen—*coram publico*—should have taken place. The public must not forget that, for fifteen years or more, experimenters in England have been the subject of the most atrocious and cruel calumnies on the part of, those who object to science, and that it would shock and astonish most readers were I to repeat here the slanderous names which have been so freely lavished on them.

The valiant anti-vivisectors, who now retire from the discussion on the plea that our language is too plain, who object to have it pointed out to them that they are not speaking the truth—have for years employed toward us expressions of which a costermonger might well be ashamed. And—what is more—their pamphlets and papers have apparently been printed with the sanction of dignitaries of the Church, with the approval of Bishop Barry, the Bishop of Manchester, the Bishop of Bath and Wells, the Bishop of Carlisle, and others whose names appear on the back of the *Zoophilist*. Up to the present moment we have remained silent. Except when personally maligned we have treated their attacks with contempt; but when these were renewed at the recent Church Congress by a prelate who based his vituperation on the pamphlets of the Victoria Street Society, who quoted the Bible and the chief agitator indiscriminately, without (it is true) acknowledging his indebtedness to the latter, and who made charges against us without being able to substantiate a single one of them when challenged to do so—then it was high time for us to point out the immorality of this agitation.

I believe that the right is on our side, and that our opponents will find that—much as we must deplore the necessity of inflicting pain on animals—experiments in the laboratory have already resulted in the saving of infinite suffering to man, and more especially to animals. And, further, that if medicine is ever to take its place among the exact sciences, then, 'like all other sciences, it can be advanced only by reasoning, based upon observation and experiment, and constantly controlled by both, especially by the latter.'

M. ARMAND RUFFER.

MICHELANGELO

THE strong personality of Michelangelo has evidently seized hold of Mr. J. A. Symonds, who gives us in these two fine volumes¹ the most complete sketch of the great Florentine artist that has yet been attempted. Needless to say that the work is most scholarly, and possesses that charm of style which we expect from the accomplished author of the *History of the Renaissance* and the translator of *Benvenuto Cellini*.

Mr. Symonds draws largely on the biography of Michelangelo by Condivi, and on his correspondence with his relatives, published in full in 1875. He has evidently thoroughly examined the archives, and his translations of letters and documents are worthy of the translator of *Cellini*.

Vasari published his first *Life* of the great sculptor-painter in 1550. Three years later appeared that written by Condivi, from materials furnished by his friend and master, Michelangelo, with the expressed intention of correcting errors and supplying deficiencies made by 'others.' In 1564 Michelangelo died, and Vasari issued a second and enlarged edition of his *Life* in 1568, into which he incorporated what served his purpose from Condivi.

Michelangelo was born on the 6th of March, 1475, at Caprese, in Tuscany; while his father, Lodovico di Lionardo Buonarrothi Simoni, was podestà of Caprese and of Chiusi. Lodovico had already a son (Lionardo) by his first marriage, who entered the Dominican Order in 1491, and was a devoted follower of Savonarola. Michelangelo therefore became virtually the eldest son, and during his long life acted as the mainstay of his father and as father to his younger brothers. He was put out to nurse at Settignano, a village of stone-cutters near Florence, where his father owned a farm. In after years, he told Vasari, 'If I possess anything of good in my mental constitution, it comes from my having been born in your keen climate of Arezzo; just as I drew the chisel and the mallet with which I carve statues with my nurse's milk.'

Michelangelo was sent to school in Florence, but all his leisure time was spent in the society of youths apprenticed to painters and

¹ *The Life of Michelangelo Buonarrothi*, by John Addington Symonds (London J. C. Nimmo, 1892).

sculptors. This angered his father and uncles, who often beat him for thus wasting his time, but could not deter him from his passion for art. Francesco Granacci, at that time in the workshop of Domenico Ghirlandajo, became his intimate friend, lent him drawings to copy, and among other things showed him a print of S. Antonio tormented by devils, the work of Martin Schöngauer. Condivi tells how the boy transferred the composition to a panel and coloured every part from nature.

The anecdote (says Mr. Symonds) is interesting, as showing in what a naturalistic spirit Michelangelo began to work. The unlimited mastery which he acquired over form, and which certainly seduced him at the close of his career into a stylistic mannerism, was based, in the first instance, upon profound and patient interrogation of reality.

At length Michelangelo obtained his will, and was bound apprentice in 1488 to the brothers Ghirlandajo for three years. He does not seem to have been particularly happy there, and Condivi's hint that Domenico Ghirlandajo was jealous of him irritated Vasari extremely. Lorenzo de' Medici happened to see the boy copying an antique head of a faun, and recognising his talent determined to take him into his household.

For three years Michelangelo enjoyed singular privileges under the roof of Lorenzo the Magnificent, who was not only a princely patron of art but a fine critic and a man of original genius. There he met artists and scholars—men like Marsilio Ficino, Pico della Mirandola, Angelo Poliziano, and Luigi Pulci, leaders in that intellectual movement which was destined to spread a new type of culture over the globe.

All these illustrious men (says Condivi) paid him particular attention, and encouraged him in the honourable art which he had chosen. But the chief to do so was the Magnificent himself, who sent for him oftentimes in a day, in order that he might show him jewels, cornelians, medals, and suchlike objects of great rarity, as knowing him to be of excellent parts and judgment in these things.

It was Angelo Poliziano, the unrivalled humanist and melodious Italian poet, who suggested the subject of an old fable—the strife of young heroes for a woman—to Michelangelo. The bas-relief is in the Casa Buonarroti at Florence, and, to quote Mr. Symonds,

is in fermentation with powerful half-realised conceptions, audacities of foreshortening, attempts at intricate grouping, violent dramatic action and expression. . . . In the geometrical proportions of this bas-relief, which is too high for its length, Michelangelo revealed imperfect feeling for antique principles, while in the grouping of the figures, which is more pictorial than sculptural, he already betrayed, what remained with him a defect through life, a certain want of symmetrical design in his compositions. These are not rigidly subordinated to, or limited to, the sphere of an *intaglio*.

Michelangelo was not easy to live with. Of a hot temper and

ever ready to criticise, he rarely worked harmoniously with others. To some outburst of scorn and anger he owed his broken nose. While drawing in the Brancacci Chapel of the Carmine with other young students, he so annoyed Piero Torrigiani that, as the latter told Benvenuto Cellini,

I got more angry than usual, and, clenching my fist, I gave him such a blow on the nose that I felt bone and cartilage go down like biscuit beneath my knuckles; and this mark of mine he will carry with him to the grave.

The time spent with Lorenzo de' Medici was probably the happiest of Michelangelo's life. He always loved poetry, and delighted in hearing Luigi Pulci improvise on summer nights upon the marble steps of the Duomo. But in 1491 Savonarola appeared and changed the life of the whole city. The young sculptor witnessed those stormy scenes of religious revival and passionate fanaticism and was deeply impressed. It is said that in later years he read Savonarola's writings together with the Bible. On the 8th of April, 1492, Lorenzo died at Carreggi, and Michelangelo returned to his father's house and worked at a statue of Hercules, which is now lost.

A 'Sleeping Cupid' which, in accordance with the advice of Lorenzo di Pierfrancesco dei Medici, he stained and chipped, thus causing it to look like an antique, was the cause of his first journey to Rome. The statue had been sold for thirty ducats to a dealer there, who resold it to the Cardinal di San Giorgio for two hundred. The latter, suspecting it was a modern work of some Florentine, sent one of his gentlemen to Florence to find out the truth. Michelangelo was persuaded to go to Rome, where he arrived in June 1496, and remained for about two years. For a Roman banker, Messer Jacopo Gallo, he executed a 'Bacchus,' now in the Bargello at Florence, and a 'Cupid,' perhaps the statue at South Kensington.

From an exhaustive criticism of these two works Mr. Symonds turns to the 'Holy Family,' once belonging to Mr. H. Labouchere, and now in the National Gallery. He agrees with Mr. Heath Wilson in thinking this fine tempera picture is a work of Michelangelo's youth. The 'Entombment,' also in the National Gallery, we are glad to see he does not consider more than doubtful. The 'Pietà,' the greatest work Michelangelo produced during his first residence in Rome, was made for the Cardinal di San Dionigi. It was placed in the old Basilica of St. Peter's in a chapel dedicated to Our Lady of the Fever, and the vigil it kept on the night of the 19th of August, 1503, is described with more than Mr. Symonds's usual mastery of language.

The constant affection Michelangelo showed for his family is a fine trait in his character. His brothers were unworthy of him and often gave him trouble. Parsimonious by habit, he cared nothing for jewels or beautiful stuffs, for flowers or fine landscapes.

This abstraction and aridity (remarks Mr. Symonds), this ascetic devotion of his genius to pure ideal form, this almost mathematical conception of beauty, may be ascribed, I think, to the same psychological qualities which determined the dreary conditions of his home life. He was no niggard either of money or ideas; nay, even profligate of both. But melancholy made him miserly in all that concerned personal enjoyment. . . . Few men, notably few artists, have preserved that continuity of moral, intellectual, and physical development in one unbroken course, which is the specific characterisation of Michelangelo.

Conditi relates how,

on September 13, 1501, the master began to work in Florence on the piece of marble, nine cubits in height, which had been brought from Carrara some hundred years before by a sculptor insufficiently acquainted with his art. This was evident, inasmuch as, wishing to convey it more conveniently and with less labour, he had it blocked out in the quarry, but in such a manner that neither he nor any one else was capable of extracting a statue from the block either of the same size or even on a much smaller scale.

Out of this misshapen piece of marble Michelangelo carved the colossal 'David.' On the 8th of June, 1504, it was placed on the platform (*ringhiera*) to the right side of the entrance of the Palazzo Vecchio. There the giant stood for more than three centuries, until in 1873, for better preservation, it was moved into a hall of the Accademia delle Belle Arti.

In the 'David' (writes Mr. Symonds) Michelangelo first displayed that quality of *terribilità*, of spirit-quailing, awe-inspiring force, for which he afterwards became so famous. The statue imposes, not merely by its size and majesty and might, but by something vehement in the conception. He was, however, far from having yet adopted those systematic proportions for the human body which, later on, gave an air of monotonous impressiveness to all his figures. On the contrary, this young giant strongly recalls the model; still more strongly indeed than the 'Bacchus' did. Wishing, perhaps, to adhere strictly to the biblical story, Michelangelo studied a lad whose frame was not developed. The 'David,' to state the matter frankly, is a colossal hobbledohoy. His body, in breadth of thorax, depth of the abdomen, and general stoutness, has not grown up to the scale of the enormous hands and feet and heavy head. We feel that he wants at least two years to become a fully developed man, passing from adolescence to the maturity of strength and beauty. This close observance of the model at a certain stage of physical growth is very remarkable, and not altogether pleasing in a statue more than nine feet high. . . . Having acknowledged that the head of David is too massive and the extremities too largely formed for ideal beauty, hypercriticism can hardly find fault with the modelling and execution of each part.

In 1503 Pietro Soderini, the Gonfalonier of Florence, determined to adorn the hall of the Great Council in the Palazzo Vecchio with frescoes representing scenes in Florentine history. Leonardo da Vinci was commissioned to paint one side of the large sala, Michelangelo the other. We must refer our readers to Mr. Symonds's pages for details about these two great works, of which no trace remains.

Giuliano della Rovere, Pope Julius II., a man of immense projects
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and inordinate ambition, determined to embellish Rome and to erect a huge monument for his own tomb. About 1505 he summoned Michelangelo from Florence, and henceforth the great artist was destined to work for a series of Popes.

The incompleteness (remarks Mr. Symonds) which marks so much of his performance was due to the rapid succession of these imperious masters, each in turn careless about the plans of his predecessor, and bent on using the artist's genius for his own profit.

Well may Condivi talk of the tragedy of Julius's tomb:—

It is pitiful to read of Michelangelo's talents being thus wasted in countless changes of a work which was only erected in St. Pietro in Vincoli, in 1545, in an incomplete form. The tomb of Julius the Second empoisoned Michelangelo's manhood, hampered his energy, and brought but small if any profit to his purse, says his biographer.

Owing partly to the intrigues of Bramante, who had been chosen by the Pope to rebuild St. Peter's, the latter began to treat Michelangelo with coldness and neglect. The great artist fled from Rome to Florence early in 1506, and from a letter of his to San Gallo it is evident he was not only enraged at the treatment he had received, but that he feared for his life.

The Pope sent three briefs to the Signory of Florence demanding that Michelangelo should be sent back, and at length he was induced to join Julius at Bologna in 1506, going, as he wrote to Fattucci, 'with a rope round my neck to beg his pardon.' The Pope immediately ordered him to make his portrait in bronze, sitting, about fourteen feet in height. This statue kept Michelangelo for nearly two years in Bologna, where he was miserable and fretted to be free. On the 21st of February, 1508, the huge statue was safely placed on its pedestal above the central door of St. Petronio, only to be hurled down again in less than three years, when the Bolognese rose against the papal rule.

No sooner did Julius hear that his statue had been set up than he ordered Michelangelo to come to Rome and paint the vault of the Sistine Chapel.

There is little doubt the great artist disliked the commission. Condivi says:—

Michelangelo, who had not yet practised colouring, and knew that the painting of a vault is very difficult, endeavoured by all means to get himself excused, putting Raffaello forward as the proper man, and pleading that this was not his trade, and that he should not succeed.

Julius would listen to no arguments, and Michelangelo had to obey the patron, whom he nicknamed his Medusa.

When we reflect (says Mr. Symonds) upon the extent of the Sistine vault (it is estimated at more than 10,000 square feet of surface), and the difficulties

presented by its curves, lunettes, spandrels, and pendentives; when we remember that this enormous space is alive with 343 figures in every conceivable attitude, some of them twelve feet in height, those seated as prophets and sibyls measuring nearly eighteen feet when upright, all animated with extraordinary vigour, presenting types of the utmost variety and vivid beauty, imagination quails before the intellectual energy which could first conceive a scheme so complex, and then carry it out with mathematical precision in its minutest details.

The whole account of this colossal undertaking is given in great detail, and brings all the actors concerned vividly before us.

When in his impatience to see what the silent and stern master had accomplished, Julius caused a portion to be uncovered on the 1st of November, 1509, all Rome flocked to the Sistine. Vasari says:—

This chapel lighted up a lamp for our art which casts abroad lustre enough to illuminate the world.

Even Raffaello himself, in the frescoes he executed at Sta. Maria della Pace, did not disdain to learn from Michelangelo; so that the Pope said to Sebastiano del Piombo:—

Look at the work of Raffaello, who, after seeing the masterpieces of Michelangelo, immediately abandoned Perugino's manner, and did his utmost to approach that of Buonarroti.

There can be little doubt, although it is not mentioned by any of his biographers, that Michelangelo, in one of his many journeys between Florence and Rome, passed through Orvieto and saw the frescoes of Lucca Signorelli in the Chapel of St. Brizio in the Cathedral. Mr. Symonds devotes a chapter to an interesting comparison of the painter of Cortona and the Florentine sculptor. This leads us on to a most exhaustive account and criticism of Michelangelo and his works. It would be unfair to the writer to quote isolated sentences and thus break a link in so finely woven a chain.

Giovanni dei Medici succeeded Julius the Second in 1513 with the title of Leo the Tenth. He diverted Michelangelo from the great work of his predecessor's tomb, and ordered him to make a façade for S. Lorenzo at Florence, where many of the Medicean family, the Pope's father among the rest, lay buried in the sacristy. The great artist undertook the work reluctantly; and after wasting three precious years in superintending road-making and quarrying marble at Carrara, the scheme was dropped, and S. Lorenzo still lacks a façade. It is sad to read Michelangelo's letters during all these long months of uncongenial work. 'I must make demands upon my powers of patience until the mountains are tamed and the men instructed,' he writes in 1518. On the other hand, what he learned of practical business as engineer and architect during this time must

have been of vast importance for his future work in organising the fortifications of Rome and Florence and building the cupola of St. Peter's.

In 1521 we first hear about the new sacristy of S. Lorenzo and the Medicean tombs, commissioned by Cardinal Giulio dei Medici. At the close of the same year Leo the Tenth died, and was succeeded by a Fleming, Adrian the Sixth, who only ruled for a year and eight months. Cardinal dei Medici was then elected Pope, and assumed the title of Clement the Seventh. He immediately set Michelangelo to work in earnest on the sacristy of S. Lorenzo, and also ordered plans for the building of the Laurentian Library. Space lacks to follow the gradual development of the plans for the sacristy, which appears to have been roofed in by April 1524, but I cannot omit a postscript, written by Clement himself to one of his secretary's letters :—

Thou knowest that Popes have no long lives; and we cannot yearn more than we do to behold the chapel with the tombs of our kinsmen, or at any rate to hear that it is finished. Likewise as regards the library. Wherefore we recommend both to thy diligence. Meantime we will betake us (as thou saidst erewhile) to a wholesome patience, praying God that he may put it into thy heart to push the whole forward together. Fear not that either work to do or rewards shall fail thee while we live.

The sack of Rome in 1527 had the effect of causing the Medici to lose their hold on Florence. The Cardinal of Cortona, with Ippolito and Alessandro dei Medici, fled from the city in May, and a popular government was set up, with Niccolò Capponi at its head. When it became evident to the Florentines that the Emperor Charles the Fifth had sacrificed them to the Pope's vengeance, the Ten of War decided to appoint Michelangelo

governor and procurator-general over the construction and fortification of the city walls, as well as every other sort of defensive operation and munition for the town of Florence.

Although he had no practical acquaintance with the art of fortification, he at once saw that S. Miniato was the most important spot for the defence. The Gonfalonier differed with him, and so the Ten decided in July to send their chief officer to consult with the Duke of Ferrara, the greatest living authority upon fortification then in Italy. Michelangelo was conducted by the Duke in person round the fortresses and walls of Ferrara, and returned to Florence in September. On the 21st of that month, seized by one of those strange panics to which he was constitutionally subject, he fled from Florence. It is evident, from the documents cited by Mr. Symonds, that some person having an interest in getting rid of Buonarroti worked upon his sensitive nervous temperament, and persuaded him

that his life was in danger. Who this was is unknown, but suspicion would appear to attach to that arch-traitor Malatesta Baglioni, who afterwards delivered Florence over to the Pope. The Government of the Republic deprived Michelangelo of his office and stopped his pay, but did not include his name in the various decrees of outlawry passed in October and November. They were eager to induce him to return, and late in November he acceded to their desire, set to work again on the bastions at S. Miniato, and turned the bell-tower into a station for sharpshooters. Thanks to the way he protected this tower with hanging mattresses of wool, it stood the long siege comparatively uninjured. Vasari states that Michelangelo worked secretly at the Medicean monuments during the many months that Florence was invested by the Prince of Orange. It is certain that he painted a picture of Leda intended for the Duke of Ferrara, which he, however, gave later to one of his serving-men. Condivi says it was sent to France and bought by King Francis. Afterwards it is said to have been restored by a second-rate artist and sold in England. One of the many statues left unfinished by the great master belongs to this period of his life—the so-called ‘Apollo’ in the Bargello at Florence, which Vasari terms ‘a thing of rarest beauty, though not quite completed.’

Florence fell in August 1530, and for the following three years Michelangelo worked at the Medicean tombs in S. Lorenzo. There is small doubt that, but for the all-powerful protection of the Pope, he would have been in great danger owing to the hatred of Duke Alessandro, who was ruling the city like a tyrant of the worst sort. Mr. Symonds suggests that the following beautiful madrigal upon the loss of Florentine liberty was written by the great artist about this time:—

Lady, for joy of lovers numberless
 Thou wast created fair as angels are.
 Sure God hath fallen asleep in heaven afar
 When one man calls the bliss of many his!
 Give back to streaming eyes
 The daylight of thy face, that seems to shun
 Those who must live defrauded of their bliss!
 Vex not your pure desire with tears and sighs,
 For he who robs you of my light hath none.
 Dwelling in fear, sin hath no happiness;
 Since, amid those who love, their joy is less,
 Whose great desire great plenty still curtails,
 Than theirs who, poor, have hope that never fails.

About the Laurentian Library at S. Lorenzo, of which Vasari

the grace and charm of art were never seen more perfectly displayed in the whole and in the parts of any edifice than here;

we should more incline to agree with Mr. C. Garnier¹—

. . . In seeking the great, he has too often found the tumid : seeking the original, he has fallen upon the strange, and also on bad taste.

Mr. Symonds notes that Michelangelo over and over again protested that architecture was not his trade, and continues :—

We have here (the Laurentian Library) no masterpiece of sound constructive science, but a freak of inventive fancy using studied details for the production of a pictorial effect. The details employed to compose this curious illusion are painfully dry and sterile ; partly owing to the scholastic enthusiasm for Vitruvius, partly to the decline of mediæval delight in naturalistic decoration ; but, what seems to me still more apparent, through Michelangelo's own passionate pre-occupation with the human figure. He could not tolerate any type of art which did not concede a predominant position to the form of man. Accordingly, his work in architecture at this period seems waiting for plastic illustration, demanding sculpture and fresco for its illumination and justification. . . .

The qualities of wilfulness and amateurishness and seeking after picturesque effect, upon which I am now insisting, spoiled Michelangelo's work as architect, until he was forced by circumstances, and after long practical experience, to confront a problem of pure mathematical construction. In the cupola of St. Peter's he rose to the stern requirements of his task. There we find no evasion of the builder's duty by mere surface-decoration, no subordination of the edifice to plastic or pictorial uses. Such side issues were excluded by the very nature of the theme. An immortal poem resulted, an ærial lyric of melodious curves and solemn harmonies, a thought combining grace and audacity, translated into stone.

The interior of the sacristy at S. Lorenzo is well designed to show the noble statues it contains to the best advantage. We ought not to judge of it as we now see it, for there is no doubt that Michelangelo intended the whitewashed spaces of the walls to have been covered with frescoes or filled in with bas-reliefs, while the tabernacles were to have contained small statues. The frescoes by Giovanini da Udine in the cupola have disappeared under white-wash ; the beautiful 'Madonna' was never finished, and, together with 'S. Cosimo' and 'S. Damiano,' by Montorsoli and Montelupo, strike one as being placed too low. These views about the probable designs for the completion of this chapel are borne out by a letter Vasari wrote in 1562 by desire of Duke Cosimo de' Medici to Michelangelo, begging him to send plans so as to finish the chapel according to his conception. This was never done, but the colossal statues of Lorenzo and Giuliano de' Medici and the four allegorical figures of Night and Day, Twilight and Dawn, stand alone for intensity of expression and mysterious emotion. The injunction of their creator not to wake Night, but to 'speak in an undertone,' is hardly necessary.

By a brief dated the 1st of September, 1535, Paul the Third appointed Michelangelo architect, sculptor, and painter-in-chief at the Vatican. The fresco of the 'Last Judgment' is directly alluded

¹ *L'Œuvre et la Vie de Michel-Ange.*

to therein, so it may have been begun in that year. In 1541 it was exposed to the public on Christmas Day, and the great artist hoped at last to be able to resume work upon the tomb of Julius. But Pope Paul resolved that the Chapel of the Holy Sacrament in the Vatican, which Antonio di San Gallo had just completed, should be frescoed by Buonarroti, and induced the Duke of Urbino to yield to his wishes. The Duke agreed to be content with three statues, including the 'Moses' by Michelangelo's own hand, for his kinsman's tomb, if the great sculptor superintended the execution of the rest by good workmen.

This story of the monument to Julius runs like a black thread through the best years of Buonarroti's life. He writes to some prelate: 'My whole youth and manhood have been lost, tied down to this tomb.' The saddest thing is that the outcome of it all is discordant. As Mr. Symonds truly remarks:—

The 'Moses' now remains detached from a group of environing symbolic forms which Michelangelo designed. Instead of taking its place as one among eight corresponding and counterbalancing giants, it is isolated, thrust forward on the eye; whereas it was intended to be viewed from below in concert with a scheme of balanced figures, male and female, on the same colossal scale.

With patient research Mr. Symonds has traced the history of this unfortunate monument which embittered forty years of Buonarroti's life. It is almost a relief to turn to the noble lady Vittoria Colonna, with whom he probably became acquainted in his old age (about 1538).

Left a childless widow while still quite young, the Marchioness of Pescara devoted her life to the memory of her husband and to religion. She was celebrated for her poetry, and associated with the men of letters of that time. Her chief friends were among that group of earnest thinkers who, without ceasing to be Catholics, desired to reform and regenerate their Church, and she was accordingly viewed with suspicion and placed under the supervision of the Holy Office.

Michelangelo, devout by nature, shared her sentiments, and her influence strengthened his religious feeling. They were also drawn together by a common love of poetry, and some of his finest sonnets were written for Vittoria. Several of her letters to him exist, always written in the style of a great lady, and showing high admiration for the illustrious artist. Her friendship was one of the consolations of his old age, and we are glad to see that Mr. Symonds has swept away the web of romance which gradually had distorted the nature of a sincere affection and esteem between two noble and, in some respects, kindred natures.

Too great stress (he truly remarks) has hitherto been laid on it by his [Michelangelo's] biographers. Not content with exaggerating its importance in his life, they have misinterpreted its nature. The world seems unable to take interest in a man unless it can contrive to discover a love affair in his career. The singular thing about Michelangelo is that, with the exception of Vittoria Colonna, no woman is known to have influenced his heart or head in any way. In his correspondence he never mentions women, unless they be aunts, cousins, grand-nieces or servants. About his mother he is silent. We have no tradition regarding amours in youth or middle age; and only two words dropped by Condivi lead us to conjecture that he was not wholly insensible to the physical attraction of the female. Romancers and legend-makers have, therefore, forced Vittoria Colonna to play the rôle of Juliet in Michelangelo's life-drama. It has not occurred to these critics that there is something essentially disagreeable in the thought of an aged couple entertaining an amorous correspondence. I use these words deliberately, because poems which breathe obvious passion of no merely spiritual character have been assigned to the number he composed for Vittoria Colonna. This, as we shall see, is chiefly the fault of his first editor, who printed all the sonnets and madrigals as though they were addressed to one woman or another. It is also in part due to the impossibility of determining their exact date in the majority of instances. . . . We can only attribute a few poems with certainty to her series.

In one of these Michelangelo describes the Marchioness of Pescara as a woman through whose lips a man, or rather a god, speaks to him, causing a complete change in his nature.

The poems of Michelangelo remained in manuscript for fifty-nine years after his death. His great-nephew then collated and compared all the autographs and copies, and determined to what he called 'reduce' them. The great artist worshipped beauty in the Platonic sense, and this thought appears constantly in his poetry, in which love is treated from the point of view of mystical philosophy. Michelangelo the younger ruthlessly changed words, lines, nay, whole verses, and amplified wherever he conceived brevity to have obscured thought. He took extreme pains, from a mistaken desire to enhance his illustrious ancestor's reputation, to garble the work of his great-uncle. Space will not permit us to follow Mr. Symonds in his acute criticism on the later critics and editors of Michelangelo. The latest, Signor Guasti, approves the pious fraud of Buonarroti's descendant, and Signor A. Gotti, in his biography, goes so far as to adopt an extraordinary theory, that letters addressed to, or concerning a certain Tommaso Cavalieri, were really intended for Vittoria Colonna. Benedetto Varchi, in his commentary, mentions Cavalieri as

a young Roman of very noble birth, in whom I recognised, while I was sojourning at Rome, not only incomparable physical beauty, but so much elegance of manners, such excellent intelligence, and such graceful behaviour, that he well deserved—and still deserves—to win the more love the better he is known.

Tommaso Cavalieri helped to nurse Michelangelo in his last illness, and after his death carried on the architectural work he had begun at the Capitol.

Buonarroti was seventy-five when he finished the frescoes in the Pauline Chapel, 'with great effort and fatigue,' as he told Vasari. The 'Deposition from the Cross,' now standing behind the high altar in the Duomo of Florence, dates from about the same time, and is said to have been designed for his own monument. In 1544 and 1546 the old master was very ill in Rome. The latter year saw the death of Antonio da Sangallo, the architect who preceded him at St. Peter's, and with whom and his followers he had long been at war. Paul the Third did not improve matters by taking his palace, the Farnese, out of Sangallo's hands and ordering Michelangelo to finish it.

The consequence was that, when the old man was appointed architect-in-chief of St. Peter's, every kind of obstacle was thrown in his way by the staff of architects and workmen trained under Sangallo, who resented the alterations in his plans introduced by Michelangelo. It would take too long to follow the changes made by Raphael, Baldassare Peruzzi and Sangallo, upon Bramante's original scheme, to which Michelangelo to a certain extent reverted.

Four successive popes after Paul the Third supported Buonarroti against his detractors and enemies, so that he was enabled to carry out his plans while he lived. Unfortunately, according to his wont, he communicated his intentions to no one, and left no working models fit for use, except in the case of the noble cupola. For this, various friends persuaded him, when in 1557 a serious illness threatened his health, to have a large wooden model constructed. St. Peter's cannot, therefore, be regarded as the creation of Michelangelo's genius, for subsequent architects changed the essential features of his design. As an old writer remarks:—

The cross which Michelangelo made Greek is now Latin; and if it be thus with the essential form, judge ye of the details!

The buildings on the Campidoglio were designed by him, and the fine double staircase leading to the entrance of the Palazzo del Senatore was finished during his lifetime. His intimate friend, Tommaso dei Cavalieri, carried on the work of the Palazzo dei Conservatori, so we may assume that the latter building fairly corresponds to his intention.

During the winter of 1563-64 Michelangelo's health caused great anxiety to his friends in Rome, who wrote to summon his nephew Lionardo from Florence. Though within a few months of ninety, he persisted in going out in all weathers, and was impatient of any restraint. On February the 18th, 1564, he died, without seeing Lionardo, who arrived three days later.

Psychologists of the new school have used Michelangelo as one of the pegs on which to hang their theories of neurotic disorders.

To identify genius with insanity is (as Mr. Symonds in his last pages observes) a pernicious paradox. To recognise that it cannot exist without some inequalities of nervous energy, some perturbations of nervous function, is reasonable.

Few, we think, will read the life-story of this grand old man without a feeling of strong admiration for the sobriety of his life, for his extraordinary power for work, and for his intellectual activity prolonged to an extreme old age.

JANET ROSS.

To Tennyson

THE TRIBUTES OF HIS FRIENDS

I

WESTMINSTER ABBEY

(OCTOBER 12, 1892)

(GIB DIESEN TODTEN MIR HERAUS! ¹)*(The Minster speaks)*

BRING me my dead !
 To me that have grown,
 Stone laid upon stone,
 As the stormy brood
 Of English blood
 Has waxed and spread
 And filled the world,
 With sails unfurled ;
 With men that may not lie ;
 With thoughts that cannot die.

Bring me my dead !
 Into the storied hall,
 Where I have garnered all
 My harvest without weed ;
 My chosen fruits of goodly seed ;

¹ *Don Carlos.*

And lay him gently down among
The men of state, the men of song :
The men that would not suffer wrong :
The thought-worn chieftains of the mind :
Head servants of the human kind.

Bring me my dead !
The autumn sun shall shed
Its beams athwart the bier's . . .
Heaped blooms : a many tears
Shall flow ; his words, in cadence sweet and strong,
Shall voice the full hearts of the silent throng.
Bring me my dead !

And oh ! sad wedded mourner, seeking still
For vanished hand-clasp : drinking in thy fill
Of holy grief ; forgive, that pious theft
Robs thee of all, save memories, left :
Not thine to kneel beside the grassy mound
While dies the western glow ; and all around
Is silence : and the shadows closer creep
And whisper softly : All must fall asleep.

T. H. HUXLEY.

II

THE HEIGHT AND THE DEEP

καὶ αὐτὸς οὐρανὸς ἀκύμων.—PLOTINUS

1

WHEN from that world ere death and birth
 He sought the stern descending way,
 Perfecting on our darkened earth
 His spirit, citizen of day;—
 Guessed he the pain, the lonely years,—
 The thought made true, the will made strong?
 Divined he from the singing spheres
 Eternal fragments of his song?

Hoped he from dimness to discern
 The Source, the Goal, that glances through?—
 That one should know, and many turn—
 Turn heavenward, knowing that he knew?—
 Once more he rises; lulled and still,
 Hushed to his tune the tideways roll;
 These waveless heights of evening thrill
 With voyage of the summoned Soul.

O closing shades that veil and drown
The clear-obscure of shore and tree !
O star and planet, shimmering down
Your sombre glory on the sea !
O Soul that yearned to soar and sing,
Enamoured of immortal air !
Heart that thro' sundering change must cling
To dream and memory, sad and fair !

4

Sun, star, and space and dark and day
Shall vanish in a vaster glow ;
Souls shall climb fast their age-long way,
With all to conquer, all to know :
But thou, true Heart ! for aye shalt keep
Thy loyal faith, thine ancient flame ;—
Be stilled an hour, and stir from sleep
Reborn, risen, and yet the same.

FREDERIC W. H. MYERS.

III

THE DEATH OF TENNYSON

THE last of all our mighty bards is low,
And who is left to wear the conqueror's crown?
Bays all too ample for a lesser brow.
I mourn the Master-singer and the friend.

In at the oriel, as he passed, the moon
Shone at her full; the stars looked; but no light
Kindled by human hands confused the beam.
Wherewith God ushered him to worlds unknown,
After the day's long task, accomplished well.
He with the failing sense of one who faints
From life to life beheld them, and the lands
In elf-light lying, field, moor, autumn wood.
Meet emblems of a fortune-favoured life,
And ordered art, a fair, serene domain.

So that loud-pealing thunderstorm which rapt
The eagle soul of Byron from our ken
In yon far land, in Greece, with birth-throes torn
Of revolution, 'mid the clash and clang
Of turbulent war, was emblem meet for him,
Who from hot heart and idol-shattering soul
Rolled the wild torrent of impetuous song,
'Whelming old landmarks; exile young and broken,
Whose dying lips might frame not their last wish
To that one hired dependent; ah! not so.

Our later master, Tennyson, went forth .
From us but now ; for he, from that pure home
Deserved success had made for him, went forth,
Whispering words of love from his true heart
To her true heart who loved him through the years,
One hand on the dear volume he had opened,
His Shakespeare, slept ; well worn with noble use,
Gently as when a child he fell asleep,
His mother keeping her love-vigil o'er him.
Then the moon hallowed that sublime repose,
As of pale marble in cathedral gloom.

RODEN NOEL.

IV

IN PACE

SAD morrow dawn! when the presaging heart
Fore-reads the pang, that o'er the whole world's face
Perchance e'en now, leaping from space to space,
The silent lightnings dart :—

We knew the blow must fall, yet knew it not :
For who the blank can gauge, though seen afar,
Th' o'ershadowing eclipse, should Heaven's great Star
The sudden death-clouds blot?

—So, while Hope would not wholly veil her face,
Nor the great soul had touch'd the further shore,
I mourn'd the friend of forty years and more
As with love's last embrace.

Now, where the imperial speech from land to land
Broadens, the death-shock thrills; the lord of song
Supreme, thought set to music, sweet, yet strong,
Is with the immortal band

Who hail'd as brother the rapt Florentine,
And those of kindred blood, whom later days
Have crown'd for us with Phœbus' greenest bays,
Last of the lordly line,

Alfred to Alfred !—Who, with weaker hand,
Unworthy, should recount thy varied page,
Thy sweep o'er all the chords from youth to age,
Each Mode at thy command,

Sweet Lydian strain, chasten'd by Doric strength,
Art lucid, sane, that check'd the o'er-fervent soul,
Holding in leash all passion, till the goal
Was triumph-touch'd at length,

Our happier Vergil ! whose long grasp of years
Gave thee thine Epic to full close to sing—
Then bade us look to Christ, and for thee bring
A farewell without tears :—

Ah yet, 'tis vain ! The natural drops must fall
For something more than the now-silenced strain,
The sovran singer from his England ta'en,
The magic past recall :—

For as, when great the work, the workman still
Is greater, all men knew that heart, that head,
Noble among our noblest ; wisdom-led,
Love leading wisdom : till

As from some weightiest judge the sentence slips,
Wing'd by gay humour, kindly, such the word
With insight fraught or happy counsel, heard
From those rich resonant lips,

Moved by the generous soul to frailty kind,
Knowing himself ; true to the inmost core ;
Poet, as poets were in years of yore,
High teacher of mankind,

Wisdom in beauty veil'd !—Or England's name
Broke from the loyal breast, this dear, dear land,
And, 'O may she in strong-arm'd foresight stand
To guard her ancient fame

And Freedom law-obedient, and the throne
Of Her; the gracious Empress: '—Ah ! great Voice
Now hush'd, for thee, for thee we may rejoice,
Changed to the realm unknown

In peace, safe piloted, safe from earthly fears,
By that Eternal Love, thy Lord, received :—
While to thy honour'd grave we bring, bereaved,
Our unavailing tears.

—Not so ! For him who gains the great release,
Ready for death and life, no tears be shed :
His own, God knoweth : o'er the loved one fled
Let the last word be, Peace.

F. T. PALGRAVE

LYME REGIS: October 5-9, 1892.

V

1

THE LAND'S VIGIL

How many a face throughout the Imperial Isle
From southern shores to Scottish hill or hall,
From Cambrian vales to Windsor's royal pile
Turned sadly towards one house more sad than all,
Turned day by day, fear-blanch'd ! When evening's pall
More late round such descended many a mile,
How oft sad eyes, fixed on one thought the while,
Not seeing, seemed to see a taper small,
Night after night, flashed from one casement high !
Let these men sing his praise ! Others there are
Who fittier might have sung them in old time,
Since they loved best who loved him in his prime—
Their youth, and his, expired long since and far :—
Now he is gone it seems once more to die.

2

IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY

'Tis well ! not always nations are ingrate !
He gave his country of his best ; and she
Gave to her bard, in glorious rivalry,
Her whole great heart. A People and a State

Had met, through love a Tomb to consecrate :—
In the Abbey old each order and degree
They knelt, and upward gazing seemed to see
Not that dark vault, but Heaven's expanding gate.
O'er him the death-song he had made they sung :—
Thus, when in Rome the Prince of Painters died,
His Art's last marvel o'er his bier was hung¹
At once in heavenly hope and honest pride :
Thus England honoured him she loved that day :
Thus many prayed—as England's Saints will pray.

THE POET

NONE sang of Love more nobly ; few as well ;
Of Friendship none with pathos so profound ;
Of Duty sternliest-proved when myrtle-crowned ;
Of English grove and rivulet, mead and dell :
Great Arthur's Legend he alone dared tell ;
Milton and Dryden feared to tread that ground ;
For him alone o'er Camelot's faery bound
The 'horns of Elfland' blew their magic spell.
Since Shakespeare and since Wordsworth none hath sung
So well his England's greatness ; none hath given
Reproof more fearless or advice more sage :
None inlier taught how near to earth is Heaven ;
With what vast concords Nature's harp is strung ;
How base false pride ;—faction's fanatic rage.

AUBREY DE VERE.

¹ Raffael's 'Transfiguration.'

VI

IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY

‘The crowd in the Abbey was very great.’—*Morning Newspaper.*

I SAW no crowd: yet did these eyes behold
What others saw not—his lov'd face sublime
Beneath that pall of death in deathless prime
Of Tennyson's long day that grows not old;
And, as I gazed, my grief seemed over-bold;
And, ‘Who art thou,’ the music seemed to chime,
‘To mourn that king of song whose throne is time?’
Who loves a god should be of godlike mould.

Then spake my heart rebuking Sorrow's shame:
‘So great he was, striving in simple strife
With Art alone to lend all beauty life—
So true to Truth he was, whatever came—
So fierce against the false when lies were rife—
That Love o'erleapt the golden fence of Fame.’

THEODORE WATTS.

VII

APOTHEOSIS

WESTMINSTER, OCTOBER 1892

(An allegory)

THE peasants of Parnassus come to fling
 Their wreaths upon the grave of Orpheus.
 Their Master and the Flower of Men lies low,
 His coffin resting on a bed of flowers—
 And these would scatter flowers above his head.

But there was loftier tribute when the gods,
 The deathless gods, descended to this fane
 From high Olympus at the festival
 Of his translation to the starry realm.
 They stood around the portals of the tomb
 Invisible, yet dimly felt by all,
 In the hush't awe that fell upon the hearts
 Of those who came to mourn and honour him.
 —Diana, who had stayed her 'silver wheels'
 And called his soul to her from midnight skies;
 —Demeter, who had purified with fire¹
 The dark earth-chasm where his bones should rest;
 —Persephone, with lap of lasting blooms
 To deck his pathway to Elysium;
 —Apollo, towering from floor to roof

As the grave was being hewn out of the hard rock-like foundations of the Abbey, it was filled continually with sparks of fire struck from the stone and flint.

In sunbeams turn'd to music, while the songs
Of him who lay so still, like incense rose ;
—And clear-eyed Pallas who had led his feet
Secure to topmost heights of Wisdom's hill
—All these were there, and from the crowds of men
Their sovran presence rapt their blessed one
To peace and rest for ever—in their arms—
Amid his kindred gods and demigods.

Great Bard ! dear Friend ! thy welcome by the gods
Is our sole comfort for the loss of thee ;
They will be happier in their golden clime,
And Heaven, when we reach it, more like Home.

JAMES KNOWLES.

THE
NINETEENTH
CENTURY

No. CXC—DECEMBER 1892

*LABOUR LEADERS
ON THE LABOUR QUESTION*

I

THE UNEMPLOYED

WHEN in ordinary busy years autumn arrives and the leaves begin to fall ; after the harvest has been gathered and the hop, fruit, and market gardens have given up their yield ; when the nights draw in and the weather breaks, then begins to gather in the city and the town the advance guard of the workless army. As winter approaches they grow in numbers and persistency. Increasing education, political enfranchisement, and economic knowledge engender amongst them healthy discontent of their enforced idleness and poverty.

In times of bad trade and its accompanying exceptional distress, by meetings, processions, and deputations the unemployed now call public attention to their sufferings and their wants. In London the bolder spirits amongst them believe and practise what the moral cowardice of politicians and the lack of initiative on the part of local governing bodies have taught them—that is, to make a nuisance of their grievances. For, in the language of a noble politician, ‘the people are only in earnest when they pull down railings, break windows, and create riots.’

Acting on this suggestion, it is not to be wondered at that a few desperate men should use threats and urge others to violence ; or that the genuine distress of the unemployed should be exploited

by some men who simply use the workless as a means of pushing to the front views and interests for which they require publicity, and which are incompatible with a healthy unemployed movement. These gentlemen, irrespective of whether the men so used get work or not, can, at a safe distance, inspire and secretly approve conduct they dare not publicly defend, and which they do not possess the courage to practise or initiate themselves. Much that has been said and done at recent meetings has been attempted for personal or political purposes by disappointed and incompetent men, who, having failed at everything, even at their own advertisement, and who having been unable to secure election to public bodies themselves, are using these meetings simply as a means of discrediting what they can never hope to reach. Public life is a pillory in which public-spirited men by hard work for the community place themselves, and in so doing give to their unscrupulous personal or political enemies the opportunity of throwing at them the mud of jealousy or the stones of hate.

That the recent unemployed movement has been so used by shallow mediocrities should not hide from us the suffering of the rank and file, who, in the long run, have the sense to see through the paltry motives of their irresponsible and ignorant advisers, some even willing to inspire and promote an incipient riot, so that they may have the privilege and profit of reporting it.

But if there have been loafers, cranks, and other undesirable persons using the unemployed for ulterior purposes, that should not blind us to the fact that it does not at all affect the question of dealing with the grievances of the genuine men who may attend the meetings and who are really desirous of finding employment.

Whether these are 10,000 or 100,000 men does not lessen, except in degree, the responsibility of society in meeting their demands. And if it were true, which it is not, that altogether these meetings are composed of thieves and loafers who meet in thousands for predatory reasons only, then that would be additional and urgent reason why we should hasten all remedial agencies of a permanent character. Society should anticipate the loafing and thieving stage that casual labour too often produces, by providing work for willing workers—work that must be made more attractive, remunerative, and steady for the individual than the precarious life of the average labourer now is, and through the gradations of which he descends to unemployed, the dosser, the loafer, and the criminal—a curse to himself, a pest to all. The practicability of some remedy for all his troubles is dawning upon, yea is being felt by, the modern labourer, even the hardened ones that have been imbruted by the fierce fight with poverty in the ‘casuals’ ranks. Ringing in my ears now is the hoarse whisper of a prisoner in the exercise yard of Pentonville—‘Stick to the unemployed, John; work is our only hope.’

From the depths of his criminal nature into which poverty and want of work had plunged him, he saw instinctively the remedy for his failing, and the means of his rescue, and to find it is the duty of all reformers, present and to come.

The unemployed labourer to-day is not a replica of the out-of-work of a few years back. With the restless and everchanging spirit of the times, he has altered greatly. His predecessor was a patient, long-suffering animal, accepting his position as beast of burden with a fatalistic taciturnity, looking upon his enforced idleness as inevitable, and with blind submission enduring his lot. His poverty and credulity were often exploited by rival politicians, his disorganisation used for the promotion of fiscal nostrums; and when his distress had been gauged, tabulated, discussed, and partially relieved with charitable doles or 'The House,' a slight revival of trade disposed of him until the next winter or depression set in, when again the same philanthropic opiates were administered to keep him quiet. In the past he was, whenever possible, deliberately, yea scientifically, ignored. As part of the body politic he was never considered. Statisticians befogged him and each other as to the amount his class and the nation had saved whilst he was starving. Political economists pointed out the impossibility of relieving his distress by spending money in useful public works instead of useless pauper tasks, or sagely informed him that the depression from which he suffered was due to 'vagaries of fashion in dress,' whilst he was nearly naked, or to 'spots on the sun,' when he was enduring the pains and penalties of the nether kingdom. Mute, inarticulate, unenfranchised, he escaped observation because he had no vote, no political, no municipal influence.

The extension of the franchise, education, trade-unionism, socialist propaganda, the broad and rising Labour movement has altered all this. The unemployed worker of to-day is of different stuff. He has a grievance, and thinks he has a remedy. Laying aside his tools with reluctance, embittered by the belief that organisation could prevent his impending misfortune, with genuine sorrow he gives up his time ticket, and feels, as he takes the last week's wages to his wife, that his little home may have to be parted with bit by bit, and with it the independence of character he loves, sapped by the greater or lesser stretch of enforced idleness that society disorganised imposes upon him with a cruel disregard of his claims. Having experienced the lot of the workless worker, I believe, with Carlyle, that 'a man willing to work and unable to find work is, perhaps, the saddest sight that fortune's inequality exhibits under the sun.' Pathetic it is to see the labourer, strong in limb, healthy in mind and morale, willing to work, but compelled reluctantly to be numbered with the ever-increasing legions that machinery, invention, competition, and monopoly recruit for idleness in this big city. But the first step necessary to a change is his own awakening, and that at

last has come. His eyes are now open, and the Samson of labour has pulled from them the bandage that class rule, apathy, and his own ignorance and drunkenness had placed upon him. He sees that the soil after its crops lies fallow and is fed. The trees after their fruitful loads have gone, rest and recuperate. The rich go to other climes to rest, or hibernate in slothfulness at home. But he, the worker and producer for them all, is linked to an idleness that worries and fatigues: 'his limbs are rusted with a vile repose.' The opportunity of using them is denied him. The city his hands have helped to make rich and beautiful has nothing to offer him, not even the chance of further work—the little all he modestly craves, and in refusing which the community robs itself and leaves him poorer still.

But even more pathetic than the unemployed male worker and industrial nomad is the workless woman or girl in search of work in a city of great distances. Trudging from shop to factory with thin boots and thinner clothes; with little food, without the support that trade-unionism gives to men, lacking the stimulant of association, isolated by her sex, with no organisation, often the victim of bogus registry offices, friendless and alone, she searches for work that slowly comes. Before her the workhouse or the street, she bravely suffers in silence, and has no alternative to starvation but the eating of the crumb of charity or the loaf of lust. The industrial Andromeda that want of work has chained to a life she loathes incarnates all the poignant sorrow and desperation of the merciless struggle for existence amongst the poor, against which virtue, honour, and labour fight often in vain.

Whatever the movement amongst the workers may be, whether it is the demand for legislative reduction of the hours of labour, now demanded by miners or cotton operatives, or the Trades Union Congress, or the abolition of overtime, which all the unions are fighting for now, the inspiring motive at the bottom of them all is the problem of disposing of their unemployed, the slaying of the Frankenstein that the fruitfulness of their own labour has created. Disguise it how we will, hide though we may, looming up is the great, the all-absorbing question for all countries and governments to face—how can the honest worker be provided with work uncontaminated with pauperism's degrading taint and charity's demoralising aid? The glib quotation of figures showing that official pauperism has decreased only insults the genuine worker who asks for work, so that it may be reduced further still. But even the official statistics, when shorn of all their complacent optimism, reveal the real nature of the problem. The fact that a cruel administration of the Poor Law, which mixes honest and criminal together, has reduced official pauperism from 46 to 20 per cent. per thousand, is cold comfort to the men who, by physical necessity or want of work, are compelled to be of the twenty.

The growth of trade-unionism, friendly, sick, loan, co-operative, and other agencies that the workers resort to in times of distress, is not recognised as a factor in reducing the distress which, in the absence of such agencies, the Poor Law would have to meet. Exploiting the ever-increasing repugnance amongst the genuine poor to pauper relief, the officials representing the *laissez-faire* middle class are determined to throw the support of the workless, that the rich and poor now sustain, on to the poor exclusively, who, voluntarily taxed as they are, cannot carry further burdens.

Outside the official pauper class, as Mr. Charles Booth proves, there are hundreds of thousands of people whose standard of life and comfort, from the point of view of food, clothing, and house accommodation, is lower than the pauper or criminal, yet these people will not accept relief, but struggle on in the vain hope of work that never comes, and, if it did, it would find them too low to perform it. The fact is the virtue—or vice—of thrift and independence amongst the pick of the working classes which well-fed reformers contend is applicable to all is being abused and exploited. When the poor refuse Poor-Law relief, it is construed as proof that its abolition is justifiable. When, as a better alternative, the poor man asks for work, he is told that that is pauperism in another form. When he becomes ill through neither relief nor work being offered or accepted, or, as a last resource, thieves and goes to prison, he has to be kept, after his health and morals have been shattered, till he dies. The fact is, the unemployed have to be kept in one of three conditions: living on the rates as a pauper in a non-productive capacity, earning nothing and costing the country a large sum in officialism; as a criminal kept in prison—the worst possible fate for any man; or as a wanderer about the streets, sponging upon his fellows or the charitable rich, forced to live like a vagrant camel upon the hump of his own melancholic poverty, slowly getting physically exhausted, morally and mentally degraded, till the manhood is crushed out of him, and he becomes one of those fearful wrecks to whom death would be the greatest relief. I believe that the cheapest, best, and safest way of all to prevent the idle man, the potential loafer, pauper, or criminal, from being a burden is to provide him with work which will be his salvation and the community's benefit.

But how is this to be done? It may not be so easy as many imagine, but certain it is that the solution of the question must be attempted by the adoption of proper measures, insignificant, perhaps, in themselves, but as a whole tending towards the industrial reorganisation of society. •

In attempting to deal with this unemployed problem, it must be admitted that whatever is done under a competitive form of society can only be palliative and not permanently remedial. In fact, the commercial classes must be told, if they do not know it already, that

to some extent the existence of an unemployed contingent of workers is a necessary corollary of the existing almost unrestricted competitive system, in which production for profit by a class is carried on irrespective of the social consequences to the community and the producers. And whilst keeping in view and adopting all practical remedies, the fact must not be lost sight of that the basis of our social, economic, and industrial life is anarchic and unsound, and must be either slowly or suddenly revolutionised. The harshness of Capitalism has been tempered, however, in England for many years by the socialistic Poor Law, and by much voluntary charity for the relief of the distress incidental to the present form of wealth-production and its alternating cycles of depression, poverty, and prosperity. The immediate question we have to discuss is how best can this money and existing charitable and relief agencies be concentrated, economised, and utilised for the prevention of further additions to the army of paupers, and the perpetuation of a pauper class. And before this question is answered, let us say, in the light of experience gained by the Mansion House Fund in 1886, that all charitable schemes for the relief of the unemployed who are able to work have only one end, and that end the demoralisation of the donors and the degradation of the recipients. Wherever money is, there the loafer, the lazy, and the undeserving will be found. Worse than this, when society suffers from a spasm of charity, is the creation of paid philanthropists by proxy who revel in the notoriety which their sense of vanity and love of patronage craves, who cannot give personal service, time, and attention—always the better half of charity—with the result that failure attends invariably their crude and immature schemes. For the weak, the sick, the physically unfit, food and sustenance must be found; but this should be undertaken by the proper authorities and existing paid officials in such a way as to confer no obligation or patronage, and then only as a means of helping the recipients to that condition of health and strength necessary to the performance of labour, and which when reached should lead to employment on useful works, the real and only antidote to all the ills that labouring flesh is heir to. That these authorities have not done their work well, and are unsympathetic, is a reason for alteration, but is no justification for all the quack remedies that neurotic Christians and fanatical faddists, combining universal brotherhood with incompetence and good salaries, try to impose upon us. I go further, and as a trade-unionist, a member of a friendly society, and a Labour representative, knowing the life, the needs, and requirements of the working people, particularly the unskilled labourers and the unemployed, say that the time has arrived when the common sense of all sections of the community represented by an Act of Parliament should prevent utopian philanthropists like General Booth and Mr. Arnold White, and all such unscientific amateurs and

spasmodic manipulators of other people's charity, from making London, as they are, the happy hunting-ground of charitable debauchees, and the centre to which loafers and tramps are drawn from all parts of the country, to the confusion of the proper authorities, and the detriment of the London poor. These men, destined to utter, hopeless failure, resulting in worse than the evils they set out to remedy, are merely giving to the rich an opportunity of salving their consciences and evading their social, political, and municipal responsibility by the writing of a cheque. The provision for the aged, sick, and destitute; the finding of employment for the able-bodied, is not the work of religious proselytism or of the individual, however benevolently disposed. It is a collective, social, and municipal duty in which the minds, principles, energies, and organised sympathies of all men, absolutely non-religious and impersonal, should be embodied by and through those governmental and administrative agencies that should consciously carry out the scientifically ordered benevolence and desires of the community. Strong men may be held responsible for carrying out the objects that the community decide upon; but in the end society will find that no single man or coterie of self-appointed cliques can cope with an evil that is universal, and which must be faced by society, through its elected institutions, organised and equipped for its removal. This brings us to the practical remedial measures that could be undertaken for the unemployed.

First, the present system of ascertaining the number of men out of work should be improved, or a new system established. Essential to all remedies is the truth. The only basis and method of enumeration, apart from the Poor Law, which is utterly useless for this purpose, is the Labour Department of the Board of Trade that gets its statistics from the trade unions, mainly the skilled. Even this limited work is inefficiently done, through no fault of Mr. John Burnett, as the trade unions do not respond as they should, and nervously hesitate to give the exact numbers out of work for fear that their position should become known to the employers, who, they assume, would exploit their necessity by reducing wages or by some other encroachments. The figures given generally underestimate, because they give the members only of trade unions in receipt of out-of-work benefit, taking no notice of those out. They give only the average of all and not the percentage of each trade, a method that gives no idea of the number out of work and the corresponding distress. Societies that do not give unemployed benefits are roughly estimated, whilst the unskilled and unorganised trades can only form rough calculations, often influenced by the social and political views of the enumerators. As for the women, there is practically no attempt to ascertain the number who require work, whilst their organisation is only a name. The result of all this anarchy

and disorganisation is the frequent hearing of late, even from members and officials of trade unions, of absurdly high estimates of the numbers of the unemployed, some going so far as to say that there were more out of work than there were actually in the whole trade, and in the following week finding out their mistake and going to the opposite extreme. Then, again, we have charitable schemers, as of late in London, deliberately exaggerating the distress and want of work, in order to induce the credulous rich to subscribe to the particular charity they run. The fact is, outside Mr. Charles Booth, the Fabian Society, and a few trade unions, there are no agencies for collecting statistics upon which reliance can be placed. Even the Poor-Law authorities are without statistical data of any degree of accuracy relating to pauperism besides the unemployed.

The Labour members of the London County Council for the past three months, whilst others have been posing and talking, have been dealing with this question on the Council, and in their own localities, as it has never been dealt with before, and with greater effect than hitherto upon the imperial and local authorities.

At their request I have taken some trouble to ascertain the numbers out of work, and have corresponded with councillors and others through the country to take concerted action to provide employment and prevent migration. These investigations go to prove that in the iron, steel, engineering, and shipbuilding trades some branches are as badly off as in 1886; a few worse and others slightly better. The cotton trade is depressed; and agriculture is very bad. The inquiries show that the returns of men out of work issued by the Labour Department are delusive and too optimistic. These returns, as mentioned before, bulk the returns of all trades that report, and give only a general average for all; take no account of piece-workers, like bootmakers, who may have all their men nominally employed, but really making two or four days per week.

The last returns state that twenty-two unions, with 268,658 members, had in October 19,684 out of work, as against 16,794 in the previous month. Although this is a considerable increase and raises the average from 6 to 7 per cent., it in no sense conveys the distress in particular trades. As a guide to the comparative numbers for the last seven years of those out of work, it is well to let the figures speak for themselves.

November, 1886, 10.1 per cent.	November, 1890, 2.0 per cent
" 1887, 8.6 " "	" 1891, 4.45 " "
" 1888, 4.4 " "	" 1892, 7.33 " "
" 1889, 1.8 " "	

This is bad enough, and shows a progressive decline of prosperity; but an examination of the numbers out of work in particular trades shows the fallacy of giving general averages alone. The general

average percentage in November 1892 is 7·33 ; but the Ironmoulders' Society, 15,000 in number, reports a percentage of 20, with an anticipated rising to 24 in January next. The Amalgamated Society of Engineers, that had 3,619 out of work in 1886, with a membership of 52,000, has now 5,600 on a membership of 71,000. The Boilermakers' Society is as badly off as in 1886, having in October 1892 5,000 men unemployed, or 13 per cent. of its membership, as against 3,700, or 9 per cent. in September. The shipwrights are nearly as depressed as the boilermakers, there being 100,000 tons less shipping on the stocks in the September quarter than in June last ; whilst June quarter had been less than in March by 65,000 tons, or in six months a diminution of 20 per cent. Vessels on order are only forty in number, or 75 per cent. less than at the end of 1891, and very bad as compared with the high-water mark of 433 in 1889. Altogether, in the engineering, shipbuilding, and kindred trades, 15 per cent. of the men are unemployed, including skilled and unskilled labour. The tinplate trade is very bad, the unemployed varying in districts from 15 to 40 per cent. The United States Presidential election has, however, improved matters. Miners are working fewer days per week or fewer hours per day.

The industry upon which depression has not yet settled is the building trade. The carpenters have 3 per cent. out of work on a union membership of 37,000 ; the bricklayers unemployed number 2 per cent. of the strength of their union ; whilst the masons and other branches are very busy for the time of year. This activity, which is in marked contrast to 1886, is due to the large number of public works, docks, canals, waterworks, and buildings now in progress ; the great alterations in building in London, mainly in the West End ; the activity of the sanitary authorities all over the country ; and, equally important, the reduction of overtime, piece-work, and subcontracting, by the influence of the unions, which is now very powerful.

The census of London unemployed in four districts in 1886-7 compares as follows with the most reliable data I can obtain for 1892.

	1886-7	1892
Dock Labourers	55	25 to 40
Labourers (general)	37	12
Shipwrights	44	44
Masons	37	3
Bricklayers	37	3
Painters	33	12
Carpenters	27	4

The Coalporters' Society reports that nearly all its members are engaged. The Navvies and Bricklayers' Labourers' Society, with sixty-four branches in London and about 10,000 members, have,

owing to the open weather, only about 200 men unemployed. The Builders' Labourers' Union, with 4,000 members in London, have 500 out of work. The Vestry Employees' Union have only twenty men on their books as unemployed out of a membership of 5,000. The Compositors' Society has 10 per cent. of its members idle, whilst the smaller kindred trades are proportionately slack. The Dock Labourers have been very depressed, but are getting busier; but there is not work for half the men who seek the dock gates. There are 250 more men employed at Tilbury this week than at this time last year, but 450 less at the London docks and warehouses, thus making 150 fewer over the dock companies' premises as a whole. But this, apparently, does not look so bad; but when it is remembered that the work of those that are employed is more permanent, it follows that the work of the casual is more precarious than it ever was. As a matter of fact, what we foresaw as inevitable during the dock strike has come to pass. The 'casual' has lost by it, the permanent labourer has gained, and there is nothing to help this except to hasten the complete permanence of riverside labour. For this, there must be demanded the municipalisation of the docks, so that with unity of control by one authority of the river, with its free ferries, and docks worked by a permanent staff, the convex of depression on the south side in the winter should fit into the concave of prosperity on the north side. When there was not work enough at unloading, work could be found in the repairing, cleansing, and dredging of docks and foreshores, which would provide the total permanent staff with work all the year round. Till this is done the docks will continue to be the vortex into which the flotsam of casual labour and the jetsam of vagrancy drift; an auxiliary casual ward, attracting to London men who should be chargeable on the district in which they have worked and lived.

In Barking, Canning Town, West Ham, Poplar, and extreme eastern district trade is very bad. The gas-works at Beckton, I was informed by the men, required nearly 1,000 fewer men this year than at this time last year, in consequence of oil being used instead of coal for making gas, and by the introduction on a large scale of electric light. I, however, find that 126 fewer men are engaged only, and that through warmer weather. The chemical trades are also depressed. The boot and shoe operatives, although not unemployed, are working short time through slackness. Taking London as a whole, there is about the average number out of work for this time of the year; but taking groups of trades and districts, as the extreme East End, things are nearly as bad as in 1886, and yet the increase of pauperism from 89,822 in November 1891, although showing a general increase of 3,101, to 92,923 in November 1892, does not proportion so largely in the East End as in other districts less affected by depression.

The only way, after all, to obtain reliable labour statistics is to

establish in every district council or vestry area a completely equipped Labour Bureau, situated in the Town Hall. There the unemployed should be able to register themselves, and the trade unions should be urged to regularly post or file, for official use if necessary, their numbers out of employment. The whole arrangements of simple tabulation and indication of where employment could be found should be done in a business-like way, by a competent official. The bureau should be the medium of communication between the men seeking work and the employers, and at the same time eliminate the loafer, to whom little consideration should be shown. In spite of what some advocates of work for the unemployed may say, I contend, as a Socialist, basing my belief on an unequalled experience of the largest meetings of unemployed that have ever been held, and as spokesman on every occasion for deputations on this subject to Government departments in the past eight years, that until the differentiation of the labourer from the loafer takes place, the unemployed question can never be properly discussed and dealt with. Till the tramp, thief, and ne'er-do-well, however pitiable he may be, is dealt with distinctly from the genuine worker, no permanent benefit will result to any of them. The gentleman who gets up to look for work at midday, and prays that he may not find it, is undeserving of pity. I have seen the most genuine and honest men at meetings mixed up with the laziest and most drunken scoundrels. These latter get together for a purpose: they have but one object, that is pillage—an offence that in critical times would justify the punishment of the perpetrator at the hands of the men who had staked their all in the success of a genuine Labour movement, the success of which, after all, cannot be secured unless the utmost discipline is preserved; breaches of which in a military or revolutionary movement would meet with heavy penalties.

These Labour Bureaux would probably lead to the trade unions leaving their present meeting-places in public-houses and using alternately the rooms of the bureaux for their meetings, an advantage to labour that in the course of the year would save millions now wasted by being spent in drink. Telephonic or other communication between district and district should be arranged. This might be conducted by a central Labour Exchange to be in conjunction with an Imperial Labour Bureau for Great Britain, utilising the 18,000 post-offices, ascertaining and exchanging the varying local industrial needs. The whole of these arrangements should form part of a Ministry of Labour and Fine Arts, constituted as, or better than, existing departments, and dealing in an organised manner with the industrial, technical, and artistic sides of the production of wealth that are now forgotten in the vulgar scramble for personal gain.

Till these Labour Bureaux are established, when exceptional distress occurs and private charity or public relief has to be disbursed, a

committee should be formed in each County Council area, on which representatives of the trade unions, Charity Organisation Society, friendly societies, temperance and other bodies should sit, and, if possible, supplemented by a number of the guardians and vestrymen, whose local knowledge, together with that of the workmen, would be of great service in differentiating the workers from the loafers—a necessary and indispensable task. This committee should confine itself to disbursing relief in money or food only to those who through illness or inability to work should have relief, and who refuse to go into the workhouse because their distress was only temporary. The children who need it should be fed at the Board Schools, for whatever their fathers may have done the children are blameless. The price paid for Ormonde would be more than sufficient to provide London's foodless children with good meals all through the winter. The ordinary cases of distress should be left to the existing authorities, and should in no way be interfered with by the committee, except in the case of providing work for the able-bodied willing to take it. The advantage of this representative committee would be the amalgamation of all sets of sympathies, and furnish a sufficient conflict of interests and opinions as would secure an impartial distribution of relief, and prevent the overlapping of various agencies and imposture, results that do not always characterise relief committees of one political, social, or religious view. This unofficial body would undertake temporarily the duties that should fall upon new District and Poor Law Councils that should soon be created on the broadest possible franchise for this and other purposes. If money is subscribed for the relief of the able-bodied, it should be handed over to the local authorities responsible for the cleansing, sanitation, and making of such public works as roads, streets, parks, and sewers. The surveyor or engineer should be the responsible authority for the expenditure of this money, and so far as is possible the conditions of hours and wages current at the time should be rigidly observed. The men could be employed at fewer hours per day, or fewer days per week, than ordinarily, so that the aggregate wage earned should be no inducement either to malingering or refuse work elsewhere under ordinary conditions. If the amount of money is sufficient, then the work should proceed as if in that district no exceptional distress existed. The Poor Law guardians should act in conjunction with this committee in some way, and should hand over to the local authority that amount of money to be spent in useful work or non-pauperising relief that would have been spent in other directions if no such public works had been instituted. At Paddington in 1887 a public committee co-operated and jointly subscribed money for work for 350 men, and gave employment to 133 women on needlework. The advantage of this course is that you distribute over all the men employed, without pauperising them, that amount of money which all people in the

parish subscribe through the rates, and you make the support of the unemployed a collective compulsory charge on the district that profits by the work they perform. The application for work should be restricted to local men with at least three months' residence.

Works should be of public utility, not necessarily of immediate demand, but prospectively required.

The works should be such as would give simple employment to the class which is mainly influenced by depression—the unskilled.

Ground work on roads, sewers, and recreation grounds is the best, as the bulk of the cost of these works goes in wages for manual labour.

Each locality to be responsible for its own unemployed, unless the extent of the works permit otherwise, and equitable arrangements are made with other districts. As in the case of the Common Poor-Law Fund, the richer districts with no unemployed ought to contribute *pro rata* for work that poorer districts do in relief of metropolitan distress. The Government could also lend money on easy terms, and in many cases make a contribution, but should work entirely to local authority.

The character of the work to be done is of course difficult to decide upon, as in many districts there are staple trades the skill and delicacy of which prevent hard and laborious work being undertaken easily by the men. But generally, as was found on the 2,000,000*l.* of work undertaken by local authorities in Lancashire in 1862 and 1863, as told by my colleague Mr. Arthur Arnold in his excellent *History of the Cotton Famine* and by Mr. Torrens and Sir Robert Rawlinson in their reports, the men soon adapted themselves to the work, which, when finished, was of lasting benefit to the community.

Public works in India, Ireland, and the colonies, even though some of the works in the latter may have been undertaken for political reasons, go on the whole to prove that it is better to spend 1,000,000*l.* on useful labour than 2,000,000*l.* in charity.

The later instances of the good that public works loyally undertaken in the right spirit by the authorities and the men are numerous. One of the best is Chelsea in 1886, when 16,000*l.* was spent in paving and laying out roads and streets. The work was of excellent character, equal, even better, in quality and price than contract work; and for three months gave employment to over 200 men of many trades, who soon adapted themselves to the work and with the parish derived great benefit. In 1887 similar work on a smaller scale was undertaken with like success. At Paddington, also, in 1886 a joint committee of subscribers and vestrymen carried out road-work and the improvement of public gardens in that district. At Wandsworth many men were engaged in digging sand, foundations, and other ground work. Battersea, St. Pancras, and many other parishes, also the Metropolitan Gardens Association, carried out many useful

improvements and in the best way relieved distress, discouraged loafing, and benefited the community by the works carried out. At Oxford, Norwich, Ipswich, Yarmouth, Eastbourne, and at Brighton similar work was done: 1,000 men were employed for some weeks on necessary roads; at Yarmouth and King's Lynn general relief works were also undertaken, also at Southampton, Dudley, Walsall, and Stourbridge, in cleansing roads and similar work. Tynemouth employed some hundreds of men upon a public park, sea road, and sea banks. South Shields gave work to 400 men three days per week; and Sunderland to 1,300 men of all trades on foreshore works, of which the Local Government Board official states: 'It is impossible to contemplate without a feeling of satisfaction the great improvement to the district that has resulted from the judicious employment of these men at a critical time.' And of Wales, where street improvements, parks, gardens, and foreshore works were undertaken, Mr. Murray Bourne, of the Local Government Board, says:—

Relief was no doubt considerable. The carrying out of such works at such a time possesses obvious advantages. The work is possibly done somewhat more cheaply than when labour is in demand.

For the less skilled men who are willing to work, London and all other towns can always find work for many who have strength enough to use a broom or shovel. The condition of our streets in summer is bad enough, and it is as much as the permanent staff can do to keep them clean; whilst in winter the staff could be easily doubled, and if this were done when mud, snow, and dirt are most in evidence, from six to ten thousand men could find employment; and if to this was added a crusade against dirt and filth in all the side streets, slums, and alleys with broom, whitewash, and disinfectant, in fact a vigorous enforcement of the new Public Health Act, work would be justified and secured for a still larger number. The recent disclosures of Dr. Dudfield as to the filthy condition of cisterns provides, until they are removed, a source of employment for many; as also does the removal of dust and other refuse. 'The man with the muck rake,' the scavenger of to-day, is not the dejected, semi-pauperised automaton that he used to be, working for less than the current wage, and one step from the workhouse. He has been enthused and organised, and, as Mr. Giffen testifies, has reduced his hours of labour 30 per cent. and raised his wages from 10 to 25 per cent. His calling is no longer what it was, and men who used to look upon road-sweeping as derogatory now cheerfully look for it as an alternative to the other work that for many reasons fails them.

I have gone fairly into the matter, and believe if Mr. Fowler's circular is loyally adopted by the local authorities, as it has been anticipated by the London County Council, that there are many useful works that could be carried out in each district of general sanitary character, which, combined with repairs to roads, streets, and sewers,

on the standard of Chelsea in 1886, would give a total of 24,000 to 30,000 men employment in London alone, or about 200,000 throughout the country.

And why should not this be done? When a busy man has an hour to spare, how does he occupy it? He tidies up, sets his rooms and papers in order; when a thrifty housewife has an opportunity of an additional cleaning it is undertaken. Why, then, should not each community utilise its surplus labour that must be kept somehow, and give to its cities and towns, its roads and buildings, that winter and spring cleaning they require?

Having dealt with the kind of work that the unskilled labourer can do, it is more important to discuss the best means of preventing the periodical displacement to which all workers are subject. I believe that by a reorganisation of the works of all public bodies, such as Town and County Councils, school boards, vestries, guardians, docks, port, harbour, and sanitary authorities, and all State departments, it is possible to reduce enormously the number of men seeking employment at the beginning and end of each year. To do this the example of the Battersea Vestry, the London County Council, and many other public bodies must be followed, in abolishing contracts, which means casual labour, as far as possible. For the ordinary maintenance and repairs a regular, transferable staff should be kept employed direct with no overtime, except in cases of social urgency; and adjust all the special and extraordinary work to be done, such as ground work, repairs and alterations to parks, open spaces, drainage, and other works, to the exigencies of the general local labour market. By doing this, employment is thrown over a larger number, and at the times when the labour market needs it most. For three years this has been done by nearly all the committees of the London County Council, that has also decided to have its own works department, the first scientific step yet taken for the unemployed question. This should be done nationally at the inspiration of a Local Government Board circular, and when the Labour Bureaux indicated a given percentage of unemployed, then public works should be started, and migration would thus be stopped. The great advantage of this method is that by local knowledge and experience the habits and character of the men are known—the labouring sheep are separated from the loafing goats.

Some exception may be taken to this method on the ground that painting and other season trades cannot be employed. But this objection does not hold good to the extent usually imagined. The class of men who are mostly out of work in London in winter are painters and painters' labourers. In the summer the painters, and kindred workmen, are making ten, twelve, fourteen, and often sixteen hours per day for six or seven months in the year. This is unnecessary, as there is not the least reason why nearly all the inside work

in connection with cleansing and painting the buildings belonging to public bodies, such as schools, asylums, hospitals, police stations, and public offices, should not be done when climatic conditions are unsuitable for outside work, leaving external work for good weather. I have not yet known a builder or contractor to refuse a contract for climatic reasons, and, with the exception of times of very severe frosts, he generally manages to carry out his work. Even the frost difficulty is got over in colder countries, such as Norway and Sweden, and it could be overcome here if prejudice and custom did not stand in the way. The fact is, custom, caprice, and fashion have imposed upon all communities many cruel and absurd practices which entail overwork for short periods and lack of work at others. If the community is driven, as it is now, to find work for all and overwork for none, it will either voluntarily have to abandon the stupid practice of ordering its clothes twenty-four hours before they are required, and insisting that all its houses in the West End should be cleaned and painted in six weeks in the spring or six weeks in the autumn, by men working night and day. Let the community by law or the men and masters by combination say that the average working day throughout the year shall be the maximum working day. Society would soon adapt itself to the conditions. The work would still have to be done, and as there is no fear of the owners doing it themselves, one of the first steps towards the regulation of industry would be achieved.

Beyond this there is much that the Imperial Government can do. In all the departments there is much 'extra duty' that ought not to be done by the regular staff at overtime rates, but which should be done by extra men. Overtime in the General Post Office alone is paid for to the extent of 1,400*l.* per week. This alone means the displacement of 800 men. In every postal district a proportional amount is paid. A reapportionment of work, the adoption of the shift system, would prevent overwork, and for a permanent, profitable service give a steady regular employment to several thousand more men who are better employed carrying letters than in receiving rates. In the arsenals and dockyards similar things take place. Although overtime is not so prevalent now as in 1884, 1885, and 1886, when 12,000 worked 6,000,000 hours of overtime at Woolwich and Enfield, which, when extended over the period in question, gives an average of seventeen hours per week per man, and so doing deprived 2,000 of their fellows of work that was sorely needed—still there is too much of it. At Chatham, from April to August, 4,000 men were working thirteen and a half hours per day instead of nine and a half. At this moment 1,800 men are working three and a half hours overtime per day; whilst at Portsmouth 1,200 men have been working overtime on the *Royal Arthur*; and at Plymouth, Devonport, and Woolwich the same thing goes on to a varying extent. There is no excuse for this with

hundreds of workmen unemployed, as the shift system could be adopted if work is needed to be completed in a hurry, and the result would be better work and real economy in the end.

It would be interesting to trace the breakdowns through defective machinery to our ironclads; if it were done, it would not be favourable to the breakneck speed at which much of the work is turned out by contractors' men working, as in 1886, 1887, and 1888, at 90 and 100 hours per week.

The railway accident at Thirsk, due to the deliberate undermanning of the working staff, simply for profit, by the directors, suggests a field into which many unemployed men might be drawn with advantage to all.

The unfortunate death of ten passengers has directed public attention to the overworking that prevails, and which was disclosed by the Scotch strike, the Railway Hours Committee, and the last return for December 1891, which shows no appreciable diminution in excessive duty.

But the public generally are terribly ignorant of the railway butchers' bill that the companies pay in the killed and injured bodies of their servants for the undermanning and overworking that, in the majority of cases, are the causes of accidents amongst their servants and occasionally their passengers.

In 1891, 628 men were killed and 9,601 injured out of less than 200,000 engaged in the different grades on the railways; out of four million engaged in factories, 420 only were killed and 8,527 injured; an excess for the railways of 208 killed and 1,074 injured with the twentieth part of the numbers that are engaged in factories.

Since 1874 up to November 1892 there have been 10,000 deaths and 45,000 injuries connected with railway rolling stock. This does not include the 1,422 killed and the 115,920 injured in other departments of the railways, and making in all about 12,000 killed and 160,000 injured in eighteen years. At shunting and kindred work in 1891, 160 lives were lost and 1,671 were injured. Taking an average of killed and injured over the 14,000 men engaged, it will be found, on the standard of 1891, that over seven years 1,120 are killed and 11,690 injured, or 80 per cent. of 14,000 men in this department are offered up every seven years as a sacrifice to the long hours of those engaged and to the increase of the unemployed.

An eight hours day would reduce this preventible slaughter by 50 per cent., and if applied to the whole of the railways would absorb 100,000 men. This means a diminution of dividend of 1 per cent., but to a great extent this would be met by a reduction in taxation and other ways. It is not too large a price for the railways to pay for packing the House of Commons in the interests of their monopolies.

The tramway and bus companies that, in spite of plucky strikes by the men, are still working their men excessive hours and will continue to do so till the law prevents them. At the present moment the

number of carmen and unemployed men accustomed, to vehicular work is large, and the necessities of the passenger traffic in London that could be better served by two shifts of men are neglected, so that rival companies can bankrupt each other, kill their horses and men by insane competition.

Fortunately for all, the County Council is taking possession of these monopolies, and their ownership will not only mean convenience to all and less obstruction, but a relief to the overstocked labour market in London.

It is very difficult to suggest remedies that will at once affect the workless women. Relief works suitable for men are not possible for them, although there is much work that each family in its own way could do to help those immediately around them.

For the mass of women and girls, in the interests of humanity, apart from a means of giving work to others, legislation should at once be adopted that would put a stop to home work and sweating. All home industries should be transferred to healthy workshops and factories, under public sanitary supervision and Factory Acts that cannot be enforced where domestic conditions lead to their evasion.

This, if accompanied by legislative reduction of hours for all women as well as men to eight per day, would for some time find nearly all with employment who desired it. The gradual raising of the age of children engaged in factories, and the gradual elimination of married women from factory occupations altogether, would help to the provision of work and the raising of wages and the standard of comfort both for men and women.

But whatever may be done of a gradual and tentative character in the towns or cities by public works or by reduction of the hours of labour will be permanently useless till the influx from the countryside is stopped, and machinery is made the servant and not, as now, the master of men. How this is to be done it is difficult to say, and apparently nothing but the justifiable appropriation by the rural authorities of the uncultivated land will do it. In the general interests of the country something must be attempted to prevent the land lying idle. Year by year the community looks on as field after field is added to sporting estates and men give way to deer.

In many country districts peasants rot whilst the pheasants rule; and game is master where man is hunger's sport.

The creation of parish and district councils must stop this, and, let us hope, will furnish the labourer and farmer with the means not only of cultivation where now desolation reigns, but will provide the means for more attractive life on the soil, higher wages, and that steadiness of work that will stem the exodus to the towns, to the physical detriment of the nation, and to the addition to London's burdens and poverty which now goes on.

In the foregoing I have ventured as a municipal councillor to put forth suggestions that by their adoption will relieve distress arising

from want of work. My practical experience convinces me that they can be adopted almost at once. Certainly some attempt for their introduction must be undertaken. The reason why I have confined myself to the practically possible is because I have no faith in the fiscal, charitable, or economic nostrums that are hourly preached for the redemption of mankind.

Any attempt at labour colonies, unemployed settlements, elevators, farm colonies, municipal workshops, and other social will-o'-the-wisps will fail, as they have always done. Man is even in social and political reform a gregarious animal, and loathes separation or isolation from his fellows, even for his own improvement. Into the mass of the industrial army the ragged regiments of the unemployed must be absorbed. Over trade, commerce, agriculture, and labour the cost, not of finding merely work for the workless, but rather of reducing the hours of all that are overworked should be spread. It needs no change, is the simplest way, avoids friction, displacement and migration. In this way every consumer at home and abroad in the price of the product he buys will, through the added cost of shorter hours, pay equally with the manufacturer and producer for the maintenance of people that without these shorter hours would be unemployed, and the cost of which would be borne by the producers alone. Absorption of the unemployed by general reduction of hours, this followed by municipalisation of industry and nationalisation of monopolies, is the line of least resistance for all. It is regulation or riot, reduction or revolution. Whatever is undertaken must be boldly and promptly done by those concerned. But to even attempt the solution of this question, it requires the greatest political foresight and courage for all political parties who till now have always shirked the permanent solution of the unemployed question. In the next Parliament it will be for years to come the chief question for discussion. The world moves on its belly; and politicians will find that the people have longer memories than formerly, especially when the possessors of the empty bellies have votes.

We are passing through a transition period. *Laissez faire* has been abandoned, and for the first time in the history of the human race the working people possess universally the power through elective institutions to embody in law their economic and material desires. Concurrently with the growth of personal independence is the desire for State aid and municipal effort when individual action is futile. The unemployed movement embodies the growing desire for useful healthy lives. It is the protest of Labour against charitable palliation of a social system that in all countries is breaking up, and must either by force or steady change, such as I have indicated, give place to the organised and collective domination by the people of their social life through municipal administration and political change.

JOHN BURNS.

3 M 2

II

MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S PROGRAMME

(1)

I AM asked what I think of Mr. Chamberlain's article on the Labour Question. I have read it carefully—portions of it more than once—but to tell all I think, or all I should like to say, in the very limited time at my disposal, is impossible. Mr. Chamberlain's paper was heralded long before its advent. Summaries of it were transmitted by London correspondents and press agencies; leading articles in galore were written by the newspapers. The dearth of other stirring events; the timeliness and importance of the topic; the eminence of the writer; all these concurred to raise expectation to the highest point. Has this expectation been fulfilled? The article has great merits; much study has been bestowed on the various topics discussed. The writing is clever, smart, cynical, dogmatic. In the portions dealing with politics and trades unions there is less than Mr. Chamberlain's usual carefulness and accuracy of statement.

Mr. Chamberlain is a master of clear, powerful exposition. The subject was eminently one for broad, lofty treatment. It lay outside, and might have been kept outside, the arena of party controversy. Every man, every statesman, one would have supposed, would have striven to restrict within the narrowest limits the party element, would have aimed to lift these labour problems—intricate and perplexing enough in themselves—into the region of calm, dispassionate debate. On almost every page bitter taunts are hurled against those from whom Mr. Chamberlain is, for the moment, in political disagreement. Even if these taunts had been as well merited as they are unjust they would have been better left unsaid. So saturated is the article with this extreme political partisanship that it is regarded by many as neither more nor less than an electioneering manifesto; a great bid for the votes of the working men. Mr. Chamberlain tells us that

almost all the legislation dealing with labour questions has been initiated by Tory statesmen, and most of it has been passed by Tory Governments.

This is not a self-evident proposition; no proof is vouchsafed. It is enough, therefore, in the meantime to deny its correctness. Mr.

Chamberlain has not always spoken so well of the Tories. When criticising a proposal of Lord Salisbury's a few years ago, he said: 'This is Toryism all over. It is cynical, it is obstructive, it is selfish, it is incapable.' It would be interesting to find out when he discovered the virtues of his present political allies. Of course everybody knows that it must be the Tories who have changed, not Mr. Chamberlain. Signs of their change of front were showing themselves in the latter part of 1885. In a speech delivered at Bradford on the 1st of October of that year Mr. Chamberlain said:—

The men whom we have fought and worsted in a hundred fights are melting away, and in their place we are confronted by those who borrow our watchwords, hoist our colours, steal our arms, and seek to occupy our positions. Since the Conservative Government has been in office it has sedulously engaged in the endeavour to prove itself more Radical than its predecessor, and it has succeeded so well that, for my part, if it were not for the immorality of the thing, I should say that this country could not be better governed than by a Conservative Ministry in an insignificant minority.¹

But the right hon. gentleman exhorted his democratic hearers to resist this temptation, to have some regard to the morality of the thing, assuring them that they would find their best guides in the ranks of the party that has always trusted the people, and not among those who have suddenly been converted for the sake of a temporary occupation of office.

It is, perhaps, a mistake to accept too seriously Mr. Chamberlain's party recriminations whether of seven years ago or of the present time. At all events, it would be following his very evil example to pursue the subject further.

Mr. Chamberlain attempts to draw a sharp contrast between the old trades unions and the new. He says:—

The old leaders have lost their influence and popularity; the new unions are triumphant, and have practically captured the organisations of their predecessors. Even where the old officials are suffered to remain the methods are changing, and a more militant and aggressive spirit is being infused into their proceedings. . . . New Unionism is in its conception national, and even international.

I venture to say that there is not a trade unionist, old or new, who will accept this as a correct statement. Every definite proposition here cited is either a half-truth or is wholly unfounded. Where is the old union that has been captured by a new one? What old official has been replaced by a new unionist? Whatever the nature of the resolutions passed at the Trades Union Congress, it is notorious that in the competition for the most important offices the old unionists have always more than held their own. Equally in error is Mr. Chamberlain in supposing that the New Unionism is more national and international in its conception than the Old. The Amalgamated

¹ The quotations from Mr. Chamberlain's speeches of 1885 are taken from the 'authorised edition,' the proofs having been 'looked over' by Mr. Chamberlain himself.

Engineers is a national, as well as an international, Union. The Joiners and Cabinet-makers, the Ship-builders, the Tailors, and many others were National Amalgamated Societies long before New Unionism was known. Nor is there the slightest difference between old and new in their desire for international relations. Both have co-operated in trying to establish such relations between the workers of the various nations of the world.

I have adopted the terms New Unionism and Old as a matter of convenience. I do not believe there is any essential difference, much less antagonism, between the one and the other. All the hatred now felt by many capitalists against the New Unionism was shown, quite as bitterly and more universally, against the Old only a few years ago. New Unionism is in the main young, inexperienced unionism. The chief difference is that the New consists largely of the unskilled or less skilled workers. In some instances the older may have regarded themselves as 'the aristocracy of labour,' and may, like some other aristocracies, have exhibited little sympathy with their less fortunate brethren. But that spirit of exclusiveness has not been common. I know that many of the old union leaders have helped to organise the labourers, have become trustees of their societies, have been ready to advise whenever advice was needed. The old unions have subscribed liberally to the new. The new unions have indeed stirred up and given fresh life to the old; while they in return have derived immense advantage from the knowledge and experience of the older societies. Both have benefited, and the Trade Union movement as a whole has been quickened, strengthened, solidified.

Mr. Chamberlain's programme of legislative reforms is interesting and comprehensive. Every item is important, but it can hardly be said that all are ripe for immediate legislation. It would be ungracious to complain of the scantiness of the fare provided, yet there are significant omissions. Throughout the succession of brilliant speeches delivered by Mr. Chamberlain in 1885, the great reforms he insisted upon had reference to a readjustment of the burdens of taxation, and to getting the labourers back to the land. He then pointed out that the

common rights of ownership had disappeared. . . . Some of them have been sold; some of them have been given away by people who had no right to dispose of them; some have been destroyed by fraud; and some have been acquired by violence.

'What ransom,' he demanded, 'will property pay for the security it enjoys?' Hope was dawning. In a speech a few days afterwards he told his hearers that Mr. Collings had a 'little Bill' called a 'Restitution Bill,' 'a most ominous sound for all the owners of ill-gotten property.' Mr. Chamberlain at that time asked 'why the owners of ground rents should escape all contribution to the expenditure of their

localities.' These were then deemed by Mr. Chamberlain to be vital labour questions, going to the very root of the social condition of the people.

How are we (he asks) to increase the material resources of the poor? For my part I see no hope whatever, except in a radical revision of the laws which affect the tenure of the land.

Again to the same purport:—

I am convinced you can look for no great improvement in the general condition of the working classes until the just claims of the labourer have been satisfied, and the steady depopulation of the country has been stayed. . . . How to restore the labourer to the land is the land question with which the great mass of the English people are chiefly concerned.

Have these questions ceased to be important, or become less important, during the last seven years? Have Mr. Chamberlain's own opinions changed in the interval? Or have these little items been left out of his present programme because he doubts whether the ardour of the Tory party as social reformers will carry them far enough in the direction of 'restitution,' taxation of ground rents, and land law reform?

Payment of members is not purely, or mainly, a labour question. It has never been advocated by working men as such. Still less is it a matter that specially concerns the trades unions. A powerful society can, without any great strain upon its resources, pay one of its own members, if it cares enough for direct representation to send him to Parliament. But on broader grounds a strong claim can be made out for the principle of state payment. The case has never been better put than by Mr. Chamberlain himself a few years ago. His argument was clear and conclusive, without offensive insinuations against those who have not means of their own. He advocated the principle then without limitation and without qualification. It seems to me unfortunate that he should now suggest that there should be two classes of members—one with salaries and one without. Notwithstanding all Mr. Chamberlain's strong instincts of practical statesmanship, one is surprised to find that whenever he admits the need for reform, and is prepared to concede, whether the right hon. gentleman is dealing with the grievance of an Irish Nationalist or of a British workman, he always perversely insists upon conferring his boon in a form that is utterly unacceptable to the claimant. Payment of members is the practice in nearly every country possessing representative government. It will come in this country. So far as Labour representatives are concerned, I believe they will do without it until they can have it without going upon their knees *in forma pauperis*.

Mr. Chamberlain advocates an eight hours working day for miners. The work is certainly dangerous, much of it laborious. On these grounds mining has a strong claim for special treatment. But there are many occupations in which, though the labour may be less

severe, the hours are very much longer. And there are few trades that are, through their powerful organisations, better able to protect themselves. Mr. Chamberlain himself seems to see great practical difficulties in imposing uniform hours on all underground workers throughout the country. He in fact suggests limitations and exceptions of a most drastic character.

The eight hours could not (he says) be applied to all employed without a diminution in the case of some to six hours or less—an objection which might be removed in Committee by inserting any conditions shown to be necessary.

Then there is the want of unanimity among the miners. In some northern counties the miners object to such legislation, but Mr. Chamberlain thought he discerned 'signs of a change of opinion among these men.' Scarcely had his article appeared, when a ballot was announced in Durham, where out of forty thousand votes recorded no fewer than twenty-eight thousand were cast against an Eight Hours Bill. Mr. Chamberlain suggests 'local option' as a way out of the difficulty. That would, in all likelihood, get rid of the opposition of the northern miners, but I fear it would hardly be a satisfactory solution to those who so urgently demand legislation.

Mr. Chamberlain dismisses somewhat too cursorily the question of the amendment of the Conspiracy Act. He seems to imagine that only the new unionists ask for such amendment, and that they demand the change merely that they may get scope for wholesale boycotting and intimidation. Trades unionists are unanimous as to the need for amendment, and believe they have a real grievance in the present state of the law. The Conspiracy Bill of 1875, when it left the House of Commons, defined intimidation for which trades unionists were punishable

to mean and include only such intimidation as would justify a justice of the peace, on complaint being made to him, in binding over the person so intimidating to keep the peace.

These words were struck out in the House of Lords. For want of a clear definition great numbers of illegal decisions have been given against trades unionists, many of them by men learned in the law and accustomed to exercise judicial functions. It is true that, after costly appeals, some of these illegal judgments have been quashed by the superior courts. But the unsatisfactory state of the law is shown by a case tried before the Sheriff of Glasgow last year. The facts were almost identical with those in the well-known case of *Gibson v. Lawson*. The accused in the latter instance was charged with intimidation and acquitted, while in the Glasgow case the men were charged with conspiracy and convicted. Conduct, therefore, which was legal when the charge was intimidation became criminal when the charge was conspiracy.

On the subject of Boards of Conciliation and Arbitration I am glad

to find myself in complete agreement with Mr. Chamberlain. An increasing number of men, including influential leaders of trades unions old and new, impressed with the terrible evils arising from great industrial wars, are prepared to resort to compulsory arbitration. They are on the wrong track. In the long run neither employers nor employed could be compelled either to agree to arbitration or to accept the award of an umpire. Difficulties sometimes occur in constituting a satisfactory Board, but the great obstacle usually is in inducing both sides to arbitrate. Advantage might accrue from careful inquiry and the issuing of a report, even when one side only was favourable to arbitration. The State might do something useful in encouraging arbitration and in providing the machinery for carrying it into operation—where other machinery did not already exist.

I have time only to touch on another topic, that of employers' liability. This is a matter of practical politics, all parties recognising the necessity of amending the present law. The late Government mentioned it in five successive Queen's Speeches as a subject demanding legislation. In 1888 they carried the second reading of their Bill by a considerable majority. Probably the reason they did not push it through Committee was because it was not satisfactory to the Labour members of the House of Commons. The Government, however, had a solid and compact majority. If they had clear and definite opinions they could have carried their Bill in any shape they willed. The subject is not free from difficulties; these will have to be faced by the present House of Commons.

Mr. Chamberlain characterises the present law of employers' liability as a 'half-hearted compromise.' He enumerates some of its defects, condemns the Act as 'incomplete and uncertain in its action, defective in its machinery, and doubtful in its interpretation.' The Act was passed in 1880. Mr. Gladstone was then, as now, Prime Minister. Mr. Chamberlain was a member of the Cabinet. His name was on the back of the Bill as one of the members who had 'prepared' and 'brought it in.' During the passage of the Bill through the House of Commons the right hon. gentleman delivered a long, and, it is unnecessary to add, a very able speech on the subject. From beginning to end that speech was in defence of the Bill. Never a hint was given by Mr. Chamberlain that he wished the Bill to go further than it did in extending employers' liability, or in giving greater protection to workmen. On the contrary, he defended all the defects and limitations of the measure. He strove to allay the groundless or exaggerated fears of timid employers by assuring them that the amount of compensation had been so far curtailed that there was 'no longer any room for extortionate demands.' He argued against the abolition of the doctrine of 'common employment.'

A stranger (he observed) was entirely outside the operations; a workman was, to a certain extent, a partner in the enterprise, and, to a certain extent, he might be called upon to share the risk.

He declared against compulsory insurance, and averred that

there was no more reason for compelling a workman to insurance of this kind than for compelling every man to insure his house or his life.

Why do I recite all this? Not certainly to complain of Mr. Chamberlain's attitude in 1880, not to condemn him for his share—a large one—in the passing of 'a half-hearted compromise.' Then he did the best he could, and he did very well. In his eagerness to strike a blow at his old colleagues of that time, he now does himself less than justice. That he would never do without extreme provocation. With all its shortcomings the Act of 1880 was really a most valuable one. It was a step—a huge stride—forward, and, on the whole, the best measure then attainable. To such preposterous lengths had the doctrine of 'common employment' been carried that a workman with thirty shillings a week and a manager with two or three thousand pounds a year had been declared to be fellow-servants. However gross the negligence or mismanagement compensation had become practically impossible. The Act of 1880, therefore, restored to the workman—within certain limits—the right to compensation. The effect of the new law in protecting life and limb, the main ground on which it had been advocated, was immediate and salutary. Employers generally accepted the obligations imposed upon them in a spirit of fairness. But in one or two great industrial centres concerted action was taken to compel the workmen to contract out of the Act, or to forego their legal claim to compensation in consideration of certain contributions paid by the employers to an accident fund.

Shortly after the Act was passed, and mainly because of this semi-compulsory contracting out of it, a vigorous agitation was commenced for its amendment. Directed at first only, or chiefly, against contracting out, with further discussion the scope of the agitation widened. Ultimately the doctrine of common employment itself was assailed. The demands of the workmen, as formulated at the last Trades Union Congress, were:—

That the Employers' Liability Act should be so amended as to abolish the doctrine of common employment, prevent contracting out of its provisions, place no limit to the amount of compensation recoverable, or require notice of injury to be given to the employer, and that its operations be extended to seamen and fishermen.

These may be, as Mr. Chamberlain suggests, 'large demands,' and heretofore they have been rejected in the House of Commons. But they are not new demands, and so far as the most sweeping of them is concerned, viz. the abolition of the doctrine of common employment, a statesman of the moderation and sobriety of Lord Cross, so far back

as 1880, declared that this was the only solution of the difficulty. Nor was his lordship alone in that view, other prominent statesmen on both sides of the House having expressed similar opinions.

If the doctrine of common employment were abolished and contracting out of the Act were absolutely prohibited, no great powers of imagination are needed to conjure up instances of great hardship that might come upon the employer. Mr. Chamberlain brings forward the oft-quoted illustration of a workman who produces an 'explosion in a mine by the criminal folly of opening his safety-lamp to light his pipe, and who has thus been the cause of hurrying into eternity some hundreds of his fellow-workmen.' He asks, 'Would it be fair that an employer should be entirely ruined on account of the voluntary action of a man whom it was absolutely impossible for him to control?' The case is certainly a very extreme one. I will not say that it has never occurred, or that it may never happen again. I never knew or heard of anything of the kind. It would be hard and unjust for an employer to have to pay compensation under such circumstances. In the instance supposed, it was terribly hard on the hundreds of miners who were hurried into eternity, and on their widows and orphans, who had even less control than the employer over the reckless maniac who caused the explosion. The employer presumably had the power to engage and dismiss; the fellow-workers had no such power.

The general rule that makes an employer pecuniarily liable for the negligence of his servant often operates very unjustly. Yet it is part of the jurisprudence of all civilised nations, and nobody seriously suggests its repeal. On the face of it there does not seem anything inequitable in the principle that when a rich man, for his own advantage, sets in motion powerful, dangerous agencies, agencies difficult of control, he should be held civilly responsible for the risk involved in their operation.

Mr. Chamberlain proposes that the cost of providing compensation in a case such as he mentions should be met by making it a charge on the business in which the accidents occur. A little over a halfpenny per ton on the price of coal would, he shows, cover the outlay so far as coal-mining is concerned. Mr. Joseph Cowen many years ago made the same suggestion in debate in the House of Commons. From whatever quarter it may come such a proposition deserves full consideration. It must rest on its merits, however, and cannot be accepted as part of an Employers' Liability Act.

Mr. Chamberlain expresses his surprise that the necessity of making provision for all accidents has not been seen and acted upon by the workmen themselves. Considering that so many of his illustrations are derived from mining operations, with which he shows considerable familiarity, and seeing further that he specially refers to the Miners' Permanent Relief Funds, it seems strange that he should

have failed to notice to what a large extent this obligation has already been recognised by the miners. According to the latest returns, there are in England and Wales alone no fewer than 287,690 members of these societies. The first was established in Durham and Northumberland thirty years ago. It has now a membership of more than 113,000. Hardly an underground workman in the two northern counties is outside the pale of the society. Every injury from accident, whatever the cause, is supported. Since 1875 a superannuation allowance, or 'old age pension,' has been added to the benefits. Every member on reaching sixty may claim 4s. per week. Thousands of aged miners have participated in this provision, the average age at which they have become recipients having been sixty-seven. At the present time 2,600 are receiving such relief, one member being a hundred years of age, and several over eighty. Originated, managed, and supported in the main by working miners, here is a splendid example of self-help, which merits commendation and invites imitation.

This, it will be admitted, is good so far as it goes, and it goes a long way. Yet it would be better still to establish on a broad, national basis a fund to support the sufferers from all accidents, whether caused by employers or workmen, or due to the inherent dangers of the trade. Employers would doubtless pay much more to an insurance fund if they were guaranteed against litigation than without such protection. Purely as a question of money, workmen would gain more by some such arrangement than any Employers' Liability Act would be likely to give them. Why, then, do they object to insurance of the kind? Because they care for the Employers' Liability Act mainly as a life-protecting measure, and they believe that anything that weakens the motive for the exercise of care is so far an evil. Mr. Chamberlain does not seem to quite apprehend the point of the objection. He speaks of trades unionists who 'protest strongly against allowing the employer to insure against the cost of compensation.' I am not acquainted with a single prominent or influential trades unionist who objects to insurance *per se*. Most assuredly, that is not the attitude of trades unionists generally. What they object to is insurance as part and parcel of an Employers' Liability Act, and as a scheme for relieving employers of their legal obligation to pay compensation. Working men refuse to be a party to an arrangement which, though perhaps exceedingly liberal because of the pecuniary advantages it would confer, might, in their opinion, weaken the Act as a measure of safety. There may be much less in this than the workmen imagine. But the objection is not at all answered by Mr. Chamberlain. So far as the costliness of accidents to the employer affords a guarantee for careful management, the same argument would be valid as against the need of any legislative interference whatever.

The Employers' Liability Bill will evidently raise important issues. The claim of the workmen is, in a word, that they should be placed under the same law as the general public with regard to the right of compensation. In these democratic times, any Amending Bill, to be acceptable to trades unionists and to working men generally, must go very much on these lines. The points already referred to—common employment, contracting' out, the apportionment of pecuniary risk between employer and employed, insurance, and others—are entitled to, and will, no doubt, receive, full consideration before the law is altered.

If I have not dwelt upon old age pensions, it is not because I do not recognise the immense importance of the subject, or because I fail to appreciate the vast amount of time and pains devoted by Mr. Chamberlain to its investigation. The fact that 'one in two of the working classes'—the wealth-producers—of the richest country in the world is compelled at the age of sixty-five to seek poor-law relief, is startling and melancholy enough. The evil cannot be too deeply taken to heart, or too speedily remedied; but the wide divergence of opinion as to the best remedy, among those who have most carefully studied the subject, shows that we are not yet ready for a broad, national pension scheme. Anything short of 'universal endowment' will, I fear, leave the most needy, and many of the most deserving, of the aged poor, exactly where they are now. The old Poor Law Act of 1834 was, in many respects, a beneficent measure. Adopted at a time when statesmen—even the most advanced—were hide-bound by the doctrines of a very rigid, soulless political economy, and when poverty was almost universally deemed a disgrace, if not a crime, the whole system should now be overhauled in the light of a more humane and discriminating treatment of the poor.

The condition of the worn-out toiler, left in destitution or dependence, after he has perhaps created wealth a thousandfold in excess of the pay he has received, is terribly sad. What shall be said of the lusty, strong-limbed man, maybe in the prime of life, willing to work, eagerly begging for it, and begging in vain? In a world crying aloud in every part of it for human labour, ever responsive to well-directed work, that they should be so is surely proof that something is out of joint. How to set people to work, how to equitably apportion the work of the world and the results of it—these are some of the great social questions of our time. Absolute social equality is unattainable, perhaps undesirable. No sane man asks for or expects to get it. But it should be possible to afford every honest labourer the opportunity of developing all that is best within him—to give him the chance of living a rational, cultured life, uncramped by poverty, uncrushed by excessive toil. What can Governments and Parliaments do towards the accomplishment of this? They have done something, they may do more; they should do all they can. I quite agree with

Mr. Chamberlain that it will not do to take shelter in negations, or to rest satisfied with destructive criticism. These labour questions should be faced with courage—also with caution and judgment—or harm, rather than good, more harm than good, will result even to the worker. Above all they should not be made the shuttlecock of party combatants. The statesman must be practical. • He cannot, like the closet philosopher, spin his theories at will, and construct ideal commonwealths in the air. He must build with such material as he can command, and with some regard to the laws of gravitation. His problem—the common one—like Browning's Bishop Blougram's,

Is not to fancy what were fair in life
Provided it could be,—but, finding first
What may be, then find how to make it fair
Up to our means.

On this lower plane the statesman must be content to work, and within these prosaic limits there is plenty for him to do.

THOMAS BURT.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S PROGRAMME

(2)

THE first eleven pages of Mr. Chamberlain's long article of last month are devoted to a survey of the various schools of Labour politicians. It is, on the whole, fairly accurate, and any slight errors may well be left to the criticism of the 'galled jades' whose withers are wrung by them. I certainly have no complaint to make as to his references to myself, or to my Independent Labour policy, which seems to me to be the obvious and inevitable outcome of our system of party government. Under it the Prime Minister, whatever his own opinions, must take the line that divides his forces least. The Cabinet must shape its policy so as to secure it a majority in the voting lobbies. Individual members must vote so as to retain their seats. The Minister who may be reckoned on never to desert the Cabinet has little influence. The member on whom the Whip can rely is disregarded. The M.P. for a given constituency has no desire to conciliate any section of it which is certain, in any event, to go solid against his opponent. In fact, the first rule of the game, as played at Westminster as well as at the polling booth, is:—'The pressure you can exert upon one party varies directly with the probability of your voting for the other if not satisfied.'

This is a cynical doctrine, no doubt, and will be hotly denounced as such most loudly by those whose political actions are based upon it, while their political speeches are based on the assumption to themselves of all the cardinal virtues. But the question is, whether it be a true doctrine. I know of no other that will explain why 'Ireland blocks the way'; why Mr. Chamberlain has more power over the Tory party than the most influential of its own members; why the Parnellites, as compared with the Anti-Parnellites, carry weight out of all proportion to their numbers; why no Gladstonian Government pays any attention to the 'Liberal-Labour' members, or to the Liberal-Temperance party; and many other curious things—among them, why Mr. Asquith has office. Nay more, does it not explain this very article? In it Mr. Chamberlain—to use his own words—sets himself to construct

a Labour Programme which, without pretending to be absolutely final and complete, will be practical and capable of early realisation, and will, therefore, attract the support of the great majority of the working classes.

Nothing could say more plainly that the writer of those words has reason to believe that a number of Labour votes which went Gladstonian at the General Election, on account of lavish but vague promises of social reform, may be got to go Unionist at the next election if they are 'attracted' by definite pledges of practical measures. Had he not thought he had reason for this belief, the article had surely never been written.

Mr. Chamberlain is evidently a little uneasy that this 'small and early' programme may be held 'an immoral attempt to buy votes.' So it is, if he puts it forward with as little real belief in it and as little ability to carry it out as were possessed by many Gladstonian promise-makers at the last election. But, if his conscience is clear, he need not be the least alarmed. Most men have at last come to understand that political democracy, if it does not mean that the majority shall have the legislation they want, means nothing, and to see that governments are only secure when broad-based upon the people's will. It is merely the conviction, on the part of his opponents, that they cannot offer the constituencies the reforms they really require that has brought down on Mr. Chamberlain the storm of denunciation which the knowing politician takes to be the hallmark of success. If, as they say, there were no Independent Labour vote to catch, or if, as they also say, he had not gone the right way to catch it, all these high-souled gentlemen (with illusory 'Progressive Programmes' of their own) would not have been so virtuously indignant with Mr. Chamberlain.

For the purpose of the present discussion, all Labour voters may be divided into two classes: those who put the interests of labour before that of any political party, and those who do not. It is for the former only that I have any claim or desire to speak. Their view cannot be put more concisely than it is in the following words of Karl Marx:—

The economical subjection of the man of labour to the monopoliser of the means of labour, that is the sources of life, lies at the bottom of servitude in all its forms, of all social misery, mental degradation, and political dependence. The economical emancipation of the working classes is therefore the great end to which every political movement ought to be subservient as a means.

To such men the interest of Mr. Chamberlain's manifesto consists in the answers to these three questions:—

(1) Does he mean business with this 'small and early' programme?

(2) Is he in a position to do business—that is, is his programme too early and not small enough to suit the party on which he must depend to carry it?

(3) Is the Labour Party in a position to do business—that is, is the programme early enough and not too small for them to pay the necessary price?

These questions I now answer for myself. I do not in the least doubt Mr. Chamberlain's sincerity in this matter, however much it may be impugned by those who profited by (and abused) the triumph of the 'unauthorised programme' of 1885. The very shortcomings and incompleteness of his proposals, viewed from my standpoint, are to me a guarantee of their genuineness. Had he promised more or different things, there would have been reason to doubt whether he personally believed in the propositions he has made. But I think that, 'if he were dictator,' he would carry out this programme. Further, the popular 'advanced' politician of 1885 has during the last seven years given proofs that he prefers his own opinions to place or popularity. This evidence as to character will not be admitted by his opponents; but they should at least credit him with the wisdom of the serpent, and admit that, in his present position, he could not afford to lend his name to reforms which, so they declare, he well knows the bulk of the Unionists will never adopt. My own conclusion is that Mr. Chamberlain means business, and sees his way, under certain conditions, to effecting it.

Here I agree with him. His position is a very strong one, and has been strengthened by events recently. The Liberal-Unionists in the House, seventy-seven in number seven years ago, are now forty-six; but the General Election has shown that it is a Chamberlain party, and that any members not under the ægis of Birmingham survive under the threat of extinction, which has a remarkable effect in establishing discipline. I judge that Mr. Chamberlain's party will follow the policy of its leader, and that when they agree to do so, their unanimity will be wonderful; for any of its members who should fight for his own hand will be fighting for his political life. In any case, it must be assumed that Mr. Chamberlain has the assent of his more immediate following.

'Will the Unionist Party, as a whole, accept such a policy?' innocently asks Mr. Chamberlain, at the end of his article, and then goes off into a panegyric of the achievements of the Toryism of half a century ago; but this is beside the point. Let him examine some of the division lists of the last Parliament, on the more important matters he has now taken up (say eight hours for miners and regulation of shop hours), and answer for himself. One may agree with Mr. Chamberlain that 'it is historically inaccurate' to represent the Tory Party as 'opposed to socialistic legislation.' But Mr. Chamberlain must agree that it is idle to trust a party which puts up Mr. Ritchie and Sir James Fergusson as its spokesmen on Labour questions; which is largely influenced by 'Plugson of Undershot' (Carlyle's typical commercial Radical of forty years ago, who found no decent Tory of that date would shake hands with him, and who now finds quite as congenial free-competition company amongst latter-day Tories); and in consequence did not make, during the

lease of power which terminated five months since, any stir to further Mr. Chamberlain's present proposals. What guarantee—there can be no guarantees in politics—what reason can Mr. Chamberlain show for hoping that, if his programme does 'attract the support of the great majority of the working classes,' and another coalition Government is put in power, that power will be used so very much better than it was from 1886 to 1892?

There are two motive forces which may impel the Plugsons of Toryism, and there may be good reasons why Mr. Chamberlain should not have paraded the one he can exert. But I am under no obligation to be so reticent. He and his party can, and, if they are in earnest, must, make it clear that they do not now exist solely to preserve the Union, but quite as much to carry these social reforms. They must not snatch a victory for Unionism by defeating Labour. The pressure of the Liberal-Unionists, to which they claim that credit should be given for the Radical legislation of the last Administration, must now be exerted for these new ends. There will be time before the next election to see the results. If none show themselves, it can only be for one of two reasons: either the pressure has not been exerted, or it is not great enough to effectually overcome the *vis inertia* of Plugson & Co. In either case, Labour has nothing to gain by assisting Mr. Chamberlain.

The other motive force, besides the fear of the defection of the Liberal-Unionists, which may cause these dry bones of Conservatism to live, is the hope of obtaining the votes of workmen, or at least of preventing them from being recorded for Gladstonians. If, then, the workmen who say to Unionists and Gladstonians 'A plague o' both your houses' think Mr. Chamberlain's programme good enough (a point I leave to the last), are their numbers and power great enough to make it worth anyone's while, politically, to meet them half-way?

I frankly admit that, if the number of Independent Labour votes is, as I am convinced, rapidly increasing, it is at the present moment very small. There is no gainsaying the electoral statistics on this point. At the General Election the candidates who got this vote only were in every instance at the bottom of the poll. None of those who opposed a passable Gladstonian got into four figures, though there may be a certain significance in the fact that the most successful (or least unsuccessful) of them was the most extreme anti-Gladstonian, contesting a supposed Separatist stronghold. The success of two men who polled the Gladstonian-cum-Labour vote and easily beat Conservatives, though when getting the pure Labour vote previously in other constituencies they only got about 600, is not more encouraging, for, naturally, seats won by the help of Gladstonians can only be retained by the same allies. As far as the data go, they show that, in the position of parties this year, even

where the Independent Labour vote is strongest, its strength is numbered by a few hundreds.

Still, as Mr. Chamberlain sees, the effect of the existence of this Labour vote in many constituencies cannot be fully estimated by merely counting it. No one, least of all those who always fight the Labour Party most bitterly and unscrupulously, doubts that, even in its present embryonic stage, it has quite enough power to reverse at the next General Election the verdict of last July. Its strength, in fact, consists not only in numbers, but in the sagacity and courage with which those numbers are used. If it is convinced that a Unionist victory now means carrying out some such social reforms as Mr. Chamberlain has suggested, it is quite possible that Mr. Henry Broadhurst will not be the last 'Liberal-Labour' man knocked out of public life, and that there will be a crop of Independent Labour candidates whose presence in the field is, according to the Gladstonians themselves, so fatal to their chances at the polls.

Now to briefly consider one or two points about Mr. Chamberlain's actual proposals. Nothing would be easier than to pick holes in them, for in truth 'the economical emancipation of the working classes' would still be very far off were this programme carried out to-morrow. Real freedom for the worker can only be reached, under the wage system of industry, when the employing class knows that any one who works for them can leave one job with the certainty of getting another at once. The laws of supply and demand will then produce good conditions for labour and the highest wages possible. Of all this Mr. Chamberlain is ignorant. But the point is not whether his proposals can be improved upon, but whether they 'hold the field' and are, from the Labour point of view, superior to any equally genuine proposals made with equal authority from the other side. I think they are, but the actions of the present Gladstonian majority during its term of office will put this matter out of the region of speculation.

Mr. Chamberlain does not commit himself to payment of members, though he believes that change to be very popular. So it is—amongst Gladstonian workmen—but those who have any real political independence know very well that it would have little real effect upon the constitution of the House or the nature of the legislation discussed there. I myself would vote for it, but I would not delay any measure to ameliorate the condition of the people for ten minutes to get it carried. It sounds theoretically just, and is much favoured by Radical politicians, who must commit themselves to something and prefer this, inasmuch as it will not effect any real change, just as they propose to spend the next ten years tinkering with the Constitution. Its consequences in this country, where public spirit still exists even in politicians, would not, in my judgment, be quite similar to its result in America and our colonies; but its tendency would be to lower the level of political life and to replace amateur politicians who

do nothing in the House by professional politicians who would do some good things and some evil. It is not, from the purely Labour point of view, one-tenth of the value of any measure which would directly affect the health and welfare of the industrial classes. Its real importance is very small, and is magnified chiefly by men who know that there is not the least chance of their getting a salary for Parliamentary services by voluntary contributions.

As to shortening the hours of labour, there is not much fault to be found with what Mr. Chamberlain actually proposes—viz. reduction to eight a day, by law, for miners; to moderate limits, by the Board of Trade, for railway servants; and to what a large majority of any trade in any place may ask, by the local authority, for shop assistants. This thin end of the wedge may be all that public opinion would at present support, and the Labour voter would prefer this half-loaf from the Unionists to no bread from the Gladstonians. But the whole of Mr. Chamberlain's argument on the matter shows him to quite misunderstand the attitude of the working class in all countries upon this question. He says that it is not at all certain that an eight-hour day in coal mines 'would increase the cost of production, as any shortening of the hours may very likely be made up by greater efficiency in the work.' If that were to happen, the men who vote for the measure would be grievously disappointed. Their object is not to get through the same amount of work in less time, but to 'restrict the output' of labour for each individual, so that the amount may be spread over as many workers as possible, that the competition for employment may be reduced, and that finally the restrictions on the supply of labour may reach the point at which the seller of labour can command the market, and get the highest possible remuneration. Without arguing as to the possible immediate results in certain industries, it is manifest that the working class expects the general result I have stated, and favours eight-hours legislation because it anticipates that result. The miners' case is put forward first, not because theirs is a 'dangerous, disagreeable, and laborious' calling above all others. It is not so, and on such grounds many employments should be earlier considered. It is merely that, being more easily organised into unions, it is easier to get a formal expression of the opinion of the men directly interested.

But to expect any real understanding of the movement from a writer who talks about Karl Marx as 'perhaps the best known professor of collectivism' is waste of time. The important thing is that, on whatever grounds, Mr. Chamberlain is apparently ready to help in carrying this legislation. But can he do so? A glance at the division list on the Eight Hours (Mines) Bill (March 24, 1892) shows Mr. Chamberlain's difficulty. In spite of his own good example and his energetic speech, likely perhaps to carry more weight with the House by virtue of its economical fallacies, 60 per cent. of the

Liberal-Unionists voted against the Bill. Many who so voted are not now in Parliament, but a few of the names will show how far the bulk of his party is against Mr. Chamberlain—as, for instance, Sir H. James, Lord Wolmer, Sir John Lubbock, Baron F. de Rothschild, Lord Ebrington, Sir Thomas Sutherland, Messrs. Finlay, Anstruther, Heneage, Barclay, V. Cavendish, &c., and two of the members for Birmingham, Messrs. J. A. Bright and Dixon. The Labour Party would of course be delighted to assist in removing any or all of these obstacles in Mr. Chamberlain's path, but in the latter event I am not sure he would have much of a party left!

Turn again to the division list, and see what support may be expected from the Conservative quarter. It appears that 232 out of 302 Conservatives were at the pains to put on record their vote against a measure which they will certainly have to accept within a very short period, and among the Ayes, on that side of the House, appear no names of more importance than those of Lord R. Churchill, Sir Albert Rollit, Messrs. Hozier and Seton-Karr. 'In social questions,' quoth Mr. Chamberlain, 'the Tories have almost always been more progressive than the Liberals,' and then he talks hopefully of going back 'to the old Tory traditions.' He seems to forget that those great traditions are now entrusted to the hands of any polyglot financier who can keep out of prison, and of any shopkeeper who has 'made his pile.' Such men indeed seem picked out by the Tories for the safest seats and for marks of honour. Gentlemen of this kidney will see no value in the honourable traditions of the Tory Party—unless they can be floated as a company! The working-class electors will be glad to help to clear political life of these pests, for they hate the ostentatious money-grubber who calls himself a Tory only less than they hate the hypocritical 'sweater' who dubs himself a Liberal.

There is of course much to which exception can and will be taken in Mr. Chamberlain's detailed proposals, and I have now no space in which to discuss them, but will merely note one or two modifications which he will have to make. With regard to employers' liability for accidents, workmen will refuse to allow the employer to insure against the pecuniary loss which they rightly believe renders him more careful to take all possible precaution against accident. Mr. Chamberlain thinks a colliery owner cannot prevent a pitman taking a pipe or matches into a mine. But these dangerous implements are not so easily concealed as a diamond, and he will find that in the African diamond mines, the owners, to protect themselves against loss by theft, succeed in preventing their men from taking the precious stones out of the mines. It is only a question of profit and loss. Make human life as valuable as a glittering stone, and it will be preserved as carefully.

So as to the application of the principles of Irish land legislation

to Great Britain, provision will have to be made to retain in the hands of the community some portion of the control over and property in the land now possessed by the landlords. Mere multiplication of landlords is a conservative measure in the worst sense of that term. My own criticism of the scheme for old-age pensions put forward tentatively by Mr. Chamberlain was given in the issue of this Review for December 1891. One is glad to see that Mr. Chamberlain sees the necessity for protecting native labour from the influx of alien competitors with a lower standard of comfort.

Far more important than any minutiae of the reforms is the policy by which alone they can be obtained. For my part, I agree with Mr. Chamberlain that the Gladstonians have neither the power; capacity, nor will to carry anything like so large a number of changes as he has indicated. I am further willing to admit it conceivable that the Unionist Party might indorse and carry such a programme. If they can give evidence that they will do so when entrusted with a new lease of power, I am of opinion that the working classes would be fools indeed to refuse to give them that power.

H. H. CHAMPION.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S PROGRAMME

(3)

MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S article in the November issue of this Review is chiefly remarkable for its omissions. It is a gather-up of pickings from a variety of sources, and is as niggardly in its proposals as it is stilted in style. It has evoked not enthusiasm but ridicule, than which nothing kills so quickly. Not that it is altogether without value. It shows that the astute front-bench politician on the hunt for votes is awakening to a consciousness of the fact that there is a Labour vote in existence which is worth catering for. Besides, Mr. Chamberlain's political opponents will now be compelled to go one better in the same direction; and all this is gain to the worker, and one more justification of the independent attitude assumed by the Labour party. In vain is the net spread in the sight of any bird, and when Mr. Chamberlain guilelessly assures us that his budget has been unfolded in the hope that it will 'attract the support of the great majority of the working classes' we at once begin to suspect his disinterested zeal. A master of whom Mr. Chamberlain cannot be altogether ignorant has taught us to 'contrast the hidden motive with the public pretext,' and the politician who takes up a question in the hope of attracting votes would probably drop it as readily if the balance of votes turned out to be on the other side.

Mr. Chamberlain starts from the assumption that the working class to-day is much better off than were their forbears fifty years ago. This is one of those half-truths which 'is ever the blackest of lies.' Applied to a limited section of the workers, the statement has an element of truth in it; but applied to the class as a whole it is incorrect—Dr. Giffen and Professor Graham notwithstanding. The relative proportion of the produce of labour which is paid to even the best paid sections of the workers to-day is considerably less than it was fifty years ago, while the number of those permanently condemned to the lot of the casual labourer has increased; the perfecting of mechanical appliances and the spread of piecework has induced a pressure and intensity at work which is killing, and which in the days of our grandfathers was all but unknown. Work is much more precarious than ever it was, and the fear of being dismissed, which in periods of

dull trade haunts the mind of the man who has passed his fortieth year, is a positive terror, because once dismissed and the chances of re-engagement are very slight. Besides, if income has in some cases increased, so too has outlay. Rent and taxes have both grown, and the quality of goods has deteriorated, which necessitates a more frequent renewal of boots, clothing, &c.; whilst the raising of the standard of living in the case of the well-to-do makes the struggle to make ends meet as keen as ever it has been heretofore, and adds bitterness to the cup of poortith when it comes. Periods of good trade are shortening with every recurrence, which implies a corresponding lengthening of the periods of depression; and at the back of everything else we have the undeniable fact that the lot of the very poor has not improved any. They started as paupers, actual or potential, fifty years ago, and such they remain, the growing wealth of the nation and of the rich but the more accentuating their miseries and bringing them out in greater relief. It is safe to say that never before was the sordid struggle for existence so intense in the ranks of the workers as it is to-day, what exceptions there are only serving to prove the rule; and one looks in vain beneath the surface of things for those 'marvellous improvements' of which Mr. Chamberlain is so enamoured.

Mr. Chamberlain's classification of the schools of political and economic thought is crude and misleading. He has drawn for this part of his article on Professor Graham, even to the extent of copying his phrases and illustrations, and his division is as faulty as that belated Whig could well make it. His six divisions resolve themselves for all practical purposes into two well-defined sections. An individualist is an anarchist *plus* the policeman, and the old Unionists all belonged to that school before their conversion; on the other hand, the New Unionist and the Collectivist are but varieties of the State Socialist. Evidently there is a joke somewhere in associating John Morley and Alfred Illingworth with Tom Mann and Ben Tillett, and linking Henry Broadhurst with H. H. Champion as members of the Labour party. Mr. Chamberlain would do well to give up trying to be funny. The rôle doesn't suit him. Nor is it easy to pardon an ex-Mayor of Birmingham when he says that Collectivism is a 'foreign and exotic' doctrine—that is, unless we are to assume that the idea of municipal ownership of gasworks, waterworks, libraries, wash-houses, and the like, was originally borrowed from abroad. I don't think Mr. Chamberlain would admit this, and yet these things are all instances of collective ownership or municipal Socialism.

On page 687 Mr. Chamberlain presents the case for labour reforms with point and clearness.

It is admitted (he says) that labour has, in many cases at least, a smaller share of profits than it is fairly entitled to, and that wages do tend to fall to the minimum required for subsistence; that employment is inconstant and irregular in many

trades; that in some instances the work is excessive, and carried on under conditions destructive of life and health; that precautions to prevent these are at least occasionally neglected; and, generally, that the contrast between the excessive wealth and luxury of a few and the poverty and extreme misery of a considerable portion of the population is a distressing and dangerous feature in our modern civilisation.

With all its qualifications and modifications, this is a sufficiently strong indictment of our industrial system to justify strong remedial measures. We of the Labour party look on such results as the natural and inevitable outcome of an industrial system wherein the workers are at the mercy of the masters, who hold in their hands the issues of life and death; and if in what follows I do not agree with Mr. Chamberlain's proposals, it is because I believe these would perpetuate and probably aggravate some of the evils of the system with which we are at war.

Take, for example, old-age pensions and employers' liability. In the former the workers are invited to pay so much per annum to the State, and in return receive a certain payment at a given age. The British workman is not an imaginative being, and the charm of paying for forty years for a benefit which he may never require somehow eludes him. Besides, if there is a tendency for wages to press on the subsistence limit, why add one more to the burdens which the worker has already to bear? If the 'excessive wealth of a few' and the 'extreme misery of a considerable portion' of the population constitute 'a distressing and dangerous feature in our modern civilisation,' why not seize this opportunity for somewhat equalising matters by making the excessively rich pay for the pensions of the poor? A ten per cent. tax on all incomes of one thousand a year and upwards would probably be sufficient for the purpose. Would this be too great a 'ransom' for the privileged members of society to pay for the redemption of their privileges? If the fact already referred to is steadily kept in mind, that in the great majority of trades the chances of retaining or finding work become increasingly difficult and precarious after the workman passes the age of forty-five or fifty, and that any levy for fifteen years before the age of sixty-five is reached will fall upon the period when the stress of living is already severest, the condemnation is complete. The Scottish bard Glen-kindie might be able to harp—

—a fish out o' saut water,
Or water out of a stane,
Or milk out of a maiden's breast
That bairn had never nane;

but it will pass the wit of capitalist statesmanship to extract a sum of 45*l.* from a third of our population who are already at or below the level of subsistence. Mr. Chamberlain, in dealing with Employers'

Liability, has fallen into the same error as the late Mr. Bradlaugh, and is confounding employers' liability with accident insurance. The intention of the present Employers' Liability Act is twofold: first, to diminish accidents by making them costly to the employer; and to compensate the victims of negligence on the part of an employer, or those for whom the employer is by law responsible. I admit that in neither of these respects has the Act been more than a limited success. The number of injured workmen who have obtained compensation under the Act is comparatively small; while the employer, by insuring his risk and making the cost a 'charge attaching to the business,' has himself ridden off scot free. Already the trade unionists of the country have, on the authority of the late Home Secretary, twice prevented the passage of a measure of which an optional insurance scheme was an integral part. By shifting the incidence of the tax, Mr. Chamberlain will not free the worker from the burden of it. If, as he proposes, the cost of providing compensation is made 'a charge attaching to the business in which the accidents occur,' then under no circumstances can the workers escape paying it. In nearly every case the employer would find it an easier task in these days of keen competition to reduce his wages bill than to increase the cost of the article sold. Nor would the cost be so little as Mr. Chamberlain assumes; the figures he bases his calculations on being those of a society paying its members 8s. per week. Mr. Chamberlain will not surely say that this is compensation. At the very least, full pay and something to meet the extras of a sick room would require to be paid, while in case of permanent injury a sum equal to the loss in earning power which the injury represents would be necessary. From this way of stating the case it will be seen that the increase of 595 of a penny on the ton of coal would come far short of meeting the requirements, though even this would represent close on 6d. per week for each miner employed. I may point out, by way of suggestion, that a five per cent. tax on mining royalties would produce 400,000*l.*, or just about the sum which Mr. Chamberlain estimates to be necessary in the case of miners. But the trade unionists of this country will not agree to any proposals which free the employer of responsibility. I take it, they have no objection to being insured against accidents, at the expense of rent and interest, but under no circumstances will they allow the responsibility of the employer to be lessened. He might be required to pay his fine, when found liable, into the common insurance fund, but in the interest of life and limb the workers will insist on a monetary penalty against careless employers, and are already clamouring for a more rigid enforcement of the penal clauses of the trade regulation Acts against officials who are *particeps criminis* with the employer.

No question in modern politics has made comparable progress with the demand for a legal eight-hour day. Three years ago it had

no standing in the country, and politicians are still unable to realise the fact that it is the one question on which the workers are united. At the Trades' Congress in Newcastle, held in September 1891, there were 552 delegates present, representing 1,302,855 members of trade unions. Of these, only 73 voted against the resolution which demanded a legal eight-hour day, with an exemption clause, for all trades and occupations, whilst 341 delegates supported the proposal. At the Glasgow Congress this year 495 delegates represented 418 trades, with an aggregate membership in their respective unions of 1,219,943, when the Newcastle resolution was affirmed 'almost unanimously' (*vide* Official Report, p. 64). Nor are the reasons for this unanimity far to seek. 'Experience does take dreadfully high school-wages; but he teaches like no other!' and the workers have been having experience of a double kind. In some cases they have had the benefit of a shorter day and it has been altogether good; in others, they have had that of trying to obtain the shorter day by 'barbarous means of commercial warfare,' and it has been altogether bad. They find themselves year after year thrown out of work in ever-increasing numbers because they produce too much, and the labour of their hands is being turned into a 'Frankenstein monster which threatens eventually to strangle them. A shorter day is demanded to give those in work more opportunity for relaxation and improvement, increase their security of tenure, and find work for those who are compelled to undergo the degradation of compulsory idleness through no fault of their own. When Mr. Chamberlain gravely asserts that 'there is absolutely no evidence that the workers in the majority of trades' would accept an eight-hour day, it can only be because he deliberately chooses to shut his eyes to the facts of the case. The case of the miners is not one whit stronger than that of the iron and steel workers with their twelve-hour shifts in all sorts of weather; nor of the slaves of the tram with their fourteen and sixteen hours a day; nor will it bear comparison alongside the case of the toilers of cellar and garret—mostly women—whose 'labour never flags' and whose reward remains as of yore,

A bed of straw,
A crust of bread and rags.

True, these have no votes to attract, and are not a factor at election times. There is a rude awakening in store at next election for the politician who frames his programme on this assumption.

'To bring these hordes of captainless soldiers under due captaincy? This is really the question of questions; on the answer to which turns . . . the fate of all Governments.' These words are pregnant with new meaning to-day. We have no longer a dumping ground for our 'surplus population.' There is no civilised or semi-civilised land under the sun which has not a 'surplus population'

of its own. What to do with them is really the question of the hour. Solve that, and you have solved the Labour problem; leave it unsolved, and nothing else avails. The Poor Law as now administered does not touch it, and charity but serves to aggravate it. Not only have we the inhabitants of Slumland to deal with, but a steadily growing number of skilled and fairly educated' artisans, men who have tasted somewhat of the sweets of life and who will not

—die mute with starving gaze
On corn ships in the offing.

What to do with the starving, riotous unemployed? Free America, young Oceania, sunny Spain, gay France, booted and spurred Germany, commercial England, all are in like plight. Protection is as impotent as Free Trade to make response. And yet something must be done. 'Yes,' says Mr. Chamberlain, 'let working men "devote more thought to questions of foreign policy."' Excellent fooling: and may one day rank with Foulon's 'Let the people at grass.' It is not 'want of demand' which is at the root of the evil. These men, with their wives and families, constitute a market with a real demand. Why does supply fail them? If it will not pay other people to cater for this market, why are these men not allowed to cater for themselves and supply their own demand? We can organise an army for purposes of destruction: is the organisation of an industrial army to ply the arts of peace beyond our powers? Or is it that the forces of self-interest bar the way? And are our front-bench politicians partners in the conspiracy of silence, behind which selfishness lies entrenched? Time will tell. An opportunity has been offered me of discussing this question at length, and of this I intend to avail myself on an early occasion. Meanwhile it may be noted that, conversing with men of all shades of political opinion, Mr. Chamberlain's impotent handling of this question has come in for more general condemnation than anything else he has said or left unsaid.

I have neither the inclination nor the space at my disposal for dealing with the remaining questions raised by Mr. Chamberlain. The following summary of the diseases which Mr. Chamberlain admits, and his proposed remedies, show the inefficacy of these in a lurid light:—

EVILS ADMITTED BY MR. CHAMBER- LAIN	REMEDIES PROPOSED BY MR. CHAM- BERLAIN
1. Labour has a smaller share of the profits than it is fairly entitled to.	1. None.
2. Wages tend to fall to the minimum required for subsistence.	2. None.
3. Work is excessive.	3. None, save for miners and shop-assistants, and in these cases the proposals are vague and may mean nothing.

4. Work is carried on under conditions destructive of life and health.

5. The contrast between the excessive wealth of the few and the poverty and extreme misery of the many is distressing and dangerous.

6. One in two of the veterans of industry become paupers in their old age.

7. The army of the unemployed is growing.

4. Free the employer from all financial responsibility for accidents, and saddle the already underpaid workers with the cost of maintaining their disabled comrades.

5. Increase the 'poverty and extreme misery' of the poor by asking them to pay for the maintenance of the aged poor, the 'excessively wealthy' being exempted from contributing.

6. Add to their 'poverty and extreme misery' for forty years by extracting 45*l.* from them to secure a pension of 5*s.* a week at the age of sixty-five for those of them who survive.

7. Study foreign politics.

It is by this programme that Mr. Chamberlain hopes to wean the workers from Home Rule. It contains not an original, not a bold idea; nothing to rouse enthusiasm or awaken sympathy; no mention of a land system, which is doing more than foreign immigration to overcrowd the unskilled labour market; not a word of hope for the prisoners of poverty, whose cheerless lot is cast in the dungeons of Slumland; nothing about unearned increment or a progressive income tax to relieve those extremes of wealth and poverty of which he makes mention. As a programme it will give general offence and conciliate no one. The new trade unionists and their sympathisers—and these constitute the fighting force in politics—Mr. Chamberlain openly flouts; the old trade unionists will have none of his employers' liability proposals, and will resent his criticism of their suggestions for the amendment of the law of conspiracy; the friendly societies, as he admits, look askance at his old-age pension scheme; and house-property owners will regard with disfavour his attempt to set up the corporation as a huge building society. I confess to being bitterly disappointed. The man who forced the pace in the Liberal party seven years ago, whose influence was paramount in the late Government, and who expects at no distant date to be Prime Minister, should be capable of better things—should have some insight into the forces which are rending society asunder. If the programme is a party move, then it is a dismal failure, as the Liberals can afford to outbid it without offending even their most timid supporters; if it is honestly meant to ease the social pressure, then Mr. Chamberlain cannot do better than, in his own words,

wisely spend his time in studying the social problems which are more and more absorbing the attention of the people, and in trying earnestly and sympathetically to find their solution.

Despite all that has been said, Labour men will not grudge Mr. Chamberlain his due. He at least, with whatever ulterior motives, has given us his programme, and it is as the leader of a party he

speaks. Deficient though it be, it is yet preferable to mere figures of speech, tragic and otherwise, about *Edipuses*, *ramrods*, and *Hamlets*, or to laborious identifications of the Labour question with *Home Rule*, *one man one vote*, and other items of a studiously non-social programme. The matters dealt with by Mr. Chamberlain are matters affecting the daily lives of the working classes, and it is no small achievement to find a front-bench politician undertaking a task which experience shows to be peculiarly difficult and distasteful to men of that rank. He has sounded the death-knell of the fine Parliamentary art of bluffing the Labour question. The standpoint from which the Labour party views the question is altogether different from that of the ordinary politician. These, actuated doubtless by sympathy, seek to alleviate some of the sufferings which result from our industrial system; the Labour party aims at uprooting the causes which produce these untoward results. Nor is the movement an exotic. It is indigenous to the soil. Had Karl Marx, and Ferdinand Lassalle, and Herr Liebknecht never come nearer this land than the surface of the planet Mars in opposition, we would still have had the New Unionism and the Independent Labour Party. Increase of political power made this inevitable. Finding their own helplessness grow more and more, it became necessary for the workers to cast about for fresh allies, and, being in possession of the ballot, what more natural than that they should turn to Parliament? To raise the level of existence for everyone there is one enduring means available—the action of the State. Interested parties and their apologists may deny this, but experience gainsays them. Much may be left to the energy of the individual and the municipalities, but there is a minimum of humane living which it is in the interests of society to claim for every one of its members at the hands of the Central Government. That is the spirit which inspires the Labour movement, of which the Labour party is the political expression, and that, too, is the great central fact which the politician either denies or overlooks.

Increase the sum of social advantages which belong to labour; make it impossible that men and women shall exhaust themselves with overwork; that their manhood and their womanhood should be corrupted by idleness; that their old age should be overshadowed with the fear of disgrace; that their sickness should bring unrelieved hardships. Do all these things, and do them in such a way that they will reach every citizen to-day and be the birthright of every child born in these islands, and the solving of the Labour problem has begun.

Such is the work required of the Labour party to-day, and the workers will not lightly reckon the offence of the man or the party that comes between them and its speedy realisation.

J. KEIR HARDIE.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S PROGRAMME

(4)

PROBABLY within the present century no question has engaged more profound attention than the question of labour: from the humblest political thinker to the highest statesman, from the ordinary layman to the most accomplished dignitary in the Church as well as in the foremost ranks of Nonconformity, the benevolent philanthropist, the astute political economist, the social reformer, and the leaders of thought among the working classes, have all vied together with a view of finding a permanent solution of the many social and labour difficulties environing and menacing the social system.

The last few years have been eventful in bringing together discordant elements in the ranks of labour; in manifesting to the world the tremendous forces of united effort; in witnessing the rise, progress, and unprecedented development of gigantic labour movements, and the irresistible influence and determination of the labouring classes to press on to final solution social and economic questions.

A month ago there appeared in the columns of this Review a thirty-three paged article from the pen of the Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain on this all-absorbing topic. The article itself was less able than is usual from the hands of such a skilled penman. It is in general estimation much below the average productions of the Right Hon. gentleman. In weight and matter it is defective and light. In words and sentiment it is lavish and superabundant. Being heralded antecedently by the press of the nation, public opinion was waiting on the tip-toe of expectation to hear what the oracle had got to say on the momentous subject. Ordinary individuals had spoken and suggested all kinds of schemes and personal fads, all more or less impracticable; but, now a statesman of the first rank is about to enter the arena and bring to the task his master mind, to apply the wonderful faculties and constructive skill which the Right Hon. gentleman is known to possess in all matters connected with industry and economics. But what do we find after wading through thirty-three pages in quest of the Philosopher's Stone? Nothing new; nothing interesting; string after string of commonplace arguments which

must be as surprising and disappointing to friends as opponents. Surely the country was expecting something more than a cold and formal dissertation on the ethics of political economy from the pen of Mr. Chamberlain?

Mr. Chamberlain reviews the composition of the Labour party, and in his criticism half hints that they are of such conglomerate character, having no fixed ideas or policy because of internal disagreement, that in consequence they might be left to themselves to work out their generally wild schemes.

There are other composite bodies in this country less numerous, better educated, and with greater facilities to help them to mutual agreement than the Labour party. The religious communities differ in doctrine, government, forms of worship, &c. The political parties hold opinions as diverse as the poles, and in order to carry on the legitimate work of the State, these parties are often found in heated conflict with each other. Is it reasonable, or can more be expected from the Labour party? They do not disagree on great principles, but on matters of detail; they are all agreed on questions of pressing reform, such as (1) radical changes in the land laws, (2) great changes in the incidence of imperial and local taxation, (3) the readjustment in the relationship between employer and employed on the question of wages, (4) the shortening of the hours of labour. &c. There may be differences as to method and modes of procedure, but whether they belong to the old or new Unionists, the individualists or collectivists, they are all aiming without exception at the same goal.

Mr. Chamberlain puts in the forefront of the questions discussed the subject of payment of members, and accompanies it by the following cool and cynical assertions:—

That this is the first question in all labour programmes: that those who describe themselves as being specially the representatives of labour attach the greatest importance to this question on personal grounds; that the object of larger representation is to obtain control of the legislature for their own ulterior objects; that trades unions up to the present are not prepared to pay 300*l.* a year; that by the concession of payment of members, capitalists, landlords, and other non-unionists are being compelled to pay for their own extinction; that it is doubtful whether this reform would have the effect which is anticipated; that undesirable competitors would be tempted by the salary; that there is no evidence that labour representatives would be preferred, any more than they would be as doctors of their children or advocates in the Law Courts for themselves, &c.

These are remarkable utterances to come from the once famous Radical. It is an assertion without the slightest possibility of proof to say that all labour programmes, or any labour programme, gives the first place of honour to the question of payment of members. It is a reflection on the working classes and their trades unions to affirm that the leaders, and not the unions—for this is the only construction the words will bear—are the only parties who press on this subject of payment of members. The falsity of this statement is proved by the

fact that in nearly every code of union rules, and in thousands of meetings all over the country, this question is not only prominently but energetically discussed, and resolutions in support are carried with out opposition. Reasonable and adequate control over the legislative machine for purposes of labour reform would be as much in its rightful place in the hands of labour representatives as being entirely controlled, as at present, by capitalism. It is incorrect to assert that trade unions are not prepared to pay 300*l.* a year for labour representation. There are at least a dozen living examples at the present time to the contrary, and although it is an unjust and unreasonable impost on the funds of the unions that they should be called upon to thus cripple themselves in order to have a voice in Parliament, yet they nobly and uncomplainingly make the sacrifice. It is late in the day to talk about Capitalism and Landlordism paying for their own extinction; they have had a long innings, and no one knows better how empty it is to talk of their paying for their own extinction than the writer of the article on the Labour Question.

It is regrettable to find the Right Hon. gentleman in opposition to the principle of payment of members, and yet it is amusing to see how his views and opinions have changed this last few years on this, as on other constitutional questions. Some seven years ago he was with the advance guard leading the extreme wing of the Progressive party in the House of Commons, and the mouthpiece of the working classes in the country; but, alas! with the march of time, change of company, and the operation of retrogressive evolution, we have to exclaim, 'Behold! how the mighty have fallen!' What were the opinions of Mr. Chamberlain at that time on the question under consideration? We find them expressed very concisely and pointedly in a speech which he delivered in Birmingham on the 29th of January, 1885:

I think there are many here who are interested in the question of direct labour representation. I will say for myself that I rejoice to think that, under the altered conditions, opportunity will be found to give to Mr. Burt and Mr. Broadhurst, who have represented the cause of labour with so much ability and so much independence in the present Parliament, colleagues who will follow their example and who will strengthen their hands. I will undertake to say that, in the great majority of new constituencies, the working classes will be in a majority, and they will have power to return one of their own order; but the real difficulty lies in this, that you cannot find subsistence for men of the working classes if they are summoned to Westminster, and the only way to overcome this difficulty is to adopt the old constitutional system of payment of members. You pay the ministers of the Crown, and I cannot understand why members of Parliament should be the only people to work for nothing. If you paid them, they might do their work a little better, and I am quite sure they would feel a higher responsibility to those who employ them.

To pay members as suggested on the partial principle would be humiliating to the receivers of the stipend—would be fraught with the greatest difficulties as to who should receive and who should not.

It would debar rather than help on the cause of labour representation. It would be an unstatesmanlike policy, and attended with unsatisfactory results to all concerned.

Whereas, on the other hand, there is the precedent of old custom in this country—the example set by almost every other nation on the globe. It would be legislating on sound and entire principles (it invariably proving a weakness for legislation to only have a sectional application). This, carrying with it, as it undoubtedly would, payment of returning officers' fees and legitimate election expenses could be accompanied with a permissive clause to the effect that well-to-do members who desire to follow the profession of a parliamentary purely as a matter of honour (if any such could be found) should have the right to refund into the Treasury their allotted share. The difference between this and Mr. Chamberlain's scheme would be the same in result, providing his theory in respect to 'gratuitous services' be sound, and at the same time it would remove the stigma of pauperisation from those members who, as a matter of necessity, are compelled to receive payment for services which they render to the State, and also remove the present disability and preliminary barrier in the way of fuller representation of the working classes which is agreed on all hands to be essential.

Another question dealt with is the hours of labour, both in respect to the whole of the trades, and also in connection with the most laborious and dangerous trades. While agreeing in general terms with the line of argument adopted, exception must be taken to certain fallacies into which the Right Hon. gentleman has fallen, and to qualifications and reservations of a fatal character to the success of any Eight Hours Bill used by him during the course of his criticisms.

In the first place, it is necessary to correct for the second time a misstatement. 'The proposal to lessen by legislation the hours of labour' never is, or has been, put in the second place by the leaders of the working classes. These suggestive stigmas can never do much in solving these great difficulties, but at the same time can do much in creating and intensifying unnecessary friction.

It is not the fact that the New Unionists are demanding that a maximum eight hours day shall be the limit of work in every trade and employment, and therefore the arguments built upon this statement are unnecessary and inapplicable. What they do demand is expressed in the resolution carried almost unanimously by the Trades Union Congress held in Glasgow on the 9th of September, 1892, which was moved by one of the new trades unionists in the following terms :

That the parliamentary committee promote a Bill regulating the hours of labour to eight per day or forty-eight per week in all trades and occupations (the miners excepted), which Bill shall contain a clause enabling the organised members of any trade or occupation, protesting by ballot against the same, to exempt such trade or occupation from its provisions.

This is a very different thing to the naked and bald statement that the New Unionists want an unqualified eight hours for all trades; it will be seen from the important clause in the above resolution that every trade in the country, miners excepted, could be exempt from the operation of a general Eight Hours Bill by carrying a majority resolution of their respective trade union.

In respect to the Miners' Bill no criticism is necessary, except in reference to the now somewhat famous 'local option theories.' On account of certain supposed opposition from a corner of the mining population, it is suggested that an exception ought to be made, that some kind of a mysterious sliding-scale Eight Hours Bill to suit the whims and fancies of everybody who opposes should be introduced into Parliament. This local option is no newfangled idea. Mr. Gladstone during his last Midlothian tour fully discussed this phase of the question, and long before that it had been debated in miners' conferences; but it is certain the more it is discussed the more ridiculous it becomes, especially to those having a practical acquaintance with the subject. To provide a local option clause in any Miners' Bill would be unfair, shortsighted, and extremely unsatisfactory to the mining population. It would be again repeating the mistake committed by the insertion of a permissive clause in the Employers' Liability Bill 1880, which has given rise to so much friction and irritation, and which I notice Mr. Chamberlain says, in reference to this matter in his recent article:

The present law of employers' liability in this country is a half-hearted compromise, and for this reason as it stands must be condemned as incomplete; it is uncertain in its action, defective in its machinery, and doubtful in its interpretation.

Would not a local option clause in a Miners' Bill have exactly the same result—cause perpetual agitation among those who would be left out of its provisions; and be unfair to those employers who would be bound by its operations, providing, as is suggested in certain quarters, any unfairness arose?

But a preliminary difficulty is sure to confront any framer of such a clause. What are the facts that have to be contended with? According to the Mines Inspectors' last reports, for 1891, we find that there are employed underground in the mines of the country 559,189 persons, and out of this number there are in North Durham and Northumberland 46,854 and in South Durham 52,949 persons. Suppose we call it in approximate figures 100,000. Now it will be seen that in the two northern counties there are less than one-fifth of the mining population. Then we find from indisputable evidence that 96 per cent. of those outside these two counties have given their adhesion and expressed themselves in favour of an Eight Hours Bill. Surely such a large majority in itself ought to have great weight in framing a Bill without any such clause as is suggested? But is it a

fact that the two northern counties are opposed to a Bill with a general application? A recent ballot taken by the Durham miners, in which over 40,000 recorded their votes, shows very plainly that these miners are by no means unanimous against an Eight Hours Bill. It is true 28,217 gave their votes against legislation, but it is equally true that one of the principal grounds on which those votes were given was, not so much against the principle of legislation, as an inherent fear that such interference would tend in some way to lengthen the present working hours of the coal-hewers, which are from six and a half to seven and a half hours per day. Had it not been for this grave suspicion it seems probable that an almost unanimous vote would have been cast in favour of an Eight Hours Bill. But there is another side to the shield. It must never be forgotten that over 12,000 Durham miners balloted in favour of legislation, and the problem remains to be solved by those suggesting a local option scheme, 'How can such a proposition be introduced with any sense of justice or fair play to the 12,000 in Durham who desire legislative interference with their hours of labour?' It is a matter of common knowledge that about one-third of the underground workmen and boys in these two counties work long hours, varying from ten to eleven hours per day, and who can deny but the 12,000 who voted for an Eight Hours Bill were these very men and boys appealing most pathetically by their votes for the House of Commons to assist them in getting their hours made shorter, knowing to their sorrow how miserably trade union effort had failed in its attempts to get them redress; and having no confidence or hope of assistance from their friends who were numbered in the 28,000 voters against legislation, this large and influential minority throw in their lot with the miners of Great Britain in favour of a general Eight Hours Bill. In the face of these facts, it would certainly be unfair, if not cruel, to recognise the 28,000 by giving them a local option exemption (even if there were no other grounds of opposition), and ignore the position of the 12,000 who, in league with the other parts of the country, numbering five-sixths of the mining community and therefore in the light of this reasoning, the idea of local option must for ever be buried in labyrinths of oblivion, because it could never be tolerated by the Progressive labour members in the House of Commons or accepted by the great mass of the working classes outside.

Respectful regard for space compels me not to enter more fully in many of the interesting points raised and to leave entirely untouched other important arguments in the article in question. In some of the suggestions and arguments I should have been in agreement, but in a far greater number of cases I should have held opposite opinions.

There is one thing which strikes every observant mind in reading Mr. Chamberlain's article on the Labour Question. That is, that he

scarcely touches a question of first-class importance in the whole of his review. Indeed, the whole article aims at nothing more than merely pacifying and calming public opinion, not so much at honestly doing what is right as what is expedient; indeed, it is questionable whether the whole article is not dictated from motives of expediency. It would seem on careful reflection that the composition is more remarkable for what it does not say than what it says. Words in this case may be silver, but silence is gold. Shortening the hours of labour will be most valuable. Employers' liability in its fullest sense must shortly be an accomplished fact. Conciliation in trade disputes, and all the other questions in Mr. Chamberlain's article which have received such full discussion recently, are all good if based on right and solid principles, but not one of them, or all of them put together, can ever solve the labour problem. These do not go to the root of the evil; they are in themselves only branches of the great subject. It is most significant in such a comprehensive review that Mr. Chamberlain should have left entirely in the background, in fact never touched them, such questions as the following: Land Law Reform, Reform of Taxation, the Unearned Increment, the congested condition of industrial centres, &c. After reading his article one is tempted to ask whether these subjects now form part of his vocabulary; six or seven years ago they were his pet and choice morsels. The following are a few extracts from his speeches :

NATURAL RIGHTS IN LAND (Birmingham, January 5, 1885):

If you go back to the early history of our social system, you will find that when our social arrangements began to shape themselves, every man was born into the world with natural rights, with a right to share in the great inheritance of the community, with a right to a part of the land of his birth; but all these rights have passed away—some of them have been sold, some have been given away by people who had no right to dispose of them, some have been lost through apathy and ignorance, some have been destroyed by fraud, and some have been acquired by violence.

UNEARNED INCREMENT (March 30, 1885, at Birmingham):

I say that in this matter, as in so many others, Lord Salisbury, as spokesman of the class to which he belongs, 'Who toil not, neither do they spin,' whose fortunes, as in this case, have originated in grants, such as courtiers render kings, and have since grown and increased, while their owners slept, by an unearned levy on all that other men have done by their toil and labour.

TAXATION (August 5, 1885, at Hull):

I am not aware that Mr. Gladstone has ever expressed an opinion against the principle of graduated taxation, and in my opinion it is the only principle of taxation fair and just to all classes of the community.

These are only a few out of hundreds of quotations from Mr. Chamberlain's speeches; in fact, they were his stock-in-trade some years ago, and no living man knows better than he that these are the questions which are at the very base of the pyramidal and

social difficulties with which the country has to deal; and it is very significant that questions of such vital importance, and on which the working classes, and especially trade unions, have such pronounced opinions, should not have received even a passing comment in considering such an important subject. .

In conclusion, it is a great weakness on the part of the Right Hon. gentleman that he could not even discuss a question of national importance such as this, which is evidently of non-political character, without dragging it into the region and quagmire of party controversy and introducing such questions as Home Rule (which I verily feel sure must frequently disturb his pleasant dreams) and also the everlastingly contentious subject as to which political party has done most for the working classes of the country. These are matters of private opinion, and are certainly out of place in discussing problems similar to the ones now under discussion. If Mr. Chamberlain, Sir John Gorst, and other political leaders are sincere in their professed sympathy with social and labour questions, they may safely rely on the support of the labour leaders in the House of Commons. But if it be merely a movement on their part to gain party prestige or a course of party intriguing, as seems to be half shadowed forth in the concluding sentences of Mr. Chamberlain's article, such conduct will meet with the united and hostile opposition of the labour members in the House of Commons, and the irresistible criticism of the trades unions and working classes in the country.

SAM WOODS.

HAPPINESS IN HELL

‘ Per me si va nella città dolente,
Per me si va nell’ eterno dolore,
Per me si va tra la perduta gente.

.
‘ Lasciate ogni speranza, voi che entrate.’
‘ Leave every hope behind, O ye who enter here!’

DANTE’S terrible words truly express what was the almost universal belief of Christians for many centuries. The mental agony of despair, in addition to extreme physical torture, was recognised as the inevitable lot of the multitude of lost souls. It was also of the essence of this belief that the agony should be eternal, and known to be eternal by the wretched inmates—the ‘perduta gente’—of that ‘città dolente,’ that city of despair.

But the modern mind has come to feel an abhorrence for beliefs which were viewed with complacency or accepted without difficulty for so many ages. And not only the sentiment of our day, but what we take to be its more highly evolved moral perceptions, are shocked beyond expression at the doctrine that countless multitudes of mankind will burn for ever in hell fire, out of which there is no possible redemption. Our experience shows that not a few persons have abandoned Christianity on account of this dogma, which also constitutes the very greatest difficulty for many who desire to obtain a rational religious belief and to accept the Church’s teaching.

Is, then, the doctrine against which so strong a repugnance is felt, really one essential to Christianity; and, if so, can it be a belief reconcilable with right reason, the highest morality and the greatest benevolence?

The following pages contain suggestions offered in reply to this important question about which we have found so wide-spread an interest to exist. They have been written under a deep sense of responsibility, with an earnest desire to study the question honestly and impartially; not in the spirit of an advocate, still less in that of a lover of paradox. They are addressed to Theists—to those who believe in the existence of a God infinitely wise, powerful and good. It would obviously be absurd to argue concerning the nature and meaning of any doctrine, considered to be a revealed doctrine,

with men for whom there is no God to reveal it. Secondly, we assume that our readers agree with us in accepting the doctrine of the soul's immortality and moral responsibility; our actions carrying with them consequences which extend into our future life.

As we have done before (when considering the compatibility of Evolution and modern Biblical criticism with Christianity), so here also, we take the teaching of the Catholic Church as our standard. We do this not only because it is our inestimable privilege and unspeakable happiness to belong to it, but also because no other test could be so useful to Christians of all denominations. For if it should turn out that the oldest, the most authoritative and dogmatic Christian body should not have committed itself to any dogma about hell inevitably conflicting with reason and conscience, the members of more recent and less dogmatic bodies may (possibly with one or two exceptions) be relieved from uneasiness as to their own obligations in such respect.

We repeat that our sense of responsibility is extreme, as is our desire in no way to trifle with so solemn a question. For the minds which are disturbed and distressed by difficulties about hell include many amongst the best of mankind. It is the very nobility of their character, the tenderness of their sympathetic feelings and the keenness of their perceptions concerning justice and benevolence, which make these difficulties seem to them so insurmountable. They would rejoice to find their distress needless; and to afford that satisfaction to such persons would be to us an exceedingly great consolation. We feel, therefore, the more bound not to blink any difficulty and to do our best to be scrupulously impartial and candid.

In setting out to consider what is Catholic teaching on this terrible question, we are fortunate in being able to refer to two recent publications in English. The first of them is a book by the late Henry Nutcombe Oxenham¹ (devoted to setting out what the Catholic doctrine on this subject really is), which has not only met with no censure, but has been very generally approved of. The second publication² is an anonymous article written by a very distinguished theologian, and published in a periodical the name of which is a sufficient guarantee for the thorough orthodoxy of the writer.

It is most certain that the Catholic Church is definitely committed to the doctrine that souls condemned to hell remain there for all eternity and that all of them suffer the loss of the Beatific Vision of God (the *pœna damni*), while a portion of them further suffer what is technically denominated the *pœna sensus*—the equivalent of 'hell fire.' Universalism, or the final restitution of all men, is (as Mr. Oxenham has conclusively shown) utterly irreconcilable with

¹ *Catholic Eschatology and Universalism* (London, W. H. Allen and Co., 1878).

² 'Everlasting Punishment,' an article in the *Dublin Review*, vol. v. (third series), 1881, p. 117.

Catholic doctrine. It is interesting to find that the Eastern Church (such a remarkable 'survival' of earlier conditions) teaches the same doctrine. In 'The Orthodox Confession of the Catholic and Apostolic Eastern Church,' we find to the question 'What is to be thought of those who die at enmity with God?' the following reply³: 'Some will be chastised with heavier, some with lighter punishments, but all for ever, according to the Scripture.' Again, in the full Catechism of that Church, question 383 is: 'But what will be the lot of unbelievers and transgressors?' and the answer is: 'They will be given over to everlasting death—that is, to everlasting fire, to everlasting torment, with the devils.'

To show that the teaching of the Catholic Church is at least in harmony with that of Scripture, we need only refer to Matthew xxv. 41, 46, Mark iii. 29 and ix. 47 and 48, and Revelations xiv. 11, and xxi. 8. That the damned also do not acquire better dispositions is implied in Rev. xvi. 10, 11, where we read: 'And they gnawed their tongues for pain, and blasphemed the God of heaven because of their pain and their wounds, and repented not of their deeds.'

This was but the further continuation of antecedent Jewish teaching. Edersheim at least tells us 'that 'Notorious breakers of the law, and especially apostates from the Jewish faith and heretics, have no hope whatever, here or hereafter.' This is not wonderful when we recollect how in Isaiah (xxxiii. 14) we read of 'everlasting burnings,' in Jeremiah (xxiii. 40) of 'everlasting reproach,' and in Daniel (xii. 2) of 'everlasting contempt.'

The various Protestant sects generally followed, as concerns hell, the teaching of the Church; and Lutherans and Calvinists, Anglicans and Puritans, were in this perfectly agreed, and it is notorious that, until recently, the almost universal teaching of the Protestant clergy was that for the righteous there was everlasting happiness, and everlasting condemnation for the reprobate.

That between those who are eternally excluded from heaven there are differences of condition—it may be enormous differences—is freely admitted both by Greeks and Latins; but it is no less true that such differences are declared to be nothing in comparison with the difference which exists between those admitted to the Beatific Vision and the most favoured of all those who are excluded from it. Purgatory has nothing to do with the question here discussed, since it is but a passing, temporary state. The Church sets before men but two kinds of eternal existence—an eternal existence in possession of the Beatific Vision (that is, heaven), and an existence in eternal exclusion from it—which is hell.

This has ever been Catholic teaching. In our parish churches it was customary to have a painting of the Last Judgment over the

³ Quoted by Oxenham, *op. cit.* p. 204.

⁴ See his *Sketches of Jewish Social Life*, p. 180.

chancel arch. In the middle was a representation of Christ enthroned, as a judge; on his right hand were the just ascending to bliss, while on his left demons drove lost souls into the widely gaping jaws of hell. The same subject was often portrayed on the richly sculptured fonts of Gothic cathedrals—as may be very well seen at Amiens.

The often grotesque realism and the monstrosities of such representations are apt now to raise a smile, but it was far otherwise with those who first contemplated them, to whom they were a part of that 'Bible for the people' which on all sides, in their places of worship, simultaneously appealed to their senses, their imagination, and their reason.

The lessons inculcated by such imagery were in full accord with what was taught from the pulpit and by the writings of divines of those and of antecedent ages. They taught plainly that there were eternally in hell unspeakable torments (*pæna sensus*) in addition to the state of loss—the *pæna damni*. This was the unanimous teaching of Saints and Fathers—especially homilists—such as St. Gregory the Great, St. Augustine, St. Thomas Aquinas, St. Bonaventure, and so many more that it would be useless to attempt to enumerate them here. There can be no question but that the Catholic Church is irrevocably committed to the doctrine that not only are the damned damned for all eternity, but that their condition is least inadequately represented by images of the most extreme and varied torture. This teaching has been familiarly brought home to the people in the most startling and appalling manner by preachers and popular writers, age after age. Although the Church never hesitates to condemn what it deems erroneous teaching, it has never (so far as we know) condemned even that repulsive and widely known book entitled *Hell Opened to Christians*. This work was published in 1715, and was reprinted in 1844 with a number of revolting pictures, likely to strike the imagination most forcibly. A similar work, by Father Giovanni Battista Manni, had been previously published in 1692. It reached its eleventh edition and never, we believe, incurred any condemnation.

We have then to consider the compatibility with right reason, not only of the doctrine of an eternal hell, but also whether teaching such as that just described is also compatible therewith.

It would be both disingenuous and useless to try and blink this latter question. We must frankly accept, as bound up with dogmatic Christianity, not only the question of eternal penalties but also the real meaning of such representations of the nature of those penalties as have been universally diffused with the approval of ecclesiastical authority.

There is, however, another side to Catholic teaching about hell, and the views it favours may, at first sight, seem to conflict with

those we have already brought forward, while they are not a whit less authoritative.

But before proceeding to consider them, it will be well to put certain elementary facts of Catholic theology before our readers. We cannot expect all of them to have any knowledge of such teaching, while without it the question we are concerned about cannot be understood.

Nevertheless, the object of this paper is neither to inquire into the truth of Catholic doctrine, nor to establish its truth, but to examine whether the dogma of hell's eternity and the teaching by which the dread of hell has been enforced, are compatible with right reason. Obviously, however, our readers cannot form a trustworthy judgment about either dogma or teaching unless they understand the fundamental principles which are presupposed by both.

Underlying the whole conception of man's existence here and hereafter there is, according to Catholic theology, a most profound and fundamental distinction—the distinction between (a) the *natural*, and (b) the *supernatural*. These terms are not used in the sense in which we meet with them every day—if in that there is any really definite sense at all!

By what is 'natural' Catholic theologians mean, all the creatures that God has created, with all the powers and capacities of such creatures, such *e.g.* as we do, or can, have some knowledge of through our ordinary faculties.

By what is 'supernatural' is meant an entirely different order of creation, consisting of special and intellectual relations between God and creatures, on whom He has, by his direct and immediate act, bestowed qualities and powers of an absolutely different kind to those inherent in or arising from their nature. This is known as the order of 'grace,' which is conferred on certain intellectual beings with a view to their future intuitive vision of God, which is the very essence of the supernatural order. This distinction, as we shall see, carries with it profound consequences.

Man in a state of nature is man as we see him apart from Christianity. But even Christians, in this life, can neither imagine nor fully understand anything but a natural existence. Thus even their own 'supernatural state,' though truly theirs, they can neither imagine nor fully understand. The same applies to a supernatural existence hereafter. They may indeed aspire after something altogether beyond their powers of conception, but they can only do so by the help of imaginations which are of the earth, earthy, although they may be composed of what is highest in the range of their experience.

It is impossible for any man really to desire that which he can in no way imagine and which is entirely foreign to his nature. He can no more escape from his own nature and its limitations than he can separate himself permanently from his own shadow.

To really desire and enjoy what is thus naturally altogether beyond him, he must have infused into him a corresponding higher faculty. Now the Church allows its theologians to teach that man was created in a state of 'nature,'⁵ but was thereafter raised to the higher, or supernatural, order of 'grace,' whereby he was enabled to desire and ultimately to enjoy that direct and immediate union with God which is termed the Beatific Vision. But the greater the gifts the greater the responsibilities, and man was mercifully permitted quickly to fall—the Church speaks of it as *felix culpa*⁶—from that supernatural platform to a merely natural state once more, to be possibly again individually admitted to the higher state, through the Incarnation and the sacrament of baptism.

Baptism may be of three kinds: (1) that of water; (2) that of blood, *i.e.* martyrdom; and (3) that of desire. The Church teaches that when any unbaptised man has attained a very high degree of natural virtue with corresponding aspirations after what is divine, God raises him to the supernatural state; and this is the 'baptism of desire.' Between such supernatural condition, or 'state of grace,' and the state of mere nature, there can be no possible comparison. The difference between them is immeasurable, and there are no words which can adequately express it, since they are states which do not differ in degree but by the most absolute difference of kind.

Only for those who have in one of the three just mentioned ways been reborn into the higher state, is heaven a possibility. And even for them it is but a possibility, since they may easily fail to reach it, on account of unrepented mortal sin. If they have so forfeited it, they will not only be excluded from it but will be in a very different case from those who have remained in a state of mere nature. The latter only fail to attain what they could never understand, aspire to or enjoy; but the lost who have been baptised, lose that which otherwise would have constituted their supremest possible bliss.

Thus, though, according to the Christian Church, there are for mankind but two final eternal states, the difference between which is for us inconceivable and utterly inexpressible, yet a vast difference exists in hell between those who have forfeited heaven and those who never rose above a state of nature. The blessed in heaven and those excluded from it form, as it were, two genera, the latter being composed of two species: (1) those who have not and (2) those who have forfeited a supernatural beatitude.

Thus it may be said that practically there are three permanent states, although—since the differences between the lowest of those in heaven, and the highest of those excluded from it is inexpressibly

⁵ It will be enough here merely to refer to St. Bonaventure.

⁶ In that beautiful composition which begins with the word 'Exultet,' and which is sung at the blessing of the Paschal Candle on Holy Saturday.

greater than that between any of those not in Heaven—a bifold division is the more logical.

We may now turn to the other side of Catholic teaching, before referred to. Amongst the excluded who have never forfeited grace are, of course, unbaptised infants, who are represented as enjoying an eternity of natural happiness and union with God, beyond anything we can imagine or conceive of. In the words of St. Thomas⁷: '*Deo junguntur per participationem naturalium bonorum, et ita etiam de Ipso gaudere poterunt naturali cognitione et dilectione.*'

This principle may, on the authority of Balmez and other Catholic authorities,⁸ be extended to the case of adults, especially in heathen nations, who die with their moral and intellectual faculties so imperfectly developed as to be, in this matter, like children. That such a belief was not uncommon in earlier times is shown us by Dante, who depicts Virgil and other Pagan worthies in a state of natural happiness.

As to either category of those in hell (that is, excluded from heaven) it is universally admitted that there are vast differences of condition, and it is even maintained that they may be unconscious of what their state really is. No suffering from such knowledge can possibly exist in the case of children or of child-like adults, and even with respect to Christians who have fallen from grace and are positively damned, no supreme teaching of the Church—not even the Holy Office—has condemned the opinion that at least some of them may also be unconscious of their state.

One important matter in which theologians concur is that there is no suffering which has not been earned by the deliberate commission of grave sin, known to be such, and voluntarily persisted in without repentance. As St. Bernard says: '*Nihil ardet in inferno nisi propria voluntas.*'

The writer in the *Dublin Review* before referred to says⁹ as to this:

It may not be easy to tell whether this or that act is really a mortal sin. . . . The difficulty is to know whether the personal circumstances of knowledge, advertence, and consent are such as to impart to the acts of aversion from God sufficient completeness to plunge the soul into the darkness of spiritual death.

He also observes¹⁰:

The millions in Christian lands who are invincibly ignorant of all but the very first ideas of faith and morality prove that there is a very large number indeed whose punishment—or whose banishment, rather—will surely be very light. For if there is one thing certain it is this—that no one will ever be punished with the positive punishments of the life to come, who has not with full knowledge, complete consciousness and full consent turned his back upon Almighty God.

As to the nature of the *pœna sensus*, even as undergone by the

⁷ *II. Sent.* dist. 33, q. 2, a. 2 ad 5. ⁸ See *Dublin Review*, 1881, vol. v. p. 123.

⁹ *Op. cit.* p. 133.

¹⁰ *Op. cit.* p. 123.

worst of sinners, Popes and Councils have said very little. What is meant by the expression 'hell fire' has never been defined, and St. Augustine distinctly declares our ignorance about it, saying ¹¹: '*Qui ignis cujusmodi est, hominum scire arbitror neminem, nisi forte cui Spiritus divinus ostendit.*' No such definition is to be found either in the Florentine or the Tridentine decrees.

But one very interesting fact is the tenability of a belief that a process of evolution takes place in hell and that the existence of the damned is one of progress and gradual amelioration—though never, of course, to the extent of raising the lost to supernatural beatitude, for the tenants of hell are its tenants eternally.

Many of the Fathers held that a mitigation was vouchsafed to the damned from time to time. St. Augustine distinctly allows ¹² this opinion; St. Gregory Nazianzen, St. John Chrysostom, and various others down to Petrus Lombardus, Petrus Pictaviensis, &c., also favoured it, and the learned Petavius boldly affirms ¹³ that this opinion, which has been entertained by Fathers of the Church, is not to be lightly treated. Such a belief is further strengthened by the fact that a hymn embodying it was sung at Paschal time, for centuries, in many churches. It runs as follows:

Sunt et spiritibus sæpe nocentibus
Pœnarum celebres sub Styge feriæ
Illa nocte sacra qua rediit Deus
Stagnis ad superos ex Acheronticis . . .
Marcent suppliciiis Tartara mitibus,
Exsultetque sui carceris otio
Umbrarum populus liber ab ignibus,
Nec fervent solito flumina sulphure.

This shows that the belief was entertained that the souls in hell received benefit at Easter; and the doctrine of gradual mitigation is further supported by the fact that in a number of old Missals ¹⁴ there are Masses containing a prayer '*Ut tolerabilia damnatorum tormenta fiant.*'

That this charitable view was at one time more or less popular, is shown by a legend about St. Brendan. It represents the apparition to the saint of some of the damned, who came to thank him for the benefits they had received, through his prayers, at some great church festival.

There is yet another lesson taught by Catholic theologians which requires notice here. This is the doctrine that for every being, including, of course, all the damned, existence is better than annihila-

¹¹ *De Civitate Dei*, lib. xx. cap. 16.

¹² In his *Enchiridion*, capp. 110, 112.

¹³ Lib. iii. *De Angelis*, cap. 7.

¹⁴ These Missals are noticed by F. Lami, whose work is in the British Museum Library.

tion. St. Augustine distinctly affirms¹⁵ that the damned prefer their existence as damned souls to non-existence. To some of our readers the words spoken by Christ about Judas will at once occur as an objection against the tenability of such a view. They are susceptible, however, of another interpretation—namely, as referring to the gravity of Judas's sin, and not to its future chastisement. Indeed, many divines affirm that we have no right to conclude from those words that Judas is amongst the lost.

Finally, as to the nature of damnation, there are two affirmations we think it well to quote. One is by our anonymous theologian, who represents it as a necessary result of universal law. He says¹⁶:

Hell is a law. Just as it is a law that pent-up water, when its weight and force have reached a certain point, breaks its barriers and sweeps down upon the region below it, so it is a law that sin, or unrighteousness, or wilful aversion from God, if it reach the boundary, death, unreformed, will go on for ever so, and will bring eternal separation from God, and separation in a spiritual nature means misery.

Thus punishment is but the necessary effect of the laws which God has instituted. He crushes evil with the absolute calm where-with an avalanche grinds rocks to dust, and the evil-doer constructs his own Gehenna.

In a similar vein Mr. Oxenham asks¹⁷:

What, then, is meant by the dogma of eternal damnation? It means, in one word, leaving the sinner to himself. 'Ephraim is joined to idols; let him alone.' It is no arbitrary infliction of a vengeful Deity!

The spirit of the earlier and of the later passages quoted by us certainly seems at first sight very different, not that even the latter teaching will be satisfactory to all those objectors for whom this article has been written. It remains to be seen whether, by a junction of the more stern teaching with that which appears to be milder, a satisfactory solution can be arrived at; but before addressing ourselves to that task, we would crave attention to what appear to us to be principles and dictates of common sense which have a direct bearing on the question.

In the first place, it is not surprising that men of former ages found little difficulty in accepting the ordinary views about hell then current. Men living amidst the constant wars, cruel disorders of all kinds, extremely severe punishments, and ever recurring pestilences, were familiar with sights which to us would be revolting in the last degree.

It is only in the present age, and mainly in our own land, that there has been developed not only a great regard for human life, but also for the sufferings of the brute creation. It seems to us indeed that such feelings have been carried too far, and tend to produce posi-

¹⁵ See *De Civ. Dei*, xi. 26, 27; and *De Lib. Arbit.* lib. 6, 7, 8, &c.

¹⁶ *Dublin Review*, 1881, vol. v. p. 130.

¹⁷ *Cath. Eschat.* p. 71.

tive injustice. There are enthusiasts who feel so tenderly as to what may be unpleasant to animals or to vicious criminals, that they are blinded to the injuries their wishes would, if carried out, inflict upon multitudes of other animals and upon honest men and women. We must therefore be on our guard as to the effect of such exaggerated sentimentality upon religious belief, and not shut our eyes to the sterner lessons, as to retribution, which the facts of life make abundantly evident to the unprejudiced observer of the world and its ways. It is, as Mr. Oxenham has said,¹⁸ 'the tendency of a civilised age to put aside and ignore the severer aspects of religion, whether natural or revealed.'

Nevertheless, we are far from denying that the modern sentiment, save in its exaggerations, does rightly appeal to our sympathies, and its reprobation of all needless torture is surely justified by a clear ethical intuition. Such torture no good being could inflict, though he might deliberately inflict some suffering in order to bring about a much greater good. But for this, no surgical operation would be ever justifiable.

To think that God could punish men, however slightly, still less could damn them for all eternity, for anything which they had not full power to avoid, or for any act the nature or consequences of which they did not fully understand, is a doctrine so monstrous and revolting that stark Atheism is plainly a preferable belief.

Therefore God, as just, owes to each man (who is to be held responsible) sufficient information as to his duty in every trial he encounters. Conscience in most cases does point the way; when it does not, blame cannot be incurred. Secondly, He owes to each man sufficient aid to enable him to fulfil what he sees to be his duty; and, thirdly, He owes to everyone a just recompense in exact accordance with his merit or demerit—each voluntary thought, word, and deed being taken into account.

A large proportion of many men's actions, however, cannot be freely controlled by them, on account of ancestral influences, early associations, or intellectual and volitional feebleness. As the theologian before quoted observes:¹⁹

The God of all justice must, and will, make every allowance for antecedent passion, for blindness, for ignorance, for inadvertence.

But any recompense, in order that it may be a real—that is, an acceptable—recompense, must be one in harmony with the nature of the recipient; otherwise it might rather be an injury than a benefit—as would be the bestowal on an ignorant paralysed pauper, of the tastes and desires of the wealthy and refined.

Now any being to whom has been given that wonderful power 'will,' with all the consequent responsibilities of a state of probation,

¹⁸ *Op. cit.* p. 169.

¹⁹ *Dublin Review*, 1881, vol. v. p. 123.

must be able to fail as well as to succeed—the very term ‘probation’ implies a risk of failure.

What are we to deem probable as to the consequences of such failure? Reason unaided can tell us very little about the soul after death. Certainly we have no evidence that it will then be able to undo what it has done during life, but rather the contrary. The doctrine of the persistence of force does not favour such a view, and there is nothing which contradicts the Church’s assertion that the state in which the soul finds itself at the close of life’s trial cannot be reversed. If so, the man who dies in a state of aversion from the highest light and the supreme good, must remain in such a state with all its inevitable consequences.

Some will say that those consequences need not be eternal. But if the cause should be unchangeable, how can the consequences change?

Moreover, we are contemplating what relates to Eternity, when Time shall have ceased to be. It is possible that could we understand what Eternity really is, the notion of the reversal of the soul’s condition might be seen to involve an absurdity. Moreover, such a change does not appear to us reconcilable with justice. For any temporal retribution, however prolonged, would if succeeded by eternal happiness, place all men practically on one level. For centuries upon centuries vanish into nothingness when compared with Eternity. Science, at least, lends no support to the belief that a change can take place in the consequences of any action once performed. It is not inexorable severity and the continuance of chastisement, but mercy and forgiveness, which the aspects of nature and their scientific study render difficult of belief.

We know only too well that pain and agony exist here. What ground can we have for denying the possibility of their existence hereafter? Any unnecessary or useless suffering cannot, of course, coexist with a good God; but who can pretend to know God’s ultimate end in creation? That his purposes cannot *contradict* our clear ethical perceptions is certain; but there may be useful and benevolent ends subserved by suffering which we cannot fathom, and there may be Divine purposes which, without contradicting, transcend even goodness, and which our faculties are quite unable to conceive of.

Mr. Oxenham has well remarked ³⁰:

The fact is that many who, in Butler’s words, ‘make very free in their speculations with Divine goodness,’ by goodness mean good nature. On the other hand, the conscience of many a good man assures him that God is, as Cardinal Newman has affirmed,³¹ ‘One who ordains that the offender should suffer for his offence, not simply for the good of the offender, but as an end good in itself, and as a principle of government.’

It is a fashion of the day, to declaim against what is called

³⁰ *Op. cit.* p. 160.

³¹ *Grammar of Assent*, p. 386.

'vindictive' punishment; and yet leading Agnostics do not hesitate to proclaim their conviction that men are punished in this world, with exactness, for every evil deed, word and thought, and often to the loss of life. But how can such capital punishments be reformatory and not vindictive, if, as such men believe, there is no continued existence beyond the grave?

The possibility of very serious penalties is admitted by some of the best known opponents of the ordinary orthodox doctrine. Thus even Archdeacon Farrar²² affirms that there will probably be some souls who, by remaining unrepentant, will endure an endless hell.

But a rational system of ethics assures us that the greatest violation of goodness must be a revolt against goodness itself—that is, an indifference if not an hostility to God. It would hardly seem credible, were it not a notorious fact, that there should be men with great natural gifts, yet further developed by education, who because they cannot make God visible by the aid of their farthing candle of physical science, presume to affirm that He is 'unknowable'; although they see how many men not inferior to them in natural intellect and acquired knowledge, lead devoted, self-crucifying lives, inspired by the certainty of their belief in God.

Surely did such men—well named Agnostics, since they voluntarily ignore what is alone worth knowing—possess even a rudiment of humility or aspiration after goodness, they would act very differently. They would be earnest in conference with men of religion, in the hope that they might gain enlightenment, and persevering in carrying out such practices as might be recommended them for that purpose. Knowing that the greatest of all sins, according to Christian teaching, is the sin of pride, they would, at least provisionally, abstain from shutting out light by its commission; while no one of them possessing a particle of charity would be guilty of writing what might destroy the source of both happiness and virtue in multitudes of their fellow-creatures, when all that they can say is that they know nothing, while they cannot deny that this may be simply due to their own unworthiness. Surely if there is a sin which, on merely Theistic principles, merits the severest pains of hell, it is the authorship of an irreligious book. As to this, even when the sin has been repented of, Cardinal Newman has said²³:

I ask, does death, which is supposed to terminate the punishment of the penitent, terminate the consequences of his sin upon others? Are not these consequences continued long after his death, even to the end of time? And do they not thus seem to be a sort of intimation or symbol to survivors, that, in spite of his penitence, God's wrath is hot against him? A man publishes an irreligious or immoral book; afterwards he repents and dies. What does Reason, arguing from

²² *Eternal Hope*, preface, xiii.

²³ *Sermons before the University of Oxford*, 1842, p. 101.

the visible course of things, suggest concerning the efficacy of that repentance? The sin of the penitent lives; it continues to disseminate evil; it corrupts multitudes. *They* die many of them *without* repenting; many more receive permanent, though not fatal, injury to their souls from the perusal. Surely no evidence is here, in the course of Divine governance, of the efficacy of repentance. Shall *he* be now dwelling in Abraham's bosom, who hears on the other side of the gulf the voices of those who curse his memory as being the victims of his guilt?

It is a manifest necessity of justice that more should be required from those on whom the greatest gifts, the best opportunities, have been bestowed. If, then, God has granted to us a revelation, the greatest responsibility and risk are for those who are fully aware of it. But justice certainly does not demand that this revelation should be made clear to all men. Justice is amply satisfied if to each is made known that which is requisite to ensure him the attainment of all his desires and the greatest happiness of which his nature is capable—namely, the complete fulfilment of his natural end. He is no sufferer if more is granted to others—especially if it be granted as the price of very heavy responsibilities. It is a plain fact that God does give different gifts, and the same gifts in divergent amounts, to different men, and there is nothing contradictory to reason in the doctrine that besides the great differences we *can* see, there may be others very much greater, which we *cannot* see. The existence of such profound but hidden differences is one of the doctrines proclaimed by the Christian revelation, and to the consideration of this and other Christian doctrines we must return after having briefly noted some of the necessary conditions which must attend every possible revelation.

In the first place, it is certain that we can make no true comparison between God and creatures, and nothing can be asserted of Him in the same sense in which it can be asserted of anything else. It does not by any means follow from this that God is 'unknowable.' Reason shows to us plainly that He exists, what are some of his attributes, and makes it indisputable that the power of worshipping Him must be the highest privilege of a rational nature. All that can be asserted of any creature in the way of positive perfection can also be analogically asserted of Him in the highest degree and without attendant limitations. Our conceptions of his perfection and attributes are true in the sense that they are infinitely truer than would be their negation. Nevertheless they are utterly inadequate, and God remains absolutely incomprehensible. It is easy to say that He is Omnipresent, Omniscient and Omnipotent, but it is difficult to realise that no action has ever taken place without his active concurrence, so that everything which exists or energises must possess a certain goodness and a certain beauty, apart, of course, from bad volitions.

The Ineffable and Incomprehensible Supreme Being has chosen

to declare Himself more or less clearly in his works, especially in our mental nature and our ethical perceptions—in physical science, in history and in our knowledge of the events of our own lives. The world is full of Divine manifestations to those whose indifference or hostile will does not bar the way to their due apprehension.

This truth is applicable to the various religions which the world has known. Christianity is the last of a long series of Divine *manifestations*, though the difference between it and every other system is so enormous—so different not only in degree but in kind—that the term *revelation* may be well reserved for it alone.

Christian writers, from the very early days of the Church to our own times, have written in this sense. Amongst the former was St. Clement of Alexandria, and amongst the latter has been Cardinal Newman, whose memorable words²⁴ as to God's action amidst religious errors our readers will doubtless recollect :

His writing is upon the wall, whether of the Indian fane or the porticoes of Greece. . . . He is with the heathen dramatist in his denunciation of injustice and tyranny, and his auguries of Divine vengeance upon crime. Even on the unseemly legends of a popular mythology He casts his shadow, and it is dimly discerned in the ode or the epic, as in troubled water or in fantastic dreams. All that is good, all that is true, all that is beautiful, all that is beneficent, be it great or small, be it perfect or fragmentary, natural as well as supernatural, moral as well as material, comes from Him.

But God being what He is—since only God can know what the word 'God' means—He cannot, Omnipotent though He be, make Himself truly comprehensible by any possible revelation.

Not only His own Being, but our actual relations to Him, the full nature of his claims, the happiness He can bestow, and the awfulness of estrangement from Him, can only be revealed to us with practical efficacy sufficient for our needs.

But hence it results that the difference between his special revelation and any other religion cannot find adequate expression in human language.

Therefore, although in a certain sense the Paganism of Greece and Rome was 'true' as well as 'righteous,' and Zeus and Athene, Ares and Aphrodite, were expressions of the Divine; though Pagan rites and ceremonies were in their measure good, and the worship of the heathen an acceptable service; yet simply to have said so would have been fatally misleading.

On account of the poverty of human language, and the limits of the imagination, it was practically nearer the truth, as serving less inadequately to express the transcendent claims of Christianity, to count the heathen gods as demons, and the Pagan rites as the service of devils. Such a statement, though imperfect and inexactly representing the whole of objective truth, nevertheless conveyed to the

²⁴ In his *Discourses on University Education*, 1852, p. 96.

minds of the men of those times the nearest and most accurate conception of truth which circumstances then rendered possible. Only by such a force of contrast, could the superiority of Christianity come to be faintly (though even then, most inadequately) apprehended.

This is one example of how things absolutely beyond our comprehension can be best brought to have some practical bearing upon ordinary human understanding and will.

It is also an example of the great fact that 'objective religion' in its fulness cannot be made known to us, but can, nevertheless, be hinted at by the help of imperfect analogies such as are congruous with our notions and faculties—as we have before urged in this Review.²⁵ That a knowledge of religious truth practically sufficient as a guide to human action must be conveyed by such symbolic teaching was long ago pointed out by Cardinal Newman.²⁶ Comparing such teaching to the use of different languages, he says :

Multitudes of ideas expressed in the one do not even enter into the other, and can only be conveyed by some economy or accommodation, by circumlocutions, phrases, limiting words, figures, or some bold and happy expedient. . . . Fables, again, were economies and accommodations, being truths and principles cast into that form in which they will be most vividly recognised. Again, mythical representations, at least in their better form, may be considered facts or narratives, untrue, but like the truth, intended to bring out the action of some principle, point of character, and the like.

But there is one noteworthy character which must attach to any revelation intended to teach and guide men once for all, for all future time, as Christianity professes itself to be. Although men always remain men, yet the knowledge of one age is not that of another, and each has its own peculiarities of thought and temper. As it has hitherto been, so it will probably continue to be. Therefore not only must some statements of historical facts be more credible at one time than at another, but some declarations of doctrine must be more sympathetically welcomed, or found more repugnant to the prevailing temper, in one century than in another ; therefore any revelation intended to last for future ages²⁷ must be made known in terms and by the aid of symbols some of which will constitute difficulties to its reception at one time and others at another time. It will be amply sufficient if in each age it can be, though only with more or less difficulty, reconciled with that age's knowledge and dominant senti-

²⁵ *Nineteenth Century*, December 1887, p. 861.

²⁶ *Sermons before the University of Oxford*, p. 344.

²⁷ When we were at Rome during the Vatican Council, we were much interested to find that our belief that we were still in the early ages of the Church was also the conviction of that remarkable American, Father Hecker. Christianity has, we think, many thousands of years before it, and many hundreds of Pontiffs will succeed Leo the Thirteenth. As we said in our little book, *Contemporary Evolution* (1876), 'Of time there is no stint. The next glacial epoch is sufficiently remote !'

ment. It cannot be expected that a new version of God's revelation should be freshly communicated to us every half century.

There is also another very important fact which should never be, as it too often is, forgotten. This is that the Christian Church makes no claim to inspiration,²⁸ but only to such guidance as shall ultimately, and often at the last moment, save it from falling into fatal error in authoritatively deciding questions of faith and morals. Such mere 'assistance' in no way dispenses Popes and Councils from making use of every available means for arriving at the truth. It is quite clear that, on Catholic principles, they may fail to rise adequately to an occasion which presents itself, and though so far assisted as to avoid fatal error, may occasion more or less detriment in the domains of physical science, politics and æsthetics, and so, for a time, somewhat impair the temporal progress of mankind, while none the less faithfully promoting its eternal welfare.²⁹

Let us now further address ourselves directly to the consideration of what Christian authoritative teaching affirms and permits us to belief with respect to hell. We have already seen how benevolent its teaching is with respect to those who die in a state of mere nature without deliberately committing grave sins the gravity of which they fully recognise.

Let us imagine a man in perfect health of mind and body, intelligent, amiable and wealthy, enjoying the universal esteem of all who know him, the devoted affection of his family, the peace of a good conscience, and the happiness of a natural love of and union with God. Let us further suppose that all his wishes are gratified, and that he has a full and certain knowledge that this great felicity will exist unimpaired and be unceasingly enjoyed by him for all eternity. Yet such a being will be in hell. Such at least (according to Catholic teaching³⁰) will be the lot of the immense multitude of mankind who, from before the formation of the earliest flint implement to the present day, have died unbaptised and free from deliberate mortal sin, understood to be such. They are subjects indeed of the *pœna damni*,³¹ but that is no cause of regret to them. Not having had the 'light of glory' (i.e. been raised to the order of grace) they have no aptitude or faculty for the supernatural, without which its possession (were it possible) would rather be torture than happiness.

²⁸ As we pointed out five years ago. See *Nineteenth Century*, July 1887, p. 51.

²⁹ It was for the purpose of insisting on these important distinctions (too apt to be ignored by the pious and the impious alike), that our articles on *Modern Catholics and Scientific Freedom*, and on *The Catholic Church and Biblical Criticism* were written.

³⁰ We distinctly recollect hearing this taught by a distinguished religious in the Church of SS. John and Elizabeth, in Great Ormond Street.

³¹ Absurd as it may seem, we think much objection has been felt to Catholic doctrine because the word '*pœna*' looks and sounds like '*pain*.' It has, indeed, often been wrongly so translated, but the *pœna damni*, or state of loss, is no more necessarily a '*pain*' than the '*state*' of County-Councildom is the '*pain*' of County-Councildom.

Perfectly happy according to their nature, they could no more desire the supernatural state than fishes can desire to become birds, or oysters sigh because they are not butterflies.

A singular consequence follows from the above consideration. Since the inexpressibly higher condition, according to the Church, carries with it fearful risks and responsibilities, there is, on Church principles, small reason to regret the late advent and limited diffusion of Christianity or the falling away from the Church of masses of Christians. In consequence thereof, the diminution of risk and responsibility to multitudes of mankind—unfavourably placed to fulfil higher claims—is so great, that God alone can know whether the apparent loss is not a real gain.

As to the non-baptised who lead abandoned lives knowingly and willingly, their lot must be light indeed, compared with those who having been called to the higher state have voluntarily outraged its privileges. And thus we come, at last, to the one great difficulty, the real *crux* of the whole matter: what are we to say to the state of baptised Christians who lead bad lives and depart from the world in their sins—what are we to say of them from the Catholic point of view?

Now, in the first place, we must never forget the mitigating circumstances as regards heredity and environment, to which we have before referred. Multitudes of sins which are 'mortal' according to the letter of the Christian code are, owing to such circumstances, but 'venial' in fact; so that their perpetrators, if condemned by 'law,' must be absolved by 'equity.' Secondly, we must also remember what has been already said about the need of advertence and deliberate volition, in order that any sinful act should be a mortal one.

But those who knowingly and with malice sin mortally and so persist till death, obstinately turning a deaf ear to all good influences, are, the Church tells us, really condemned to hell, there to suffer, not only the state of loss, but the *pœna sensus* also.

Nevertheless, their state is declared to be most unequal,³² and to vary with their demerits. Also the existence of the very worst is felt by him to be preferable to his non-existence. He does not, like so many poor wretches on earth, even desire the cessation of his being. May we not therefore believe that his suffering is not so great as theirs? It seems also that, in spite of Dante, hope may still be his if a process of evolution does, as some theologians teach, take place in hell.

But we cannot think that right reason demands the belief that no one in hell suffers severely, even compared with life on earth. For, although we may judge no man, and although reason tells us how almost impossible it is for us fairly to judge even ourselves, yet men do seem, now and again, to give evidence of extreme malice and

³² *E.g.* by Father Hurter, S. J., *De Deo Consummatore*, No. 803.

of a positive hatred of God; so that it would ill become us to represent hell as being in no case an object of just fear, nay of prudent, reasonable terror. The poignancy of persistent regret for a misspent past and for actions to recall which life would be willingly surrendered, are states of mind by no means unknown in our present existence. It may well be that the clearer mental vision of a future day as to what might have been, may give rise to a wretchedness which it is beyond our power to imagine.

But for the multitude of even the positively damned, besides the possible unconsciousness of their state and the also possible consolations of a hoped-for amelioration, we are not, so far as we know, forbidden to think that as they have by their actions constructed their own hell, they may therein find a certain kind of harmony with their own mental condition. It may be they seek and meet with the society of souls like-minded with themselves, and, as it were, together hug their chains, esteeming as preferable those lower mental activities and desires which had been their choice and solace upon earth. We read in the New Testament³³ the words :

He that is unjust, let him be unjust still; and he that is filthy, let him be filthy still.

But to have the will persistently averted from what is best, must entail suffering; nor can it be denied that (according to the teaching of the Church) some positive suffering will never cease for those who have voluntarily and deliberately cast away from them their supreme beatitude.

The reader will naturally ask how, if such views as some of those which have been here brought forward be tenable views, can those teachers be pardoned who have represented hell in the uniformly terrible and revolting way they have represented it?

The answer to this reposes upon the joint consideration of God's perfection and man's intellectual limitation.

As to the former, it is simply beyond, infinitely beyond, all our powers of conception, and the same must therefore be said of the supernatural happiness it is in His power to bestow—the happiness of a nature endowed by 'the light of glory,' with a capacity for the Beatific Vision. This is what 'eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive.'

Such being the case, the limitation of our nature necessitates what Cardinal Newman has called 'economies' in making known facts concerning the life hereafter. We are reduced to symbols so inadequate that words cannot adequately express their inadequacy. The result is that in order to convey to the mind as practically serviceable an image as may be of what such bliss and glory are, the only possible course has been to endeavour to depict them by contrast.

³³ Revelations xxii. 11.

In order to bring home to men what their loss will be should they, by vice and malice forfeit so inconceivable a beatitude, it has been necessary to represent that loss by means of such symbols as may, least inadequately and most effectively, strike the imaginations of the greatest multitude of mankind.

If a painter has to depict, as best he may, a brightness which no pigment can approach, he is reduced to attempt it by deepening shadows as much as his palette will permit—regretting all the time that he has no sables nearly black enough to convey, by contrast, a due appreciation of that unrepresentable brightness.

Just as we saw that the contrast between Christianity and Paganism was only most imperfectly and inadequately represented by its earliest advocates when they spoke of the heathen gods as demons, so the bliss of heaven was only most imperfectly and inadequately represented by those who described hell as a place of all the horrors their imagination could possibly depict.

So to have represented it has not caused the least practical error or misled anyone by one jot or tittle.

Thus, on the assumption that heaven is what the Church declares it to be, the author of *Hell Opened to Christians* only speaks the words of truth and soberness when he says :

Do not suppose I have exaggerated anything ; I have failed, indeed, in the opposite way.

The horrors of that book multiplied a thousand-fold could not give the faintest conception of the real difference which exists between the attainment of heaven and its loss, even though the lost ones had an eternal existence of the most extreme natural beatitude far exceeding all we can possibly imagine on earth.

The loss of heaven is an infinite loss, and therefore no symbols can represent it adequately.

Thus the preachers and writers of the Church, her sculptors and her painters, have barely done their duty in seeking to portray the contrast between such loss and gain by the most practically serviceable symbols which were at their disposal. The teaching of theologians (very unlike that of Rousseau) deals not with imaginary human beings, but with living men and women with all their vivid passions and keen temptations, seeking to make them apprehend, least inadequately and most forcibly, what it is impossible adequately to express.

The limitation of our faculties, even as regards the natural world, often compels us to make use of different means with respect to one and the same sense, and it is frequently impossible to gain an accurate perception of one object without thereby simultaneously obtaining a quite inaccurate perception of another object.

We shall vainly seek with a field-glass to observe Jupiter's satel-

lites or the rings of Saturn; and if when observing with a high power we so adjust a microscope as to bring a deeper stratum of some object into focus, we are, by that very act, presented with an inaccurate image of the higher stratum we may have correctly seen before.

Thus, while the most startling symbols are applicable for depicting the difference between the final loss of grace (hell) and life in heaven, they altogether fail if they are taken to depict existence in hell as compared with *life on earth*. It is, indeed, absolutely certain that in the latter case they are and *must be* altogether false; for the difference between what is divine and aught else is an infinite difference, and infinitely greater than any other contrast and distinction whatsoever it may be. Therefore, what is most proper approximately to represent the former, cannot properly represent the latter also.

Thus it seems that the objections of our own day against the Catholic doctrine of hell altogether fall to the ground.

When it is said that the belief in eternal tortures really comparable with the pains of our present life and enormously exceeding them is 'a horrible doctrine, worse than atheism,' the reply that such symbols are *not comparable with life on earth* appears to us to be a completely satisfactory one.

If our estimate of the value and significance of the most authoritative and dogmatic Christian teaching be correct (and we have sought the most skilled advice), then, while it permits of the most practically effective appeals being *truthfully* addressed to the multitude, it none the less proclaims nothing which is not reconcilable with the most benevolent ethical conceptions.

Its teaching, as we understand it, may be briefly summed up as follows: God has with infinite benevolence, *but* with inscrutable purposes, created human beings the overwhelming majority of whom, being incapable of grave sin, attain to an eternity of unimaginable natural happiness—the utmost of which their nature is capable and which includes a natural knowledge and love of God. Another multitude undergo a certain probation on earth and attain to a future state exactly proportioned to their merits or demerits which may equal or fall short of the natural happiness of those incapable of sin.

God has further endowed a certain number of mankind with faculties whereby they are rendered capable of a supernatural union with Him—a bliss which, in life, they can neither imagine nor really desire, though they may aspire to it as to a good beyond their power to picture.

This privilege carries with it a dread risk of failure, resulting in the loss of such supernatural happiness. But this failure may be of all degrees, with corresponding divergencies of conditions. Yet for the very worst, in spite of the positive and unceasing suffering before

referred to, existence is acceptable and is by them preferred to non-existence; while we are permitted to believe in an eternal upward progress, though never attaining to the supernatural state which would be most unwelcome and repugnant to such souls. They are left to themselves in those various inferior conditions which they have made theirs by their own choice and which they have led themselves to persist in and prefer. Thus the hell even of the positively damned, who have forfeited grace bestowed, may yet be regarded as a place which God has from all eternity prepared for those who will not accept the higher goods offered by Him for their acceptance.

Nevertheless, if we consider how impossible it is for us to understand, on the one hand, our own real responsibility (our full relations with our environment) and, on the other, our knowledge of our own individual demerits, there is plenty of reason for anxiety and apprehension concerning those two final states, one of which must, the Church teaches, be the lot of every one of us. Yet when the variety of conditions of reprobation and their nature, as here put forward, are pondered over, it appears to us that the eternal duration of such a hell may well result from the creative action of God's Benevolence and Justice combined. In the words of Dante: '*Fecemi la divina Potestate, la somma Sapienza e il primo Amore.*' Nothing, in fact, has been defined by the Church on the subject of hell which does not accord with right reason, the highest morality, and the greatest benevolence.

According to it no one in the next life suffers the deprivation of any happiness which he can imagine or desire, or which is congruous with his nature and faculties, save by his conscious and deliberate choice. According to it, also, God has refused to no man who fully obeys the voice of conscience, heathen though he be, the full beatitude of the light of glory and the Beatific Vision.³⁴

Hell in its widest sense—namely, as including all those blameless souls who do not enjoy that Vision—must be considered as, for them, an abode of happiness transcending all our most vivid anticipations, so that man's natural capacity for happiness is there gratified to the very utmost; nor is it even possible for the Catholic theologian of the most severe and rigid school to deny that, thus considered, there is, and there will for all eternity be, a real and true *happiness in hell*.

ST. GEORGE MIVART.

³⁴ Since that would lead to his obtaining the baptism of desire, as before explained (*ante*, p. 904).

WALLING THE CUCKOO

THE belief, it is said, lingers in some districts of our country, that if a cuckoo could be walled into a field, the parish would enjoy eternal spring. A recent writer in *Notes and Queries* describes how the people of a certain Yorkshire village did once, by heightening the wall of a field, attempt to confine the bird which haunted there; and how, when the cuckoo, as cuckoos do, skimmed over the wall, just clearing it by a couple of inches, they agreed that they had come very near success, for 'another carse [course of stones] would ha' done it.' There is a school of moralists who, connecting sundry shortcomings in their environment with changes in manners and code of propriety, endeavour to persuade us that all would go well if these changes could be arrested. These good people seem to be faithful in their belief that only 'another carse' is wanted to wall the cuckoo. The latest of these social architects is Mrs. Lynn Linton.

To obtain a luminous effect with opaque pigment or white paper painters have recourse to one of two devices. One of these, in which the artist retains full and conscious control over the limited materials at his command, Mr. Ruskin has taught us to esteem the sound method; the other, producing forced and vulgar display, and involving sacrifice of tender and truthful detail, he condemns as false in principle. Mr. Ruskin illustrates his meaning by asking us to suppose the range of light in nature, between the sun's flaming orb and absolute darkness, to be, say, as a hundred, and the artist's range, between flake white and ivory black, to be as ten. But, just as in nature, intense sunlight and perfect darkness—i.e. absence of light—cannot be witnessed at the same moment, so in art it is only possible for a painter to employ a portion of his scale on a single canvas. He must be content to paint in a light key or a sombre one, being exceedingly chary of enhancing the brilliancy of his bright pigments by placing intensely dark ones beside them.

Claude Lorraine sacrificed truth and beauty in his foregrounds in order that his skies and distances might be full of light, but Turner despised the artifice of piecemeal gloaming to force effect, and spread his canvas with daylight tones so that the whole landscape seemed

bathed in all-pervading beams. If the hull of a ship or the hide of a cow happened to be black, it was painted as a black hull or hide would appear under ordinary circumstances of daylight, but such trivial objects were not made use of to make the sun seem brighter. He knew better than to stoop to the trick of painting black up to the high light.

Not so Mrs. Lynn Linton. She has undertaken to prepare for us a picture of the past, a past which she has unquestionable right to represent as far brighter than the present, if such is her view of it. But in order to do so she has resorted to the artifice long since abandoned by good painters—that of throwing the foreground into deep shadow, in order, by contrast, to make the distant scene more brilliant.

The result in a historical sketch is much the same as in painting; breadth is destroyed, and much that ought to be shown and explained is kept out of sight. The flowers in the meadow, the sparkle on the stream, the sunny lawn, the silvery strand—all are involved in forbidding gloom, lest the eye should be tempted to rest on them, and not be drawn towards the distant view. Even the trees are forbidden to rustle or be glad; they are rendered into brown domes, or neutral tinted sprays, serving only to brighten their happier, sunlit fellows several miles away at the back of the picture.

This is the art of Mrs. Lynn Linton. Like melancholy,

Her gloomy presence saddens all the scene,
Shades every flower and darkens every green,
Deepens the murmur of the falling floods
And adds a browner horror to the woods.

It is as old as human nature, this proneness to denigration: not less plainly to be traced in Horace's *atlas parentum pejor*, etc., than in many essays in the *Spectator* and the *Tatler*; but never does it seem to be yielded to with such relish, or, let it be added, with such indifference to justice, as when one of their own sex undertakes to show up the women of her day.

Mrs. Linton's object being to exalt the character, behaviour, and manner of life of the 'home-staying women' of the eighteenth century, she finds it convenient to do so at the expense of their 'restless, rollicking descendants' of the nineteenth, and in order to establish the consistency of this classification, she proceeds to blacken the behaviour of modern girls and women in such sort as to tempt a man to echo the retort of a little boy lately portrayed in *Punch*—'You're a girl, and I *can't* punch your head, or you daren't say such things.'

Now for an example of Mrs. Linton's method.

There was no tampering with the Accursed Thing in those hard old times.

(If that is historically accurate, then eighteenth-century literature is

responsible for libels as grievous as those in which, as we hold, Mrs. Linton indulges.)

The worth of women was their purity. . . . Even when repentant and forgiven, the Olivias of those resolute days had to bewail their folly in everlasting social twilight. They were never reinstated. They could not flaunt it in public as now, when modesty has lost its power and shame its significance, and the heroine of the Divorce Court is the lioness of the drawing-room; the harlot and adulteress—

—enough; let us pause in the drawing-room. There are drawing-rooms and drawing-rooms, of course, and one may have enjoyed the privilege of entering a good many of them—some dull, others lively—and yet be plunged in bewilderment in attempting to identify Mrs. Linton's 'lioness,' and dark speculation as to her haunts.

Male humanity may be tainted with suspicion of holding an ethical standard not sufficiently austere to secure the spotlessness of society; but certainly, even in these days of which we are called on to deplore the laxity, there are circumstances which wring the hearts of men with unavailing and unspeakable compassion, so inexorable is the doom against repentant Magdalene—so lenient the judgment upon him who first led her astray. It may not with safety be otherwise, perhaps, yet one sometimes longs, seeing how freely *Ilicet!*—you may go free—is pronounced upon the man who offends, to hear also the gracious 'Go and sin no more,' spoken to the woman.

In order to bring her foreground to the proper pitch of gloom to throw up the background in brilliant relief, Mrs. Linton has not scrupled to cast a wholesale slur on the character of our womanhood and girlhood, declaring that for them 'modesty has lost its power, and shame its significance.' But the artifice is too obvious: the artist defeats her own object. We *know* the foreground is not really of that inky hue, so we *suspect* the distance is not as bright as we are intended to believe. We are not to be deluded into believing for a single moment that our sisters, daughters, and wives are only fit to serve as foils for the pretty hussies of the Restoration or the 'bridling misses' (Mrs. Linton says they were taught to 'bridle,' whatever be the nature of that accomplishment)—the bridling misses of the early Georges. Marry! when it comes to close analysis of manners and morals, there is little cause for our women to shrink from the comparison.

Yet there is some difficulty in making an exact comparison. For, observe, Mrs. Linton is conveniently vague in her definition of the 'Past.' In her opening paragraph she fixes it 'a hundred or a hundred and fifty years ago;' but a little further on (p. 798) she is discoursing with approval—at least, with equanimity—of the domestic economy of the Pepys family; reminding us how Mrs. Pepys set herself to cure her unhappy handmaid of homesickness by flogging

her, and how Mr. Pepys employed his own sister as a servant, and would not suffer her to sit at the same table with him.

Even if we assume that Mrs. Linton has correctly described the altered condition of things, her whole essay is vitiated by a fallacy most common, indeed, to vulgar, unobservant minds, but one from which one would have expected such an experienced writer would have shown herself to be free. She allows that manners, customs, and thoughts must change with the ages, but she adds, 'the ultimate of these changes is doubtless for good, but the transition time is ungainly.' Herein the fallacy is to imagine that one period of time is transitional and another stationary. In Western civilisation all times have been transitional. It is otherwise in Eastern lands, but it can hardly be Mrs. Linton's serious aspiration to exchange the freedom of English girls for the muffled seclusion of the *zenanah*. Among ourselves, domestic habits and the code of propriety have ever been subject to social evolution and ceremonial decay. It is as little scientific to speak of the present age as one specially intermediate between two phases of society as it is to account the phases of the moon as having potent influence on the weather and other terrestrial phenomena. We choose to assign four quarters to the moon's appearance, and it is a convenient mode of reckoning time. At the beginning of each quarter we say the moon changes, and some uninstructed people connect these changes, most illogically, with certain physical results. But in reality these phases consist in nothing more than our power to view a greater or less portion of the illumined surface of the moon, and in that sense the moon changes, not four times in a month, but every day, and every minute of every day of the month.

So it is with the altered aspect of womankind, in whom Mrs. Linton affects to detect such lamentable decadence. She takes the present—say the five or ten years which have just elapsed—strikes all brightness out of it, and throws it into strong relief against a horizon of two centuries, just as an unsound painter might project a few square yards of dark foreground against leagues of distant sunshine. Then she calls on us to melt in *Weltschmerz* for the sunny plains lying so far beyond our reach.

I have said that Mrs. Linton 'affects' to perceive this deterioration in the society in which her lot is cast, and I hope the term will not be thought disrespectful. It seems to be more generous to credit her with dramatic insincerity, than to suspect her of being genuine in adopting such an ungracious attitude towards her sisterhood. There is a homely Scottish proverb (homely expressions are not out of harmony with the age for which our censor repines) which says, 'It's an ill bird that fouls its ain nest.' It is unpleasant to hear a woman of the nineteenth century describing her contemporaries as the 'modern overflow of restless discontent and brazen wildness' (speech

is silver, and silence is golden, so 'brazen wildness' may pass, I suppose).

But to come to the particulars of this indictment—what are these spotless heights whence our nymphs have lately strayed? How are girls to be turned back to become 'demure and homestaying women, dutiful, respectful, self-restrained, and innocently coquettish? What reward can we offer to tempt them to address us as 'Sir' when we presume to pay our court? How can we cure them of unsanctified longings for a trip to the Mediterranean or other lovely places of the earth, and so protect them against Mrs. Linton's anathema upon 'garish globe-trotters'? Well, the most imposing article of the ideal home, as portrayed in the 'Picture of the Past,' seems to have been the high-walled garden, for it looms large on the first and last pages of Mrs. Linton's paper, and crops up at intervals (with 'large purple plums ripening') to fortify her arguments.

Be it far from us to undervalue the charm of such a spot, especially at the moment *psychologique* when the plums are dropping ripe. As for the 'sweetwater grapes on the sunny stretch of wall'—*non ragionam di lor, ma guarda e passa*.

But high-walled gardens do not always bask in the pellucid atmosphere with which Mr. Marcus Stone knows so well how to invest them; in the present month, for instance, the paths are parlously prone to sloppiness, the cloves and gilliflowers lie in rotting wisps across the clipped box edging, while lilies and damask roses are but a memory of fair things, making the December scene only the bleaker by contrast.

Soon we may look for frost, but Mrs. Linton 'can't abear' skating—the less explicable this, because she praises the minuet for its grace, and to see a fair woman skating well is to realise the nearest possible approach by mortal limbs to perfect motion.

Nay, but you shall have neither skating, nor tennis, nor golf, nor hopes of foreign trips, you generation of *hommasses*! yet Mrs. Linton is full of loving-kindness and tender mercy; see, she is saying you may while the hours (when you can tear yourselves away from the high-walled garden) with hot-cockles (beshrew me, to think of that!), and hunt-the-slipper (there's true grace for you!), and—crowning ecstasy!—blindman's buff. 'Tis a blessing to know that there is no danger now, as there was in the olden days, that these idyllic pastimes will be marred by the horrid habit young men used to have of getting tipsy. It is terrible to think of the havoc which 'Master William, handsome, gallant, and slenderly endowed,' must have wrought in futile attempts to hunt the slipper after imbibing a couple of bottles of heady port. How haughtily the girls must have 'bridled' as they sorrowfully withdrew to finish in the solitude of their own apartments a day crowned with disappointment. Well was it for those maidens that they knew when to go, so unlike those

of our own acquaintance, who, as we are assured, 'look on contact with vice and misery as their assigned privilege.' And then, next morning, 'twere fine to see Miss and Madam pacing in the walled garden, 'in summer shielding their eyes from the sun with their open fans, in winter clad in cloth pelisses or short fur tippets; and *their sober wishes never learned to stray beyond the close-set limits which were all that the time allowed.*'

Were there no hoydens in the eighteenth century, then? Set against this imaginary scene of tranquillity an incident in the life of one of three daughters of a country squire, about the year of grace 1770. One of the most beautiful girls of that day, afterwards Jane, Duchess of Gordon, undertook for a wager to ride down the High Street of Edinburgh, in broad daylight, on the back of a pig, *and won her bet!* Methinks such a feat would create some stir in Piccadilly nowadays.

Now, exception has been taken on the score of fidelity to Mrs. Linton's description of matron and maid in our own day; it is falsified by our grateful sense of innumerable examples of amiability, intelligent content, modesty, and affection, enhanced by that keen anticipation of pleasure and capacity for enjoyment which is the enviable attribute of young things. Is there any stronger reason for accepting the passage above quoted as a faithful picture of a bygone age? I trow not. Turn to the *Rambler*, No. xlii. for the 11th of August, 1750, and you will find an account cotemporary with Mrs. Linton's golden age, of a young lady's experience of a country house visit. The London season was then held in winter (let Mrs. Linton but restore that good custom and she will earn undying gratitude); Euphelia was to spend part of her summer with a rich aunt in a remote county.

It was a great relief to the barrenness of our topics (in London), to relate the pleasures that were in store for me, to describe my uncle's seat, with the park and gardens (high-walled gardens, to be sure), the charming walks and beautiful waterfalls; and everyone told me how much she envied me. . . . I was delighted with scarce any talk but of leaving the town, and never went to bed without dreaming of groves and meadows, and frisking lambs.

But time had not run long before she found it hang very heavy.

I unhappily told my aunt, in the first warmth of our embraces, that I had leave to stay with her ten weeks. Six only are yet gone, and how shall I live through the remaining four? I go out, and return; I pluck a flower, and throw it away; I catch an insect, and when I have examined its colours, set it at liberty; I fling a pebble into the water, and see one circle spread after another. . . . The day moves slowly forward, and I see the dawn with uneasiness, because I consider the night as at a great distance. . . . I walk because I am disgusted with sitting still, and sit down because I am weary with walking. I have no motive to action, nor any object of love, or hate, or fear, or inclination. I cannot dress with spirit, for I have neither rival nor admirer. I cannot dance without a partner, nor be kind or cruel without a lover.

But then, it may be said, here was a city miss suffering from ennui in the country. True, but Mrs. Linton's comparison is drawn, not between town and country ladies, but between those of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, greatly to the disparagement of the latter. Yet, to set that right, let us look up another number of the same periodical, No. lxii. for October 20, of the same year. Here is Rhodoclia, daughter of a squire living constantly on his estate in the country. Has she no desire to stray beyond 'the close-set limits which the times allowed'? Are her aspirations satisfied by intercourse with neighbouring Tony Lumpkins? Listen to her own words:—

I often asked my mother . . . why she did not visit London once a year like some other ladies, and initiate me in the world by showing me its amusements, its grandeur, and its variety. But she always told me that the days which she had seen were such as would never come again; that all diversion was now degenerated; that the conversation of the present age is insipid; that their fashions are unbecoming; their customs absurd, and their morals corrupt; and that there is now neither politeness, nor pleasure, nor virtue in the world.

Positively, had Mrs. Linton's name not been appended to the 'Picture of the Past' in your November number one might surely have sniffed plagiarism in it, so precisely does it echo the sentiments of Rhodoclia's mamma. Yet these sentences were penned in the very heyday of hot cockles, Catherine pears, and heavy suppers with broad jests.

At last, Rhodoclia kicked over the traces. Young human nature was much the same then as now, and the daily walk in the walled garden availed not to allay dissatisfaction with neighbouring squires and their sons, and impatience to see the great world.

I tell you, Mr. *Rambler*, I will stay here no longer. I have at last prevailed on my mother to send me to town, and I shall set out in three weeks on the grand expedition. I intend to live in public, to crowd into the winter every pleasure which money can purchase, and every honour which beauty can obtain.

The justification for quoting these somewhat lengthy extracts from Dr. Johnson's periodical is found in the light they throw on the dissatisfaction evinced by certain temperaments to any change in the manners, language, and aspirations of young people and the tendency in every age to compare young people unfavourably with the preceding generation. Of course, Euphelia and Rhodoclia were not real persons, but they were types, faithfully enough drawn to reflect familiar characteristics to readers of the *Rambler*.

Much more mischievous, because more calculated to breed ill-feeling, is the peevish grumbling with which, from the days of Nebel, the rich landowner of Carmel, down to our own time, we are so familiar, and of which we have so much cause to be weary, that 'servants are not what they were.' Mrs. Linton's good taste and, let us hope, her agreeable experience, have not permitted her to add many syllables to this wearisome plaint. At the same time she has,

doubtless unwittingly, admitted into that part of her picture which represents the relations of masters with servants, some touches which do not faithfully represent what was the state of the case.

A year's service (writes Mrs. Linton) was the shortest time of hiring. Afterwards this came down to half a year, while now, half an hour's notice serves the turn of our large establishments, and 'this day month' is the longest date thought necessary by the most conscientious servant or the kindest mistress.

It is only necessary to refresh the memory by a reference to Daniel Defoe's *Everybody's Business is Nobody's Business* to prove that this is a misconception of the real facts. Defoe wrote this bitterly ill-humoured tract in 1725, and therein piled up every imaginable grievance against domestic servants:—

But the greatest abuse of all is that these creatures are become their own law-givers . . . they hire themselves to you by their own rule. That is, a month's wages, or a month's warning; if they don't like you they will go away the next day, help yourself how you can; if you don't like them, you must give them a month's wages to get rid of them.

Another misleading sentence is that in which the democratic spirit of the present age is charged with having destroyed the last lingering remnants of the old sumptuary laws, which were once so stringent, so that it is not easy to distinguish mistress from maid. There is nothing new, nor, as some people think, objectionable in that. But it was a clamant grievance with poor Defoe, 170 years ago.

The apparel of our women-servants should be next regulated, that we may know the mistress from the maid. I remember I was once put very much to blush, being at a friend's house, and by him required to salute the ladies, I kissed the chamber-jade into the bargain, for she was as well-dressed as the best. But I was soon undeceived by a general titter, which gave me the utmost confusion.

As a matter of fact, the old sumptuary laws are not extinct: 'no fringes' is still an edict enforced in certain establishments, to the regret of those who think it is no demerit in servant girls to be as pretty as possible, and hold that most faces are improved by softening the line between the brow and the hair.

Mrs. Linton has gathered experience of the ways of good society which leaves others, who have moved about the world with eyes in their heads, to marvel how such phenomenal beings as she describes can have escaped their attention. We have her assurance that it is not unusual for unmarried girls to make a book on the Derby. This much must be set to their credit, that they keep their proceedings remarkably quiet. Most people would agree that the 'plunging spinster' is a highly exceptional development of womanhood. It is to be hoped, in the interests of their unrivalled British complexions, that our maidens will pause before they gratify Mrs. Linton's preference for old-time employment by 'setting a wash for the face to

simmer on the hob.' As for 'smoking cigarettes with the men,' that, though a very peccadillo compared with other things insinuated in the essay, is an accomplishment which young ladies will do well to hesitate before they acquire. Yet, whether from the picturesque or the moral point of view, it stands comparison fairly well with the practice of taking snuff, which was pretty universal among ladies of the last century, and is thus described in the *Spectator*, No. 344 (April 4, 1712):—

Mrs. Saunter is so impatient of being without it (snuff), that she takes it as often as she does salt at meals, and as she affects a wonderful ease and negligence in all her manner, an upper lip mixed with snuff and the sauce is what is presented to all who have the honour to eat with her. The pretty creature, her niece, does all she can to be as disagreeable as her aunt, and if she is not as offensive to the eye, she is quite as much to the ear, and makes up all she wants in a confident air, by a nauseous rattle of the nose when the snuff is delivered, and the fingers make the stops and closes on the nostrils. . . . As for my part, I have been so extremely disgusted with this filthy physic hanging on the lip, that the most agreeable conversation, or person, has not been able to make up for it. . . . Flavilla is so far taken with her behaviour in this kind, that she pulls out her box in the middle of the sermon; and to show she has the audacity of a well-bred woman, she offers it to the men as well as the women who sit near her.

Perhaps an apology is due for reproducing such ugly images, but it is really necessary, in the interest of truth, to show that the picture prepared for our admiration and envy leaves out every blemish in the original. We should all of us be interesting sitters, if, like Queen Elizabeth, we might command that no wrinkles were to be painted.

The discontinuance of various household occupations is indicated as one of the causes why the 'old virtues are as extinct as the volcanoes of the moon,' and 'seclusion, obedience, restraint, modesty have gone by the board, and the ramping qualities of coarsely heroic adventuresses have taken their place.' Mrs. Linton seems to be as confident of the salutary moral effects of jam-making as Mr. Gladstone was when, on a memorable occasion, he commended it to farmers as a palliative for the depression in agriculture.

There are no good housewives now, as of yore, skilled in making brown and collared head, raisin wine (oh, ye peptic powers!), and (black-curdling thought!) black-puddings; neither do young ladies fashion their own clothes (so much the better for the milliners, who, after all, have to live). No, neither do men make their own boots, nor build their own houses, as in a primitive state of society they have to do, or else go barefoot and sleep in a hollow tree. The division of labour becomes more complete and systematic as civilisation proceeds. It is said that in the Scilly Isles the people earn a livelihood by washing each other's clothes. It would cause a serious trade depression and consequent universal suffering in that community, if a return were made to the pristine maxim, 'If you want anything

‘done, do it for yourself.’ Better, ‘the shoemaker to his last and the gunner to his linstock;’ the most succulent brawn can be got in Cambridge; those who have carnal hankerings to be allayed only by black-puddings had best repair to some house where they are a special dainty; and, for mercy sake! play no unhallowed pranks on our degenerate digestions with your raisin or cowslip wine. Life is precious and health is precarious; the insurance companies might have a word to say in the resuscitation of ‘lambs’-wool’ or treacle possets. Indulgence in such beverages would necessitate a revision of life-tables, and bring about a heavy rise in assurance premiums.

In Mrs. Linton’s view, the sun of the nineteenth century is only interesting on account of its spots; that of the eighteenth century displays nothing but genial light and heat. A true estimate of the orb teaches us that at all times there are both spots and light, and that the light concerns us vastly more than the spots. Unhappily, there are always people ready to lecture only on the spots in the social sun, and plenty of others, ignorant of astronomical proportion, ready to believe that spots are the most important part of the luminary.

Mrs. Linton’s paper has been read by thousands, who have risen from its perusal with the conviction that every pretty girl with decent clothes on her back is a microcosm of deadly sins and corrupt habits. There is a Chinese proverb to the effect that you must not pull up your stockings in a melon field, or people are sure to think you are stealing. There is much wickedness in the world, and we are to believe that, once outside the high-walled garden, women are bound to be contaminated. It is mischievous to the last degree to spread such false notions; it is as far as possible from the spirit of true philosophy to institute a comparison between two centuries, to suppress all that is gross, weak, rude, foolish, or wicked in one, and all that is good, pure, healthy, polished, and intelligent in the other; and so endeavour to persuade Englishmen to be ashamed of that which is the glory and blessedness of their lives—the society of women.

HERBERT MAXWELL.

SQUANDERED GIRLHOOD

THE storm of disclaimer which a recent article on the degeneracy of Modern Society has provoked is very suggestive. That one of themselves should have presumed to lift the curtain and lay bare to those beyond the charmed circle the life of the smart world in all its paltriness, its futility, and its vice, has evoked on every side indignant remonstrances. On every side; for though the indictment was obviously brought against a small section of Society, not against Society at large, yet, as few like to confess themselves outside the pale, it is considered a point of honour by people whom the writer never had in her mind to announce that Lady Jeune has sadly misconstrued them and has viewed the London world through the blackest of spectacles.

But after all is not this storm of indignation a token of unconscious weakness? And may we not be grateful to the Hecate who has raised it, if she also hoists a danger-signal by which the luckless mariner may steer clear of the rocks on which so many have foundered? Evil is very infectious, and the sins of the highest (like the cut of their sleeves and the set of their skirts) have a tendency to filter down through all grades and shades of society. Are we so very clear that our hands in this respect are clean? Surely no pains should be spared to probe the matter to its core—for, if the allegations advanced be true, they strike at the very heart of the English home.

In the general movement of the century no one factor of society has, as a whole, made such an important stride as the Educated Woman, and simultaneously a class has been developed which was practically non-existent before, namely, that of so-called 'girls' between the ages of eighteen and thirty. In old times the maiden who but yesterday attained to years of discretion became the bride of to-day. Marriage and motherhood followed in quick succession, and girlhood as apart from childhood had neither to be reckoned with nor provided for.

Now, all this is changed. It is true that occasionally some very attractive little maiden is surreptitiously wooed and won over her lesson-books; but the great majority of girls have five or six years of adolescence before them ere they assume the responsibilities of marriage, and it is unhappily during this period that the unfortunate bias is given which results in the much-abused 'young married woman.'

In the girl's case, with her keen appetite for amusement, her natural desire to live to the uttermost, there are few of the wholesome make-weights which for the most part surround her brother when he first emerges into society. He is still a prey to examinations

and kindred mar-joys. No sooner is he free from these restrictions than as a rule the problem of his profession or career confronts him with a grim determination not to be gainsaid, and forthwith engulfs a large portion of his time. Even eldest sons are captured, willing or no, and forced to serve their country as members of Parliament, on County Councils, or in the Public Services. It is only the unfortunate maidens of the age who are launched *en masse* on the sea of Society, without a rudder, without so much as a life-belt in the shape of some one strong interest which would enable them to steer safely into port. They are ignominiously left to drift about till some passing craft takes them in tow and gives them for the first time a specific aim in life.

‘But they are quite content to amuse themselves,’ you say; ‘they don’t want to do anything else.’ I doubt if this is so true as might be thought. But even were it the case, what have society girls done that they alone of all human creatures should be entitled to a holiday which swallows up a solid tenth of their whole responsible life?—that they alone, for six, eight, even ten years—the best years of their youth—should be absolved from even attempting to justify their existence? What can be more demoralising even to a noble character than to say, as is said in hundreds of cases openly, in thousands of cases inferentially, as the girl is launched on her first season, ‘Henceforth your primary duty is to yourself; look as pretty as you can; be as attractive as you can; be as amusing as you know how; cut out other people if possible; the chief point is to please, but above all things make a good marriage!’ Some mothers incidentally add, ‘If, after all these conditions but the last have been fulfilled, you have still an hour unoccupied, you may teach in a Sunday-school, go to a lecture, or visit a hospital; but such an employment must always give way if there is any chance of its interfering with the prior claim of Society.’ And so the natural self-centredness of a half-developed character is fostered on all sides—the victim has a vague sense that where all combine to approve, she must be fulfilling her lawful destiny, and gives herself up, body and soul, to the pursuit of pleasure according to her instructions.

This is surely the canker which eats out the heart of the independent home-life when it comes. We encourage those who are to be the future mothers of England to regard pleasure and amusement not as a legitimate relaxation after the day’s work is over, but as the one object and business of life. To them thus trained new sensations have become a necessity; they thirst for experiences; they cannot exist without excitement. Where in this economy of things are the bracing influences, the training in self-control, the forethought, the thousand and one sterling qualities so sorely needed to equip them for a wife’s responsibilities? Is it any wonder if later on the graduates trained in such a school shall shrink from the duties and sufferings of motherhood, and regard themselves

as hardly used if even for a short time their round of dissipation is interrupted? And this is not the only disastrous outcome of the pleasure-theory. There is yet another which, though it happily does not at present (except in a particular set) reach the sinister proportions portrayed by Lady Jeune, yet is surely militating against a high ideal in married life. The girl for the five or six years of her grown-up maiden existence has been allowed to court pleasure as a necessity, even to claim it as a right. Is it likely that with her marriage will come a reversal of her whole habit of mind? And yet, as 'there are not enough eldest sons to go round,' the vast majority of such girls must needs marry into homes where the husband has his way to make in the world; where, in the nature of things, it is, or ought to be, impossible that all should give place to pleasure as in the girlish days.

But amusement has by then become to her the very pivot of existence. If her husband's income does not suffice to give her the varied distractions which her soul craves, debt and embarrassment supervene, or too often other complaisant people—old ball-partners, new acquaintances anxious to get a foothold in society—step in, eager to supply the convenient box at the opera, the coveted drive down to Hurlingham, or day on the river. 'Where's the harm?' says the young matron. 'Everybody does it!' If the husband objects, he is made to feel himself an exacting despot, or taunted (very delicately, no doubt) with his want of means. Strangely enough, the attentions whose exclusiveness (except with one object) would not have been tolerated when she owed no allegiance to any one person, are considered admissible now that she has entered into an irrevocable partnership, while the dignity of the life-partner is the last thing to be thought about.

The women in question, though their conduct is perfectly correct, are day by day lowering the ideal of what a true union should be, and are substituting for the 'perfect music unto noble words' a chaotic pot-pourri, where a few bars of some glorious symphony are tripped up by the refrain of a music-hall ditty, to be interrupted in turn by a snatch of the latest comic opera.

And so the lives drift apart, and though the marriage vow is respected in deed, in spirit it is violated daily and hourly. She who pledged herself, 'forsaking all other,' to 'keep only to him,' reserves for those who have no claim upon her the best of her brightness, her wit, and her spirits, while the unfortunate husband, coming back tired and jaded after his day's work, at length resigns himself to an empty home, or is taught in turn to seek elsewhere the sympathy and helpfulness he had a right to claim from the woman who eats his bread and bears his name. If this be the outcome of our present training of upper-class womanhood, is it not time to consider whether during girlhood they might not be instilled with something a little nearer the true ideal of marriage? Such an ideal as has been so finely embodied in the forceful lines

He is the half-part of a blessed man,
Left to be finished by such as she;
And she, a fair divided excellence,
Whose fulness of perfection lies in him.

But there is yet another cogent reason why we should endeavour to give a nobler direction to the unoccupied years of girlhood. Around us on every side, like the sough of the distant sea, slowly but surely stealing across the level sands, engulfing all that bars its way, the great tide of Democracy sweeps onward. Heedless children build castles in the sand, unwitting of the danger which threatens them. The fisherman plying his craft is unharmed by the rush of the waters—nay, the waves are his friends, for they do but bring him the fish he is seeking; but to the children absorbed in play, when at length they awake to their peril, the breakers are cruel enemies; their castles are levelled in an instant; and of what use are their paltry wooden spades and buckets to stem the incoming tide?

A day is swiftly approaching when each individual who lives on the toil of others will be asked the searching question, 'What are *you* contributing to the commonwealth?' Even our girls will have to face the query, 'How are you, you bright young maiden, full of talent and possibilities—how are you justifying your existence? In the ranks beneath your own, maidens as fair and pure are toiling long hours that you may enjoy yourself. What are *you* giving in return?' Democracy has a way of putting things very plainly, without the 'fine shades' and lowered tones of polite society. It is unpleasant to be at a loss for an answer, even if the interrogator be a beggar. How much more when the servant of to-day becomes the master of to-morrow!

In old times, so long as the Church of Rome retained her sway over the country, the indefeasible right of the poor to the ministry of the rich was a fundamental assumption of the social order. Not only was alms-giving, care of the sick, and relief of the needy a part of the duty of every great lady, but each noble family contributed at least one of its daughters to the sole service of the poor, dedicating her irrevocably by the vows of the cloister. Surely the English maidens of our day are not less devoted or desirous to help than their ancestors. Is it not some fault of circumstances, some error in our conception of the proportions of life, which makes mothers feel and say, 'Yes, it is a pity to give up the village things; but then, you see, the dear girls must have their Season.' Yet the newly awakened thirst for knowledge and culture amongst their less wealthy neighbours is opening up an important and ever-widening sphere for the maidens who night after night are dancing away their health, and too often their higher selves, in some heated London drawing-room. Are they not, as they plume themselves on the paltry conquests and successes of the ball-room, 'grasping at authority in the small things, whilst they abdicate it in the greater'? Why should the splendid reserves

of capacity and enthusiasm which underlie the Society veneer of upper-class girlhood go to waste in making sport for the Philistines?

Around their own homes, at their very doors, whether in the country or in London, are many maidens—girls like themselves—whose life is one ceaseless round of toil. They have not time to organise anything in the way either of culture or recreation. The former is left out of their lives altogether; and the latter, if attainable at all, must be in the streets or in even less desirable haunts. Is not this obviously the business of those to whom leisure (except for society engagements) is the habit of life? Dare our upper-class girls, with all their advantages and opportunities, aver that in this respect they are *not* their sister's keeper? And yet, even if they have the desire to help, how many difficulties are put in their way! The carriage, which is always at their disposition when a ball or a theatre is in question, cannot be spared to go on less fashionable errands. The headache, which would have been benefited by a dinner party, makes it madness to think of keeping an appointment with the Girls' Club.

And then there is the insuperable objection that they would 'hear and see such things.' All praise to the mother who with might and main will guard her young daughter's innocence! But can she (however much she may wish it) shield her entirely from undesirable knowledge? Alas! from the day she takes her into society it is impossible. And surely in such matters the innuendos and allusions of those who ape smart people are far more demoralising than the pathetic actuality with which the girl might be brought in contact among her poorer neighbours.

When all these objections have been successfully met, there is the final and conclusive one that they are really too young for such work. Strange hallucination! Let an eligible *parti* present himself to-morrow, and, heigh presto! a miracle is performed. At once as by magic Angelina has attained to years of discretion, and after a six weeks' engagement is fully competent to take the head of Edwin's house, to receive his guests and rule his household; and woe to the critic who dare hint that their union is premature! If girls are of an age to become wives and mothers, it follows that they ought not to be absolved from the responsibilities of adolescence on the score of youth.

Still 'the dear girls must have their season!'—Well and good if this were the holiday of the year. Everyone is entitled to some relaxation in life; and if a season—say, of five weeks, not five months—is the form in which they like to take their holiday, they may do so with a good conscience, provided they have earned it. But what is the fact? The season, far from being regarded as a holiday, is considered to be very hard work, and as such, demands in many cases a month at Homburg or some other health-resort to restore the overstrained constitution. Then a little bracing is needed to complete the cure, which means a few weeks in Scotland or the Tyrol.

Shooting-visits next claim the returning traveller, and so it is very likely the end of October or beginning of November before she finds herself in her country home, where she may possibly contrive (with the help of some London friends) to support life until the winter balls begin. Of course, during her short sojourn in the ancestral halls you cannot expect her to occupy herself with her country neighbours, the daughters of the smaller squires, the rector, or the doctor, who have possibly been doing her own neglected work. They are 'too awfully dull.' And so the young woman who might have had some excuse for her unceasing round of dissipation had she returned to be a centre of 'sweetness and light' to all the country-side, throws away her last chance of vindicating her right to the good things of the world by declining to become the channel for disseminating them to others.

The utter unsatisfactoriness of the life they thus lead is eating into the hearts of many girls who yet have not the independence of mind or will to shake themselves free from the yoke. Many of them writhe under the indignity of their lot, as they humbly wait at midnight in the flower-bedecked ball-room till some few of their tardy partners shall lazily stroll in (after a cigar and a rubber at the Bachelors' or the Wellington) with the air of young sultans, and leisurely pick out, possibly by the aid of a superfluous eye-glass, from the crowd of expectant damsels, the favoured fair who happens to suit them.

We regard the marriage-markets of olden times with just abhorrence, but the element of degradation, though veiled, is not altogether absent from our own réunions, and is rendered all the worse by the fact that its victims are not slaves but high-bred English girls. They would never endure it could they see any alternative. They little realise that in themselves lies the very force the nation needs—a force in which we are superior to all other nations—a band of energetic, enthusiastic, cultivated women, capable enough with a little direction to help their poorer sisters in a thousand ways!

Tastes, instincts, feelings, passions, powers,
Sleep there unfelt, unseen,
And other lives lie hid in ours—
The lives that might have been!

And even upon London society the effect would be nothing but good. It would be refreshed and revived by such a diversion of its superabundant elements. At present the difficulty felt by all who aspire to entertain widely is the preponderance of women over men. And why is this? Chiefly because the majority of men, having some sort of profession, go less into society than women. If society became to girls as it is to their brothers, in the main an adjunct, not the principal business of life, though they would still go out, yet they would often be preoccupied by their more serious engagements, and would be in greater request when they did honour an entertainment, instead of being constantly a glut in the market.

Their *days* at any rate ought to be emancipated from social

claims, so that they might have leisure to do thoroughly whatever work they undertook. To those living in London the poorer quarters are crying out for help, and help of a kind which it is eminently suitable for girls to give. But it must be regular—not of the sort which gives way to a trip up the river or an invitation to luncheon. And there are many other possibilities close around their own homes. The organisation of social evenings for the young women who serve them in shops—dressmakers' assistants and the like—would redress the balance of the sexes, relieve the congested ball-rooms, and give redoubled zest to the next dissipation, if that be desirable.

There is also that vast desert of the middle classes to be considered—girls who are earning their own living as daily governesses, telegraph clerks, or schoolmistresses. It is little realised by those to whom culture is as much a matter of course as cream in their tea, what a dead-level of dreariness the lives of such toilers become, or how much a sympathetic lady friend could enlarge their horizon. And if this be the case in the town, how much more in the country! Here the squire's daughter probably has the monopoly, or nearly so, as far as her own village is concerned, of the great thoughts and movements with which the world is seething. As a rule she meets from time to time men and women of real interest, and has a greater command of books than her humbler neighbours. Her holiday, too (even if it be restricted to the suggested five weeks), carries her into other circles, where she becomes familiar with new ideas. Why should not these be utilised on her return for her less fortunate neighbours? The excellent systems of Extension-lectures and Home-reading centres initiated by the Universities only need an organiser to bring their advantages to the doors of the stay-at-homes of the country-side. There are other ways, far too numerous to set down here, in which girls might materially contribute to the welfare of their neighbourhood, notably by establishing in each village the housekeeping classes which are sorely needed.

Many a girl objects, 'But I don't know how to begin!' Then let her combine with her friends and devise some method of action. That some movement of this sort is desired was proved by the formation of the Eighty-eight Club, which would doubtless have been far more effective had it been based on the theory that definite work of some sort was to be the law, and not merely the accessory of every girl's life.

The honest, earnest man must stand and work;

* The woman also—otherwise she drops

At once below the dignity of man,

Accepting serfdom—

WHOMEVER FEARS GOD, FEARS TO SIT AT EASE!

The great social problems which are perplexing all minds at this moment are largely due to the fact that the rightful leaders have abdicated their command because of the arduousness of their task and their preference for the easy-going pleasurable life to which no man

or woman in full health has the least title. The squires who were omnipotent on their own properties half a century ago, impoverished by agricultural depression, now spend what surplus cash they possess in hiring a house in London for that ever-to-be-regretted Season, and return to their estates to economise, instead of forming a social centre for rich and poor alike. They are astonished that the labourers are but slightly guided in political matters by their views. They have had greater opportunities of influence than any other human beings, but they have indolently allowed that influence to slip from their hands into those of the paid agitator with whose mischievous nonsense the rural districts are infested.

Is the new generation to learn nothing from the grievous blunders of the old? After all, franchise or no franchise, women are largely responsible for the political complexion of the country. It is, alas! too often their match-making and ambition which instigate the general exodus to London, and the consequent dissociation from the local interests; which unhesitatingly sacrifice the essentials to appearances, and to the ignoble desire not to be behindhand in doing as others do. How invaluable might not their energies become if directed into the right channels! Those who have not been favoured with the same advantages of birth and education are still willing and eager to be led by their intellectual superiors. The work among the girlhood of England is waiting to be done by girls. All who have been brought to realise the power of the working-woman in her home know well how important it is she should be helped to a true and just estimate of social questions, before she is forced to jump to some quack solution by dire necessity.

Above all, the very future of England depends upon a right understanding, by all classes, of the difficulties, the trials, and the problems which beset every grade in the community, and this can only be attained by the friendship (from which every element of patronage has been eliminated) of the highest and the lowest.

The pressure of life on men leaves too little opportunity for laying these foundations, but for the great leisured class of girls the way is open. Dare we, when such vital interests are at stake, when everywhere the petty personal view is giving place to the wider and nobler range of universal brotherhood—dare we defraud our capable maidens of their rightful share in the onward movement? May we not set before them daily, hourly, in lieu of the vapid round of dissipation to which we have heretofore doomed them, the high ideals of self-sacrifice and urge them to a participation in the great work of that world, of whose claims they, for the most part, are lamentably ignorant? Who can righteously evade her individual responsibility when

All society

Is but the expression of men's single lives,—
The loud sum of the silent units?

EDITH LYTTTELTON GELL.

RAILWAY MISMANAGEMENT

IN the June number of the *Economic Journal* there is an article of mine devoted to the same subject as the present paper. In it will be found a long, but very far from exhaustive, list of books and magazine articles written, and courses of lectures delivered, on railway subjects by economists of recognised position in foreign countries, more especially in Germany and the United States. I mention this, as I am anxious not to waste space by repeating information which is already easily accessible elsewhere to anyone who cares to have it. If any English economist, at least since Professor Dionysius Lardner departed this life, more than thirty years back, ever wrote a book or delivered a lecture on the subject of Railway Economics, all I can say is, I never heard of it. Certain it is that for its article on this subject the *Encyclopædia Britannica* found it necessary to go all the way to Professor Hadley in Connecticut, while, for a history of English railway policy, Professor Hadley himself is compelled to refer us to Gustav Cohn at Göttingen.

I will not stay here to inquire as to the reasons for this extraordinary neglect of so important a subject. How important it is let Professor Hadley himself testify :

The railroads of the world are to-day worth from twenty-five to thirty thousand million dollars. This probably represents one-tenth of the total wealth of civilised nations, and one quarter, if not one-third, of their invested capital. It is doubtful whether the aggregate plant used in all manufacturing industries can equal it in value. The capital engaged in banking is a mere trifle beside it. The world's whole stock of money of every kind—gold, silver, and paper—would purchase only a third of its railroads.

One might cap Professor Hadley's figures by stating that the income of English railway companies is more than the entire rent of English land, and that their capital, though probably not more than half what the British public has altogether invested in railways, is as large as that of all the other registered companies in England put together.

It would, however, be a mistake to speak as though the economic importance of railways were simply to be judged by their financial magnitude. Three centuries back, Bacon described a fertile soil,

busy workshops, and easy conveyance for men and commodities from one place to another, as the three things which make a nation great and prosperous. The experience of England, and still more of Scotland at the present day, has shown that, given the easy conveyance for men and commodities from one place to another, without which it is impossible that workshops should be busy, a nation can be great and prosperous even with the most infertile soil. One, might claim, then, a first place for railways in the study of economics on the ground that on an efficient and intelligently organised system of communication all other industries are dependent for their prosperity, and almost for their existence.

But there is more than this. To few matters is the old adage that truth is a mean more evidently applicable than to railway questions; and no one but a trained observer—an observer, moreover, looking at the case from a scientific standpoint, unaffected by personal bias to one side or the other—in other words, neither a railway manager nor a railway customer—can say authoritatively where the mean is to be found. How far, for example, and under what limitations does the maxim, ‘Competition is the life of trade,’ apply to railway management? A railway manager, when seeking the sanction of a Parliamentary Committee to his invasion of a rival’s territory, quotes it as though it were a self-evident axiom; and so does the trader a few years later, when (the new line having been made, and the business, which was enough for one, having proved not enough for two) the new company and the old company seek Parliamentary approval of an agreement to put an end to a strife which has crippled their finances and incapacitated them both from giving adequate accommodation to the needs of their customers. Or again, though competition may be the life of trade, the trader is yet entirely determined, and rightly determined, that railway managers shall not keep themselves alive by competitive methods which he himself habitually and justifiably practises. No merchant, for example, hesitates to sell the same article to different customers at different prices. Not only will he give discounts, larger or smaller, according to the magnitude of the order or the standing of his customer, but of two customers in precisely similar circumstances one will secure better terms than the other, simply because of his superior skill in bargaining. For half a century past English law has forbidden railway companies to manage their business on what one might call ordinary commercial principles. And of late years the United States have gone beyond us, and made such management a penal offence, punishable not only with fine, but with two years’ imprisonment.

Turning from a discussion of the general principles which should regulate railway management to a consideration of one or two detailed illustrations, take a question such as this. Ought a railway company to give an advantage to those of its customers who can deal in

wholesale quantities? . Thirty-five years ago the Court of Common Pleas decided that a railway company may carry at a lower rate in consideration of a guarantee of large quantities and full train-loads at regular periods, provided the company is willing to afford the same facilities to all others upon the same terms; and this, notwithstanding the fact that to small traders the offer is practically illusory. A year or two back an almost identical case came before the American Inter-State Commerce Commission, which administers a law of undue preference expressed in almost identical words to ours. The American Commission took the absolutely opposite view, and declared the discrimination unjust within the meaning of the law :

It cannot be supported by the circumstance that the offer is open to all although made to all, it is not possible that all should accept.

Passing from the law courts to proceedings in Parliament, we find that in the recent Bills for the regulation of railway rates the Board of Trade, at the instance of Sir Bernhard Samuelson, who was understood to speak as the representative of the traders, introduced separate and lower schedules of rates for goods when sent in truck-load or train-load quantities. The Joint Committee of the two Houses, to which these Bills were referred, went into the matter very carefully, and decided unanimously that the charge should be on the same scale for four as for a thousand tons. Surely this is eminently an economic question; a question, moreover, closely lying in with the larger subject of the supersession of individual traders by groups organised as trusts or as limited companies. That Sir Bernhard Samuelson's proposal to make compulsory the method of tariffication—the word is not in the English dictionaries, but it ought to be—which has been optional with railway companies for forty years past, would have the effect of accelerating the defeat of the shopkeeper by the Universal Provider, of the small farmer by the dairy or fruit farm company, of the local miller or brewer by the gigantic undertakings of Minneapolis or of Burton, may be taken for granted. On which side lies on the whole the balance of public advantage?

Take, as another instance, a matter on which, as it seems to me, it should be possible for economists to lay down some general canons for the guidance of those who have to deal with particular issues of fact. How far is the construction of a new line, to serve a district whose existing lines have still ample room for additional traffic, an economic waste? Within what distance on either side of a line does its practical utility extend? For example, if we say that from Rugby to Aylesbury the new line of the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire will be at an average distance of ten miles from the North-Western, and fifteen miles from the Great Western, how far will its traffic be new? how far merely subtracted from existing routes? It is commonly said that in London the competition of a

new route ceases to be felt at a greater distance than a mile. Of course, in country districts it will be felt further off than this. Of course, too, the competition is felt at varying distances, according to the relation between the bulk and the value of the article transported. Ten miles of cartage would evidently kill a trade in hay and straw, while not producing much effect in the balance sheet of a man who grew grapes or tomatoes.¹ But broadly, and on the average, a table of figures, such as used to be produced in the old days of railroads, might, I am persuaded, be constructed by anyone who chose to go into the matter carefully. Such a table would be of considerable value in estimating the prospects of new schemes involving the expenditure not unfrequently of many millions of capital, and might help those who have to decide whether a new line shall be made or not in striking a balance between the absurdly exaggerated estimates of promoters, and the equally absurd pessimism of those who represent the interest of railways already in possession of the ground. A short time back, for instance, a new railway was projected in the middle of England. Its promoters calculated on a traffic something like that of the North-Western or the Midland, a revenue, that is, of a good deal over 100*l.* per mile per week. For the opposition one of the most distinguished railway authorities of this country solemnly swore that to credit the new company with earnings as good as those of the Highland Railway (something under 20*l.* per mile per week) would be an outside estimate.

One obvious advantage to be gained from the serious discussion of railway problems by trained economists would be the extrusion from this domain of the cranks and the faddists who at present make it their happy hunting-ground. A year or two back, for instance, one of our most important quarterly reviews published an article—it published, if I mistake not, another article by the same author to the same effect some twenty years earlier—to prove that our English companies, which are carrying some two hundred million tons of coal and other minerals per annum, are, broadly speaking, carrying every ton at a loss, and only avoiding consequent bankruptcy by charging extortionate profits on ordinary merchandise and on passenger traffic. I am far from wishing to confute the author of this remarkable thesis. I will only say that his arguments deserve as respectful consideration from railway economists as a dissertation to prove that the sun goes round the earth would deserve from astronomers, or an essay identifying the sites connected with the adventures of Jack the

¹ In France, where questions like this are scientifically studied, and not settled by mere rule-of-thumb, the custom is, in calculating the probable traffic of a new line, to exclude from consideration all sources of traffic lying more than three miles aside from the proposed line. Some engineers, however, include a belt of territory ten or even twelve miles in width. See, as to this, *Considère, Utilité des Chemins de Fer d'Intérêt Local*. Paris, 1892.

Giant-Killer would deserve from historians. Presumably, the authors of treatises such as I have imagined might find a difficulty in securing a reception at the hands of the editor of the *Astronomical or Historical Review*. The gentleman with pronounced views on the coal traffic encountered, however, no such difficulty; and naturally so, for the editor of an ordinary literary publication, however important, can hardly be expected to be an expert in the economics of transportation, and in this country there is no standard of authority on the matter to which he can appeal.

Take a more recent instance. A pamphlet has been widely circulated within the last few months entitled *Free Passenger Travel*. Leading articles innumerable, welcoming the dawn of the day when we shall all travel for nothing and nobody will pay the bill, have been written to proclaim the value of the new doctrine. One small objection, too small apparently to have ever occurred to the mind of the ingenious author, must just be suggested here. Under a system of free travel there can be no question that passenger trains would increase so largely as to monopolise (on main lines, at least, and near large towns) the whole of the existing accommodation both for passengers and for goods. It would be necessary, therefore, to construct practically a new railway system, at a cost of certainly not less than five hundred millions sterling, for the use of the goods traffic. And on this new system the goods traffic would have to pay, not, as at present, its share of the expense along with the passenger traffic, but the total expense. In other words, that is, a new tax of twenty millions sterling would be laid on the industries of the country in order that the old ladies of London might be able to take down their knitting of an afternoon to the beach at Brighton.

Then there is the quite considerable number of gentlemen who believe that the salvation of British trade is to be found in the use of goods waggons 'constructed on the American principle.' The most prominent advocate of this epoch-making revolution—for so he assures us that it really is—committed himself not long since to the following definite assertion:

I have claimed and now assert that fully 67½ per cent. can be saved in the working expenses of British railways by discarding four-wheel rigid waggons, and adopting a proper bogie truck.

Now, according to the Board of Trade returns, only about 40 per cent. of the working expenditure of British railways is concerned with the movement of traffic at all, and out of this sum probably not much less than half is spent on the movement of passengers, the cost of which operation would surely not be affected by the shape of the goods waggons. If we say that the reduction to absolutely nothing of the cost of moving goods and minerals would reduce the working expenses of British railways by 25 per cent., we shall probably make

an outside estimate. When, therefore, the British public, which naturally would like to see its goods rates reduced, is invited to believe that an alteration in the shape of goods trucks might effect a reduction of $67\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., one cannot but wish that recognised economists, with no interests to serve but those of truth and of the public at large, were at hand to prick such overblown bubbles.

There is another and, perhaps, less invidious task which they might take up, and that is, the reform of our existing railway returns and statistics, which are at present, I venture to say—and in so speaking I am only echoing the words of every foreign authority who ever touches on English railway questions—in a condition discreditable alike to the companies which furnish them and to the Board of Trade, which, having statutory authority to prescribe a proper form, continues contentedly to accept the existing figures. Let us assume—and to my mind it is a large assumption—that the existing tables give the railway companies all the information they need for the management of their own business. This by no means ends the question, though some railway authorities speak as if it did. The public have also a right to know what they pay and how much service they get in return; and to this question the present figures make no attempt whatever to furnish an answer. But there is more than this. The statistics of English railways are compiled upon one system; those of the rest of the civilised world are, broadly speaking, compiled upon another. Till we adopt the units, universal elsewhere, of ton-miles and passenger-miles (or kilogramme-kilomètres and passenger-kilomètres, as the case may be) our English railways remain practically isolated from those of the rest of the world. A striking instance of this may be found in the programme for the recent sitting of the International Railway Congress at St. Petersburg, in which England, with a railway system, from a technical point of view, at least, the most interesting in the world, plays a part less important than Switzerland or Belgium. And let it not be supposed that the injury thus caused is only to our national *amour propre*. If the new countries gradually opening out to railway enterprise, if Mexico, if Japan, more than all if China² learns to go to France, to Germany, or to the United States for its railway instruction and its railway literature, it is likely to go there ere long for its railway supplies also. Not only in Mexico, but in Argentina, and now in New South Wales, the American engine-builders are steadily gaining ground at this moment, and if we are to lose our export trade in railway material, the cry of distress will go up loud and long from Cardiff and from Barrow, from Glasgow and from Middlesbrough.

² A line of railway seventeen miles in length is now being built in China in order to develop the Wang-Shan-Shih iron and coal mines. The line is being built by German engineers, and all the rails, metal sleepers, and general rolling-stock come from Germany.—*Railway News*, October 22, 1892.

But it would be an endless task to go through all the railway questions for the solution of which the help of trained economists is urgently needed. It will be more profitable if I devote the space still remaining at my disposal to a consideration in such detail as may be of two or three questions of the first importance: Chief amongst them let me specify that of a reduction of passenger fares. Everybody has heard, of course, of the sweeping reductions made three years back in Hungary simultaneously with the introduction of the so-called Zone system. Needless to say, in English—or at least in England, for in America Professor Hadley, Professor James, and others have written valuable papers, and the Massachusetts Railway Commission has made a valuable report on the subject—there is no account available of the result of the great Hungarian experiment. In the *Board of Trade Journal* for December last there is a paper on the subject which is almost comic in its inadequacy. As a sample of the amount of independent thought put into it by its compiler or its editor, I will venture to quote the last five lines *verbatim*:

The length of tramways in 1890 was 110,025 kilomètres, of which 85,000 kilomètres were horse, 15,016 kilomètres steam, and 9,100 kilomètres electric tramways. The electric tramways in Buda-Pesth have received a great extension during 1891, and must now be considerably over 9 kilomètres in length.

It is almost a pity the compiler did not add statistics of the number of horses employed to work the 50,000 odd miles of horse tramways which his fertile imagination has discovered in the kingdom of Hungary. Failing help from the Board of Trade, those who desire serious information as to what the Hungarian system is and does will do well to study Ulrich's *Persontarifreform und Zonentarif*, or the excellent paper by Monsieur Mange, *Le Tarif par Zones pour le Transport des Voyageurs en Hongrie*, in the April number of the *Revue Générale des Chemins de Fer*. From these two authorities they will learn one or two curious and interesting facts. For one thing, that the increase of numbers has been almost entirely in short-distance travel. For another, that at an early stage of the experiment third-class passengers ceased to be booked by the express trains, as there was no longer room for them, and, of course, a Continental railway manager could hardly be expected to rise to the height of heroism implied in putting on a new train. It would be interesting, however, to see the gratitude depicted on the faces of passengers in this country who were told that the third-class fares between London and Edinburgh had been largely reduced, and that in future third-class tickets would not be available by any other route taking less than twenty-four hours on its journey. Another point brought out is, that the much talked-of concession, by which a ticket calculated for a distance of 150 miles franks a passenger to the furthest point of the system, is in practice almost entirely illusory; for the simple reason that,

except through Buda-Pesth, at which point, as is well known, all bookings stop short, it is not very easy to travel on the Hungarian State lines for any distance much over 150 miles. To this rule, however, there are two startling exceptions—to Fiume, on the Adriatic, and to the Roumanian frontier. To both these points the Hungarian State railway competed with a better and shorter route in independent hands. Formerly, therefore, it carried only a fraction of the traffic; now, however, by bringing down its fare to the nominal sum of ten shillings for some hundreds of miles, it has not only been able to sweep away the traffic of a rival, but in one case, at least, to reduce that rival to such straits as to compel it to sell its undertaking to the Hungarian State on terms much more advantageous to Hungary than to its own shareholders.

I have mentioned these points in the Hungarian system, not as tending in the very least to minimise the importance of the reform thereby introduced, which, indeed, no one can be further from wishing to do than I, but partly for their own intrinsic interest, and partly to show how impossible it is that tariff reforms should be carried through by outsiders as an abstract matter of percentages and averages; how absolutely necessary it is that it should be left in the hands of those who have a practical knowledge of the concrete facts. The importance of what Hungary has actually accomplished may be measured by the fact that railway passengers are paying now 15s. for what three years back would have cost them 1*l*. The total sums involved are, of course, to English ideas a mere bagatelle, as all the passenger fares in Hungary in a twelvemonth only amount to a little more than one million sterling; but a similar concession by the railways of this country would be equal to a sum of about nine millions; would be equal, in other words, to an entire remission of the tobacco duty, to twice as much as the duties on wine and tea put together.

The Hungarian reform is important, too, not only for its own sake, but for the reforms which it has promoted or accelerated in other countries. In Austria a new tariff, involving reductions scarcely less important than those of Hungary, was introduced in 1890.*

* In the *Revue Générale des Chemins de Fer* for August there is a second paper by Mons. Mange, this time dealing with the zone-system of Austria. Its conclusions may be summarised thus:—The Hungarian experiment has been a great success. The Austrian experiment is, from the financial point of view at least, a distinct failure. Though the number of passengers has increased 60 per cent. in the last two years, the gross earnings of the passenger service have remained practically stationary, while the net earnings have actually declined. As for the reason:—The old fares were much lower than in Hungary, consequently a very similar reduction of fares has produced a smaller increase of traffic in the first country than in the second. Besides, traffic was already much further developed in Austria; local traffic, in particular, had already acquired some importance in Austria; in Hungary it was almost non-existent; and it is to its enormous increase that the main success of the new tariff is due. Seeing that in these various respects the situation

Holland followed suit in the course of last year. Since the 1st of April, by the joint action of the French Government and the French railways, remissions of fares and rates amounting (it is estimated) to not less than four millions sterling have been made; and third-class fares in particular have been reduced by no less than 23 per cent.* In Germany, though the matter has been, one might say, a burning question for several years past, nothing has yet been done. And this for two reasons. In the first place, a new tariff, tentatively put forward by the Prussian Government, failed to meet with popular acceptance because, though on the whole it involved large reductions, in certain cases existing exceptionally low charges were raised for the sake of uniformity. And, in the second place, Germany is already almost at the bottom of the curve of commercial prosperity down which this country has apparently begun to travel somewhat rapidly in the last few months, and the German railway revenue is falling off at an alarming rate. But, for all that, one may say with tolerable confidence that German passenger rates will be reduced considerably before many years are out.

Can, then, English fares, at present the highest in Europe, be reduced in a similar fashion? Personally, I am inclined to believe not, for this main reason: that the cost of English lines, in districts where the population is thick enough to make a large traffic possible, is so enormous that, even at existing fares, the entire traffic which they can carry, when filled to saturation point, is only sufficient to pay a very moderate rate of interest on the capital involved. But this opinion of mine is formed on very insufficient data, and after a very far from exhaustive examination of the subject. It may be entirely wrong. I fervently hope it is. But in any case, I fail to understand why no English economist has cared to enter into an examination of the question with the same thoroughness with which Mr. Sidney Webb, for instance, has discussed the economic effect of an eight-hour day. The subject is surely of at least equal importance.

When the economists come to consider the matter, if they are convinced that reductions are possible, they will be confronted at once with an interesting question. Concessions to the public may be made in two ways, each involving a similar sacrifice of revenue on the part of the companies. The unit of third-class fare may, for example, be put at a halfpenny instead of a penny, and all the existing of the two countries was entirely different, it is not surprising that a reform based on identical principles has had in the two countries quite opposite results. Mons. Mange's account may be supplemented by the further statement that the failure of the Austrian experiment has now become so patent that the goods rates have already been raised, while proposals for raising the passenger fares, in one instance by no less than 100 per cent., have been drawn up by the minister for submission to the autumn session of the State Railway Council.

* The provisional statistics for the first three months of the new tariff, which have recently been published, seem to show that in France, as in Hungary, the increase of traffic will almost immediately make up for the reduction in fares.

ing reductions below the normal fare, which are given at present in the shape of tourist tickets, excursion tickets, workmen's tickets, and so forth, swept away; or, on the other hand, while the nominal rate is maintained at a penny, exceptional fares, at a rate of, let us say, only a farthing a mile, may be increased and multiplied to such an extent that the average passenger fare will only amount to a half-penny per mile travelled. Which of these systems is the best in the public interest? Shall we, that is to say, bow down and worship at the shrine of an ideal uniformity, by the side of the Hungarian and German authorities, or shall we go on in our traditional English methods of charging what the traffic can bear, of making concessions here and reductions there, with no principle to guide us except the desire of the ordinary shopkeeper to hit the public taste, and so by attracting custom of every kind to turn over his capital as quickly and as profitably as possible? The former principle has undoubtedly the more attractive appearance, and seems better to conform to the democratic ideal of equal treatment to all. It cannot, however, I think, be shown to have yielded as good results in practice as the latter, and it has not commended itself to the French authorities, spite of their natural instinct for logic and symmetry; for, in the recent reductions in that country, all the inequalities of the former tariff have been carefully preserved.

Before we leave the Zone-system, let us notice one other point. The relationship between pennies and miles is not, as many persons, more especially railway managers, seem to suppose, a fixed and immutable law of nature. On the contrary, in Bengal the railways, acting merely from the point of view of enlightened self-interest, carry their passengers four miles for a penny. On the western section of the Canadian Pacific a management, perhaps the most enlightened in the world, charges fourteen pence for the same distance. The moral I would draw from these two extreme instances is, that the rate of fares must be fixed from a careful consideration of all the circumstances of the case, one of the most important of which is the ability of passengers, not only actual but potential, to pay them. I have ventured to express the opinion that Hungarian experience is not directly applicable to Great Britain. The circumstances of the two countries differ too profoundly. Our case resembles much more nearly that of Austria, where reductions have been shown not to pay.

But Ireland, on the other hand, seems to me to have many points in common with Hungary. Both countries are poor, inhabited by a scattered and backward agricultural population little used to travel, a population, moreover, fond of horses and accustomed to make such journeys as they find necessary, anywhere at least within twenty miles of their homes, by the aid of their own or their neighbour's car or cart. In Hungary a reduction of local fares from about a penny to a point which may possibly be put at some-

thing like a third of a penny per mile on an average has resulted in a quite marvellous development of local traffic. The railways have certainly not lost, while the gain to the peasantry is undeniably enormous. Similarly, I believe that a reduction of third-class fares in Ireland from a penny to a halfpenny would have an immense effect on the prosperity of the country. But what, it will be asked, would such a reduction cost? If not a single extra passenger travelled in consequence, it would imply a sacrifice of 400,000*l.* a year in revenue.⁵ If, on the other hand, five passengers travelled where two travel now (and on Hungarian analogy there seems every reason to suppose that this would be the case), the railways would undoubtedly gain in net revenue. They are not like the English companies, with lines and stations filled to overflowing already; and, broadly speaking, I have no doubt that (with the possible exception of the Dublin, Wicklow, and Wexford, or the County Down lines) they could accommodate the increased traffic with no additional capital expenditure, except probably a trifling sum for additional rolling stock. Now, of course, the shareholders in the Irish railways cannot be expected to try a great experiment like this on terms that, if it fails, their dividends will vanish—if it succeeds, the public will reap almost all the benefit. One of the few disadvantages of private as compared with State railways is that they cannot afford to try bold experiments.⁶ But State subsidies to Irish railways are no new thing. Even within the last couple of years they have amounted to many hundreds of thousands of pounds. Is there any reason why the State should not guarantee to the Irish companies their present income from passenger traffic on condition of the reductions which I have suggested being made, of course reserving to itself an adequate corresponding representation in the management of the companies' affairs? To me, at least, the difficulties seem by no means serious, while the advantages to be gained can hardly be over-estimated.

I had hoped to say something on the question of goods rates, but space fails. This, however, must at least be said. Members of Parliament, I understand, not only hope but believe, that by the passing of the new schedules in the sessions of 1891 and 1892 a troublesome question has been shelved for some years to come. On or about the 1st of January next, if I am not greatly mistaken, they will be rudely undeceived. It is true that in not a few places rates must undoubtedly be reduced. Gratitude for this boon will doubtless be deeply felt, but it will not be audible. On the other hand, in not a few places rates will unquestionably be advanced by the companies, who can hardly be blamed if they endeavour to

⁵ It might, if second-class fares were left unaltered, cause a further loss by stimulating the transfer of second-class passengers into third-class carriages. But this would be in any case comparatively a small matter.

⁶ It ought to be added that, as an historical fact, they hardly ever do.

recover at least some portion of their losses by the exaction of rates which have been expressly declared by the wisdom of Parliament to be reasonable and proper under existing conditions. Whether, however, they will so appear in the eyes of those who have for the first time to pay them is, if I may be allowed the expression, another story. A precisely similar attempt at codification was made a few years back on the system of the Paris and Lyons Company. The advantage of simplification was obvious, so was the reduction of the average of charge; but the only thing that was noticed by the public was the increase of certain low existing rates, and the outcry was so loud that similar codifications in preparation for the systems of the remaining companies were hastily but finally abandoned.

What I would urge is, that men with a grievance are the worst possible guides of legislation. The public interest may not be represented by railway companies struggling to maintain their dividend, but it is still less represented by individual traders, or even trades, striving to throw upon someone else's back—they care not whose—a burden of charge which, though they admit that someone must bear it, they are naturally disinclined to bear themselves. An economist of recognised position who should lay down the broad principles upon which a scientific tariff ought to be based, and induce Parliament and the public to pay heed to his advice, would, I am convinced, deserve better of his country than if he added one more treatise to the literature of Free Trade or the doctrine of rent, or even if he exposed once more the alleged fallacies of bi-metallism.

One point more I cannot refrain from mentioning in conclusion. We owe our commercial pre-eminence mainly to the fact that, in the construction of our system of canal and railway communication, we got ten or twenty years' start of our rivals on the Continent and in the United States. To maintain that pre-eminence it is absolutely necessary that we should continue to keep ahead. But in fact, in the development of the resources of this country by new railways, we are nowadays falling rapidly back. If even Hungary can add a thousand miles of new line in three years; if the Prussian Minister has, as he stated a few weeks back, projects for the construction of 10,000 miles of new line before him at this moment, it is rather remarkable that the United Kingdom has taken five years to add a single thousand. And let it not be said that all the railways required have already been made. A glance at the map, I will not say of the Highlands of Scotland, where places are still fifty miles from a railway, but of Yorkshire and Lincolnshire, or even of Kent, sufficiently refutes the statement. The truth is railway construction, in country districts at least, has practically ceased because the Board of Trade, acting as a Government Department should do as the mouthpiece of the undoubted determination of the British public, demands a standard of construction undreamed of in any other country, and methods of

working so extravagantly costly that no independent promoters can possibly see their way to earning a dividend. Existing companies no doubt may make such branches pay—not directly, but as feeders to their main lines—but they will not pay as well as those main lines themselves; and when all risk of outside competition is happily disposed of, why should railway directors be so foolish as deliberately to water their own dividends?

Let me just give two instances of the manner in which railway construction is made impossibly costly in this country. There were 5,784 passengers injured, and 141 killed, last year in the streets of London alone. Yet not one penny has ever been spent on the construction of bridge or subway to avoid this appalling loss of life. But when it comes to railways, which only killed 66 and injured 31 passengers at all the level crossings in the kingdom in the same period, Little Peddlington must have its foot-bridge or its subway within the station itself, while every road along the line, with its four or six trains a day, must be diverted under or over at a cost of something like 3,000*l.* apiece. Or again, it costs, so I am informed by the engineer of one of the great companies, between 900*l.* and 1,000*l.* on the average to construct the platforms of a roadside station. In no other country would roadside stations have platforms at all, still less would they be fitted up with signal-boxes filled with elaborate and costly machinery.

In plain English, our regulations make roadside stations so expensive that companies only dare to establish them at long intervals, and consequently not only is their own earning power restricted, but the line does not do half what it might do for the development of its district. If English agriculture is ever to be revived, it will not be, I am persuaded, by the improvement of legal machinery for the transfer of land, half as much as by the development of communication by means of light railways and tramways, constructed and worked as cheaply as possible, and capable consequently of almost indefinite extension.

Can no English economist be induced to study the recent development of Belgium and Holland and Italy? There—the words are not mine, but were used by the Prussian Minister of Commerce in moving the third reading of a Bill to provide for the rapid extension of light railways in Prussia—

the construction and working of similar light railways have proved a blessing to the country. A traveller to-day through North Italy, through Belgium, and through Holland can satisfy himself what a blessing these light railways have been. It is as though irrigation canals have been carried through the fields, and everything was growing and flourishing under their fertilising streams. In North Italy in particular the blessing which they bring with them is so obvious that even the casual tourist can hardly fail to notice it.

With such testimony as this before them, it is for the English public

to decide what sort of railways we want, always bearing in mind this cardinal fact, which, though never disputed, is often ignored, that, broadly speaking, and in the long run, the expenditure of the railway company comes out of the pockets, not of the shareholders, but of the public who use the line.

Last year, to such perfection had our English machinery been brought by lavish expenditure of money, that out of a thousand million of passengers who used the railways, only five lost their lives by railway accidents. In the future, if we go in for a policy of expenditure yet more lavish, if we persist in demanding (as is at present demanded by the Board of Trade acting as a mouthpiece of public opinion) that on the remotest branches in Caithness or Cardigan a standard of perfection shall be adopted which is eminently suited for the main line of the North-Western between London and Rugby, it is, I think, conceivable that the death-rate might be brought down from five per thousand million passengers to four. That is one policy. And it involves, as I have said, the practical prohibition of railway construction in thinly populated districts. On the other hand, we may frankly recognise that this is a work-a-day world, in which half a loaf is better than no bread; and that, sooner than not have railways at all, we shall be wise, on lines where trains are few and run at low speed, to put up with trains crossing high roads at the level, or even, perhaps, actually venturing to run along the waste space at the side; to do without platforms and climb in as best we can off the ballast; to abolish the signaller with his expensive machinery, and trust that the driver, for the sake of his own neck, will not run into the train in front of him; to be satisfied to have our carriage hitched on at the tail of a train of goods trucks, even though there may be a possibility that the coupling chains may part and we be left behind on the road; in one word, to be contented if railway travelling is only a hundredfold less perilous than riding in an ordinary dog-cart. But that the British public may judge rightly on the issue involved, the pros and cons must be fully set before them in sufficient detail by a competent economist, who has not and cannot be suspected of having any axe of his own to grind. When this is done, the decision may confidently be left to the saving common sense of the British public.

W. M. ACWORTH.

ASPECTS OF TENNYSON

I

It is a hopeful sign of the times—to use an expression which has been somewhat hackneyed out of its original significance—that among the chorus of eulogists, critical and uncritical, who have been moved to utterance by Lord Tennyson's death, two notes have been less obtrusively audible than usual. One is the note of that prophetic voice that tells us what Posterity intends to think and say of a departed poet; in the other we catch the utterances of that judicial voice which 'fixes his place in literature.' The owners, numerous as they are—and they are very numerous—of one or other or both of these two voices have, on the whole, imposed upon themselves a most creditable reserve. It was, indeed, displayed in quarters where we have the least traditional right to look for it. Even the obituary criticisms of the morning after the melancholy event showed no traces of any endeavour to 'anticipate the verdict of Posterity' before 'we went to press,' or to get the late Laureate's 'place in literature fixed' in time for the newspaper train. On the contrary, these 'appreciations,' as it is now the fashion to call them, showed traces in many instances of a deliberate rather than an enforced abstention from prophetic and judicial pronouncements; they suggested that, even if the critics had had as much as another quarter of an hour at their disposal, the 'verdict of, &c.' would still have remained unspoken, and the 'place in, &c.' unfixed.

This is, I think, reassuring; not only because the judgments of the critical leader-writer, 'even the youngest' and swiftest of us, are not infallible, and it is therefore well that they should be reserved for a day or two; but also because it may possibly indicate the dawning of a suspicion in the mind of criticism that the prediction must necessarily be guesswork, and that the classification can hardly help being arbitrary. As to Posterity, there are, happily, signs that that bumptious abstraction is beginning to be found out, and, by the more sensible and independent among us, defied. A plain word has, I rejoice to see, been recently addressed to it in one of the public prints on this very matter. A writer has been found bold enough to say that, if Posterity should not rate Lord Tennyson as highly as he was rated by his contemporaries, 'so much the worse for Posterity.' That,

it seems to me, is the proper tone to be taken on the question. To treat it in any other way is to suggest that Art, because its forms are infinitely various, is mutable, instead of being, as it is, immutable, in its essence. Tennyson, considered as the artist, is what he is for all time; his rank in the corps is fixed, unchangeable; and it is not in the power of any critical court-martial of the future to 'break' him, any more than it could hereafter break Pope, or, than it has broken him in the past. The position of the one, as of the other, is superior to all changes of fashion; for such changes affect only the estimated value of the poet's material, and to Art, which is the name of a certain fixed relation between material and workman, they have simply nothing to say. With respect to Pope's material this change of estimate has been so great that many people deny it to be the stuff of poetry at all; and it is probably only those among them by whom the immense importance of the artistic element in poetry is duly appreciated who can bring themselves to concede to him the title of poet.

It may be that no such profound change is destined to occur in Tennyson's case; but changes little short of it in magnitude might befall the estimate of the forms in which he worked. A New Poetry may arise as a New Humour has arisen, having little or nothing in common with the old. The thralldom of metrical laws may be cast off as an insult to the modern spirit of democratic freedom; rhyme may follow reason into the exile to which some of our latest poets have sentenced it; even rhythm itself may be rejected as a relic of obsolete formalism, and the New Poetry may acclaim the sometimes poetic, but much more often profoundly prosaic, prose of Walt Whitman as the final model of its utterance. But even then the relation of Tennyson, as artist, to his material—that is to say, to a certain body of thought and feeling which we poor devils of the days of the Old Poetry fancied to be poetic, and liked to see expressed in measures which scanned and sometimes even rhymed—would remain absolutely unaffected. It is not quite correct to say that, if this does not seem so to Posterity, 'so much the worse' for that noun of multitude. For in this connection there is strictly no such thing as Posterity at all. To those who rightly conceive the relation of language to thought, it will hardly seem enigmatical to say that when a thing has been once perfectly said, then for the record of that utterance Time ceases to be. It exists in the *nunc stans* of the Schoolmen—the eternal Now that represented the consciousness of the Supreme Being in mediæval thought.

This is, of course, the true and only immortality of poets—an immortality of poetic form; but to say this is, equally of course, to say that poets are immortal *as poets* for an extremely small proportion of the human race. People who speculate upon whether the poetry of Lord Tennyson will 'live' in the popular sense in which

the fiction of Dickens lives—that is to say, with a vigour of life attended by an unalackening flow of his works in edition upon edition from the press, when their author has been in his grave for nearly a generation—people, I say, who indulge in this eminently idle speculation would do well to ask themselves 'how much genuine appreciation of Tennyson the poet has informed 'the widespread and ever wider-spreading reverence for Tennyson the moral teacher, the religious thinker, the patriotic celebrator of great national exploits, the famous and venerable man of letters. They would do well to ask themselves whether the multitudes who thronged the approaches to the Abbey on the day of Tennyson's funeral, as compared with the comparative handful who attended the almost unnoticed interment of Dickens, do really prove so amazing a proposition as that there are a hundred or a thousand times as many people who genuinely appreciate great poetry in 1892 as there were who genuinely appreciated great realistic fiction in 1870. One need not hesitate to predict that the result of such an inquiry would be to lead any competent student of human nature to the conclusion that the differences between the poetic sense of 1892 and 1870 is of vastly less importance than their difference in manners, and that the homage paid to Art and Letters in these days must be submitted to an immeasurably larger abatement in respect of mere 'bell-wetherism' than was formerly necessary.

If we wish for an illuminating illustration of what it is that poets are prized for by the great bulk of the English people, perhaps by the great bulk of any people, of races of higher repute for artistic sensibility than our own, we cannot do better than betake ourselves to a file of the *Times*, and thoughtfully study the delightful correspondence which was admitted into that newspaper by the humorous malice of its editor on the subject of 'Crossing the Bar.' Worthy people, excellent people, earnest and devout, and not unintelligent people, were most, if not all, of the correspondents who explained to each other the meaning of the line

I hope to see my Pilot face to face,

and solemnly discussed the nautical propriety of the metaphor embodied in it. Clerks in holy orders debated it at length; retired navy chaplains brought their twofold professional knowledge to bear upon it; one expected every day on taking up the *Times* to find a letter signed 'An Elder Brother of the Trinity House.' So much learning was indeed expended on the inquiry as to where and when the Pilot was first taken on board, that one wonders that none of the correspondents raised the question of his certificate. Nothing could more clearly show than the whole body of their contributions that they had carefully studied 'Lord Tennyson's exquisite poem, and had been deeply impressed by its motive, and were full of reverence for the

spiritual teacher to whom they owe its tranquillising and fortifying influence. And at the same time nothing could show more clearly that they had not even begun to understand what poetry is.

We must remember, however, that, but for occasional and accidental self-revelations of this kind, the man who passes for, and often in all honesty believes himself to be, an admirer of poetry, but is really only a meditative, earnest, devout soul, who is moved by thoughts congenial to his own temperament, without caring two straws for the manner of their expression, would escape exposure. The work of discrimination, moreover, between the prosaic and the poetic variety among professed Tennysonians is one of special difficulty, arising from the peculiar character of the poet's work. For, of all the manifold claims of Tennyson to rank among the great poets of the world, there is none perhaps more commanding, as there is certainly none more conspicuous, than this: that in him the union between form and matter, between the charm of the thought and the magic of its utterance, is more intimate, more inseparable, than with any but a few of the supreme masters of poetic expression. Shakespeare himself has not wedded the flesh and spirit of poetry more indissolubly than Tennyson, with whom, in his greatest moments, they are joined together as in a sacramental bond, and so that no divorcing power of analysis shall put them asunder. With many poets, with some even of those who can make out a true title to greatness, it is not so: or it is far less frequently so than it is with Tennyson. In many an exquisite passage of Shelley we can abstract from the beauty of its manner, and without going the length of Mr. Matthew Arnold's lament over the 'ineffectual angel beating in the void his luminous wings in vain,' we can (to put the same thing a little less poetically) recognise the profoundly unsatisfactory quality of its matter. We can isolate the haunting music of the utterance from the radiant vagueness of the idea. Again, the rough and unfinished speech of Byron is a characteristic of his poetry of which a critical reader can be perfectly sensible, even at the moment of arrest by the poet's lightning-like imagery, or of conquest and capture by the impetuous rush of his passion. Form and matter alike have been known alas! by a conspiracy of desertion to leave Wordsworth alone on the hills: but though in some few poems of his, in the 'Ode on the Intimations of Immortality,' and in certain of the short lyrics, the fusion of the two is complete and indissoluble, the body of poetry is always more importunately present in Wordsworth's poetisings than its soul. But in Tennyson you shall try in vain to distinguish between the outward and visible charm of the utterance and the inward and spiritual fascination of the uttered thing. It matters not to what psychic region, whether the emotional, the impressional, or the reflective, that uttered thing belongs. The poet's pages, turned almost at random, confront us on nearly every one of them with the difficulty of which

I speak. What, for instance, shall we say of this stanza from the best known lyric in 'The Princess'?

Dear as remembered kisses after death .
And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feigned
On lips that are for others : deep as love,
Deep as first love, and wild with all regret;
O Death in Life, the days that are no more !

How shall we analyse the complex emotion which these impassioned lines awaken? How distribute it between that disturbing joy of the soul at being suddenly lifted, as this whole lyric lifts it, into its most mysterious mood of exalted sadness, and our purely æsthetic pleasure in the divine mastery of word and phrase with which the vague World-Sorrow of the human race has been here associated with the most personal and poignant of individual griefs? Such a distribution is impossible. We know that the cunning of the artist's hand and the splendour of his material have co-operated in some unknown proportion to produce the total effect, but that effect itself is one and indivisible.

Or take again—as one among many no less perfect studies—this four-line picture of the breaking day :—

Then when the first low matin-chirp hath grown
Full quire, and morning driv'n her plough of pearl
Far furrowing into light the mounded rack
Beyond the fair green field and eastern sea.

Shall we say here that it's the visual image recalled to us with such convincing truth and vividness that delights us mainly? Or that it is rather the marvellous combination of breadth and delicacy of handling which fills us with an admiration for the skill of the artist even greater than our joy in the product of his art?

But in the poetic reproduction of visual impressions Tennyson's superiority to all but the very greatest of English poets, and his equality with those greatest, is so well established, and was displayed in such an overwhelming abundance of examples, that to quote from but a few of his pages would be to fill my own. One could not pass by his image of banished Fancy :—

. . . sadder than a single star
That sets at twilight in a land of reeds.

Nor his evening thundercloud that

onward drags a labouring breast,
And topples round the dreary west,
A looming bastion fringed with fire.

Nor his

wind that shrills
All night in a waste land where no one comes,
Nor hath come since the making of the world.

Nor a hundred other passages—fitter perhaps to be chosen than these mere *Sortes Tennysonianæ*—in which the poet has set before us a picture with a few strokes of his enchanted brush, and of each and all of which the same question would have to be asked—Where does the commanding merit of the material end, and the victorious power of the art begin?

Nor, though the consummate expression of thought pure and simple is no doubt an easier and less rare poetic achievement than the absolute and final rendering of a profound or passionate human emotion, or of the mystic speech of external nature, into human language—were it otherwise, indeed, we should have to account Pope's triumphs as more numerous and no less brilliant than Tennyson's—can one omit reference to those innumerable felicities of reflection of which 'In Memoriam' beyond all other of his poems is the golden treasury? Most of them have become so hackneyed with use that, like many another current phrase of an English poet, they have passed into commonplaces, and for the thoughtless the distinction of their manner has gone out of them. But in 'Tis better to have loved and lost,' a whole philosophy of bereavement, and 'I do but sing because I must,' and those famous seventeen stanzas, the Sura of the Perplexed Christian Geologist, beginning 'O yet we trust that somehow good,' which set forth and criticise an entire theory of the Cosmos—in all of these the striking thought and the inevitable and memorable form of its utterance seem one; just as they are, for instance, in that line of one of his latest poems—

All the charm of all the Muses often flowering in a lovely word

—where the distinctive glory of Virgil is flashed before us as though by one swift turn of a sunlit mirror, and we stand for ever divided between the delightful shock of the illuminating criticism, the matchless grace of the imagery in which it is expressed, and the wit and ingenuity with which the solitary adjective in the line is itself made to exemplify the very phenomenon which the poet is describing.

No doubt it may be said that it is this very defiance of minute critical analysis—at any rate, of the quantitative order—that in some sense guarantees to Tennyson's poetry a perpetuity of fame: by associating it, that is to say, with all that greatest of the world's art in which this mystical union between the body and soul of the artist's work is invariably present. To which, of course, the answer is that the indissolubility of this union does not confound the essential distinction between the things united; and that while the soul, the poetic form, is eternal and assures to the poetry of Tennyson its present place in the estimation of criticism so long as the art of criticism endures, the body of thought and feeling with which it is united is often mortal, and may sometimes even be rapidly perishable. So that we need to know

how much of the popular homage paid to our late Laureate in these latter days attached itself to the eternal element of beauty in his poetry, or merely to its perfection as an exponent of certain perhaps transitory phases in the history of the human spirit.

When, in fact, we talk of Tennyson's 'popularity,' intending thereby to describe that wide and increasing influence which he exercised for upwards of forty years over the minds of educated Englishmen, let us not forget that in this connection we are really not speaking of him as a poet at all. Let us not forget that, though to have wielded such a power is a good and a great thing,—is, if you like to think so, a better and a greater thing than to have been the greatest of poets,—it is not the same thing; and, in short, that the influences in question are of something not primarily and essentially connected with Lord Tennyson's poetic gift at all. If this should seem to anyone a hard saying, and particularly if it should provoke protest from any of that great multitude of worthy people who think so much more of the dignity of the 'teacher' than of the glory of the 'poet,' one may test the justice of their complaints by addressing to them one very simple question: 'What would Tennyson be to them if he had never written a line of 'In Memoriam,' and if his 'Idylls of the King' had been an unidealised version of the Arthurian legend, instead of a sort of nineteenth-century sublimation of its hero into a type of Christian chivalry? What, in other words, would the poet have been to them as the author only of the 'Lotos Eaters' and the 'Dying Swan,' of 'Maud' and 'Enone' and 'Ulysses,' of the 'Two Voices' and the 'Vision of Sin,' of the 'Dream of Fair Women' and the 'Palace of Art,' of the 'Day Dream,' and the lyrics in the 'Princess,' of 'Rizpah' and 'Vastness,' of the 'Defence of Lucknow,' the 'Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington,' and the ballad of the 'Revenge'? The critic's answer to such a question would be, I conceive, that the greatness of so splendid and so varied a record would not—could not—be materially affected by the elision from it even of two such famous chapters as the poems I have named. For, if it be the truth, as it is, no doubt, a plausible contention, that the former of them is, taken 'all round,' the greatest of the poet's *works*, it is not true that it is his greatest *poem*. And if it cannot be denied that the 'Idylls' as a whole add largely to the bulk of his achievement in blank verse, it is, on the other hand, undeniable that in mere quality no part of it excels the earlier fragment of the 'Morte d'Arthur.' Thus though it is true that in losing the 'Idylls' we should have lost the most sustained and varied display of Tennyson's powers as a metrist, and that in losing 'In Memoriam' we should have lost certain splendid examples of his supreme felicity of phrasing, yet the poet who has just been taken from us would still have presented much the same imposing figure to the critic that he presents to him now. But what would he

have been to the good people above referred to? Surely it is no exaggeration to say that, if they would have concerned themselves at all about him in the case supposed, it would merely have been in a spirit of that conventional respect which people are accustomed to bestow on the consummately dexterous in an unknown art. What would this show save that it is not, the poet, but the preacher, that they always admired? And what further would it imply but that that which they regard as the imperishable element in this, as in the rest of his poetry, is not its art, but a certain order of moral and religious ideas upon which that art was exercised? In other words, it would hardly, I imagine, be misrepresenting them to say that, in their opinion, it is the subject-matter—the religious musings, the philosophical and moral reflections—of ‘In Memoriam’ which insure the poem its immortality, and that it is upon that immortality that Tennyson depends for his own.

It is no countenancing of the newest modern craze for ‘unmoralised’ art; it is no concession to that foolish fanaticism, as perverse as its opposite, which measures the value of poetry by the smallness of its didactic content—to insist on the gravity of the error which this view of Tennyson’s great elegiac poem involves. The danger of direct didactics in poetry is not that their subject-matter is necessarily unsuitable for poetic treatment, but that it will *not* necessarily continue to be so. To the critic who allows for the obsolescence of a poet’s material, and who is prepared to do battle for his title to the name of poet, even after his themes have ceased to move or even deeply interest mankind, this lack of durability in the subject-matter is of comparatively small moment; but to the prosaic disciple of the poet, who values him as a ‘teacher’ and nothing else, it is all-important. Thus the earnest but unpoetic souls to whom Tennyson is and has always been, a sort of glorified *ductor dubitantium*, and by whom ‘In Memoriam’ is valued solely as a record of the struggle between doubt and faith, are, in reality, doing homage to their master on the very grounds which may alienate the allegiance of their like in coming generations. For, whatever development religious (or irreligious) thought should take, it is tolerably certain that both the faith and the doubts of the future will differ considerably from those of the present, and still more from those of fifty years ago; so that, for instance, a passage like that *locus classicus* of the contemporary ‘scientific Christian’ which begins with ‘O yet we trust that somehow good,’ &c., and ends with ‘Behind the veil, behind the veil,’ may get to represent, not, of course, an unintelligible order of thought, but an extinct form of emotion. And what then will become of the poem and the poet for the prosaic seeker after truth?

But life and death, it may be said, but loss and sorrow, but the enigma of the human consciousness, and the wonder and mystery of external Nature—these eternal themes of poetry will always retain

their hold upon the human heart. They will : but their eternity makes of 'In Memoriam,' not a great poem, but simply a poem of great detached or detachable passages, mingled with many others in which the even excellence of the workmanship—that which gave Fitzgerald a sense of the lines being 'evolved by a poetic machine of the highest order'—will hardly avail to sustain its vitality for anyone but the pure student of form. Considered as an elegy, it cannot, of course, be accounted a success : no poem of its length could be. It succeeds indeed, so far as it can be said to succeed at all as a whole, by virtue of its very departures from its subject. No doubt a sort of elegiac unity and continuity can, with more or less of ingenious effort, be vindicated for it ; but it needs close study to follow and test these theories of the poet's train of thought and a certain amount of faith to accept them. And most fortunate is it for the poem that this is so. Had it been otherwise, we should be overtaken by both weariness and incredulity long before its close. So protracted an indulgence in the luxury of woe would have seemed unmanly, and the lamented one would have appeared—what indeed he hardly escapes appearing as it is—a faultless monster. It would be impertinent to suppose that such an artist as Tennyson was unconscious of this. The lines composed by him as he stood on Sirmio show how deeply the 'Frater, ave atque vale' appealed to him, and how fully he realised the artistic value of that quality of repression which still causes the heart of mankind to respond through the centuries to the sternly checked sob of Catullus beside his brother's grave. It would be preposterous to doubt but that often in the course of the years during which this poem was writing, its defects as an elegy, indeed its complete renunciation of the very character of an elegy, must have been constantly present to its author's mind ; until at last 'In Memoriam' became to him what his own verse was to Lucilius—a spiritual journal wherein

omnis
Votivâ patuit veluti descripta tabellâ
Vita

and which became the confidant of every change of mood. Not, for our good fortune, of the purely introspective moods alone. In a single quatrain which is perhaps the most successful attempt ever made within so small a compass to 'fix' one of the most mysterious moments of the human consciousness, he has told us that when his harp 'would prelude woe,' he 'could not all command the strings,' for that

The glory of the sum of things
Would flash along the chords and go.

And to these sudden raptures of psychic exaltation we owe many a fine passage which otherwise would and could have no place in an elegiac poem. But it remains to the last a poem of 'passages, all

of perfectly level excellence in point of handling, but varying greatly as respects the quality of their poetic material—a poem which, if it contains such a masterpiece of noble imagery as Section XIX., ‘The Danube to the Severn gave,’ &c., can descend also to such a banality as Section LIII., ‘How many a father have I seen,’ &c., with its reflections on the sowing of wild oats. It is true that even here the verse itself sustains its dignity; true that it threads its way, as though by the grace and guidance of an unseen Apollo, without a stumble among the pitfalls of mere expressional bathos; and it may be urged that this itself is a triumph of a very remarkable kind. So, no doubt, it is: but it is a triumph of a very different description from that achieved in the earlier passage.

The judgment of *materiam superabat opus* which must be passed on ‘In Memoriam’ is, perhaps, even more emphatically invited by the ‘Idylls of the King.’ A very competent critic, Mr. Arthur Waugh, has, in his interesting critical biography of the late Laureate, pronounced this poem ‘the most characteristic, and perhaps the most permanent, of Tennyson’s contributions to English literature;’ and all who hold that the poet’s most characteristic aspect and most conspicuous achievements are that and those of the metrical artificer will concur in the observation. The ‘Idylls’ may doubtless claim to be, in a technical sense, the poet’s masterpiece. For, if it cannot be said that its finest passages surpass, or even perhaps that they equal, the greatest of his other achievements in the same metre—if they must yield the palm for pure perfection of music and statuesque grace of form to such shorter pieces as the ‘Ænone,’ the ‘Godiva,’ and above all the inimitable ‘Tithonus,’ it must be owned that, for flexibility and power and proof of mastery over the blank verse measure, the sustained and stately sweep of the Arthurian epic excels these briefer flights by as much as its variety of subject and sentiment exceeds theirs. Milton himself has not maintained so uniform a level of force and dignity or so seldom marred the flow of his numbers by a weak or ineffective line. We cannot fairly compare the rhythms of the two poets at their best, for they are essentially different, but in the avoidance of monotony by the variation of cæsure and cadence, Milton is not the more cunning and successful of the two. And Tennyson’s clear harp has been modulated to tones incomparably more diverse than ever rang from the Puritan’s mighty lyre. He has attuned it to every voice of Nature, and its chords have responded with the same resounding volume, the same unerring truth, to every mood of man. The shock of spears, the sound of waters, the wailing of the winds—it answers to them all. It can trip as lightly as the sandalled foot of the maiden, and stride as starkly as the warrior’s mail-clad heel. It can moan with the conscience-stricken Guinevere, or flash into wrath with the outraged Isolt, or swell into a strain of majestic melancholy with the dying king. In a word, the compass and capabilities of this simplest,

yet most difficult, of English rhythms have never, since Shakespeare, been so magnificently displayed.

Yet as with 'In Memoriam,' and to the equal confusion of those whose concern with poetry begins and ends with 'subject,' the vital, the enduring element in the 'Idylls' is an affair of treatment. Ostensibly an epic, it possesses none of those characteristics by which alone the epic, *as such*, can hope to live—neither spell of narrative, nor concentration of interest, nor dramatic force of portraiture. Indeed, it is hardly just, perhaps, to expect to find these elements in it, or even, Arthurian epic though it is sometimes called, to consider it as an epic at all. It is palpably, almost avowedly, an allegory, a masque, a morality-play of the human virtues and vices. Admirable as the abstract idea of Christian chivalry, the blameless king is personally a shadow. Not till the last three hundred lines or so of the 'Guinevere' does he become a reality to us; and then, though the scene between the husband and wife is powerfully affecting, it derives half its pathos from the essentially un-human character of the king. Two or three only of Arthur's knights—Geraint and Lancelot, and for the little that we hear of him, Bedivere—are alive; the others are the mere symbolic forms of Purity, of Enthusiasm, of Malice, and the like. No: it is the magic of execution alone, and not the power of the conception, by which the 'Idylls' will live. Its charm is a charm of 'woven paces,' like that of his own 'Merlin.'

Once, and only once perhaps, has Tennyson continuously and throughout an entire poem achieved that union of lyrical beauty of expression with vivifying power of dramatic presentment which Shakespeare never misses. And it is an instructive illustration of the point above insisted upon in the appraisal of what is called his popularity, that the poem in which he accomplished this feat was the most coldly received, and is still, with the multitude, the least popular of all his earlier works. It is amusing in the contemporary criticisms on 'Maud' to note the resolute determination of our race to admire nothing in poetry, any more than in prose, which does not 'teach' something, which has not a more or less obvious moral. In judging of a poem they stick closely, though not doubtless quite so closely as they did in the Fifties, to the injunctions of the Sixth Article of the Church of England. They preferred, and still to a great extent prefer, that poetry should possess the direct doctrinal qualities which the Article in question ascribes to the Canon of the Scriptures; but if it falls short of this, it must at least take rank with the Books of the Apocrypha, as deserving to be read for 'example of life and instruction of manners.' And being able to find but little ground for shaping their lives, and still less, perhaps, for modelling their manners on that and those of the moody hero of 'Maud,' they promptly decided that it was an unsatisfactory poem. No doubt they liked, and have always liked, certain parts of it. The late Mr.

Balfe, and the happily still surviving Mr. Sims Reeves, succeeded together in making at least one of its lyrics widely popular, and thereby securing for its author that sort of condescending approval which the gallery now extends to Shakespeare, regarded as the clever librettist of Mr. Henry Irving. But as to the 'monodrama' itself, they would have none of it. What could they make of any young man who falls in love with the daughter of an hereditary enemy, after vowing to detest her, kills her brother in a duel, goes mad, recovers, and proves his recovery by passionately welcoming the Crimean War? Ought one to admire or be interested in a person of so ill-regulated a character? Ought one to countenance a poet who could either in his own person passionately welcome, or (which is just as bad) allow his hero passionately to welcome, the Crimean or any other war? Besides, as a shocked critic asked, though not in prose, but in indignation-made verse, Did the poet *himself* intend to volunteer for the war, or only to 'sit at home and write'? If not, it is a mere subterfuge to plead that he might possibly have intended his hero to do so, or even that he quite obviously does intend his reader to understand as much. Were the poem a drama, especially a drama founded on the behaviour of historical or quasi-historical personages, such as Macbeth or Richard the Third, the poet might just escape responsibility for their unedifying words and acts. But with an original 'monodrama'—no! There, however he may protest, he speaks in his own person, and if his words do not tend to the 'improvement' of the reader, he is personally open to censure.

This feeling we should, no doubt, regard as a striking testimony to the dramatic power of 'Maud.' The nearest approach which some minds can make to appreciating the merits of a dramatic creation is to mistake it for its creator. And, no doubt, the creative power shown in 'Maud' is considerable, especially when we recollect that the hero, of whose very name we are ignorant, only reveals himself to us in what is virtually one prolonged soliloquy, and that the other characters, including the heroine, are set before us in sufficient, if not very vivid, reality without the assistance of a single word of dialogue. The conduct of the narrative too, despite the extreme, the almost paroxysmal abruptness necessitated by its 'monodramatic' plan, is, as a mere *tour de force* in story-telling, masterly; and when one remembers that it contains that marvellous utterance of triumphant passion, 'I have led her home, my love, my only friend'—a lyric which would alone rank its singer among the greatest love poets of the world—and that, containing this, it is able to 'live up to it,' one may well hesitate to swell that easy refrain of the 'irresponsible and indolent' which goes to the tune of 'Tennyson had no dramatic power.'

Nevertheless, it is beyond denial that he failed in dramatic poetry: and failed, not merely relatively to his success in other poetic form—to say that would be indeed to say little—but in a certain

sense absolutely also. That is to say, his dramas, though they contain of course many fine passages, are either ruined by fundamental vices of conception or fail in point of execution to realise their own possibilities. His plays are either founded upon subjects or evolved upon plots which no dramatist in the world could treat effectively, or they are the presentation of historical stories which dramatists of infinitely lower intellectual and literary force than Tennyson would have presented more effectively than he. The 'Falcon' and the 'Promise of May' are examples of the first order, 'Queen Mary,' 'Becket,' and 'Harold' of the latter, the 'Cup' occupying an intermediate position as that of a drama with respect to which it is difficult to apportion the cause of failure between a motive which might have been adequate if differently treated, and a scheme of dialogue and action which is ineffective, not so much in itself as from a certain lack of adjustment to the proportions of the plot, as though in an attempt to pack a romantic tragedy into the space filled by an ordinary *lever de rideau*. But while the 'Falcon' is an attempt to dramatise an essentially undramatic story, and the 'Promise of May' an undramatic treatment of the commonplace, the subjects of 'Becket' and 'Harold,' and, though in a far less degree, of 'Queen Mary,' undoubtedly afforded full scope for the display both of poetic and dramatic power.

How it was that they called forth no satisfying display of the latter power, and on the whole disappointingly little of the former, is a problem into which, even if (as is certainly not the case) I thought myself possessed of the clue to its solution, it would, at this stage of an article, be impossible to enter. It must suffice to say that the problem appears to me to be a far more puzzling one than it is assumed to be by those who, when they talk of Tennyson's 'failure as a dramatist,' merely mean that his plays 'will not act,' and who accounted for it, no doubt quite accurately, by reminding him and us that he had not served the proper term of apprenticeship to the stage carpenter. Criticism would not find the matter so perplexing if that were all; but the trouble is, not that Tennyson's dramas would not 'act,' but that they will not 'read,' or not, at least, as his other poems will—that their mere literary effect is so much inferior to that of his lyrical or his quasi-epical work, and that the creations, even when one cannot deny them, as in 'Becket' and 'Harold,' an air of life and reality, yet fail either to impress the spectator —I mean even the imaginative spectator—by their power or beauty, or to react, by way of inspiration, upon their creator. The qualities displayed in 'Maud' appear, as has been said above, to negative the theory that the poet was naturally deficient in dramatic grasp and insight; and one can only suggest that, owing to the long diversion of the stream of his poetic genius, after the publication of that poem, into subjective or quasi-subjective channels, the objectifying faculty

became too weakened by disuse to be capable of recall into really vigorous activity when that summons was addressed to it in the evening of the poet's days.

It was natural for an English Laureate to desire, and for his countrymen to regret his failure, to achieve distinction in that order of poetry which has raised an Englishman to the undisputed primacy among the poets of every race and age. But we must be, and we may well be, content with the conquests which this great poet has won for himself, and with the glorious heritage which he leaves to our literature. So long as the divine art which he practised continues to be cultivated and held in honour—and, in spite of certain appearances to the contrary, I believe the day of its extinction to be yet distant—the triumphs, the influence, the example of this most consummate of poetic artists will endure. Nothing can possibly detract from the value of his work on the artistic side except the realisation of the threat (regarded by them as a promise) of those who assure us that Triumphant Democracy will bring in a race of men who will find the highest expression of themselves in the 'barbaric yawp' of the lately lost master of that improved form of poetic speech. But, though this, of course, might conceivably happen, it is only as one might conceive the return of the Dark Ages, or the disappearance of the Arts, as in the closing lines of the 'Dunciad,' at the command of that Spirit of Dulness which has a good deal more to say to some modern artistic theories than the theorists appear to suspect. The catastrophe is not within the range of those possibilities on which it is practically worth while to speculate. And, leaving it out of account, we can reckon the enduring gains which our literature has reaped from the life and work of Tennyson easily and confidently enough. In the first place, he has left behind him immortal models of poetic form—models that have so far mastered the imagination and so wrought themselves into the speech of our English Muse that the national poetry, whatever fate await it, must for ever bear the mark of that indelible impress. Next, he has bequeathed to us in the 'Idylls' and 'In Memoriam' a vast mass of poetic matter, which still continues, if unequally as to its parts, yet deeply as a whole, to stir the hearts of our generation, and will not cease to do so until the ethical ideals and the philosophy of life which these two poems enshrine respectively shall, if that be their destiny, have wholly passed away. And, last and greatest gift of all, he has enriched us with a body of poetry—small, perhaps, in comparison with the totality of his work, but attaining a greater proportion to it than has been achieved by any poet since Shakespeare—which holds of the everlasting facts of the universe, and renders unsurpassable account of those primitive elemental passions of human nature which, older than the very birth of thought, are unaffected by its phases, and which will endure when creeds have waxen old as doth a garment,

and philosophies have been changed as a vesture. Holding of these everlasting facts, of life and death, and love and loss, and rendering unsurpassable account of these elemental passions of joy and sorrow, and hope and fear and longing, this body of Tennyson's poetry must needs be eternal with their eternity, and live of that strange human longing for their perfect utterance which seems as imperishable as themselves.

H. D. TRAILL.

£38,000,000 PER ANNUM !

It will be interesting to see the outcome of the National Conference on 'Agricultural Depression,' which is to be held during the present month. Everyone must hope that the result will be something more effective and satisfactory than that which has followed the deliberations of the various Select Committees, Royal Commissions, and conferences which have been held in the past on this ever-recurring question.

The community at large have a special interest in agriculture—an interest altogether different from that which they have in any other industry—and the Conference must, therefore, admit public opinion and public requirements as essential factors in their discussions.

It would be instructive to have stated and discussed what customs and restrictions exist in connection with agriculture, such as would be likely to interfere with the freedom and development of that or any other business; and whether the Agricultural Holdings Act, and other securities offered to the farmer, are sufficient to encourage enterprise and to attract capital to the soil. The public need information as to whether the expenses of the nation fall too heavily on the land; whether the basis of assessment adopted in former times, when land was the great source of income, and trade and commerce were insignificant, is quite equitable in the present day, when a different state of things exists. These and other questions of a like practical character might profitably occupy the attention of those present at the Conference.

There are signs, however, that the advocates of Protection—under the plausible names of Fair Trade and Reciprocity—will be to the front with elaborate arguments to prove that a duty on corn would benefit the farmer, labourer, and the whole nation; in other words, to show that a country can in some mysterious way be benefited by raising the price of food. Discussions of this nature would be sheer waste of time, inasmuch as it may be taken as a settled fact that the people will not submit to any tax whatever upon bread-stuffs imported into the United Kingdom.

Those who were engaged in the recent parliamentary contests

will have noticed that the unscrupulous and dishonest accusations brought against the Unionist Party of being favourable to a Protectionist policy gave much trouble to county candidates, and even cost some of them their seats. The rural labourers, of all men, will not be deceived by the bold assertion that 'a small duty on corn' would improve their condition. They will listen to no arguments that will endanger the 'cheap loaf.' Many of them remember that when corn was higher in price their wages were lower than now. From the year 1851 to 1881, when wheat averaged above 50s. per quarter, the wages of the labourers were lower than during the period from 1881 to the present time; and, further, the much-talked-of improvement in the condition of the labourer arises, not so much from the increase in his weekly wage, as from the greater purchasing power of the sum he receives in buying bread, which is the principal article of food for himself and family. A tax on raw materials of any kind is admitted to be out of the question, if British manufactures are to hold their own. Besides these two classes of commodities (food and raw material), there remains comparatively little to tax, certainly not sufficient to warrant the risk of having retaliatory duties imposed by those countries to which we export so largely.

For instance, take the United States, whence the greatest competition with the British farmer comes. Our exports to that country have more than doubled during the past fifteen years, and in 1891 they amounted to a total value of above 41,000,000*l.* sterling. Our imports from the States during the same year, excluding foods, raw material, and articles we do not produce, were a mere trifle. It would be simple folly to jeopardise trade to the amount of 41,000,000*l.* per annum by imposing duties on the articles imported (amounting to less than two millions sterling in value) which compete with our home manufactures.

Much stress will, no doubt, at the Conference be laid on the present low price of stock; but it might be fairly argued that this is a temporary depression, to which all trades are subject, caused by the higher prices of recent years, which, following the law of supply and demand, have naturally led to a more abundant production. In any case, the price of this class of food was much lower forty years ago, when rents were higher, when the cost of labour was not much lower, and when most of the articles used by farmers—such as implements, fertilisers, &c.—were of greater value.

But the main discussion, and probably the loudest complaint, will arise over the present low price of corn (wheat, barley, and oats)—that is, of the produce of about 9,000,000 acres out of the 48,000,000 acres of land under cultivation in the United Kingdom..

In judging of the condition of agriculture, however, the same rule should be adopted as that which is applied in judging of the condition of any other business: that is, account should be taken of the con-

dition of the whole industry, and not of one branch only. Those engaged in other productive undertakings are usually on the look-out to adapt their operations to the requirements of the market, so as to produce, as far as they can, every article which may be in demand. If they neglect or decline to do this, the result is depression and failure.

Leaving corn and cattle, therefore, out of the question, we find that our imports of other agricultural produce in 1891 were as follow:—

	£
Cheese	4,813,404
Butter	11,591,183
Margarine	3,558,203
Lard	1,720,051
Poultry, game, and rabbits	743,960
Bacon and hams	9,441,761
Pork, fresh and salted	598,657
Potatoes	1,196,824
Eggs	3,505,522
Apples, raw	1,033,997
Total	<u>38,203,562</u>

Here we have a demand, at paying prices, for upwards of thirty eight millions' worth of agricultural produce over and above our present home supply. This sum largely exceeds the value of all our exports for the same year to the whole of our colonies of Australia, New Zealand, Tasmania, and North America. At the same time, there are reports from all sides of farms unlet, of land thrown on the owners' hands, or going out of cultivation altogether. The question arises: Why should an industry be subject to continual depression which has such a vast amount of trade offered at its very doors? What would be said of a body of manufacturers who had available men and material, but who, through failing to adapt their productions to the demand, allowed half the orders offered them to go to foreign countries, and who nevertheless complained of depression in trade?

The question which the general public are entitled to ask, and have a reply to, at the Conference is: Why cannot the farming industry supply our home market—the best of all markets—with sufficient quantities of the articles named? Fifty years ago butter was produced and sold retail at 7d. per lb. and less. Why does the home supply fall short now by the enormous quantity represented by above eleven millions sterling per annum, when the retail price is, say, from 10d. to 1s. 6d. per lb.? The same question may be asked with regard to cheese, and to every other article of food in the list. The matter is one of national importance, as affecting the trade of the country, and it is time for the shopkeeper, the manufacturer, and the commercial classes generally to take it up. Every additional

shilling raised in this way would benefit the shopkeeper, and, through him, the wholesale dealer, the manufacturer, and the artisan.

We have associations with the imposing name of 'Chambers of Commerce.' They are constant in urging the necessity of opening up fresh markets abroad, but are quite indifferent to the capacity for development of the market at home. The London Chamber of Commerce, with Sir 'Albert Rollit in the chair, has recently been discussing the probability of creating a new trade with Uganda; but the same body displays no interest whatever in the possible increase in the purchasing power of our British counties. If a few thousand pounds' worth of steam-engines or iron girders are imported from Belgium, the Chambers of Commerce and the commercial press are alive to the dangers therefrom to British manufacturers, but no anxiety at all is shown at the steady increase in our imports, say, of cheese, which in 1891 amounted in value to nearly five millions sterling. Surely this country is as fitted to produce cheese as it is to manufacture steam-engines and girders!

The language and criticism used in discussing the business of agriculture seem to be quite different from those adopted in considering any other industry. If traders or manufacturers fail, it is admitted as a possibility that their failure might, in some degree, be the result of want of skill, deficient enterprise, adherence to old routine, or to some defective system to which their undertakings are subject. In failures in agriculture, however, these causes are but little recognised, and non-success is generally put down to other reasons, such as the land, high price of labour, and the unalterable conditions of climate and foreign competition.

No doubt the raising of corn and cattle is considered to be the most important branch of farming, and to give a superior status to those who are engaged in it. It is this branch of the industry that is mostly represented at agricultural meetings, where the failure to produce the smaller articles of food receives but little attention, or is ignored altogether. The fact is, the production of these articles is a distinct branch of the business, for which the larger farmer has not always the aptitude or the desire. It is 'minute' cultivation, yielding but small individual gains in return for the close personal attention and hard work which are necessary for success.

Here, again, we have a parallel in other industries. In a city like Birmingham there are large factories where the masters have ample employment in the mere overlooking and management of their business; but there are also numberless smaller workshops, of various grades, producing often what the larger concerns cannot do so well. In these the master is found working sometimes with his family only, sometimes with two or three men, and reckoning the outcome of his own labour and that of his family as the chief factors of his success.

The aggregate production of these small workshops is probably far in excess of that of the large factories. These smaller makers have, no doubt, a lower status than have the large manufacturers, but they are a valuable element in the life and prosperity of the city. They dovetail in with the larger concerns, frequently supply them with goods, and help them in various ways. They form successive steps, so to speak, in the ladder of manufacturing progress. These small makers are often known to take some imported article, not worth, perhaps, the attention of the larger manufacturer, and, if there is the least demand for it, to apply time and thought to its manufacture, until they are able to beat the foreigner in its production. There is no kind of operation too small for them. Their methods are like those of the Belgian peasant-farmer who, for example, finding that the English people would buy rabbits, set to work to supply the demand, and is now able to send us annually that useful article of food to the value of above a quarter of a million sterling. The most pressing problem in British agriculture, as far as the community are concerned, is how to increase a corresponding class of small producers in that industry, and to place them on the land under conditions favourable to the production of the vast quantities of food now supplied from abroad.

This is the main object of the Small Holdings Act of last session. The result of a wise and careful administration of the Act would be to raise gradually a supplementary race of farmers, placed on the land in the position of cultivating owners. They would be men picked and chosen from labourers and villagers, and from others—whether residing in town or country—most suited to the work. Did space permit, examples of such a class, both at home and abroad, could be given whose capital to begin with consisted mainly in the labour of themselves and families, and who were satisfied with the small gains and the feeling of independence which belong to the position of a peasant-proprietor.

The evidence given before the 'Small Holdings Committee' abundantly confirms this view, and should be read by all who desire to know what 'small cultivation' is capable of, even under the unfavourable condition as to rent and tenure in which it too often exists in this country. Small cultivating ownership is not advanced as a substitute for, but as a supplement to, the larger system of farming. It is not put forward as a panacea for agricultural depression, but as a practical and promising step in the way of improvement. Landowners, moreover, should ask themselves the question, How it is that land in Belgium sells at from 80*l.* to 100*l.* an acre, or lets at proportionately high rents, while land of equal or of better quality is unsaleable in England at half the price? The answer would probably be, that Belgium is a country of small cultivators, who by extraordinary personal efforts and intensive cultivation make the

land yield to the utmost those articles which they see will pay them best. Lord Wantage, writing on the subject in 1887, said :—

Time, money, and labour have to be looked after with a vigilance unsuspected by many of our farmers, who cannot approach, or even realise, the unflagging industry of foreign cultivators of the soil.

He went on to assert that

More varied enterprise can alone enable the agriculturist of to-day to hold his own against the difficulties and discouragements that beset him. Too great reliance upon one branch of farming, and the neglect with which the British farmer has hitherto treated such minor industries as dairy-farming, poultry-breeding, fruit-growing, &c., have contributed largely towards bringing about the present unsatisfactory state of affairs.

By the Small Holdings Act the country has resolved to try an experiment in the direction of 'small cultivating ownership.' The administration of the Act is wisely placed in the hands of the County Councils, bodies who have shown, generally speaking, great capacity and public spirit in carrying on the limited amount of work they have hitherto had to do. The local knowledge of land and of men possessed by these Councils, and their experience of rural matters generally, make them eminently fitted for the work.

No doubt, in this new departure difficulties will be met with, and prejudices and traditions will have to be cast aside. One difficulty is the question of buildings, but it is one which can be readily overcome if a willing effort is made. The evidence given before the Select Committee on Small Holdings shows how much small owners can do for themselves in this matter. As a landlord, Mr. Charles Sharpe, of Sleaford, has attacked the difficulty and overcome it in a practical manner. He has erected farm-buildings (excluding dwelling-houses), at a cost ranging from 36*l.* to 40*l.* each, which are in every way suitable for small holdings of twenty-five acres.

The policy of cultivating ownership is one which, in various ways, Continental countries have carried out, with the best results to national security and prosperity. France affords an object-lesson on this subject which is worthy of being studied. The disastrous consequences of one of the most devastating and ruinous wars of modern times were retrieved with marvellous rapidity, mainly by virtue of the staying-power and resources of the rural population of that country. At the present time, when the teachings of Anarchists and other social disturbers are listened to by the proletariat of the large cities and the centres of industry in France, they fall on deaf ears when addressed to the millions of small proprietors in the country districts, who have a direct personal interest in peace, in the maintenance of order and the rights of property, and who, fortunately, have common interests enough and are sufficiently numerous to decide the issues in any great crisis in that country.

. Looking at the question all round, therefore—to the economic benefits aimed at both for agriculture and trade; to the social and material advantages likely to accrue to the rural labouring population; and to the additional strength and security which a large class of cultivating owners of land must give to the nation as a whole—it is earnestly to be hoped that members of County Councils will set themselves to carry out the Small Holdings Act, and to do so in no perfunctory spirit, but with a determination to adopt every possible means to make the experiment a success.

Much, of course, will depend on the attitude which landowners take in the matter. Whatever their individual opinions may be with regard to the Act, it seems clearly to be their duty to co-operate with, and to give every facility to, County Councils in carrying out a policy which the country, through Parliament, has unanimously adopted. To take a narrower point of view, it is obviously to the advantage of what is termed the 'landed interest' that as large a number of persons as possible should be tied to the soil by some stronger relation to it than that of being mere wage-receivers.

Landowners and farmers must remember that in the present distribution of political power they can do nothing in the direction of legislation for the benefit, or for the supposed benefit, of agriculture without the agreement and co-operation of the agricultural labourer. They have to choose whether they will make practical efforts to bind up his interests with their own, so that he may row in the same boat, or whether they will maintain the present line of separation, and so leave him to be led into antagonism by the tempting baits and nostrums of agitators, who knew little and cared little about him till he possessed the voting power which it is now their main object to secure.

The 'Small Holdings Act' affords a means for bridging over the space which now separates the labourer from other classes engaged in agriculture, and which, without aid, he cannot cross. All labourers cannot become peasant-proprietors, but it will be found sufficient to give them, as a class, facilities and opportunities by which those among them who have the necessary desire and ability may have a career opened up for them in the industry to which they belong.

Further help and inducement may even be necessary, and may be wisely given. For many years past moderate sums of money have been advanced to small cultivators in Ireland, and have hitherto been punctually repaid. There seems no reason why similar aid should not be given to those among the British labourers who may have no money, but who are thought to possess the necessary qualifications for becoming successful cultivators of the land.

One urgent requirement for the success of the movement is the wide extension of practical agricultural education, beginning in public elementary schools, and continued by methods and at times

most convenient for the working rural population. The knowledge acquired through observation and experience by some of our older farmers and agricultural labourers, though often marvellous in extent and variety, is no longer sufficient or enough disseminated for modern requirements. Every assistance which science can give should be made attractive and easily available to the agricultural population, there being hardly a branch of natural science which is not of direct use in the cultivation of the soil.

If the views here expressed are correct, there would seem to be no inherent cause in agriculture itself for depression and 'collapse,' any more than that which is common to every undertaking. The cause would appear to be rather in a system, faulty and incomplete, under which the business is carried on. In any case the community, before entertaining any demands for public relief for the agricultural industry, have a right to ask, at the coming Conference, why articles of food which this country is fitted to supply, and for which so many millions of money are annually paid to foreign nations, are not produced at home.

JESSE COLLINGS.

A 'CANDIDATES' PROTECTION SOCIETY'

As the defeated candidate at the North-country election, so graphically described by Mrs. Bagot in the November number of this Review, and as the grateful object of her kindly commiseration, I have been set wondering what my feelings really were when the ballot-boxes had delivered up their secret, and placed me an easy last upon the poll. Not of the pleasantest, of course; but mingled with a little natural disappointment was the feeling which, I suppose, is that of condemned criminals on execution morning—indescribable relief at having reached the term of a situation that was beginning to pall.

I suppose I ought to have thought with bitter regret of my wasted time and labour, and of all the enemies I had so needlessly made by my political ideas; but, in truth, all such thoughts as these were entirely merged in the happy reflection that I could at last doff my political clothes, cease to think of the Irish Question, the Land Question, or any other, and become again sole master of the pleasant summer days. I had had such a surfeit of politics that I rejoiced to have done with them on any terms.

I remembered, moreover, that a General Election is at present civilisation's best and only substitute for civil war, and that to be kindly condoled with by a political opponent is, after all, a better fate than to be by him clapped into a dungeon or shot like a dog.

I had laid down my stake, and had lost it; I had shot all my political bolts, and watched with much enjoyment their effect; and the game was over just when I had had enough of it. The disappointment of my friends was the worst that I had to bear.

I only mention these things because I think a good deal of unnecessary pity is expended on defeated candidates; but much real pity is doubtless due to both successful and unsuccessful candidates for all they have to undergo, and it is only because experiences in the most bucolic constituency in England suggested to my mind some ideas for the future benefit of political candidates that I make any further reference to so trivial a matter as a North-country election.

I had one day a brilliant idea, for which future generations will bless my memory. It was of a Candidates' Protection Society. If authors have found it desirable and beneficial to band themselves into a

defensive league, why should not politicians do the same? Surely they need to defend themselves against one another, against their enemies, and against their friends. The society would be formed on the model, of course, of any other society; nor do I think any one will doubt the possibility of forming a society of which, whilst its aims were of a political nature, the fundamental spirit would be political neutrality. Those of us who make politics the business or the amusement of our lives have in public to regard one another as fools, knaves, and hypocrites, undeserving of truce or consideration; but a good deal of this is only war-paint, and at bottom we are very good friends, and quite capable of making amicable arrangements where our personal interests are concerned, as I maintain that they are concerned in the better conduct of our political warfare.

Broadly speaking, the function of this society would be to protect the candidate in every direction—to defend the interests of his strength, his leisure, his purse, and his character and reputation.

Take his strength. What a waste there is of this under present methods, and what an unfair advantage is conferred on the young and vigorous over the feeble or middle-aged! For some three weeks my opponent and I were engaged in personal canvassing all day, and in speaking or in listening to speeches most of the evening. There is, undoubtedly, an amusing side to personal canvassing, but I must admit that the exhausting part of it is uppermost in my memory; and when I met my opponent wandering, like myself, with an air of cheerful resignation, through the sometimes unsavoury courts of an old town little benefited as yet by all the Acts for the improvement of artisans' dwellings, I could not help thinking how foolish we were not to have come to some simple agreement which would have spared both of us from a task that affected the result to no appreciable degree, and that bored and often irritated the victims of our intrusion only a little less than it bored and wearied ourselves. Now my proposed society, acting as a friendly intermediary between both parties, would enable candidates, if strangers to one another, to agree to dispense with so senseless a custom, whilst leaving, of course, their respective supporters to do as they pleased.

Mrs. Bagot's impressions of canvassing completely tally with my own. I, too, seem to remember the barn where the shearers, like sensible men, would not look up for a moment from their sheep, even to look at a candidate for Parliamentary honours. I am certain I might as well have talked politics to the sheep as to the electors who were shearing them. Often, no doubt, this indifference was assumed from mere politeness, the amount and quality of which amazed me more than anything, but more often it was only too real. My usual plan was to begin with an obvious truism regarding the fineness or wetness of the day, and then, having obtained corroboration of my opinion that it was splendid weather for the hay (how I got to loathe

the hay before I had done with it !), I would ask whether my friend took any interest in politics, and as he invariably answered that 'he didn't know as he did take much,' our conversation had not much scope for developing into anything brilliant or original. One man took half a crown out of his pocket, and told me he did not think it made that much of difference whether I or my opponent became member for the division. I did not tell him that I thought he was right, although he was tipsy. But I knew in my inmost mind that, whether a Conservative or a Liberal Government were returned, neither party would do anything that would in the smallest degree improve the lot of the farmer; and though I circulated a private agrarian programme of my own, calculated to seduce, as it did, some of the very elect of the farming community, my opponent was perfectly right in pointing out to them that, even if returned, I should not have the least chance of getting a hearing for my schemes.

I discovered that, strong as are many men's political feelings, only a minority have political opinions. The man who was a Conservative in Yorkshire, where the Conservative colour is blue, and became a Liberal on migrating into Westmorland, where blue is the Liberal colour, rather than prove false to his ancestral colour, represents, on the whole, a high level of political intelligence in the North country. Life is a series of disillusionments, but I never made a greater mistake than in sharing the popular delusion that there is a higher standard of political information and interest in the North than in the South. Sad indeed must be the case of the South if this idea has any basis of reality. But Mrs. Bagot's allusion to an idiot entitles me to boast that at all events no actual idiots ever honoured *my* meetings with their presence.

This brings me to the second point in which my proposed society might be invaluable to candidates: I mean in the way of defending their leisure. Speeches are, no doubt, great educational influences, but, unfortunately, it is just the people who most need such education who make a religion of keeping away; and, in any case, it is rather hard on the candidate to have to make good the deficiencies of the schoolmaster, and explain such elementary facts as the date and manner of the passing of the Union. There is an absurd waste of energy in this matter, every village, however small, demanding its meeting, whilst much better meetings might be held at a few large and convenient centres if the inhabitants of the adjacent villages would only take the trifling trouble of attending them. If the strain of this speech-making only lasted during the election it would be bad enough, but nowadays the tendency is for the political campaign to usurp ever more and more of the time preceding the election, so that before long it will begin immediately after the election of one Parliament and continue till the election of the next. In that happy political era life itself will become one long campaign,

with speeches to be made to infinitesimal audiences in damp or stuffy schoolrooms about once a fortnight. My society would enable both candidates to agree to keep their meetings within reasonable numerical limits by fixing for both, on a level of perfect equality, the few central places at which meetings should be held. In course of time I hope that the phonograph will be so far perfected as to enable a candidate to make a speech in as many places as he pleases on one and the same night, himself being, if he likes, in Africa; but, till that golden epoch arrives, the columns of a local newspaper surely afford a candidate a better means of communicating his political wisdom than any number of dimly-lighted, ill-ventilated, and half-filled schoolrooms.

The society would also be the candidate's friend in the matter of his purse. A candidate ought not to be perpetually worried by appeals for pecuniary aid. I suppose most candidates do as I did when presented with a subscription-list—my plan being to look to see my opponent's figure, and then to send the same amount, coupled with a devout hope that the particular football club or cabbage show might prosper or succeed as no other football club or cabbage show had ever prospered or succeeded before. I am not responsible for the old leaven of bribery clinging to us still in this not very dignified form of survival; but, till we are more virtuous, here comes in one of the chief services that my society could confer. It would simply fix a maximum for both candidates, and, better still, undertake the actual distribution of this sum with perfect impartiality among the various claimants on the candidate's charity. Then would the precious time of the candidate no longer be frittered away in futile attempts to satisfy whole troops of importunate political duns.

Lastly, there is the candidate's character and reputation to be safeguarded and shielded from venomous libels and slander. The actual law of libel is practically insufficient for this purpose, for a candidate has little relish for rushing into law whenever some obscure local paper prints some monstrous myth against his character. A Candidates' Protection Society would naturally make it one of its first duties to prosecute editors who infringed the libel law; and if it no longer devolved on a candidate to take all the risk and trouble of an action-at-law against a newspaper that falsely accused him, editors would show a little more caution with regard to the imputations and accusations which they now so freely admit into their otherwise blameless columns.

I have no doubt that others, whose political experiences are wider than my own, will be able to suggest many other ways in which such a society as I contemplate may be of service to that much-enduring, much-deserving race of men, the country's political servants, of whom I believe that Homer invented the much-suffering Ulysses as

the archetype and image. The difficulties of avoiding Scylla without falling into Charybdis doubtless prefigured the difficulty of the modern candidate in steering a clear and inoffensive course between beer and temperance, and the Sirens evidently were a prophecy of the potent influence of the sugared falsities of our Primrose ladies. Whether the critics will accept this theory or not in lieu of the solar theory, I commend my suggestions for the smoothing of the political path to the consideration of those who may see their advantage in taking some practical measures for their future protection. We may be entering on an era in which frequent elections, at short intervals, will prove the order of the day. If so, the creation of a candidates' self-defensive league becomes doubly desirable.

Another idea was suggested to me by my experience of a North-Country election, and although I know it will be denounced as even more wildly impracticable than the preceding idea, I may as well briefly refer to it.

It must, of course, have struck everybody how many cross-issues occur at election-time to confuse the main issue, and to vitiate any definite conclusions deducible from the result of the poll. I would propose that, in addition to the ballot-papers with the names of the respective candidates, there should be other papers presented to the elector, who should also put his cross either for or against whatever was the particular question on which the country was desirous of asking him the honour and benefit of his advice. I fear it might sometimes happen that the vote of a constituency for a particular candidate might clash with its vote for a particular policy; but in that case the successful candidate might be given to understand that, though allowed a free hand on other questions, on the principal question before the country he was but the delegate of the popular will.

In this way we should at least get, what we cannot under existing methods, a plain answer to a plain issue; we should, so to speak, clarify the popular utterance, assuming that its verdict is to be final on the matter, and that a plain answer is to be accepted as a wise one, or, at all events, as the wisest obtainable. And, whilst on this point of speculative politics, I may perhaps point out how altogether admirable it would be if we resorted to some such mode of appeal to King Populus, even whilst Parliament was sitting, on any subject which Parliament might be too timid to touch without the sanction of the popular verdict. Instead of an election, with all its trouble and turmoil, we should simply send the ballot-boxes over the country, and await in patience the decision of numerical wisdom.

THE MORALITY OF VIVISECTION

A REPLY

I BEG to say a few words, by way of explanation, on Professor Ruffer's criticism of my speech at the Church Congress in the last issue of this Review. I think that Professor Ruffer has hardly understood my answer to Professor Horsley's statement, that 'the highest morality lay in the search of truth for truth's sake.' Professor Ruffer thinks that my definition of the highest morality is simply equivalent to the phrase 'doing one's duty.' It is more than that. It is an explanation of what one's duty is. We do our duty when we love God and our neighbour and all creatures. A man may pursue truth for truth's sake, and yet live a selfish or immoral life; he may clearly discern what is the true relation between himself and his neighbour, and yet deliberately ignore his knowledge in his actions. In such a case he is not a moral man. On the contrary, if any one love God and his neighbour, whether he be learned or ignorant, he is good; he has attained the highest morality. I never denied that the pursuit of truth may aid a man to find the path of loving service, but only the statement that to find the path was necessarily to follow it.

I criticised the message of Sir Andrew Clarke, that 'the law of sacrifice is the law of life,' because it seemed clear that the sacrifice meant was the sacrifice of the weak for the sake of the strong. There undoubtedly is such a law in nature—'the law of the survival of the fittest.' And in that part of the natural world which is inferior to the moral sphere such a law may operate without mischief. But to introduce it into the life of man, that life of which moral obligation is the distinctive characteristic and the crowning glory, is to obscure the fact that the paramount law of man's life is the law of *self-sacrifice*, the sacrifice of self for another, not of another for self, the sacrifice of the strong for the weak, and not of the weak for the strong. It was a Divine Teacher who said to us, 'Whosoever will be great among you shall be your minister, and whosoever will be first among you shall be your servant.' I would urge, then, that, in determining what should be our conduct towards the lower animals, we should seek direction, not from the sub-moral sphere of nature, but from the law of our own life. It is no answer to this to say, as

Professor Ruffer does, that the State sacrifices individuals for the good of the nation. For this sacrifice is made by the consent of the nation, and individuals submit to it, either because they approve of the object of the sacrifice, or at least prefer to endure it rather than to suffer the evil of expatriation. But what do you say, asks Professor Ruffer, of leaving horses on the battle-field, 'in a mangled condition,' 'to suffer torture for weeks?' I say that man has a right to the service of the beasts, and to subject them to those chances in his service which he shares himself. But I also say that if the victors in a battle, like the vivisectors, can choose their course, then to leave horses on a battle-field 'to suffer torture for weeks' is to be guilty of inhuman cruelty, and that one form of inhuman cruelty does not excuse another.

I have to complain, again, that Professor Ruffer confuses the issue before us by false or incomplete analogies. I said that, if any one could convince me that men did not need animal food in our cold climate to keep them in good health, I would eat meat no more; for in that case I should not feel that I had the right to inflict upon animals the pain of a violent death. I pointed out, however, at the same time, that it was not the infliction of a momentary pain to which I objected, but the keeping animals in prolonged torture. Professor Ruffer urges, again, that the consumption of animal food 'requires the infliction of suffering on animals.' Well, what if it does? We do not object to *all* infliction of suffering, but to the infliction of severe and prolonged suffering. Professor Ruffer ignores the fact that, in many of our actions, the question of degree makes the whole difference between virtue and vice. I may eat, drink, and marry, and commit no sin. But if I indulge myself to excess in any of these directions, I fall into vice. It is so, also, in respect to the infliction of pain on animals. If a man uses his whip to his horse in moderation, in order to compel him to service, he is held to be clear of blame; but if the punishment which he inflicts be in excess he is called brutal, the English law condemns his act, and the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals will prosecute him. To forget this distinction, and to urge that, unless we object to the infliction of all suffering, we have no right to object to the infliction of excessive and long-continued suffering, is simply to beat the air. It is nothing better than this to cite, in this connection, the case of the sick child sent away from home, lest her sickness should infect the other members of the household. How slight is the suffering inflicted, how tender and anxious the care with which such a removal is effected? If, again, the doctor should be of opinion that removal in such a case might involve death, it is certain that the whole family would rather run the risk of infection than of such a removal. Here, as before, the justification of the suffering depends on the degree of it inflicted. And what reasonable comparison can be made between the risk of slight suffering in the case of the child, and the actual endurance by

the poor dog or monkey of not only death, but prolonged torture? The degrees of suffering are almost incommensurable, and in passing from the one to the other we cross the line which divides right from wrong. I may admit, again, that 'a mother might kill with her own hands a score of animals rather than that her child should perish;' but I hold that, if she tried to save her child's life by keeping her dog for days in torture, she would exceed her right, and if of a sensitive conscience would feel that she was doing so. Can any one possibly believe that a creature which God has made keenly sensitive to pain has no claim for exemption from severe suffering upon a man who understands his constitution and knows the pain he is inflicting? Can any one doubt what would be the verdict of the general conscience if the scenes of the laboratory were enacted in public view? Men will tolerate the soldier who rides his horse into battle; but what would they say if he tied it to the stable door, and, on the plea that he wished to increase his knowledge, kept it withering away in pain for days until it died?

It is in vain that vivisectionists deny the infliction of such pain in England. They may have discovered regrettable omissions in the book called *The Nine Circles*—and no one can regret more than I that occasion should have been given in that book for censure—but still, when it is republished, as it will be after careful revision, I feel confident that many cases will remain there to justify the language which I have used.

In one respect Professor Ruffer has (I have no doubt unintentionally) misrepresented me. He says I represented the experimentalists as being 'shocking bad men.' I did not presume to say anything of the kind. I was as careful to avoid personalities as some people were to introduce them. I explained very clearly that I spoke of the inevitable tendency of certain practices, and not of the effects produced in any special case. But it is my opinion certainly, that if a vivisectionist of a certain type avoids the gradual growth of callousness to suffering, it must be in consequence of a conscious and strenuous resistance to temptation. I believe that many of the Inquisitors were religious men, and that they believed that they were glorifying God and benefiting mankind by their torturings and burnings alive. But yet I feel sure that they could not escape the deadening effect of gazing unmoved upon suffering. They would become, consciously or unconsciously, less sensitive to the sufferings of others, and less reluctant to inflict such sufferings. Professor Ruffer knows very well that I could give proof of such hardening of heart, especially in the case of Italian and American vivisectionists. And it is to me quite certain that if the English checks were removed, the effects which have been produced upon the characters of cultured foreigners would ere long appear in the reports of their English confrères. The facts to which I refer show plainly that human beings

are not to be trusted with the power of inflicting illimitable pain—that they may be urged on by the lust of knowledge to deeds which they would once have thought impossible.

Entertaining such a conviction, it would be wrong for me to suppress the expression of it; but I can assure Professor Ruffer that I have no desire to suggest the actual demoralisation of any particular person. I know that by the help of Christian principle, and the kindly affections of domestic life, men are frequently preserved in a wonderful way from the worst effects of hostile moral influences. I hope that is the case with all our English vivisectionists; but I am not the less convinced that, if it be so, it is in spite of their experiments, and not because of them.

J. MANCHESTER.

'SPHERES OF INFLUENCE'

I WISH, in the first place, to express my conviction that the continuous occupation of Uganda is very desirable in the interests not only of civilisation, which most people will admit, but also of Great Britain, which many seem disposed to deny. I hope, therefore, not to be misunderstood when I devote the greater part of this article to the exposure of certain dangerous fallacies by which this sound policy has been mainly supported in the Press and on the platform. Good wine needs no bush, and the case for a generous policy in Uganda appears to me sufficiently attractive to be able to dispense with meretricious aids. But, however this may be, *amicus Plato, magis amica veritas*, and the theories to which I refer are so opposed to the peaceful development of Africa, so calculated to undo the most notable benefits of Lord Salisbury's admirable foreign policy, and thus reopen the door to complications with our Continental neighbours, that it is the duty of all who recognise their real import to combat them to the utmost of their ability.¹

They may be briefly summarised as follows :—

1. That if England evacuates Uganda, France may step into the vacant place, because an agreement as to a 'sphere of influence' between two European Powers is not binding on a third Power which has not signed it.

2. That even Germany might treat the evacuation of Uganda as entitling her to disregard her engagements under the Anglo-German agreement of July 1890.

3. That the Brussels Act (1890) has imposed duties on Great Britain, in respect of slavery in Uganda, from which she cannot withdraw.

4. That engagements taken by a chartered company towards native rulers and peoples are binding on the national honour—in other words, that the chartered flag involves the Imperial flag.

The first three of these views appear to arise from a failure to appreciate a remarkable development of international law since the Berlin Act, 1885. The 'scramble for Africa' from that year until 1890 produced so alarming a tension in the relations of the colonising States of Europe, that the ordinary methods of diplomacy would

have proved unable to avert a conflict. A novel principle, that of 'spheres of influence,' was introduced and extensively used, owing largely to the efforts and example of Lord Salisbury. This salutary principle—as simple when explained as Columbus's method of standing an egg on its end—has been much criticised, through a misapprehension which might have been avoided by the use of the more accurate description—spheres of *non*-influence. • It is constantly put forward, as a matter of notoriety, that Europe has partitioned Africa without the knowledge or assent of the native rulers; while the immorality or absurdity of such arbitrary arrangements is continually urged in usually well-informed quarters. Now, such a description of agreements of 'spheres of influence' is almost the exact opposite of the truth. They give no powers to any nation which it did not before possess, but are essentially negative in character, being 'self-denying ordinances' by which the colonising States agree that, in each 'sphere,' no Power but one shall be permitted to attempt to acquire any political influence.

The obvious difficulty and even danger of discussing intricate territorial demarcations at a conference of several States led to each pair of Powers negotiating separately on the questions in which they were mutually interested, and communicating the result to the other Powers. Under this system numerous agreements have been made by Great Britain, France, Germany, Italy, Spain, and Portugal—in other words, by all the Powers having possessions in Africa, except Turkey. I believe that in no instance have more than the two States directly interested signed any such agreement, yet as a matter of mutual convenience all these agreements are considered as effective against other States. Any non-signatory Power had, of course, the right to raise an objection on publication, which had to be removed or met. France followed this course on hearing of the Anglo-German agreement (1890), with the result that an Anglo-French agreement was made the next month—August 1890—by which she not only received compensations in Madagascar, but also gained a considerable area in West Central Africa which the Royal Niger Company had previously secured to British influence by treaties with the native sultans. As a matter of fact, France has larger unoccupied 'spheres' in Africa than any other Power.

The suggestion of German interference in Uganda would not call for notice but for its having been adopted in an authoritative quarter. The Anglo-German agreement does not contain a single word implying that either Power shall be obliged within any limit of time to occupy all or any of the regions thus secured from outside interference. For Germany to fill our place, under the pretext of absence of effective occupation, would therefore be a flagrant breach of faith, of which she has given us no cause whatever to suspect her. Nor is her own position as to effective occupation in inner Africa stronger than that

of Great Britain or France. The greater portion of her own East African sphere is as yet outside of her effective jurisdiction, and though the interior of her Cameroons 'sphere' has been traversed in certain directions by German expeditions, it is still almost as completely free from German influence as it was before the occupation of the seaboard in July 1884. There is to the south of the Upper Benue a large region in which the Royal Niger Company had obtained treaties and established stations prior to the Anglo-German agreement of 1886, and from which it was compelled, by that agreement, to retire; yet, during these six years, Germany has shown no sign of occupying this region, nor is she in any way bound to do so until it suits her convenience.

It cannot be maintained that the temporary evacuation of a district implies a more distinct renunciation of prospective rights than would the mere abstinence from occupying it. No such arbitrary distinction is drawn in any of the agreements under consideration. Moreover, the difficulties of political progress in inner Africa are so great, so constant, and so general, that each colonising nation must expect to be compelled at times to concentrate its efforts by partial abandonments, free to return to its previous positions (and to advance these) when circumstances permit. Germany found herself in this plight in East Africa during the critical period prior to the advent of Major Wissmann on the scene, and she will doubtless experience similar fluctuations of fortune in her Cameroons colony. The situation of France in her vast Niger 'sphere'—now known as the 'French Soudan'—is so vague and so precarious, as is, in a lesser degree, that in the French Congo, that she also would be ill advised to urge the pernicious theory of continuous occupation.

I have frequently seen it stated that the Berlin Act of 1885 declared the necessity of effective occupation within a reasonable time. In respect of the African coast it did undoubtedly establish this principle. This was also a novelty in international law, or Great Britain would have found some difficulty, in the past, in maintaining her rights over a great part of the coasts of Australia. But the protocols of the Berlin Conference show that, at the instance of France and Germany, the Powers deliberately rejected the proposal of Great Britain to apply this new principle to regions in the interior, less accessible to European power and demanding a wide margin of time for exploration, conquest, and settlement. Politics being a practical science, it must, indeed, be admitted that there is a limit of time beyond which—even in Central Africa—theoretical rights cannot run without effective occupation. When Portugal, on the ground of a papal bull issued in bygone ages, claimed the whole width of Southern Africa, it was plausibly retorted that she had allowed centuries to elapse without establishing jurisdiction or advancing the cause of civilisation in the interior. Yet so strong, even in this

extreme instance, was the sentiment in favour of a purely nominal right, that important concessions had to be made to her, and no one will deny that had France or Germany occupied her place Great Britain would never have raised the question. Why then should we doubt our capacity to maintain our much more definite, modern, and recognised right to veto foreign intrusion into Uganda?

It may be said that if the position of 'spheres of influence' is so definite, we need not trouble ourselves about misconceptions, as the various Governments may be trusted to carry out existing understandings. This view would be sound, and I should not have written this article, if international law rested, as does the municipal law of civilised countries, on solid rock. Unfortunately, in consequence of the vagueness and uncertainty of its *sanctions*, international law is little more than international etiquette. Its foundations rest on the ever-shifting sands of popular opinion in Europe and America, and it is of vital importance that this opinion should be rightly informed. Instances are not wanting of Governments compelled by popular clamour to ignore obligations which they are interested in observing. I cannot, therefore, too earnestly deprecate the impolicy of trying to force the hand of our own Government in the Uganda question by the use of arguments which, however fallacious, have been eagerly welcomed by Chauvinist newspapers across the Channel and will tend to reopen the whole African question from the Sahara to the Cape Colony.

Passing to the argument based on the Brussels Act (1890), the stipulations pertinent to the question are expressly confined to the territories occupied by the signatory States. The following are the expressions used throughout the Act: '*territoires d'Afrique placés sous la souveraineté ou le protectorat des nations civilisées*;' '*les Puissances qui exercent une souveraineté ou un protectorat en Afrique*;' '*les Puissances exerçant des pouvoirs souverains ou des protectorats*;' '*qui exercent des droits de souveraineté ou de protectorat*.' And in none of the 100 articles is there the faintest allusion to any obligations in 'spheres' of influence where the exercise is permissible but not actual. Nor, indeed, could a Conference of the Powers gravely agree that States should enforce laws where they had no jurisdiction. If England were to evacuate Uganda, she would no longer have any international duties to perform there, until it suited her convenience to again exercise influence there. I am most anxious to urge this on public attention, because it is obvious that the chief obstacle to a 'forward' policy in Africa is a natural and, when not excessive, a salutary fear of insensibly accepting responsibilities too heavy for our Empire to sustain. France and Germany do not propose (and England should not attempt) to deal hastily with the institution of slavery throughout the vast 'spheres' respectively reserved to them in a continent where the sound advice—*fait est*

lente—is especially applicable. They will do more useful work by concentrating their efforts on such portions as are, from time to time, under their actual influence.

Before leaving the principle of 'spheres of influence' it may be well to deal with an undoubted difficulty in its application. It will be said that if England can evacuate Uganda and yet France may not interfere there politically, the latter Power will have no means of protecting such of her own subjects as may hereafter visit that country; for England would naturally reply to any protests with a plea of no jurisdiction. This anomalous corollary of the new development of international law must be frankly admitted. Fortunately, it affects all the colonising Powers equally in all their numerous African 'spheres.' Plainly stated, it amounts to this: that if a subject of one Power chooses to visit an unoccupied portion of a 'sphere' of another Power, he does so entirely at his own peril. Abnormal as this position seems, it is an insignificant price to pay for a system which has probably averted the horrors of a general European war. Although this article deals rather with principles than their application to concrete cases, I may point out that, in the event of our Government unhappily permitting the evacuation of Uganda, foreign subjects now residing there would be in an essentially distinct position from that of subsequent visitors, and would be entitled to as full (but no more) protection and assistance, while withdrawing from the country, as the chartered company found it practicable to give to British subjects. Such foreigners, however, as elected to remain after the evacuation would not thereafter be entitled to protection, being, in that respect, in precisely the same position as British subjects now are who visit any unoccupied region of a French or German 'sphere.'

The last argument which I wish to controvert—namely, that the action of the chartered company has involved the honour of Great Britain—is more widely than wisely adopted by supporters of a 'forward' policy. It is difficult to deal philosophically with a theorem which, once generally admitted, would inevitably arrest any further British advance into Africa, and gradually dissolve the existing accretions of years of labour, risk, and anxiety. For I hold, as strongly as when, twelve years ago, I first pressed the subject on her Majesty's Government, that the Central African problem can be solved only by chartered companies, so far at least as Great Britain is concerned. The case may be different in France, where the home Government, having already expended a hundred millions sterling on Algeria, still contributes largely to that colony, and is cheerfully expending large sums, during a long period of years, in Senegal, the French Soudan, and the French Congo. Such a policy could not find continuous support in our country. This, the financial reason, is one of the two principal, and to my mind sufficient, justifications of the

anomalous system of chartered companies. The other and far more important justification is the fact that the chartered flag does *not* involve the Imperial flag. A company has no national dignity to humiliate, and can negotiate where England would fight. Its officials may suffer insult, its troops defeat, its provinces invasion, without the mother country being dragged into Central African campaigns at a vast cost of blood and money. The only protection that chartered companies should receive is of a kind involving little risk, namely against attack by civilised Powers, which implies the co-relative right of the Imperial Government to dictate the behaviour of the companies to such States and their subjects. It is impossible to doubt that public opinion would not long tolerate the theory that the officials of a chartered company could have a fuller right or power to pledge the national faith or involve the national honour than could a party of Cook's tourists.

Is it, however, necessary to bolster up a good cause with fallacious and dangerous arguments? Holding, as we must, that the Imperial Government is in no way committed by anything which the officials of the British East Africa Company may have said or done in Uganda, and that England is free to abandon that province when and as often as she pleases, and to reoccupy it when she pleases—if she can—and that no other State is entitled to step meanwhile into the vacant place, it is not conceivable that for the sake of a paltry 40,000*l.* a year for a short period until the country is self-supporting, all the progress hitherto achieved is to be cast to the winds and the tentative development of a fine region to be thrown back for many years. I see it said in an influential organ that we do not want a new India in Equatorial Africa. If by an 'India' is meant a market for our manufactures, I submit, on the contrary, that we want it wherever we can get it. With an ever-growing population, demanding an increase in our export trade for their support, with a prohibitive tariff in the United States and high duties on our goods in our own colonies, with the growing competition of our European neighbours, and the evident tendency of one of these to shut us out from her colonial markets, we must not be too particular as to the regions where the coloured man will work in order to purchase our goods. For that he *will* work (and multiply) when he has the necessary conditions of peace, security, and the enjoyment of the fruits of his labour, I see no valid reason to doubt.

The economic value of tropical Africa is, however, too extensive and complex a subject for discussion in the last paragraphs of this article. I pass, therefore, to the question whether, if England decides to bear for a few years the moderate cost of continued occupation, she should administer direct or by way of subsidy to the chartered company. Two reasons are put forward for the former course; the first being that any subsidy, however hedged round with

conditions, would form a precedent for similar subsidies to other chartered companies. 'If it were so, it was a grievous fault;' but I am unable to sympathise with the weakness of temperament which fears to do the right thing to-day, lest it should be asked to do the wrong thing to-morrow. Surely each case should be judged on its own merits. The other reason is, that in the event of Uganda becoming prosperous under a European régime, the chartered company would profit from the sacrifices of the taxpayer at home. It does not seem beyond the wit of man to devise a scheme by which, if the experiment proves successful, the surplus revenues of Uganda would gradually reimburse the Imperial Exchequer. That, even with this proviso, the chartered company would indirectly benefit from the prosperity of its territories is probable; but the sole question for Parliament is whether or no Great Britain would profit by the arrangement. The other view would, indeed, have some validity if the present position of affairs were due to maladministration, extravagance, or other mismanagement on the part of the company; but, as far as I am aware, their only offence is, to have exhausted a considerable capital in a truly national undertaking.

On the other hand, many advantages might be shown in leaving the administration in the hands of the chartered company; but it would be superfluous to advance more than one, which cannot be dismissed with a light heart by any thoughtful statesman. I allude to the advantage of not risking the national flag in Central African quarrels. In another part of tropical Africa, the troops of another chartered company have—in past years—been defeated with heavy loss, its flag has been trodden under foot by an infuriated native prince, its officials have been detained in honourable but none the less real captivity, without exciting any attention in this country. If such things were to happen under an Imperial Administration—and happen they must in the development of a new continent—the small subsidy now proposed would sink into insignificance beside the cost of a Central African war. Where the Empire sets its foot, it cannot withdraw without much loss of credit, whereas '*reculer pour mieux sauter*' must often be the most effective action in that tide of European civilisation which is slowly but surely advancing into the heart of the Dark Continent.

GEORGE TAUEMAN-GOLDIE.

ALASKA AND ITS GLACIERS

It is the unexpected that happens, we are sometimes told, and certainly till within ten days of our trip to Alaska I should have said it was the last country I was ever likely to visit, or even to have the least desire to visit. Vaguely in my mind it was connected with extreme cold, and with sealskin jackets; but exactly whether this arose from sealskin jackets being worn in cold weather, or because I imagined Alaska to be a frost-bound country, I am not sure; still, as I particularly disliked cold, it seemed scarcely likely to have any attractions for me. On returning, however, from Japan, while my daughter and I were crossing the Pacific from Yokohama to Vancouver, we chanced to meet with some Americans who had made this trip the year before, and who drew a delightful picture of the voyage they had then made in the calmest of seas; how they went on, and ever on, for a fortnight, through the most lovely and varied scenery, reaching at last the land of the midnight sun, where were mountains covered with snow, with magnificent glaciers creeping down their sides, and breaking off into the sea with reports like thunder; where we should see icebergs floating about, and whales and seals disporting themselves; but where the sea would have scarcely a ripple on its surface, and the air be ever fresh, balmy, and invigorating. So delightful it all sounded that, before we had reached Vancouver, we had decided that we too should like to make this pleasant voyage, and to see this strange, wild country, with its endless pine forests and wonderful glaciers, for ourselves. We found that a steamer going to Alaska and back was timed to leave Vancouver only two days after we were due to land there, which fitted in with a nicety bordering on the miraculous, and seemed almost to amount to predestination. Cabins were rather an anxiety, but on arriving at Vancouver we found, after a certain amount of telegraphing, that everything we could wish for in that way could be secured for us; and so it came to pass that, having provided ourselves with various necessities—a bath, and a coffee-making machine, some coffee, chocolate, biscuits, and a certain number of books—we found ourselves one morning, early in August 1892, on board the ‘Islander,’ Captain Irving, and steaming hard all up the straits between Vancouver’s

Island and British Columbia. The sea was perfectly and deliciously calm, of a lovely deep blue; there was a glorious sun overhead, and we were passing rapidly and smoothly, along the thickly wooded coast of the island, one continued dense forest of tall pines, firs, and cedars; while on our other side, but more distant, though still quite distinct, was the coast of British Columbia, covered with an equally dense forest, and with a high range of snow-covered mountains in the far distance. No sign of the presence or even the existence of man anywhere visible; we seemed to have left him and his behind us soon after we lost sight of Vancouver City.

With the exception of two or three Germans, our fellow-passengers were all Americans; there was a large personally conducted tourist party on board, similar to our Cook's parties, except (as was carefully explained to me) that, whereas Cook's tours are done on the cheap, these Grafton tourists expected to be taken to the best hotels, and to be generally magnificently done for everywhere. They were forty-six in number, and were principally from Chicago; as it may be supposed, therefore, we heard a great deal of Chicago and of the World's Fair to be held next year at Chicago, and we used to find ourselves endlessly explaining our reasons for not returning to America next year to see its wonders. Before the end of our twelve days' trip we were all to become great friends, but on this first day we all stood slightly on the defensive and rather glared at each other; the other passengers, having come from a distance, had already travelled together for several days, and many had known each other before, while we, have only just joined, were, so to speak, interlopers. Still, in the afternoon of that first day, we began to make friends. We were in a wide stretch of sea several miles across, and came upon a number of whales, turning themselves into amateur fountains, and disporting themselves in a clumsy but presumably whaline fashion, entertaining and delightful to see. Immense Catherine-wheels they curled themselves into, and then, as they plunged head foremost into the sea, they would leave a large forked tail sticking up and wagging in the air for a few seconds, till it slowly disappeared after its owner. It was a sight we were often to behold during the voyage, and always with delight; but most of us saw it then for the first time, and the strangeness and wonder of it loosed our tongues and brought us all together; and then, when later, towards nightfall, the ship stopped at a few log huts dropped down drearily in the midst of the dense pine forest, and began to put out some sacks and kegs on to a raft that came alongside to receive them, these first acquaintances were renewed, and the position of old friends was almost attained.

Grant's Camp, we were told, these huts were called, and a dreary enough place for a residence Grant's Camp looked: nine or ten huts and sheds dropped down at the water's edge, with some twenty rough-

looking men to live in them, and huge logs lying raft fashion on the water in front, waiting to be floated down to some sawmill along the coast, there to be cut up, and thence shipped off to distant, more treeless, regions of the earth. Behind and on each side of the few poor little huts rose the dense forest of tall fir trees, hemlocks, Douglas pines, and cedars, somewhere from the inner recesses of which these hundreds of logs must have come since no clearance was visible. There are many such lumber camps in the inlets along the coast of Vancouver's Island and British Columbia, and just now the Douglas pine is most in demand among these forest trees. We put out hay for the oxen (kept there to drag the logs out of the forest), and provisions and tools for the men, and then steamed away into the rapidly increasing darkness, and in a few minutes two little glimmering lights were all we could see or should ever see again of Grant's Camp. In the middle of the night, between sleeping and waking, I dimly heard the dropping of the anchor, the engines stopped, and I knew we were in Alert Bay, where next morning we were to land, and make our first acquaintance with an Indian village.

Accordingly, everybody next morning was astir very early, and soon some of the passengers were making their way along the row of little wooden houses placed by the water's edge, which constitutes, more or less, their Indian villages. It was here I first saw the totem poles of which I had heard so much, and most eccentric-looking and extraordinary they were. Imagine a huge log, forty to fifty feet high, set up flagstaff fashion, in front or at the side of a low, one-storied wooden house, and carved in its whole height into immense, but grotesque, representations of man, beast, and bird, and you will know what a totem pole is—certainly the most characteristic and striking object in these Indian villages. Exactly what they mean to the Indians I never could distinctly ascertain: a mixture of many things—family pride, veneration of ancestors, emblematic legendary religion—it seemed to be something of all this. Sometimes there is only a massive pole with a bird or some weird animal at the top; in this case it represents, what we should call, the crest of the chief by whose house it stands. I was curious to see if any Indian could be induced to sell his totem pole, and tried to buy one at several of the places at which we touched—it would have been a magnificent, though rather unwieldy, trophy to send home—but our chaffering and arguing and wheedling was all in vain. Seldom could any one be induced even to name a price: the lowest asked was 2,000 dollars (400*l.*), more often 4,000 or 5,000 dollars, and I did not quite see myself giving that sum, even for the joy of rearing a totem pole in the pleasure grounds at home. In Alert Bay, I am inclined to think, was the finest specimen I saw anywhere along the coast; sufficiently broad at the bottom to allow a doorway to be cut through it, and thus form the entrance to the chief's house before which it stood, and tall in proportion to its

breadth; it must originally have been a tree of colossal size. It was, as usual, carved into grotesque figures one above the other, and the effect heightened and brought out in places by daubs of paint, blue, red, and green. A woman stood in the door under the archway with some carved horn spoons for sale, so V. and I presently found ourselves inside the house, and looking with curiosity and dismay, not unmixed with disgust, at the extraordinary scene before us. In the house was only one large room, in the centre of which was a clear space where smouldered a fire, and over the fire, from a high wooden framework, hung smoked and dried fish, meat and bacon, mixed up with muddy clothes; round this room ran a broad step or platform, on which was heaped pell mell every conceivable kind of article which had been picked up or begged, or managed to be collected by any of the family: saucepans half full of potatoes or grease, baskets with bones or other rubbish, old boxes, worn-out boots, dented kettles—every imaginable thing, and all bent or broken or dirty; it had the effect of a large, crowded, old metal and rag shop. There were one or two rough bedsteads with untidy beds, and some handsome bear and fox skins were lying about to be eventually sold; there was no particular chimney, but the smoke appeared to find its way out where it best could among the joints of the roof, and the closeness of the place, its smell, and the effect of dirt and disorder of the whole thing are indescribable; and this interior, with slight variations as to size of the room and quantity of things amassed therein, repeated itself in almost every Indian house into which we afterwards penetrated. Our civility was hard put to it to conceal the disgust we felt, but we did our best to hide it, and got out into the open air again as speedily as we could.

Vancouver's Island was now left behind, and the steamer plunged among the innumerable smaller ones along the coast of British Columbia, threading its way through endless straits, and narrows, and channels, with vistas on either hand of fiords running up into the land—a perfect kaleidoscope of coast scenery; always with the same dense forest down to the water's edge, often so close that it seemed as if we could easily have thrown a stone in among the trees. Ducks circled overhead and settled again among the rushes; big eagles, with large dark wings and white heads and tails, flapped about in pairs among the tree-tops at the water's edge; seagulls flew before or behind us; young America with delight would let off his gun at them, which, besides that it was unpleasantly startling, I thought at first cruel, but afterwards, as nothing ever happened to the birds, and it seemed to amuse the shooter, I changed my opinion. Fish jumped high into the air and fell back with a splash into the water; scores of white jelly-fish floated near the top; whales and porpoises played about whenever we reached a wider stretch of sea; but for miles and miles we would steam along, with never a sign of man visible, only trees,

trees everywhere, with hills on all sides, and snowcapped mountains in the distance. Early on the third morning the steamer whistled and slowed, and presently stopped for a few minutes—the custom-house officer had boarded us; this was Alaska and we were now in American waters. Only twenty-five years ago (in 1867) did Russia sell Alaska to America—7,200,000 dollars was the price paid, or two cents an acre as Americans will tell you—but already it has far more than repaid the purchase money, and its resources are further developing every day; its mineral wealth is supposed to be immense. At the present day Americans are very proud of the acquisition, but twenty-five years ago great was the grumbling at the purchase: they had only just got through their civil war, they had a heavy debt; Alaska was an unknown country to them, a wild one, and a cold one; but Mr. Seward was farseeing and persistent, the purchase was completed, and if America has thereby profited, how much more will not Alaska in the future?

We touched and landed at Fort Essington and Fort Simpson in British Columbia, and at Fort Wrangel in Alaska, before reaching Sitka, its capital. Among all the settlements reigns a great family likeness. There was always the native quarter, or what they call the ranchery: small one-storied wooden houses, built along the water's edge, each with its canoe drawn up on the shore in front of it, always with a rough untidy space between houses and canoes, littered with all sorts of refuse; many dogs of uncertain breed lying or prowling about, mostly on the growl; an occasional totem pole, often much out of the perpendicular; and with never a garden or an attempt at one, not so much as a potato or a cabbage to be seen struggling up anywhere. Agriculture is at a discount among the Alaskans; hunting and fishing are their only pursuits. Therefore they and their families roam about during the summer months among these dense forests, pitching their tiny tents by the side of some stream or fiord, living on the fish they catch and the game they kill; smoking and drying the fish for winter use, and curing the skins of the game for sale, and generally having a grand and delightful *al fresco* time of it, while their wooden houses in the ranchery are safely shut and boarded up, ready to receive them again as soon as the first cold weather warns them that it is time to be getting back home. As for the inhabitants of these rancheries, they were most disappointingly European in their dress, except that almost invariably over their other clothes both men and women draped themselves in a striped or coloured blanket, mostly a very grubby one, a blanket apparently being to them as his plaid is to a Scotchman. Dark (though not remarkably so) in complexion, with flat faces and black eyes and hair, large mouths, and an extremely sullen expression of countenance, they were far indeed from realising any romantic ideas of 'nature's gentleman,' or even from presenting the appearance ordinarily

connected with Red Indians; no arrangement of feathers in their hair, and even no moccasins on their feet, but instead, hobnailed boots, and hats much the worse for wear. The women were if possible uglier than the men, bare-headed, with hair straggling and unkempt—as they grow older their ugliness almost reaches the nightmare order; still, squalid and dirty-looking though they might be, their wrists would generally be loaded with silver bangles and bracelets, and often they would wear necklaces as well. At each settlement, according to its size, there were one or more general stores, kept by Americans or Englishmen; perhaps also a Hudson's Bay establishment, and a salmon-tinning factory, and always one, or sometimes two, little wooden churches with their attendant school-buildings; while the good that the missionaries with their churches and schools had done among these Indians, was shown by the difference between the native houses in the rancheries and the homes of those who had thus come under their influence.

Early on the morning of the sixth day we arrived at Sitka, still, as in former days, the seat of government for Alaska. The first thing that strikes the eye is the Greek church, which still stands there, a remnant of the days of Russian rule; it has the effect of something dropped down from another world, with its dome, square tower and slender spire and its verdigris roofs crowded by golden Greek crosses; there could not possibly be a greater contrast than that between it and its surroundings. On a rising ground overlooking the town stands the only other remains of those days: a big square-set building, still called 'the Castle,' though anything less like the ordinary ideas of a castle it would be difficult to conceive; it was here that the governors of Alaska held their court, and, if tradition is to be credited, held it too with great pomp and revelry. We wandered up the hill to get a better view of the town, and were then invited by its present occupant to see the interior; the thick walls thereof, and the large empty reception rooms, dilapidated and bare, with the remains of the huge stoves to warm them—rather essential necessities. We were shown the only two rooms still habitable; many windowed, in which Lady Franklin had once spent six weeks, sadly waiting and hoping for the return of the husband for whom she was ever to wait and hope in vain; and where, too, tradition tells that the wife of the last governor of Alaska wept bitter tears, as she watched the hauling down of the Russian flag, on the day that the province of Alaska passed for ever out of the Russian Empire. Beyond the Greek church and the Castle, Sitka was merely an enlarged edition of the other Indian settlements we had already visited. During the few hours of our stay there a drizzling rain was falling, and a thick mist blotted out the surrounding scenery, which we were told was magnificent, but had to take on trust. On the evening of that same day we had left Sitka, in its turn, behind us, and were

gladly steaming away northward; bound at last for the most northerly point of our trip, the great Muir Glacier, at the head of Glacier Bay. I say gladly, as many of our fellow-passengers were getting tired of passing, day after day, through the same kind of scenery, with the same eternal pine forest, covering everywhere the coast and islands and hills; only the snowcapped mountains had by degrees come nearer and nearer, till now they were close at hand, and there were even patches of snow on the hills at each side of us. Colder and colder the weather had grown so that winter wraps and jackets had been brought out, and the days had stretched out so long that you could read easily till past 10 o'clock. At 5 next morning, I heard the fog-horn going, and looked out to see the mist still thick on the hills and within a few yards of us; huge masses of ice were floating everywhere in the sea round us, and the ship picked her way through them with much caution and constant slowing, and with a swishing, rushing sound, as she would push some lump of ice on one side out of her way. These masses of ice varied from the size of a good big house to something not much bigger than a football, and their tints are impossible to describe, but were lovely to behold, ranging from the purest, clearest, milkiest white to the deepest sapphire blue. The captain and officers were cautiously on the look-out, steering carefully and slowly, through the mist and ice, as too hard a blow against the ice would have disabled our screw. Once we had to hark back two miles to find a more open passage. Bitterly cold it was as we met the wind blowing off the ice, and the damp mist which clung round us; and a weird assemblage we looked, all of us wrapped up in blankets and rugs and every conceivable garment—for the flesh will be weak though enthusiasm may be strong; and as time went on the cold seemed to penetrate everything. I ran down to my cabin to see what further garment I could add to my already shapeless form, and so avoid being frozen outright, and becoming an additional and unnecessary lump of ice. When I returned on deck the ship was already swinging round, the mist had partially lifted, and there, close in front of us, towering high above the ship, and only it seemed a few yards away, rose that mighty wall of ice, the great Muir Glacier: right across the bay it stretched, a wonderful glittering barrier, 170 feet high and over a mile in length; the top broken into thousands of lofty pinnacles, the bottom washed by the restless sea.

Only in Alaska (says Professor Wright in an article on 'Ice in America'), only in Alaska, where the Muir Glacier empties itself into the Muir inlet, at the rate of seventy feet a day, can we form any idea of the glacier as a destructive agency. This glacier empties 200,000,000 cubic feet of ice into the sea every day: that is to say, 45,000 tons of ice fall into the water every minute in avalanches, with detonations that sound like the booming of a cannonade. The very earth seems to tremble, and the sea boils and foams with the continual discharge of fresh icebergs.

This was the glacier in front of which we had dropped anchor; every one remained spellbound and breathless at the majesty of the sight; a vista of undreamt-of forces of nature seemed to burst upon us, and we all felt that for a sight of this glacier alone it was worth while to have journeyed, as some of us had done, from the uttermost ends of the earth. The ship remained anchored under the shadow of the glacier wall for three or four hours; she had been run aground on the mud-bank on the right-hand side, where a stream rushes out from under the glacier, and so keeps that part of the sea comparatively free from floating ice. Not far away we saw the wooden hut which had been put up for Professor Muir while making observations on the glacier, and which was still more recently inhabited by Professor Wright, when sent by the United States Government to make further reports thereon. I was prepared to do anything in reason in pursuit of knowledge, but I must own it was with a feeling of relief that I found it was considered unnecessary for any of the passengers to land here and make personal observations, which were scarcely likely to be of much value after those made by the above-named learned gentlemen; the landing was difficult, and the walking represented as both fatiguing and odious. Every one contented themselves, therefore, very satisfactorily with glacial observations from the deck of the steamer. The sun had come out and warmed us up; and we could watch the avalanches constantly detaching themselves from the ice mountain in front of us, and tumbling with much noise and commotion into the sea. Kodaks were brought out; but not, alas! the famous one that had travelled all through Japan with V. and me, generally at immense inconvenience, being invariably in the way, and at the best being but a hard and uncompromising companion in one's rickshaw. When the results of our diligent photography were returned developed from Yokohama, they proved to be indistinguishable black smudges, since we had been peacefully and happily working away with a loose lens; and so now, therefore, instead of being useful to us in Alaska, our kodak was in disgrace, undergoing repairs. In the afternoon, when the anchor was weighed, we all gathered on the bridge for a last look at the wall of ice; and then, as the steamer moved off, the main body of the glacier, which had been hidden from us in the morning by the fog, came into view, stretching away at the back among the mountains. It was only now that we saw how a sea of ice stretched right across the valley, where it widened out at the back, and how from all sides were other glaciers coming down between the mountains to meet there; and then, as we stood farther out still, in Glacier Bay, we could see that this sea of ice stretched far away on the sides and everywhere; that the hills we had thought bounded the glacier simply rose up like islands in the midst of that sea; and of the beginning of this sea of ice no man knows. The air was still and

clear, so that distance seemed annihilated. Towering away to the left, and clear against the sky in their robes of snowy white, rose the peaks of Mount Perouse and Mount Crillon, and farther still, but higher than all, was the white point of Mount Fairweather. We all remained gazing—drinking in, as it were, that glorious sight—as the ship slowly steamed away through the floating ice. With the same caution as we had come in the morning we now returned, but the beauty of that evening among the icebergs is indescribable—it was unearthly. There was, first, the glorious setting of the sun, with its wonderful tints, playing on and shining through the masses of ice; then the long, long twilight, with the cold shades of night settling down; and afterwards the calm quiet moon, lighting up all again amidst strange, weird, transparent shadows. Each change had a beauty of its own—all of them to be remembered with wonder and delight, but not to be written of. Twice we thought we had got clear of ice, only to find ourselves in a fresh field, floated down by some side current, and the night was far on before we had seen the last of it.

We had now begun our return journey, the Muir Glacier having been the most northerly point of the voyage; and we returned along the east, instead of the west, side of Admiralty Island; touching on the first day at Juneau, a comparatively stirring and civilised little place on the mainland. Had a hard fate ordained that my lot should be cast in Alaska, certainly I should have preferred Juneau as less world-forsaken than any of the other settlements we had visited. Close by are the Treadwell gold mines, with the largest crushing mills in the world, 130 great stamping machines going at once, as against forty in the next biggest anywhere, though where this next biggest might be I never could ascertain; it was the kind of statistic so often fired off at one, and which has to be taken on trust. The quartz at Treadwell is less rich in ore than that of many other mines, but is so easy of access, lying quite on the surface, that it has been a most paying speculation, and the extent of the ore-yielding vein is immense. The mine is in reality more of a quarry, and the blasting is done by hydraulic pressure—every modern improvement and invention in this remote region. At the stores in Juneau we found the best selection of furs we had met with hitherto, and at very reasonable prices. There were some lovely marten skins, beautifully soft and as dark as sables, which V. and I found irresistible, and when we had bought them I assisted a German lady to choose a sea-otter skin; my opinion on it being the more valuable as it was so perfectly impartial, since I knew nothing whatever about that fur. While still in this dark, low-ceilinged shop, we were startled by a man who hurried into it, exclaiming that he heard he had a Lady of Title in his store. What visions of magnificence and of gorgeous apparel may have been connected in his mind with so important a personage I know not; but something I imagine very different from

me in my travel-worn black; he gazed at me critically and I fear in sad disappointment for a second or two, and then said solemnly, 'I had Lady Franklin here once!' Poor Lady Franklin! she has left wonderful memories of her devotion and perseverance among these rough men; all along the coast they invariably mention her with the greatest reverence, and almost with bated breath.

Soon after leaving Juneau we again took up, in returning to Vancouver, much the same course by which we had come a few days previously, but there was still a constant variety of new and strange things to see. We visited a salmon river so full of immense salmon, all fighting and struggling to get up the shallows that it was a real wonder to behold; they could be driven up and down the stream like a drove of sheep, the water was literally black with them, and except that they were wet and slippery you could easily catch them in your hands. One whole day we spent in going up Gardner's Inlet, a narrow arm of the sea running for seventy miles into British Columbia, through a spur of the Selkirk Mountains, in the midst of scenery grand and wild in the extreme. It is an inlet where the channel is so deep and the mountains rising out of it so precipitous that the steamer would sometimes be stopped to allow us to gather flowers or ferns from its rocky sides, while standing on the deck; the colour of the sea was a bright jade green, and down the sides of the mountains tumbled a perfect network of waterfalls from the glaciers and snows on their tops. It was on the return journey, too, that we saw the northern lights to the best advantage; perhaps the weather may have been finer, or there may have been more electricity in the air, but we used to stay out on deck till ever so late watching the long streamers flashing across the sky, while the Aurora Borealis like a huge glory lit up the darkness.

Another incident I think I must mention which happened on the return journey, but it was one not down in the original programme. Between 2 and 3 o'clock early one morning, as I lay comfortably in my berth, I felt a sudden jerk, then there was a scraping, scrawling sound along the bottom of the ship, and then another bump; unmistakably the ship had struck something; in a second cabin doors were opening and shutting, and there were murmurings and voices in the corridor. I looked out of my door and heard, of course, how that the ship had run aground in the fog and they couldn't get her off. Almost immediately word was passed along that the passengers were to dress, though for our comfort it was added that there was no danger. Nevertheless, danger or no danger, in five minutes everybody had emerged from their cabins apparently in full war paint; and on going on deck you could just distinguish through the fog and darkness that the forepart of the ship was firmly fixed in among tall fir trees; odd enough to see there instead of the usual water, but comfortably disposing of any fears as to a watery grave.

The tide was rising fortunately, so after a wearisome wait of a couple of hours the vessel was afloat again, very little the worse for the mishap. Exactly at the end of twelve days we were once more landed at Vancouver, ready to take up again our journey round the world, in which we had paused for this Alaskan expedition; and, before doing so it only remained to us to bid an affectionate farewell to our fellow-passengers, those Americans, who had seemed so strange to us at first, but with whom we had now become fast friends, and who had helped so much by their kindness and attention to make the voyage pleasant and a success to us two lone women.

It must not be supposed that in this short sketch I have been able to describe half the things curious or interesting, or both, that we saw in Alaska and among this stern-looking people. There were the Indian graveyards, with their legends and stories; there were the medicine dances, and strange, weird customs and ceremonies, and a hundred and one other things that come crowding back on my memory. I have never even mentioned another great glacier that we visited, the Taku, which it is too ungrateful of me to have omitted, seeing that though not so vast in size as the Muir, yet all agreed that in beauty of form and colour it bore away the palm. All this and much else is not fated to be recorded here. I have merely given an outline of our trip, and as there is no guide-book to Alaska in existence; and as, before starting, Vancouver was ransacked in vain for books on the subject, the long-suffering captain was our sole authority. I must say he deserved the greatest credit for the care he took during the voyage to show all he could that was worth seeing, and to give us all possible information thereon. Alaska can scarcely be considered a convenient spot to revisit soon a second time; and every one on the ship seemed to have a lurking feeling that, while there, it was as well to do it as thoroughly as possible, with the result that we carried away deep but delightful impressions of the strangeness of those twelve days of travel among the mountains and glaciers and trackless forests of far-distant and seldom-explored Alaska.

HENRIETTA GREY EGERTON.

RECENT SCIENCE

I

DURING the last few months three of the planets—Venus, Mars, and Jupiter—stood in the most favourable positions for being observed from the earth, and it was expected that, with the powerful telescopes recently built in Europe and America, something positive might be learned as to the physical constitution of the three planets, the structure of their surfaces, and, perhaps also, as to the reasoning beings who probably exist on Venus and Mars. It must be said at once, that in this last direction the results obtained are quite disappointing, especially for those who, despite the warnings of the astronomers, had cherished too sanguine hopes. But some very valuable additions to our previous knowledge have been made nevertheless.

As to Venus, the more we learn of her the more we must despair of ever knowing anything about her continents, and seas, and inhabitants. An important work which E. L. Trouvelot has recently brought out, to sum up his many years' observations of Venus and Mercury, only confirms the idea that what we see of our neighbour is but its thick clothing of clouds. Through this veil we may occasionally catch a glimpse of some part of its real surface, as Trouvelot did in February 1876 and in September 1891; moreover, we see protruding above the clouds the snow-clad needles and peaks of the polar regions, so brilliant under certain conditions of light that they glitter 'like a collar of precious stones.' But that is all: the remainder is always veiled by the heavy clouds. During May and June last, J. J. Landerer,¹ taking advantage of the favourable position of Venus, carefully analysed her light, only to find that it was *not* polarised, as it would have been if it were reflected by continents and seas, and not by the vapours of Venus's atmosphere; it only bore feeble traces of polarisation on the poles where the summits of the peaks and the clouds came together in the field of vision. Such a result is certainly disappointing, but it explains, at least, why astronomers could not agree until now as to the speed of rotation of Venus. Thus, Trouvelot comes to the conclusion that she accomplishes her rotation once in nearly twenty-four hours (23h. 49m. 28s.,

¹ *Comptes Rendus de l'Académie des Sciences*, 1892, tome 114, p. 1524.

as against 23h. 21m. in some previous measurements), which would mean that the day on Venus has nearly the same length as on the earth. But other astronomers found quite different periods, such as twenty-three to twenty-four days, and Schiaparelli came to a rotation-period of 225 days, thus maintaining that the planet, like our moon, revolves on her axis only once while she describes her full orbit. Such disaccord is only possible because we see no fixed markings on Venus and observe her clouds, which are involved in the general movement of her atmosphere.

With Mars the results of this summer's campaign are more satisfactory. It stood this year in such an advantageous position that, on the 8th of August, its distance from the earth was reduced to about 35,000,000 miles, and its visible diameter, which was only eighteen seconds in June, attained on that day twenty-five seconds. True, that in our northern hemisphere it stood rather too near to the horizon to be seen very distinctly; but Professor Pickering, of the Lick observatory, armed with two good telescopes (thirteen and twelve inch aperture), had moved to South America for the special purpose of observing the planet during its opposition. He erected his observatory at Arequipa in Peru, at an altitude of 8,060 feet, and, in the dry, cloudless and dustless atmosphere of the high plateau, he could enjoy such a transparent air, such a penetration of his instruments, and such an absence of fluctuation in the light of the stars, as we can hardly imagine in Europe. For on moonless nights he could see with the naked eye stars of the sixth magnitude, and could count all the eleven stars of the Pleiades. Night after night Mars was observed under these excellent conditions, and we soon shall learn a good deal about its surface when all drawings and photographs are published. In the meantime, we have only preliminary reports from Arequipa,² and a paper, by M. Perrotin, upon the observations made under the pure sky of Nice with a thirteen-inch refractor.³

The most interesting fact elucidated this year is relative to the immense snow-caps which cover the polar regions of Mars. It was already well known that when the winter comes to its northern or to its southern hemisphere, an immense snow-cap covers the planet's surface, as far as the fortieth degree of its latitude, and that these masses of snow and ice thaw with an astonishing rapidity during the spring—the extremes of temperature being much greater on Mars than they are on the earth. This year—partly in consequence of the greater proximity of Mars to the sun, and, may be, also in consequence

² In *Astronomy and Astro-Physics*, June 1892. The French *Astronomie* for the same month also contains a very interesting paper by Camille Flammarion, in which the observations of 1888 are given and discussed, together with some recent observations.

³ *Comptes Rendus*, 1892, tome 115 p 379.

of a greater radiation of heat from the sun itself—the thawing went on even more rapidly than usual. Professor Pickering could then see the appearance and the rapid growth of Y-shaped ‘rivers,’ or rather fjords, intersecting the snow-surface, and the accumulation of great lakes whereto the waters were apparently flowing. He could follow the thawing step by step, as we might do it on earth if we had maps representing day by day the extent of our snow-covering.

As to the so-called ‘canals,’ which are so much spoken of now, and are supposed to be the work of human beings, Mr. Lockyer has already shown in a very interesting paper ‘how the incorrect translation of the Italian *canali* by ‘canals,’ instead of ‘channels,’ has created a misunderstanding as regards their real nature. The fact is, that the continents of Mars—which are very easily distinguished by their brighter reddish colour from the darker and greenish seas—are intersected by many sinuous lines, which may be considered as fjords and inlets, as well as by straight lines, which, at a certain period of the Martian year, have been seen as double lines by so clever an observer as Schiaparelli, and as single lines at other periods. That these lines, which run for immense distances parallel to each other, and 150 to 200 miles apart, cannot be ‘the banks of artificial canals’ is almost self-evident. And, after all that has been written upon the subject, it becomes more and more certain that Schiaparelli did not take a simple optical illusion for a reality. It also seems difficult to admit that the double lines represent parallel rivers, or inlets, which periodically are freed from snow, or become filled with water—the lines are too straight and regular to be rivers or fjords like ours. So the explanation is still to be found and new hypotheses are now being discussed. According to one of them, the lines, both single and double, which intersect the continents may be crevices of the solid crust; similar crevices have been obtained in our laboratories, when experiments have been made with rocks and glass, in order to imitate the crevices and mountain chains of the earth’s surface. In such case the channels would be natural crevices, widened by the immense masses of water which pour into them during the thawing of the snow-caps; they would be a sort of *cañons*, periodically filled with water.⁵ One fact is, however, certain. The same double channels have been seen this year by Perrotin, who remarks that no unprejudiced observer could fail to recognise them; but their posi-

⁵ *Nature*, September 8, 1892.

⁶ Another, also not improbable, hypothesis has been proposed to the French Academy quite recently, by Stanislas Mennier. He explains the second parallel line of a channel as a shadow reflected by a transparent veil of fog at a suitable height, and imitates the whole appearance with a polished metallic surface upon which lines and spots representing the markings of Mars are traced. If a transparent muslin veil is stretched near to the metallic surface, and all is illuminated by sunlight, the lines traced on the metal appear doubled by their own shadows projected on the muslin, by the reflected light.

tions and the shape of Schiaparelli's 'Sea of the Sun' seem to differ from what they were in 1877.

Under the transparent sky of Nice, Perrotin could also well observe two of the enigmatic bright spots which were interpreted as possible signals lighted by the Martians to enter into communication with us. On the 3rd of July, one such spot began to emerge on the rim of the planet; its light was very feeble at first, then it gradually increased, attained its maximum, and finally vanished. The whole had the appearance as if it were a kind of luminous prominence, twenty to forty miles high, which rotated with the body of the planet itself. It was seen for two days in about the fiftieth degree of southern latitude before it disappeared, and another bright spot of the same kind was seen in June under the thirtieth degree. Like brilliant prominences have also been observed at the Lick Observatory. But the most interesting bright spot appeared a little to the north of the 'Sea of the Sun,' on the 6th of August; it was extraordinarily bright, but on the next day the images in the telescope were not so sharp as on the previous day, and the spot was seen no more. As to what these luminous effects which spread to a height of twenty miles or more might be, M. Perrotin refuses to give any explanation. He only states the fact, and adds that there can be no question of optical illusion; but we know of nothing analogous on earth to venture a hypothesis.

As to Jupiter, who also stood on the 13th of October in opposition and at its shortest distance from the earth (about 370,000,000 miles), the efforts of the astronomers have already been rewarded by the discovery of a fifth satellite, in addition to the four which have been known since Galileo's time. It was first seen at Lick, with the thirty-six-inch refractor, and it is so small that it can only be detected with a very powerful telescope. In the short space of seventeen hours, it describes its immense orbit around the giant-planet, and this orbit is so well adjusted in the plane of Jupiter's equator, that the mite-satellite must be a very old member of the system. In all probability it must be one of many similar small moons which certainly will be detected in due time by the great telescope of Mount Hamilton. But when it comes to solve the mysteries of the physical constitution of Jupiter, the great telescope is silent. The current opinion has hitherto been that we only see the immense gaseous envelope of Jupiter, which continually changes its aspect, partly in consequence of its own movements and partly in consequence of the hot gases which rise from the interior of the planet. But E. E. Barnard,⁶ who has studied Jupiter for the last twelve years, is inclined to accept a different view. He was struck with the changes of colour of the big spots which appear amidst the well-known dark stripes of the planet. They are dark at their first appearance, but gradually become

⁶ *Monthly Notices of the Royal Astronomical Society*, November 1891, vol. lii. p. 6.

reddish as they advance in age, and Mr. Barnard would rather admit that the surface of Jupiter is in a plastic molten state, and that its immense spots are due to eruptions from the interior which are accompanied by a formation of vapours and gases as well. Such a theory would account for the persistence of the spots, and it would not exclude the gaseous character of many markings, which is distinctly indicated by their proper movements.

Such are the chief results obtained during the last oppositions of the three planets. The chief progress, however, has been achieved in solar physics, and it is pleasant to remark that it is not so much due to the use of large telescopes as to the use of new, most ingenious methods of observation. The existence of immense eruptions of incandescent gases from the sun or protuberances was first established during the total eclipse of the sun of 1842, when they were seen on the rim of the disc, while the disc itself was screened by the moon. Twenty-six years later, Janssen and Norman Lockyer simultaneously discovered, during the eclipse of the 18th of August, 1868, that the prominences can be observed with the spectroscope—not only during total eclipses, but even when the sun is seen in full; the spectroscope, directed towards the sun's rim, always reveals their presence and even gives their shape. The next step was to photograph the indications of the spectroscope, and this was done with such success by Deslandres at Paris and Hale at Chicago, that, after having gradually perfected the necessary instruments, they now photograph the prominences—or, rather, the spectroscope's indications as to their positions and shapes—even amidst the dazzling light of the solar disc. The spectroscope is slowly moved over the disc, and although the ejections of incandescent gases—chiefly hydrogen—are so faint that no eye could possibly discern them in the surrounding glaring light, the spectroscope finds them out. The gases from which they are chiefly composed differ from those which prevail in the photosphere, and this is sufficient: the delicate instrument separates what belongs to them from what belongs to the brilliant photosphere, and thus gives their positions, their shapes, and their movements. They are often seen surrounding the black spots, and some of them have been caught as they were rising in the sun's atmosphere to immense heights, at the bewildering speed of 180 miles in a second.

These fascinating researches, as if they were not fascinating enough by themselves, have been rewarded, moreover, by another quite unexpected discovery; they have taught us something new about a most common body—hydrogen—which is continually handled in our laboratories.⁷ For a long time it has been known that incandescent hydrogen gives a spectrum consisting of four bright lines, all situated in positions which correspond to the bright part of the solar spectrum. But W. Huggins discovered, as is well known, in the spectra of

⁷ Deslandres, in *Comptes Rendus*, 1892, tome 115, p. 222.

the stars which have a white light, and namely in the ultra-violet, invisible part of the spectrum, ten more brilliant lines, which soon were proved, by laboratory experiments, to belong to hydrogen. As if to enhance the interest of these discoveries, Professor Balmer soon found out the analogy which exists between the fourteen hydrogen lines and the upper harmonics of a sound; he has shown that the exact numbers of vibrations which produce each of these lines increase in the same succession as the numbers of vibrations in the sound harmonics: the growth of the numbers can be expressed by a simple formula, analogous to those used for sound. Now, not only were these fourteen lines found in the spectra of the solar prominences, but five lines more were discovered, and their positions so well agree with the same law of vibrations that there is no doubt that they belong to the hydrogen-spectrum as well. We thus have the remarkable fact that the full spectrum of hydrogen and the law of disposition of its spectral lines have been revealed by a study of the immensely distant stars and of quite invisible eruptions of incandescent gases which no eye and no telescope could detect in the midst of the immense glowing mass of the sun's photosphere. This is certainly one of the most astonishing achievements of modern science.

II

In biology a great deal of attention has lately been paid to the theories of heredity. It is evident that every theory of evolution implies some theory of heredity, and that the relative importance which we attribute to natural selection on the one side, or to the direct modification of organisms by their surroundings on the other side, is closely dependent upon the amount of hereditary transmission of variations which we are ready to admit. Why should we discuss, indeed, the modifying action of environment, or the modification of organs by use and disuse, if no such modifications could ever be transmitted to the offspring?

Darwin fully understood the necessity of supporting his views upon the origin of species by some hypothesis of heredity, and he proposed, as a first preliminary step, the hypothesis of 'pangenesis.' Each of the different cells of the body, he supposed, gives off gemmules, or germs, which are capable of reproducing themselves; and some part of all the different kinds of gemmules penetrate into the generative cells, which are thus enabled to reproduce all particularities of the organism. But 'pangenesis,' even as modified by Brooks, met with little favour. It was found too complicated and not very probable; maybe it was also felt that, with our imperfect knowledge of reproduction, any hypothesis of heredity was premature. Things have, however, changed during the last fifteen years. Immense researches have been made of late with perfected methods, and they

have thrown a good deal of light upon the obscure phenomena of reproduction, so that the time seems to have come when at least some working hypothesis of heredity can be framed, and this has been virtually done by Professor Weismann. He has rendered to science the immense service of summing up the modern researches and of utilising them for the construction of an hypothesis of heredity (partly foreseen by Galton, Nussbaum, and especially by Dr. Jaeger) which has met with a pretty general acceptance in its substantial parts. Moreover, he has given an additional interest to his theoretical views by applying them to the theory of evolution and by raising a lively discussion as to the hereditary transmission of acquired characters.

The extremely interesting facts relative to reproduction which have been revealed by recent researches are most complicated, but it may be permitted to sum them up as follows. In its quiescent state the ovum is a single cell filled up with protoplasm, and containing a nucleus. The nucleus has its own membrane, and contains again protoplasm (nucleoplasm), as well as a coiled thread of some substance of unknown composition, easily stained under the microscope, and therefore named 'chromatin.' When the time of maturation of the ovum has come, some change (evidenced by the appearance of easily stained spots) goes on in the protoplasm of the ovum, and two radiated bodies (named asters, centres, or centrosomes) appear in it. They consist of linear granulations of the protoplasm itself, radiating from a central sphere and moving along the radial lines. The membrane of the nucleus breaks, protoplasm and nucleoplasm mixing together, and the chromatin coil unfolds and divides into granulated looped rods, the number of which varies in different species, but which we may take to be four, in order to fix our ideas. These rods split longitudinally, one half of the splits being attracted by one central body and the other half by the other body, and the nucleus of the ovum thus divides into two parts, one of which is extruded from the ovum and divides again, outside of it, into two halves. By the same time the new chromatin rods, which have remained in the ovum (they are four in our example), divide into two pairs, and one pair is again expelled. The nucleus of the ovum thus contains now but two chromatin rods instead of four—that is, half the normal number. It is ready to be fertilised.

R. Hertwig has proved that the same subdivision takes place in the male element as well. The male cell also subdivides into four cells, each of which has the number of its chromatin rods reduced to one-half, but only one of the halved male cells penetrates into the ovum, and both half-nuclei, male and female, unite.* The fertilisation is then accomplished. As to the three extruded half-nuclei, it

* For some details relative to the rôle of the central bodies, see a previous review (*Nineteenth Century*, May, 1892).

may be taken now that they represent a survival from a primitive condition during which all four ova and all four male cells took part in fertilisation. It must also be added that the difference between the male and the female elements is so small that they may be considered as equivalent, and simply representing two different lines of descent.

Such being the skeleton of the facts which have been established, apart from any speculation, by such anatomists as Van Beneden, Boveri, Strasburger, Guignard, Fol, the brothers Hertwig, Maupas, Bütschli, Verworn, and many others—what is Weismann's interpretation of the facts? His fundamental idea is that of a sharp separation between the cells which transmit from generation to generation the hereditary characters—the germ-cells—and those which are used in each generation for building up the individual—the body-cells, or somatoplasm. The fertilised ovum early divides into two distinct parts, of which the germ-cells subdivide into countless male or female cells, which will be laid in stock for the transmission to the next generation of the 'ancestral plasm'; while the body-cells build up the nervous, muscular, vascular, and so on, tissues of the individual. The germ-plasm is, so to say, immortal; it is transmitted in an unbroken continuity from generation to generation; it represents the race, and it ensures the reappearance of the ancestral type. The body-plasm, on the contrary, is used in each generation for building up the transient frame of the individual. The nuclei of the germ-cells, and more especially their chromatin rods, are the material substance through which the ancestral characters are transmitted; they contain and transmit the 'dispositions' for the characters which will be assumed by the individual, and they govern the movements of the protoplasm.

And now comes the second, purely hypothetical part of the theory. The germ-plasm is supposed to lead its own existence, almost entirely uninfluenced by the body-cells. No 'gemmules,' nor 'physiological units' of any kind, penetrate into it; they have not been seen penetrating; we cannot imagine how they might penetrate; we have failed to discover them circulating in blood. That is why no lesions of the individual body, nor any characters 'acquired' by it, can be transmitted to the germ-plasm which has been inherited from the parents. Only 'constitutional changes,' or infection (that is, microbes penetrating into the germ-plasm in some way unknown), may be transmitted from generation to generation, in so far as they affect the germ-plasm; while, on the contrary, if any of the organs of the individual has been increased in size, or deteriorated, or atrophied by disuse during the individual's lifetime, these new 'acquired' characters cannot be transmitted, because there is no such mechanism as might transmit the changes to the germ-cells.* As to the indi-

* The passage relative to this point in the last essay of Weismann must be transcribed in full on account of the difficulties of making out its exact meaning and

vidual variations, they arise from the mingling together of the plasmas of the ancestors. The union of the female and male nuclei—by mingling together, in all the countless variety of possible combinations, the characters inherited from both lines of descent of the two parents—will produce the immense number of variations from which natural selection will pick out the fittest.

We can now understand (Weismann exclaims) why nature has laid so much stress on the periodical mingling of the nuclear substances of two individuals, why she has introduced amphimixis among these animals. Clearly it has arisen from the necessity of providing the process of natural selection with a continually changing material by the combinations of individual characters (ii. p. 102).

But what is nuclear substance itself? Weismann is inclined to accept the idea of De Vries, namely, 'that it is composed of countless very minute particles, called by him "pangenes." . . . These pangenes, however, do not, like the gemmules of Darwin, give rise to cells, but they are the bearers of the various properties of the cells' (ii. 128). The nuclear rods (*idants*) are built up of 'a series of ancestral plasmas' (*ids*), 'each one of which, if it alone dominated the ovum, would be capable of guiding the whole ontogeny, and of producing a whole individual of the species' (p. 130). Each of them represents 'an individuality,' and the doubling of the number of chromatin rods, which occurs before fertilisation, happens simply to increase the number of possible combinations of characters, and thus to ensure variety; with eight rods, there would be seventy possible combinations, but when the rods are split, the number of combinations rises to 266.

To my mind (Weismann concludes) the doubling of the *idants* (chromatin rods) before the 'reducing division' possesses this very significance: it renders

purport: 'At the time when I developed this view, I maintained,' he writes, 'that the chief sources of variability in the former, the multicellular beings, viz. the external influences (including the effects of use and disuse) which alter the body, can have no influence on the processes of selection which alter the species, because their effects are somatogenic, and as such cannot be inherited. Only those predispositions can be inherited which are contained in the germ-plasm; but these are either entirely uninfluenced by external agencies, or, if altered at all, only very rarely in the same direction as that taken by the somatogenic changes which follow the same cause. Although I naturally did not assume that the germ-plasm itself was entirely unchanged by external influences, the extraordinary persistence of heredity taught me that the change was small, and could only take place by imperceptibly small steps. Such causes might well have been the source of the gradual uniform changes of *all* individuals of a species, if the latter were subjected to the same modifying influences during long series of generations, but not the source of the countless individual differences, ever varying in direction. This protean individual variability is the indispensable preliminary to all processes of selection, and the increasing mingling of individual hereditary tendencies, which is brought about by sexual reproduction, was, in my opinion, the source of this variability. I am now, if possible, more firmly convinced than ever of the soundness of this view, and I wish to extend it in one direction' [to the unicellular organisms]. (*Essays on Heredity*, Oxford edition, vol. ii. 1892, p. 190.)

possible an almost infinite number of different kinds of germ-plasm, so that every individual must be different from the rest. And the meaning of this endless variety is to afford the material for the operation of natural selection (p. 135).

This is the substance of Weismann's theory. Everything in its second part subserves, as seen, natural selection. 'His whole reasoning is now in a circle around the natural selection theory,' remarks H. F. Osborn¹⁰ in his very considerate papers devoted to the discussion of the theory of heredity.

III

Weismann's work has exercised a considerable influence on biologists, especially in this country; he has fervent admirers in England. His essays were admirably written and eminently suggestive; they touched upon a quite novel subject; they embodied the results of capital anatomical works, hardly known a few years ago to the biologist; and his theory of heredity appeared very acceptable in its substantial parts. But when the first impression is gone, and we calmly consult the anatomical works themselves upon which Weismann's generalisations are based, and see that those who have themselves studied the phenomena of heredity under the microscope came to very different conclusions, we are besieged by doubts.

So long as Weismann simply maintains the continuity of the germ-plasm, and shows us how elements derived from two lines of ancestors mix together to produce the individual; so long as he thus elaborates a working hypothesis of heredity which explains the tenacity of racial characters, he stands on firm ground. But does the germ-plasm really lead the isolated life—the 'enchanted life of isolation,' as Geddes says—which Weismann claims for it? Those anatomists at least whose work is at the basis of Weismann's hypothesis have *not* seen proofs of this isolated life, and some of them simply deny it. A few years ago, when the wonderful reproductive phenomena in the nucleus became known, there was a tendency to exaggerate its importance. But now that the protoplasm which surrounds the nucleus is closely studied in its turn, the part which it takes in the phenomena of fecundation becomes more and more apparent—and living protoplasm cannot lead that isolated life: it must stand in contact with the protoplasm of the whole body.

Maupas, who by his studies of conjugation in Infusoria has thrown so much light on the whole question, insists on the important part played by the surrounding protoplasm. He shows how the nucleolus grows before conjugation, increasing its volume eight times, and he points out that it is the surrounding protoplasm which penetrates into it in a liquid state, builds it up, and takes away the useless

¹⁰ 'Heredity and the Germ-Cells,' in *American Naturalist*, August, 1892, p. 658.

elements.¹¹ Max Verworn, another authority in the matter, in a work devoted to a general review of the question,¹² insists upon the intimate relation between the nucleus and the cell-plasm. The latter is as important as the former; both stand in the closest relation. The brothers Hertwig, in a series of recent works, come round to the same views as to the interdependence between the nuclear and the extra-nuclear plasm; they consider both nucleus and cytoplasm as centres of reproductive activity; and I hardly need add that Flemming and Guignard, who have brought into prominence the part taken in fertilisation by the 'Central bodies' originating in the protoplasm, are quite opposed to the exaggerated importance which was attributed a few years ago to the nucleus. In short, if during the years 1880-1887 there was a tendency to attribute to the nucleus a predominant part in reproduction—which tendency culminated in Weismann's theory of isolated germ-plasm—the discovery by Van Beneden of the 'central bodies' within the protoplasm (in 1887) has shaken this view, the tendency now being to consider both cytoplasm and nucleoplasm as the bearers of the hereditary dispositions.¹³

Not only upon this special point, but altogether the views upon the mechanism of heredity have undergone such a modification during the last five years, that a new and deeper hypothesis of 'Intracellular Pangenesis,' which is advocated by the Dutch botanist De Vries and bears some likeness to Darwin's 'Pangenesis,' has already obtained many suffrages.¹⁴ We saw how the nucleus behaves during fertilisation. It behaves like a separate organism, and it really is an organism in itself, which grows, subdivides, and produces new nuclei. Now, De Vries claims the same independence for all constituent parts of the cells, and he supports his claims by a series of quite novel observations. Thus, chlorophyll-grains were formerly considered as arising from protoplasm. But Schmitz has proved in 1882, and his conclusions are confirmed by Weiss,¹⁵ that par-

¹¹ *Archives de Zoologie Expérimentale*, II^e série, tome, vii. 1889, pp. 188, 428, 463, 477-490.

¹² 'Die physiologische Bedeutung des Zellkernes,' in Pflüger's *Archiv für Physiologie*, vol. li. p. 1 sq.

¹³ It must be added that some of the best anatomists maintain that in many organisms the germ-plasm is scattered through the whole body. Julius Sachs and Kölliker are well-known advocates of this idea, and Kölliker's views, based on the familiar facts of regeneration of the tail in the newt, the claw in the lobster, the eye in the snail, and so on, have recently received a new confirmation from P. Mingazzini (*Bollettino della Società di Naturalisti in Napoli*, v. 76). With Tunicata the entire brain with all its processes, is regenerated after it has been amputated. Sachs's experiments on flowers produced from the ribs of Begonia (*Flora*, 1892, p. 1) have the same bearing.

¹⁴ Hugo de Vries, *Intracellulare Pangenesis*, Jena, 1889. Weismann could not but partially accept it; but it is difficult to see how it can be reconciled with his previous views.

¹⁵ F. Schmitz, *Die Chromatophoren der Algen*, 1892; Weiss, 'Ueber spontane Bewegung und Formänderung der Farbstoffkörper,' in *Sitzungsberichte of the Vienna Academy*, Bd. 90, 1884; both quoted by De Vries.

tion is the only way in which chromatophores originate in alga. There is no spontaneous generation of chromatophores, and in order to multiply, they must have been transmitted as such from the parents. Working in the same direction upon the colourless organs of the young cells which generate starch, Schimper found that these organs of the cell also multiply only by subdivision, and Arthur Meyer's later observations confirm his views. The same is true of the vacuoles which we see under the microscope within the protoplasm. They are not spaces filled with water, as we were taught for a long time, but they are surrounded by a *living* wall and are independent organisms, or organs of the protoplasm, which also multiply by subdivision, as proved by De Vries and confirmed by F. Went.¹⁶ These discoveries entirely change the previous position. While it was supposed until now that the phenomena which go on in the nucleus are something specific to it, it now appears that all the constituent parts of the cell—vacuoles, chlorophyll-grains, starch-producing spots, &c.—also are separate, independent organisms, and undergo the same divisions. It is even probable, though not yet fully proved, that the exterior membrane of the cell, the plasm of the nucleus, and even the special oil-producing spots of protoplasm, belong to the same category.¹⁷ The protoplasm of the cell is thus a compound organism, a colony. De Vries proposes, therefore, to give the name of *protoplast* to the *ensemble* of the cell, and of *pangenes* to its different organs: chromatophores, vacuoles, and so on.

In De Vries's theory, the hereditary transmission of organisation is effected through the transmission, not of the nuclei alone, but also of all 'pangenes'; and the countless possible combinations of these relatively few independent elements of heredity produce the countless multitude of variations and individual forms. The pangenes grow in the offspring like separate organisms; they multiply, and during the partition of the cells they must be distributed over the whole of the body. As to the nucleus and the protoplasm which surrounds it (cytoplasm), they are both built of the same pangenes which are dormant in the former and active in the growing body-cells. More than that, nucleus and cytoplasm stand in a real intercourse through very slow currents of transport which are visible under the microscope, if their slowness only be taken into account (p. 202). And Tangl, Russow, and many others have shown the direct connection between the protoplasm of neighbouring cells which is established through the fine orifices of the cell-walls. Heredity, De Vries says, is a function of the nucleus, and evolution is a function of the cytoplasm, the two taking their own separate lines of development. But we must

¹⁶ H. de Vries, 'Plasmolytische Studien über die Wand der Vacuolen,' in Pringsheim's *Jahrbücher*, Bd. xvi. 1885, p. 489; F. A. F. C. Went, in *Archives Néerlandaises*, and in same *Jahrbücher*, Bd. xix. 1888.

¹⁷ Wakker, 'De Elaioplast,' quoted by De Vries.*

abandon the idea of summing up this extremely interesting but too technical part of the theory, which deals with the two lines of development of the nucleus and the other pangenes, and their possible relations. It is sufficient to say that, leaving aside for the time being the other theories of heredity which have recently been advocated, discovery goes on so rapidly in this domain that we certainly are not yet in possession of a theory of heredity which could have a serious bearing upon researches in evolution. Microscopical anatomy is evidently making but the first steps for constructing such a theory, and cannot yet have a decisive voice in the great fundamental questions of biology.

As to Weismann's criticisms of the theory of transmission of hereditary characters, it is known that he has submitted to a sharp criticism the chief facts which had previously been quoted in support of the transmission, and he has shown that some of the alleged facts were not proved at all, while others could receive a different interpretation. He has certainly confirmed naturalists in their idea that superficial scars and mutilations are seldom transmitted. But he has failed to bring round most naturalists to his opinions; and when H. F. Osborn, before delivering his remarkable lectures on *The Difficulties in the Heredity Theory*,¹⁸ tried to ascertain, partly by correspondence, what are the opinions of the most prominent biologists in Europe and America upon this subject, he found them as equally divided on both sides as they were before. The question remains unsettled from want of direct experiment. True that Weismann has bred white mice, clipping their tails off for five consecutive generations, without obtaining mice either tailless or with abnormal tails. But he himself recognises that this experiment is of no avail; under his own hypothesis it ought to be continued for a longer time. And our ignorance of the whole subject is such that, when we learn from a letter addressed to Osborn by Dr. C. E. Lockwood,¹⁹ that he has obtained tailless mice after clipping the tails in seven generations, we have no reason, either experimental or theoretical, for disbelieving the accuracy of the statement. We only must recognise that Foster was quite right in maintaining that the whole question must be taken in hand by physiologists. From them it surely would receive a definite solution.

IV

Physiologists are agreed in considering the human muscle as a chemical machine, which consumes some fuel and transforms the energy of combustion into muscular energy. Of course, the machine, in order to be set to work, must receive some sort of stimulation

¹⁸ *American Naturalist*, June, July, and August, 1892.

¹⁹ *Ibid.* July 1892, p. 567.

transmitted to it from the motor centres through the nerves; and if the central impulses are weakened by a continued strain, or if the fuel of the machine itself is exhausted, fatigue or weariness of the muscles follows. It was interesting to ascertain which of these two causes of exhaustion has the greatest importance, or, at least, which is first felt, and this is the subject of a new work by the Italian physiologist, Angelo Mosso, who is already known in this country for his researches into the temperature of the brain.²⁰ He studied one of the simplest muscular movements, the bending of the median finger, provoked either by an act of will or by an electric current, and he was struck by the remarkable similarity of the phenomena of fatigue in both cases.²¹ Whether the movements of the finger be provoked by nervous force or by electricity, fatigue is produced in both cases with such a similarity that it must be due to a local cause, and chiefly depends upon some changes produced by work in the muscle itself. Will continues to give the orders, but the machine is no more able to accomplish them, either for want of fuel or from having itself changed its composition. True that we are all familiar with muscular exhaustion which follows mental overwork or overstrain, even when no muscular work has been done. But Mosso shows that in such cases a direct stimulation of the nerves of the finger by electric currents also fails to provoke the movements, so that some change must have been produced in the muscle as well, probably by the poisonous products of overwork of the brain, which are carried by blood to the muscle and paralyse its activity.

On the whole, the work of the muscles still remains one of the darkest problems of physiology, notwithstanding the many researches of the last few years. Most intricate questions relative to the movements of living matter altogether are involved in it; and we can only mention that quite recently Max Verworn has attacked the problem in quite a new way.²² To throw some light upon the phenomena of muscular contraction, he goes back to the movements of protoplasm in the pseudopodia of the simplest organisms, such as *Amœbæ* and *Foraminifera*, which he explains both by a change of surface-tension due to the absorption of oxygen, and by a kind of chemical attraction of cell-protoplasm towards the nucleus of the cell; and then he applies a similar reasoning to the contractile movements of the muscles. But this ingenious theory is so new that it must first receive the baptism of scientific criticism before its value may be duly appreciated.

Another much more limited question, also relative to muscles, is now on the order of the day in physiology. We know that muscular

²⁰ The Croonian Lecture—*Proceedings of the Royal Society*, 1892, No. 308.

²¹ A. Mosso, *La fatica*, Milano, 1892; A. Mosso and Maggiora, 'Ueber die Gesetze der Ermüdung,' in *Archiv für gesammte Anatomie und Physiologie*, 1890, *Physiologische Abtheilung*, pp. 89, 169, and 342.

²² *Die Bewegung der lebendigen Substanz*, Jena, 1892, p. 108.

energy is maintained by the assimilated parts of our food which are carried to the muscles by the nourishing liquids of the body. We absorb in our food various amounts of starch, sugar, fat, and albumen, which undergo various transformations in the digestive tube at their contact with saliva and the gastric, pancreatic, and intestinal juices, or, rather, ferments. Starch is transformed into sugar; the albumen of meat is changed into peptones; and the fats are split into glycerine and fat acids. In this new state they are absorbed by the walls of the intestine and enter into blood and lymph, which carry them to the different parts of our body. But what are their further transformations? and which of them is used in preference for feeding muscular energy?

For the last twenty years the prevailing idea, based chiefly upon the work of Claude Bernard and on the classical researches of Pettenkofer and Voit, was, that the chief source of muscular force must be sought for in the hydrocarbons (starch, sugar) and fats which we absorb in our food, and not in the albumen of meat, as it formerly had been taught by Liebig. The teaching of the modern text-books was, that a considerable amount of heat being required to maintain the work of the muscles, the fats and the hydrocarbons of our food readily give that heat by their combustion; while the nitrogenous matters of the food must first be split into two parts, one of which, containing nitrogen, is evacuated from the body, and the other only, which is rich in carbon, is consumed by the muscles. The conclusion was that a man who has a heavy muscular work to accomplish did better to rely upon a food chiefly composed of fat, starch, and sugar, and not on a meat diet.

This theory, which is now prevalent in physiology, was again summed up, a few months ago, by Voit himself, in a work which embodies a wide series of experiments lately made by his pupils under his own guidance.²³ It runs as follows:—During its meals the animal usually absorbs more albumen, fat, and hydrocarbons than it can consume for the moment. But this excess cannot remain in blood and the feeding liquids of the body, because it would hinder the life of the cells, or would be excreted at once. It also cannot be dissociated immediately, because the dissociation would develop more energy than is required by the animal at the time. So it is stored up in a form which does not allow a rapid oxidation, and it is deposited in the less accessible parts of the organism. The dissolved albumen is put in reserve in the shape of albumen of the organs; fat goes to the reservoirs of the fat-tissues; and sugar takes the form of a body which cannot be easily diffused nor dissociated, namely, glycogen, or a kind of animal starch, which is deposited in various organs, and especially in the liver. And if glycogen is still in excess, it is trans-

²³ C. Voit, 'Ueber die Glycogen-Bildung nach Aufnahme verschiedener Zuckerarten,' in *Zeitschrift für Biologie*, 1892, bd. xxviii. p. 245.

formed into fat which is a still slower burning body. If a dog is fed once a day with meat, the albumen of its food, as shown by Feder, is dissociated during the first fourteen hours after the meal, and the nitrogen-bearing constituents of the albumen are evacuated, while the carbon-bearing products of the same splitting are stored up to be used during the twenty-four hours. This first dissociation cannot set free much energy, because more energy would be disposable than is required by the animal. Energy must, therefore, originate chiefly from that part of the dissociated albumen which is rich in carbon, as well as from the fat and sugar contained in food—the whole being temporarily stored up in the shape of fat and glycogen, to be used later on as necessity arises.

Such are the current views upon nutrition; and analogous views have lately been developed by another leading physiologist, the Berlin Professor Seegen, in a work which embodies his ten years' researches into the same subject.²⁴ However, some doubts were always entertained as to the accuracy of these teachings.²⁵ Some physiologists (Benège, R. Oddi, and others) have shown that hydrocarbons cannot be the only source of muscular energy; and some three years ago, new researches into the subject were undertaken at the Bonn Physiological Institute by Argutinsky. The Russian doctor—who, like so many younger physiologists, prefers making his experiments upon himself instead of torturing rabbits and dogs—came to conclusions quite opposed to the current theory. A good deal of discussion was provoked by his experiments, when no less an authority than Pflüger (the chief of the Bonn Physiological Institute and the editor of the well-known *Archiv für Physiologie*) came forward with a new array of facts in support of the same views, and constructed a theory of nutrition in which nitrogenous food was restored to its place of honour. 'I was always persuaded,' he wrote, 'that the now accepted principle relative to the source of muscular energy, according to which potatoes are of a much greater value than beef steaks, cannot be true, because it stands in contradiction with the fundamental properties of matter'; and he developed his ideas in several very elaborate papers.²⁶

Pflüger's experiments were made, not upon grass-eaters, but upon flesh-eaters—namely, upon dogs—and they were conducted very carefully in all details. They also were very varied, but one of them

²⁴ J. Seegen, *Die Zuckerbildung im Thierkörper, ihr Umfang und Bedeutung*, Berlin, 1890.

²⁵ The doubts as to the transformation of albumen into fat, and the fattening properties of a nitrogenous food, which arose among the cattle-breeders, have long since been expressed in this country by J. B. Lawes and J. H. Gilbert.

²⁶ 'Die Quelle der Muskelkraft, vorläufiger Abriss,' in *Archiv für Physiologie*, 1891, bd. i. p. 38; 'Ueber die Entstehung von Fett und Eiweiss im Körper der Thiere,' mit 'Nachschrift, betreffend ein neues Gesetz der Ernährung und die Quelle der Muskelkraft,' *idem*, bd. ii. 1891, p. 229; 'Ueber Fleisch- und Fett-Mästung,' *idem*, bd. iii. 1892, p. 1; and 'Die Ernährung mit Kohlehydraten und Fleisch, oder mit Kohlehydraten allein,' *idem*, bd. iii. May 1892, p. 238.

will do to give an idea of the general drift of his researches. He took a dog whom he fed with lean meat only, carefully noting the amount of fat which is contained in the leanest meat as well, and reducing the fat allotment to the minimum quantity of five and a half ounces a day. With this food, the dog had to perform a considerable amount of muscular work. During periods of fourteen, thirty-five, and even forty-one days, followed by periods of rest, it dragged for two and three hours a day a loaded cart—the work thus performed being estimated at from 425,000 to 792,000 foot-pounds a day. And for nearly nine months, the dog, whose food was lean meat only, never lost its fire and energy at work; on the last day of the ninth month it had the same vigour and elasticity of muscles as on the first day when it began its heavy work. Various other experiments have also been made to ascertain the relative value of meat and starch food, under various circumstances, as well as the fattening properties of various sorts of food. Moreover, Pflüger has discussed the data upon which Pettenkofer and Voit based their theory of preliminary transformation of albumen into fat, and he has indicated the possible causes of errors.²⁷ And with all these new facts he has constructed the following theory of nutrition which considerably differs from the old one.

Every animal, he says, requires a certain minimum of nitrogen in its food, and no amount of starch, sugar, or fat can substitute that minimum (it attained in one experiment two-thousandth parts of the animal's weight). If the animal has not that minimum amount of nitrogen in its food, it will take it from its own flesh, although it might, at the same time, deposit fat in its tissues, if the food contains an excess of fat and starch. Albumen is the chief, the real food of the animal; so much so that if a dog which has had for some time the exact amount of nitrogenous substances which it required for its life and work, begins now to receive any amount of fat and starch in addition to its previous food, there will be no notable saving of albumen; it will be consumed as it was before. Only when the muscular expenses are in excess of the supply of albumen, and the animal is, so to say, starved for nitrogenous matters—then only will it adapt itself to those conditions and perform its work on the fat and hydrocarbons of its food. Fat and hydrocarbons thus may be the source of muscular force, but only on the condition of starving the organism for nitrogen; because living matter, when it has the

²⁷ Voit, he says, has underrated the amount of nitrogen in meat, and he has not taken into account the fat and the glycogen which are contained in even the leanest meat. If his experiments be re-calculated with these corrections, they give no support to his ideas. The other current arguments, such as the formation of fat in milk during a meat diet, the fat-degeneration of the muscles in consequence of phosphor-poisoning, and so on, are discussed in a separate paper, in *Archiv für Physiologie*, vol. II. 1892, p. 229 sq.

choice, always prefers albumen. And 'whereas all life-work can be performed with albumen alone, a regimen of mixed food is only based upon a deficiency of albumen.' On the contrary, when the animal absorbs more nitrogenous substances than it requires for its work, the excess is not ejected, nor is it used to produce fat. It goes for an increase of the animal's capacity for work and its general activity—thus giving it an additional chance in the struggle for life; but an increased activity can never be obtained by any amount of fat, starch, or sugar food. Such is Pflüger's theory. Of course, it must be borne in mind that nitrogenous matters are contained, not only in meat, but also in the caseine of milk, in the gluten of all cereals, in the sap of many vegetables, and especially in the seeds of leguminous plants. These substances evidently can supply the minimum of nitrogen which is required by the theory, and even more than that minimum amount. The chief meaning of the theory is, that if a surplus of work and general activity is required from the animal, an excess of nitrogenous matters must be given to it in an easily digestible form, and without an excess of fat, starch, or sugar.

It must be added, in support of this theory, which so much contradicts the current teachings, that some of the recent experiments of Carl Voit himself partially confirm and supplement it. Voit also found that a dog which was fed exclusively with bread was losing albumen from its own flesh, although its weight did not decrease. The loss was made up by an increase of water in the tissues, accompanied by a decrease of hæmoglobin (the colouring matter of the red corpuscles) in blood. The same was observed in Voit's laboratory by J. Tsuboi on rabbits and cats.²⁸ Rabbits which were fed with potatoes had decidedly more watery muscles and less hæmoglobin in their blood than those which were fed with milk and wheat-meal bread. Again, when rabbits were fed with potatoes, and when some iron, or some serum, or some blood was added to the potato-diet, those rabbits which had had potatoes with blood stood foremost as to the amount of solid matter in blood and muscles, as well as regards hæmoglobin in blood. An excess of starch food seemed to act upon them even worse than a deficient quantity of food. On the other side, I. Rosenthal,²⁹ who for many years has studied the temperature of mammals under different conditions, comes to the conclusion that if an animal is fed only once a day, the substances which are oxidised in its organism during the first ten hours after the meal are different from those which are consumed later on; they disengage less heat and more carbonic acid, so that the peptones which originate from nitrogenous food seem to be consumed first; and if it is so, our present views upon nutrition will have to undergo a further modifi-

²⁸ Carl Voit, in *Sitzungsberichte der Münchener Akademie der Wissenschaften*, 1892, p. 21.

²⁹ *Sitzungsberichte der Berliner Akademie der Wissenschaften*, 1892, p. 363.

cation. At any rate, Pfüger's experiments not yet having been published in full, and the whole question being extremely complicated, the final verdict of science cannot yet be foreseen. But it must be recognised that his theory appears very probable on the first sight, and that it is sure to stimulate research in a new direction.

P. KROPOTKIN.

ON OUR NATIONAL ART MUSEUMS AND GALLERIES

WHETHER in the new Parliament there will be any members in want of a speciality, and at the same time sufficiently well-informed to take up the art museum question, is, I think, a matter of some importance, especially at the present moment.

Those whose recollections go back some thirty or forty years will remember how frequently, even whilst serious political events were moving the world at large, this subject was made to occupy the attention of Parliament; they will recall to mind the furious Parliamentary onslaughts of Mr. William Conyngham, sometime member for Brighton; the battles royal in the Press betwixt that unmeasured but accomplished art connoisseur and his quondam ally, Morris Moore, with Sir Charles Eastlake; Lord Elcho's suppression of poor Mr. Otto Mundler, Sir Charles's German aide-de-camp. Then, again, Sir Henry Cole's perennial museum baitings will still be fresh in the minds of all art connoisseurs and specialists of a certain age.

There was, in fact, much greater interest taken in public art questions thirty or forty years ago—in the days of the really great art movement which supervened on the Exhibition of 1851—than there has ever been since, notwithstanding that the magnitude of the matter has increased in a degree far beyond the most sanguine anticipations of those early times.

In regard to the vast expansion which has taken place in the matter of State assistance to art, members of Parliament and political leaders should now be reminded, that in all these questions there has been one ever-advancing substantive element—pecuniary obligation—which has, indeed, grown, like a Jonah's gourd, in the still atmosphere. The writer's memory takes him back to the period when a few thousands, precariously and with immense exertion, annually wrung from incredulous or hostile Chancellors of the Exchequer—peddling sums, which, nevertheless, were disbursed in the very nick of time, and have borne fruit a thousandfold since—seemed to him as veritable manna from heaven, when tens and hundreds sufficed to garner together infinitely choice art treasures of the world at large. Rapid

and bewildering indeed have been the turns in the wheel of time since those days—turns that have brought about, as we have just seen, the spending of four or five thousand pounds for a single earthen pot or a copper-enamelled hunting-horn, seventy-five thousand pounds for a single picture, and which have swollen the annual budget of one only of our national art institutions to well-nigh half a million. It is probable, indeed, that it is this question of money which will move our Parliamentary rulers to consider whether, so far as the national outlay is concerned, the results are commensurate.

It is high time, I cannot but think, that the matter should be looked into from this point of view or from some other. Broadly speaking, whether the nation gets a fair equivalent for its outlay is a theme which, it seems to me at all events, the duty of Parliament to concern itself about a little more earnestly than it has of late years done. In the days I speak of, forty years ago, there was one vigilant censor, whose name was in everybody's mouth—Joseph Hume—the terrific Mrs. Grundy of every spending department, accursed of official chiefs, secretaries, and clerks, down even to the humblest office-keeper, whose emoluments quivered annually in the balance when estimates came on for discussion. Few were they, indeed, who knew not of Joseph and his ways; but this grim tyrant even took an interest in the new art movement of his time. Well I remember a visit from the grand old economist to the newly founded 'Museum of Ornamental Art,' then under my care at Marlborough House. A revived petrifying influence upon me than the appearance of this portentous visitor. Young to office, my heart leapt to my mouth when Joseph's card was put into my hand; forebodings of no more enthusiastic journeys to Italy, when cartloads of majolica ware, innumerable cassoni, terra-cottas, and bronzes were then to be hunted out wholesale at nominal prices, were forthwith in my mind. How I cursed all economists! But Joseph was charming, kindness itself from the first word. He knew he was a hated bugbear to every public employé, and he hastened to assure me that he grudged nothing to museums and galleries; only ships and soldiers, pensioners, pluralists, parasites, and the like were the objects of his vigilant distrust.

Needless to say, Joseph Hume was a great if often an erratic and disturbing light of the old Liberal party, and to that party, whatever its actions may have led us to in the long run, is unquestionably mainly due the fostering of the art movement of the second half of this century in England. This movement was coincident with, and a result of, the imperceptible but real social revolution which a general quickening of the world's action had brought about. During the forties and the fifties, the places in the field of art of the rich nobleman and the travelled gentleman with a taste were speedily taken by the rich merchants and manufacturers of the country.

About this time every new man with money, in short, became stricken with the art craze, and 'art for the people' became an accepted phrase. The epoch-making point was undoubtedly reached at the great Exhibition of 1851, and when the successful issue of that memorable undertaking left its promoters masters of a vast pecuniary surplus, by a tacit but universal consensus the promotion of art in some shape or other was judged to be the fittest channel for its allocation.

Hence a new state of things, the recognition of a practically new social want which could not fail in various ways to enforce continuous and progressive consideration from the legislative powers of the nation. Conservative Administrations have succeeded to Liberal Ministries several times since 1851, but I cannot call to mind in their successive ranks any single ruling personality on either side possessed with special art knowledge or proclivities. Amateurs and collectors there have been amongst them, but none of particular note; mostly men with capricious likings and dislikings for this, that, or the other art speciality; but no large-minded sympathetic statesman, endowed at the same time with an innate love of art and the capacity to appreciate its various manifestations, has, I think, as yet appeared upon the scene. Nor is it at all wonderful that it should have been so; it is but an indirect noting of the patent fact that the gift of 'taste,' to give the faculty its old 'banal' name, is one of the rarest of all bestowals from on high. That this inspiration should alight upon any favoured mortal within the limited ranks of professional politicians is obviously a somewhat unreasonable expectation, and yet it is to the busy, multifariously occupied member of the House of Commons, innocent for the most part of any tincture of art, into whose hands, when his turn of office comes, the life and governance of our museums and galleries are mainly committed. To impress upon such authorities the fact of their utter helplessness in such situations, and the necessity, which now more than ever exists, that they should seek for competent advice and support from independent sources, outside the ranks of their own official subordinates, is a principal object of this paper.

Above the sphere of party rulers and politics, it is true, there has been in these latter times one notable and bright exception to the rule of high-placed incapacity and indifference in art matters. It is due to the memory of the Prince Consort to recall the fact of the indefatigable, ever sympathetic and intelligent service which this truly wise and most conscientious prince rendered to the cause of art in England. His loss was to this country a permanent and irremediable one in this matter. Had Providence prolonged his life, his influence in this sphere, which even the most jealous political detractor could not but admit was eminently useful and legitimate, would at least have prevented much of the helpless confusion into which our national art institutions have in these days drifted.

He would, moreover, have formed the unimpeachably just and competent head of the Court of Extra-Official Direction and Appeal which should be established in this matter.

Is it wonderful when the average Parliamentary Ministerialist comes to the difficult work of the governance and control of our national museums and art galleries, usually with a complete blankness of mind as to the nature and requirements of such institutions, that the boldest and most eager of his subordinates—those whose special merit is a so-called ‘administrative ability,’ not real knowledge of the work they have to conduct—should obtain his ear and confidence, to the exclusion and detriment of the learned and accomplished specialists, who, nevertheless, are the life and soul of the work in hand, and the only safe guides and actors in its performance? It is not from these last-named, but from the counsels and doings of the half-informed colleagues and the outsiders who silence and supplant them, that the evils and shortcomings which are patent in our national art administrators in general have arisen. That these evils call more loudly than ever for consideration and redress is patent and admitted on all hands.

Are there then any sympathetic, though it may be not specially informed, Joseph Humes in this Parliament? If so, it is to these patriots, be they Tories or Liberals, Unionists or Home-Rulers, that this appeal is addressed.

In the outset it was intimated that to the old Liberal party the furtherance of the art movement in its early inception was mainly due; but it must not be inferred from this that the writer has any political leanings in that direction. The question is obviously in no sense a party one. Perhaps, on the whole, Conservative statesmen in office have shown a more liberal spirit than their opponents in the matter of supply, and they have also evinced greater discrimination in regard to the directors and curators, the men on whom the really successful working of art museums depends. Under their sway the encroachments and overbearingness of secretaries and departmental red-tapists in general have, on the whole, been less onerous and vexatious to the specialists of real note and eminence, their colleagues, whilst there have perhaps been fewer instances of the intrusion into their ranks of obscure and incompetent nobodies by special favour from above. From first to last, however, the Conservatives have certainly made less show, and, whether for good or evil, done less in this field than their opponents. Now they are in opposition is the time to make up lost ground. There is, I can assure them, an ample field for exertion, with infinite anomalies, shortcomings, and entanglements of all kinds to be brought to light and rectified.

I began with allusions to the pecuniary aspect of this museum subject as the fundamental concern of every legislator, whether he be an art man or an absolutely indifferent person.

I do not, however, want it to be inferred that I advocate any hasty or illiberal cutting down of supplies. The public money annually voted for art purposes is, on its present basis, I think sufficient—that is, supposing its disbursement were placed in the right hands—it need not then be feared that the inquiry I advocate would be the prelude to increased demands on the public purse.

It is indeed astonishing how lightly and with what little real understanding of the actual need, the expenditure of vast sums of public money can be brought about in this country. A colossal instance in point is even now looming upon us. By whom, it should be asked, and for what definite and well-understood public need has the expenditure of the sum of 450,000*l.* been decided upon for the erection of a vast ornamental structural addition to the South Kensington Museum? For what imaginable purpose the lofty towers and domes with which this building is to be adorned? Will there be no inquiring member in this new Parliament to ask at least the simple question what these museum towers are for? Will the mantle of Joseph Hume descend on none of his successors? Surely this matter alone ought to rouse up a veritable crowd of competitors for any shred of that once-dreaded garment. In the case of museums, it is not the casket but the jewels therein, which are, or should be, the main consideration. Meanwhile, whilst we are entirely in the dark as to the secret springs by which this undertaking has been engineered almost to fruition, we have just seen some of the rarest and choicest treasures of art—things unique and irreplaceable—conspicuous, world-renowned ornaments of this country—scattered to the winds and not a single treasure secured for the nation! And yet a tenth part even of the money about to be lavished upon bricks and mortar at South Kensington would have sufficed to secure every important specimen from the Dudley and Magniac collections, but which, alas! have been ravished from us by Berlin, Paris, and New York. These intermittent fits of extravagance and misplaced parsimony constitute, indeed, one of the most discouraging and deplorable features of our public museums' polity. I am tempted to dwell at length on this part of my theme, but on this most extensive and involved subject the limits of an article such as this will only admit of a discursive and generalised treatment. It is little to say that in our museum system everything is in a chaotic state, everything drifts fortuitously; there is no central overruling and directive power, no bond of union, and scarcely any intercommunion between one establishment and another—briefly, no definitely established system for the general governance of these institutions; hence tacit rivalries, which sometimes develop into flagrant antagonisms. The bounds of jurisdiction or the several provinces of these institutions overlap in all directions, and their respective interests clash.

There are in all this, to say the least, confusion and waste of power,

which sometimes become almost public scandal. A year or two ago a sight might have been seen, at one of Christie's auctions, so flagrant in its simple absurdity that it will perhaps be found difficult of belief; nevertheless the facts are strictly true. When Dr. Percy's famous collections of English watercolour drawings came to the hammer at Christie's, two separate and rival public museums entered the field to compete for the specimens. Two distinct national collections of watercolour drawings of precisely the same class and nature are, in fact, in course of formation at the British Museum and at South Kensington respectively. There has never been any unity of direction or any general understanding as to the respective aims and limits of those collections; the work has been simply done in duplicate, and any communication betwixt the directors and sectional curators of the respective collections has been of the most perfunctory character.

On the occasion in question the public witnessed the unedifying spectacle of these gentlemen, each with his agent expert by his side, seated on opposite sides of the same table, the agents buying or bidding for every second or third lot in the sale. It is true that they did not actually bid against each other, some kind of tacit understanding to prevent such competition having doubtless been pre-arranged; but the effect on the public was as great and direct as if they had done so, the immediate result being to egg on every outside competitor to increased effort, and the drawings in consequence in most cases sold for at least double the price they would have realised under the ordinary conditions of auction sale. The nation, in short, paid twice the price it need have done for every lot purchased. I am not quoting this illustration in any spirit of reproach to the zealous public servants who were the actors in this matter: it is difficult to see how, under the circumstances, they could have done otherwise; each was anxious for the acquisition of coveted specimens, required perhaps to fill lacunæ in the collection under his care, and personal attention at the moment of sale was the most effectual means of securing this. The impression conveyed to the public, nevertheless, was the crude and seemingly obvious one that the two establishments were disbursing public funds in direct opposition to each other.

We have just escaped, for a time at least, the inauguration of another special public art collection, which, had it taken effect, would certainly have drifted into existence in the same happy-go-lucky manner, and furnished a further instalment of difficulty and disunion. The failure of Mr. Tate's proposal for the foundation of an English art gallery, whilst it has for the time resulted in a most undeserved slight to that amiable and public-spirited gentleman, is, I cannot but think, under present circumstances, a fortunate thing for the country. It is now quite evident that had this benefaction taken effect the result would simply have been the addition of a

third to the two rival establishments of the same kind already in existence—the National Gallery and the modern ‘fine art’ section of the South Kensington Museum. Well and good if the foundation of a new and comprehensive English art gallery could have brought about the union of these collections, their reorganisation, and future management under a single controlling headship. This, indeed, was the scheme which the writer of this article, and those who worked with him at the first inception of the project, had in view. In this particular instance the direction the design should have taken is obvious. The very title ‘National Gallery’ clearly indicates that that establishment should be the home, and its directing organisation the ruling power, in the matter of all collections of national English art.

This brings me to the consideration of another important and indeed pressing matter, to which the attention of Parliament should be directed: this is, the subject of bequests of art objects and collections in general to public institutions.

Of course the first impression of my readers will be to exclaim, ‘By all means encourage such gifts;’ but there are two sides to this question, and it is by no means certain that such encouragement may not work evil rather than good. Most certainly it will if blindly and indiscriminately awarded. The matter, in fact, loudly calls for legislative consideration and remedial action. Art collectors need not necessarily be discriminating connoisseurs, and as a matter of fact they seldom are. Wealthy they must be in these days; most frequently they are quiet unworldly people, without any immediate family ties; for the most part rich, childless persons, who, when advancing age brings satiety, are often dreadfully embarrassed to know what to do with the treasures they have accumulated. What more natural than to wish to pass them on to posterity and to reap posthumous if not present ‘kudos’ from the gifts? But there are collections and collections, a large proportion of them *omnium-gatherums* of mere rubbish, brought together in a fool’s paradise, but very few of high and equal average value. Yet it is obvious that it is such as these last, and these only, which the State should accept and pledge itself to conserve for all time. Benefactors, again, are seldom quite single-minded patriots; very often the *arrière-pensées* are flagrant and open to view, and not such as it is in the public interest to indulge. Hampering stipulations nearly always accompany gifts and bequests of works of art to the nation, and it may be safely said that, nine times out of ten, if these conditions cannot be modified or set aside, the benefactions should be declined.

Briefly, what is wanted now is well-defined and imperative law upon the subject. The proper rule may be formulated in a few words. No gift or bequest of works of art to the nation should take effect or have any validity except on an entirely free and unhampered footing.

This law should be imperative, and admit of no dispensing power.

It should in future be understood on all sides that the State, in accepting any donation of works of art, should have a perfectly free hand to keep or to alienate, to give away, sell, or bring to an end any specimens which its responsible advisers may judge to be superfluous, too trivial, spurious, or otherwise objectionable. It is possible such a regulation might in its first operation cast a chill on intending benefactors; but I am convinced that its effect would not be permanent. Something more, however, should at the same time be done: measures of encouragement should be devised; present or posthumous honour and recognition are unquestionably due to the public benefactor, and it would not be beyond the skill of man to devise measures which in their working, whilst involving no scrutiny or consideration of motives or expectations, should nevertheless give to public gratitude adequate form and expression in the case of every really valuable gift.

The rule heretofore, if fixed rule there has been anywhere, in respect to the acceptance of donations and bequests, has been different at our several art establishments. At the British Museum and the National Gallery common sense and the desire to keep up the high status of the collections have usually prevented the acceptance, *en bloc*, of mixed collections, and at the same time the knowledge and taste of the directors and keepers of the collections have been a sufficient safeguard against the reception of trivial, incongruous, or superfluous specimens in detail. When the Wynn Ellis collection of pictures was offered to the National Gallery, the trustees, in accepting the bequest, wisely stipulated that they should have a perfectly free hand in respect to the disposal of the pictures. They elected to accept only those pictures which the director of the gallery considered worthy to rank with the high-class works already acquired, and they relinquished the superfluous remainder to the representatives of the donor, who forthwith sold the pictures by public auction at Christie's. Obviously this was the best possible course for all the parties concerned. The posthumous reputation as a connoisseur of the donor himself, in particular, was obviously augmented by the elimination of his inferior and doubtful gatherings. Fortunately, in this instance, Mr. Wynn Ellis' testamentary disposition allowed of this course being taken. Whether in the case of other bequests to the nation, hampered with inconvenient stipulations, which in times past have been accepted, it would in the public interest be right or feasible to disregard or set aside such impediments—to override, in short, the testator's intentions—is a matter upon which I do not pretend to offer an opinion. The subject probably offers abundant matter for the consideration of lawyers and legislators. I apprehend, at all events, that such remedial action would be quite within the competence of the supreme council of the nation.

That this question is a real and pressing matter calling for speedy discussion and settlement, it would be easy to demonstrate.

It will perhaps, indeed, be sufficient to consider, in the case of another of our great national art institutions, the practical effects of the habitual practice of a diametrically opposite policy from that I have described as prevailing at the British Museum and the National Gallery. At the South Kensington Museum for many years past—more or less, in fact, from the beginning—the rule seems to have been practically the indiscriminate acceptance of anything and everything offered. If indeed any of the numerous contributions to that institution have ever been declined, either from the inherent worthlessness of the offerings or from the inconvenient or unreasonable conditions with which they were encumbered, the fact, at all events, is not within the writer's cognisance.

Plausible reasons in defence of this custom, it is true, are not wanting. The merest examination, however, will suffice to show that these reasons are but the shallow conclusions of persons who have no real knowledge of the subject. That the South Kensington Museum should have degenerated into a vast chaotic *omnium-gatherum* without intelligible plan, methodic province, or definite order, was only to be expected as the ultimate result of this system alone.

It is not, however, my intention to go into debate, otherwise than incidentally, upon the affairs of the South Kensington Museum. The magnitude and importance of that institution, and the far-reaching complexity of its aims and relations, whilst they would amply justify the most minute and exhaustive inquiry, constitute a subject to be entered upon, if at all, as a special matter. The subject is too vast and too much encumbered with issues of a controversial nature to be treated of otherwise than in the most disjointed and cursory manner in this paper. South Kensington arrangements must, however, necessarily, to some extent, be further alluded to here.

There is unquestionably one aspect or function of the South Kensington Museum organisation which must be taken into account in my argument, and the requirements of this function will, no doubt, be pleaded in extenuation of innumerable shortcomings, blunders, and anomalies: this is, the special duty imposed upon this institution from the first, and naturally induced by its origin and dependence upon the Science and Art Department, the great organisation which directs and manages the assistance which the State accords to provincial schools of art and science and museums throughout the kingdom. In the acquisition of works of art, then, not only the requirements of the imperial metropolitan institutions have had to be considered, but also to a certain extent the needs of the entire country. To this end, a system of temporary loan and of the circulation of specimens from the central institution to local museums and art galleries, and to innumerable special exhibitions in all parts of her Majesty's dominions, was devised, and has now attained dimensions far beyond the anticipation or intention of its early promoters. It

is not for me to undervalue or decry this system, seeing that its first organisation was entrusted to me; but for that reason I apprehend I have every right to concern myself with it, and to criticise, if needs be, its present status of development. Whatever may be the result of this system, one thing is certain: that it has taken a firm root in the country, and cannot be discontinued, or even in any way checked, without the most serious consideration. Very serious examination, nevertheless, the subject certainly now requires. It is scarcely necessary to observe that it is a subject which has a direct claim for consideration from every member of a constituency in which there exists a school of art or museum—and there are now very few towns without these institutions. That South Kensington policy in general constitutes a serious question for any Ministry is also patent on the face of it. It is, indeed, essentially a matter of ever-expanding outlay of public funds—outlay which, under present regulations, is partly automatic, and so beyond the immediate control of either the Chancellor of the Exchequer or the House of Commons. If this system is loosely and unintelligently administered it may do positive harm rather than good to the interests it is intended to promote, whilst at the same time entailing on the State an extravagant and altogether incommensurate expense. Some few points more or less connected with or arising from the loan system in particular I must to some extent dwell on, but necessarily only in a brief and discursory manner.

In the first place, it should be noted that, although this system has been in operation for some five-and-thirty years, the South Kensington Museum has been the only one of our analogous public establishments to which it has been methodically applied. Little or nothing has as yet been done in this direction by either the British Museum or the National Gallery, but it cannot be supposed that these abstentions from a great and useful public work can be permanently maintained. Unquestionably the country has a right to require from these institutions the same measure of indirect assistance to provincial museums which has been found practicable at the sister institution. But this would imply measures of union and co-operation which at present do not exist; for it is out of the question that the intricate and expensive machinery which the system requires, and which is in full swing at South Kensington, should be repeated at each of the other establishments.

It would be, perhaps, to some extent an unwelcome burden thrown upon the shoulders of the directors and curators of these establishments. For upon them rather than on the supervising bodies would fall the onus of co-operation in this work; but it is just the special knowledge and experience which these gentlemen possess which is one of the most urgent *desiderata* of the system as it is at present in operation at South Kensington.

If under a mechanical system, carried out by mere laymen, superabundant clerks, secretaries, and storekeepers, the country

should be inundated with trivial and worthless trash, acquired at vast expense, or accepted broadcast from every infatuated collector whose geese are swans, the result would be calamitous. It is, in fact, a serious and, I fear, doubtful question whether the standard of public taste in general is really being in any way raised by this system as it is at present administered; yet it is clear on the face of it that it might be made a potent lever in the intellectual elevation of the masses of this country.

Let it not, however, be supposed that I advocate the promiscuous and endless moving-about of precious and irreplaceable works of art; that the inestimable treasures of the British Museum and the National Gallery should be subject to endless packings-up and displacements. I am the last person to advise anything of the kind. I am, indeed, concerned and indignant in the highest degree to witness the imminent danger of deterioration and destruction to which equally precious treasures at South Kensington are actually exposed.

This is just one of the grievances of which an end should be made. At South Kensington, for long years past, it has been in the power of clerks and storekeepers to select at their untutored will and pleasure, and to allocate cheek by jowl the most exquisite and fragile treasures of antique art with vulgar and flaunting trash, spurious or trivial, as the case might be; to withdraw rare and precious specimens for months or years together from their accustomed places in the metropolitan museum, and consequently from the cognisance of the general public and the world at large, and to send them on perilous and often quite unnecessary peregrinations.

There is no necessity and no justification for such proceedings. The processes of mechanical reproduction have in these days attained to such perfection, that it has become possible to practically multiply and at merely fractional cost to bring home the most precious art treasures of the world to every man's door; moreover, every museum sooner or later finds itself encumbered with duplicates or needless specimens, interesting and, it may be, excellent in themselves, which would be of high value and use elsewhere. Some intelligent system by which these valuable but superfluous specimens can be distributed as permanent gifts to local museums and art galleries is what is required; whilst the circulating matter should be mainly, if not entirely, confined to reproductions, which, if worn out by long use or damaged by accident, could always be replaced.

The indiscriminate reception of gifts and bequests, again, is a primal source of difficulties and anomalies, the ramifications and collateral issues of which it would be impossible to do more than touch upon in an article such as this. When, quite recently, for instance, the promoters of the English art gallery movement approached the Government on the subject of the consolidation of the various scattered modern fine art collections of the nation, they were informed that any such logical and desirable reunion would be impos-

sible, inasmuch as these collections had their origin in bequests, the terms of which, agreed to by the nation, would prevent their being removed at any time or merged together in a common whole. This very contingency was foreseen and the difficulty deliberately manufactured in one instance at least which occurs to my mind. When the Sheepshanks collection of modern pictures and drawings was about to be bequeathed to the nation, the terms and conditions of the gift were carefully debated and suggested to the donor, shortly before his death, by the managers of the Science and Art Department, then quite recently located at South Kensington. It was all-essential at that time to bring forward pleas for the extraction of money from a reluctant and incredulous House of Commons, and, regardless of the fact that the collection in question had no relation to the authorised speciality of the newly founded museum, and should obviously have been handed over to the National Gallery, Mr. Sheepshanks was induced to make its acceptance by the former institution and its permanent housing at South Kensington imperative conditions of the gift. So strongly, indeed, was this condition insisted on that clauses were inserted in the deed of gift stipulating that if ever the collection should be removed from South Kensington the bequest should revert to one or other of the great universities, Oxford or Cambridge, as the case might be. When the collection was removed to the iron sheds—the ‘Brompton boilers’ of those days—a splendid opportunity was created for outcry at the stinginess of the Legislature in refusing to grant the means for the adequate housing of the treasures of art visibly flowing in from all hands. The procedure was successful, and money was forthwith granted for the erection of permanent galleries for the pictures. Similar processes have been gone through over and over again at South Kensington, and the practical result is the strange disjointed labyrinth of courts, galleries, corridors, and ‘cloisters,’ to which it is now proposed to add a gorgeous frontispiece with towers and domes! The system has moved in a vicious circle; unsuitable, incongruous, trivial, and even spurious things have been welcomed and accumulated, and the resultant plethora made the plea for constant and ever-increasing outlay for its keeping and illustration.

This suggests a few more words on this part of my subject. Is it the fact that in this matter what the nation has done it cannot under any circumstances undo? The supposition is preposterous, and in the reply made by the President of the Council to the promoters of the English art gallery scheme, that the pictures and drawings accumulated at South Kensington could not be moved elsewhere or put under other jurisdiction, he simply meant that it could not be done without legislative enactment. It is time, then, that Parliament should seriously consider the best method of untying the knots; or if necessary cutting through the entanglements which have been either deliberately or casually woven.

The case, I apprehend, is analogous to that of charitable bequests in general which have ceased to benefit the public or to subserve the interests they were originally intended to promote. For the purpose of regulating and rectifying such bequests, and the affairs of the institutions which administer them, the State wisely instituted a standing commission, with full power to overrule and reorganise whatever should be found amiss. To my simple understanding, a single Act of Parliament wisely and carefully framed ought to be sufficient to put all this business upon a firmer basis for the future. It should formulate general rules for the acceptance of gifts and bequests in time to come, and it should give power to modify or annul the inconvenient covenants and stipulations of the past.

It is perfectly true that in all countries museums and art galleries have usually grown up fortuitously, and seldom upon any very definite pre-arranged plan; it would have been marvellous indeed if it had been otherwise in this country. It is no new illustration to adduce the fact that the British Constitution itself has shaped itself precisely in the same manner; moreover, it has been further said, truly enough, that although we have never had a Napoleon with absolute law-making power to set this country to rights, we have got on pretty well under our casual happy-go-lucky system; but we are always repairing, remodelling, readjusting the fabric. We have at least had national common sense enough to see that it would never do to stand still. Surely, then, in this progressive age, when all political parties are vying with each other in regard to social questions, none daring to avow themselves antagonists of reasonable reform, the polity of our public museums alone cannot be left in hopeless stagnation.

Reasonable reform, then, not sweeping revolution, is what is now wanted. The object of the writer will be fulfilled if the illustrations he has given should suffice to arouse any spirit of inquiry into the matter. These illustrations might be multiplied a hundredfold; the difficulty has been to pick and choose in the encumbered field.

It should be clearly realised that there is no finality in view in this question. Public museums and galleries of art are a recognised necessity of modern life for rich and poor alike. We have seen that the rich are ready to contribute to this work with even exuberant generosity, but the poor man also pays his share in the taxation of the country; it is desirable that he should understand that this item of museums and art galleries is no longer a neglectable quantity, but that it will every year increase, and by leaps and bounds, unless regulating and restraining influences are brought to bear upon it. At present there are waste, inefficiency, prodigal and injudicious outlay on the one hand, and ill-judged parsimony and uncertainty of purpose, entailing irrevocable loss of precious opportunities, and confusion everywhere. The subject is so vast in its variety and intricate complexity, that even the ablest lay Minister of the Crown—all the more if new to office—might well be reluctant to enter upon it,

under the impression that action in any direction might perhaps do more harm than good. External advice and assistance must be sought for in this difficult matter. The question must be considered in all its bearings, and unravelled in detail by eminent specialists and employés actively occupied in museum work. From such authorities no wild far-reaching projects of self-sufficient 'administrative ability,' no hasty advising of the outlay of untold thousands on dome and tower-crowned structures, need be apprehended. In the nature of things, very few persons can have acquired a competent understanding of the requirements of public museums. To this end it is necessary either to have been trained and brought up within the walls of one or other of these establishments, or to have acquired adequate knowledge by the private, individual garnering up of art treasures: in other words, broadly speaking, employés or experienced collectors are the only competent and safe advisers. Art proclivities in the abstract or eminence in the practice of art alone are of no use. Their possessor when consulted will always be found on the side of the towers and domes and the administrative ability which brings about and controls the expenditure of public funds in every direction but the right channel.

J. C. ROBINSON.

POSTSCRIPT.—Since this article was written, it has been announced that the present Government has decided to accept the gift of Mr. Tate's collection of modern pictures, and that a gallery is to be erected to receive it at Westminster on the site of old Millbank Prison. It is scarcely to be contemplated that this new establishment is to have any higher status than that of a 'local' art gallery for Westminster; but even on that footing serious ulterior issues may result from this determination. The State has already instituted and maintains a 'local' museum at Bethnal Green, in the East of London; we are now to have its parallel in the West. South London has long been clamouring for a similar boon, and doubtless voices from the North will soon be heard in the same sense; but if the masses of London are to be catered for in this manner from imperial resources, why not those of the great provincial centres of population? Most certainly this will be the next demand. I have nothing to say against such an extension of State assistance to art museums, except that it opens a vista of almost appalling magnitude and extent.

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